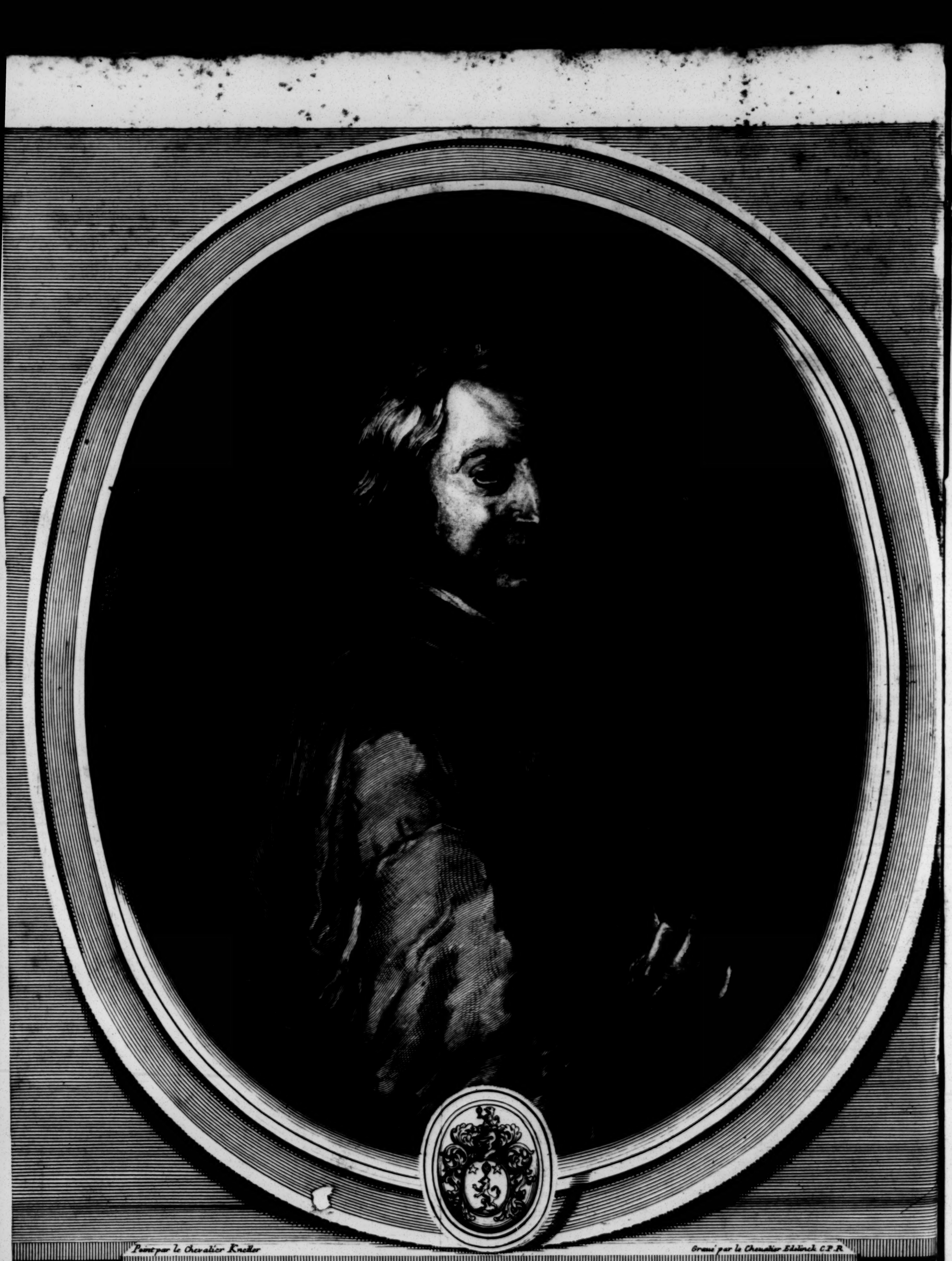


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Mr John Dryden

THE
COMEDIES,
TRAGEDIES,
AND
OPERAS

Written by

JOHN DRYDEN, Esq;

Now first Collected together, and Corrected from the Originals.

In Two Volumes.

LONDON,

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OEUVRES

DE L'ARIOSTE.

COMEDIES.

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AN

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES Lord *BUCKHURST.*

MY LORD,

AS I was lately reviewing my looſe Papers, amongſt the reſt I found this Eſſay, the writing of which in this rude and indigeſted manner wherein your Lordſhip now ſees it, ſerv'd as an amuſement to me in the Country, when the violence of the laſt Plague had driven me from the Town. Seeing then our Theaters ſhut up, I was engag'd in theſe kind of Thoughts with the ſame delight with which Men think upon their abſent Miſtreſſes: I confeſs I find many things in this Diſcourſe which I do not approve; my judgment being a little alter'd ſince the writing of it, but whither for the better or the worſe I know not: Neither indeed is it much material in an Eſſay, where all I have ſaid is problematical. For the way of Writing Plays in Verſe, which I have ſeem'd to favour, I have ſince that time laid the Practice of it aſide, till I have more leiſure, becauſe I find it troubleſome and ſlow. But I am no way alter'd from my Opinion of it, at leaſt with any reaſons which have oppos'd it. For your Lordſhip may eaſily obſerve, that none are very violent againſt it, but thoſe who either have not attempted it, or who have ſucceeded ill in their attempt. 'Tis enough for me to have your Lordſhip's Example for my excuſe in that little which I have done in it; and I am ſure my Adverſaries can bring no ſuch Arguments againſt Verſe, as the fourth Act of *Pompey* will furniſh me with, in its defence. Yet, my Lord, you muſt ſuffer me a little to complain of you, that you too ſoon withdraw from us a contentment, of which we expected the continuance, becauſe you gave it us ſo early. 'Tis a revolt without occaſion from your Party, where your Merits had already rais'd you to the higheſt commands, and where you have not the excuſe of other Men that you have been ill us'd, and therefore laid down Arms. I know no other quarrel you can have to Verſe, then that which *Spurina* had to his Beauty, when he tore and mangled the features of his Face, only becauſe they pleas'd too well the lookers on. It was an Honour which ſeem'd to wait for you, to lead out a new Colony of Writers from the Mother Nation: and upon the firſt ſpreading of your Enſigns there had been many in a readineſs to have follow'd ſo fortunate a Leader; if not all, yet the better part of Writers.

Pars, indocili melior grege; mollis & expes
Inominata perprimat cubilia.

I am almoſt of Opinion, that we ſhould force you to accept of the command, as ſometimes the *Prætorian* Bands have compell'd their Captains to receive the Empire. The Court, which is the beſt and ſureſt judge of Writing, has generally allow'd of Verſe; and in the Town it has found favourers of Wit and Quality. As for your own particular, My Lord, you have yet Youth, and time enough to give part of it to the divertiſement of the Publick, before you enter into the ſerious and more unpleaſant buſineſs of the World. That which the French Poet ſaid of the Temple of Love, may be as well apply'd to the Temple of the Muſes. The words, as near as I can remember them, where theſe;

La jeuneſſe a mauvaiſe grace.
N' ayant pas adoré dans le temple d' Amour:
Il faut qu'il entre, & pour le ſage
Si ce neſt ſon vray ſejour
Ce'ſt un giſte ſur ſon paſſage.

I leave the Words to Work their effect upon your Lordſhip in their own Language, becauſe no other can ſo well expreſs the nobleneſs of the Thought; And wiſh you may be ſoon call'd to bear a part in the affairs of the Nation, where I know the World expects you, and wonders why you have been ſo long forgotten; there being no Perſon amongſt our Young Nobility, on whom the Eyes of all Men are ſo much bent. But in the mean time your Lordſhip may imitate the courſe of

The Epiſtle Dedicatory.

Nature, who gives us the flower before the fruit: That I may ſpeak to you in the Language of the Muſes, which I have taken from an excellent Poem to the King.

As Nature, when ſhe fruit deſigns, thinks fit
By beauteous Bloſſoms to proceed to it;
And while ſhe does accompliſh all the Spring,
Birds to her ſecret Operations ſing.

I confeſs I have no greater reaſon, in addreſſing this Eſſay to your Lordſhip, than that it might awaken in you the deſire of Writing ſomething, in whatever kind it be, which might be an Honour to our Age and Country. And methinks it might have the ſame effect upon you, which *Homer* tells us the ſight of the Greeks and Trojans before the Fleet, had on the Spirit of *Achilles*, who though he had reſolved not to ingage, yet found a martial warmth to ſteal upon him, at the ſight of Blows, the ſound of Trumpets, and the cries of fighting Men. For my own part, if in treating of this ſubject I ſometimes diſſent from the Opinion of better Wits, I declare it is not ſo much to combat their Opinions, as to defend my own, which were firſt made publick. Sometimes, like a Scholar in a Fencing-School, I put forth my ſelf, and ſhow my own ill play, on purpoſe to be better taught. Sometimes I ſtand deſperately to my Arms, like the Foot when deſerted by their Horſe, not in hope to overcome, but only to yield on more honourable Terms. And yet, my Lord, this War of Opinions, you well know, has fallen out among the Writers of all Ages, and ſometimes betwixt Friends. Only it has been proſecuted by ſome, like Pedants, with violence of Words, and manag'd by others like Gentlemen, with Candour and Civility. Even *Tully* had a Controverſie with his dear *Atticus*; and in one of his Dialogues makes him ſuſtain the part of an Enemy in Philoſophy, who in his Letters is his confident of State, and made Privy to the moſt weighty Affairs of the Roman Senate. And the ſame reſpect which was paid by *Tully* to *Atticus*, we find return'd to him afterwards by *Cæſar* on a like occaſion, who anſwering his Book in praiſe of *Cato*, made it not ſo much his buſineſs to condemn *Cato*, as to praiſe *Cicero*. But that I may decline ſome part of the encounter with my Adverſaries, whom I am neither willing to combate, nor well able to reſiſt; I will give your Lordſhip the Relation of a Diſpute betwixt ſome of our Wits upon this ſubject, in which they did not only ſpeak of Plays in Verſe, but mingled, in the freedom of Diſcourſe, ſome things of the Ancient, many of the Modern ways of Writing, comparing thoſe with theſe, and the Wits of our Nation with thoſe of others: 'Tis true they differ'd in their Opinions, as 'tis probable they would: Neither do I take upon me to reconcile, but to relate them: And that as *Tacitus* profeſſes of himſelf, *Sine ſtudio partium aut ira:* Without Paſſion or Intereſt; leaving your Lordſhip to decide it in favour of which part you ſhall judge moſt reaſonable, and withal, to pardon the many errours of,

Your Lordſhip's moſt Obedient humble Servant,

John Dryden.

TO THE
READER.

THE drift of the enſuing Diſcourſe was chiefly to Vindicate the Honour of our Engliſh Writers, from the Cenſure of thoſe who unjuſtly prefer the French before them. This I intimate leaſt any ſhould think me ſo exceeding vain, as to teach others an Art which they underſtand much better than my ſelf. But if this incorrect Eſſay, written in the Country without the help of Books, or advice of Friends, ſhall find any acceptance in the World, I promiſe to my ſelf a better ſucceſs of the ſecond Part, wherein the Vertues and Faults of the Engliſh Poets, who have written either in this, the Epique, or the Lyrique way, will be more fully treated of, and their ſeveral ſtiles impartially imitated.

AN

AN ESSAY OF Dramatick Poesie.

IT was that Memorable day, in the first Summer of the late War, when our Navy ingag'd the Dutch: A day wherein the two most mighty and best appointed Fleets which any Age had ever seen, disputed the Command of the greater half of the Globe, the commerce of Nations, and the riches of the Universe. While these vast floating Bodies, on either side, mov'd against each other in parallel lines, and our Country-Men, under the happy Conduct of his Royal Highness, went breaking, by little and little, into the line of the Enemies; the Noise of the Cannon from both Navies reach'd our Ears about the City: So that all Men, being alarm'd with it, and in a dreadful suspence of the event, which we knew was then deciding, every one went following the sound as his fancy led him; and leaving the Town almost empty, some took towards the Park, some cross the River, others down it; all seeking the noise in the depth of silence.

Amongst the rest, it was the fortune of *Eugenius*, *Crites*, *Lisideius* and *Neander*, to be in Company together: Three of them Persons whom their Wit and Quality have made known to all the Town: And whom I have chose to hide under these borrowed names, that they may not suffer by so ill a Relation as I am going to make of their Discourse.

Taking then a Barge which a Servant of *Lisideius* had provided for them, they made hast to shoot the Bridge, and left behind them that great fall of Waters which hindred them from hearing what they desired: After which, having disingag'd themselves from many Vessels which rode at Anchor in the *Thames*, and almost block'd up the Passage towards *Greenwich*, they order'd the Water-Men to let fall their Oars more gently; and then every one favouring his own Curiosity with a strict silence, it was not long ere they perceiv'd the Air breaking about them like the Noise of distant Thunder, or of Swallows in a Chimney: Those little undulations of sound, though almost vanishing before they reach'd them, yet still seeming to retain somewhat of their first horrour which they had betwixt the Fleets: After they had attentively listned till such time as the sound by little and little went from them; *Eugenius* lifting up his head, and taking notice of it, was the first who Congratulated to the rest that Happy Omen of our Nations Victory: Adding, we had but this to desire in Confirmation of it, that we might hear no more of that noise which was now leaving the English Coast. When the rest had concur'd in the same Opinion, *Crites*, a Person of a sharp judgment, and somewhat too delicate a tast in Wit, which the World have mistaken in him for ill Nature, said, smiling to us, that if the concernment of this Battel had not been so exceeding great, he could scarce have wish'd the Victory at the price he knew must pay for it, in being subject to the reading and hearing of so many ill Verses as he was sure would be made upon it; adding, that no Argument could scape some of those Eternal Rhimes, who watch a Battel with more diligence than the Ravens and Birds of Prey; and the worst of them surest to be first in upon the quarry, while the better able, either out of modesty Writ not not all, or set that due value upon their Poems, as to let them be often call'd for and long expected! There are some of those impertinent People you speak of, answer'd *Lisideius*, who to my knowledge, are already so provided, either way, that they can produce not only a Panegirick upon the Victory, but, if need be, a Funeral Elegy upon the Duke: And after they have Crown'd his Valour with many Lawrels, at last deplore the odds under which he fell; concluding that his Courage deserv'd a better destiny. All the Company smil'd at the conceit of *Lisideius*; but *Crites*, more eager than before, began to make particular exceptions against some Writers, and said the publick Magistrate

ought to ſend betimes to forbid them; and that it concern'd the Peace and Quiet of all honeſt People, that ill Poets ſhould be as well ſilenc'd as ſeditious Preachers. In my Opinion, replyed *Eugenius*, you purſue your point too far; for as to my own particular, I am ſo great a Lover of Poeſie, that I could wiſh them all rewarded who attempt but to do well; at leaſt I would not have them worſe us'd then *Sylla* the Dictator did one of their Brethren heretofore: *Quem in concione vidimus* (ſays *Tully* ſpeaking of him) *cum ei libellum malus poeta de populo ſubjeciſſet, quod epigramma in eum feciſſet tantummodo alternis verſibus longinculis, ſtatim ex iis rebus quæ tunc vendebat jubere ei præmium tribui, ſub ea conditione ne quid poſtea ſcriberet.* I could wiſh with all my Heart, replied *Crites*, that many whom we know were as bountifully thank'd upon the ſame condition, that they would never trouble us again. For amongſt others, I have a mortal apprehenſion of two Poets, whom this Victory, with the help of both her Wings, will never be able to eſcape; 'tis eaſie to gueſs whom you intend, ſaid *Liſideius*; and without naming them, I ask you if one of them does not perpetually pay us with Clenches upon Words and a certain clowniſh kind of Raillery? If now and then he does not offer at a Catecreſis or Clevelandiſm, wreſting and torturing a Word into another meaning: In fine, if he be not one of thoſe whom the French would call *un mauvais buffon*; one that is ſo much a Well-willer to the Satire, that he ſpares no Man; and though he cannot ſtrike a blow to hurt any, yet ought to be puniſh'd for the Malice of the Action; as our Witches are juſtly hang'd becauſe they think themſelves ſo; and ſuffer deſervedly for believing they did miſchief, becauſe they meant it. You have deſcribed him, ſaid *Crites*, ſo exactly, that I am affraid to come after you with my other extremity of Poetry: He is one of thoſe who having had ſome advantage of Education and converſe, knows better than the other what a Poet ſhould be, but puts it into practice more unluckily than any Man; his ſtile and matter are every where alike; he is the moſt calm, peaceable Writer you ever read: He never diſquiets your Paſſions with the leaſt concernment, but ſtill leaves you in as even a temper as he found you; he is a very Leveller in Poetry, he creeps along with ten little Words in every line, and helps out his Numbers with *For to*, and *Unto*, and all the pretty Expletives he can find, till he drags them to the end of another line; while the Senſe is left tir'd half way behind it; he doubly ſtarves all his Verſes, firſt for want of thought, and then of expreſſion; his Poetry neither has Wit in it, nor ſeems to have it; like him in *Martial*:

Pauper videri Cinna vult, & eſt pauper:

He effects plainneſs, to cover his want of imagination: When he Writes the ſerious way, the higheſt flight of his fancy is ſome miſerable *Antitheſis*, or ſeeming Contradiction; and in the Comick he is ſtill reaching at ſome thin conceit, the Ghoſt of a Jeſt, and that too flies before him, never to be caught; theſe Swallows which we ſee before us on the *Thames*, are the juſt reſemblance of his Wit: You may obſerve how near the Water they ſtoop, how many proffers they make to dip, and yet how ſeldom they touch it: And when they do, 'tis but the ſurface: They skim over it but to catch a gnat, and then mount into the Air and leave it. Well Gentlemen, ſaid *Eugenius*, you may ſpeak your pleaſure of theſe Authors; but though I and ſome few more about the Town may give you a peaceable hearing, yet, aſſure your ſelves, there are multitudes who would think you malicious and them injur'd: Eſpecially him you firſt deſcrib'd; he is the very *Withers* of the City: They have bought more Editions of his Works than would ſerve to lay under all their Pies at the Lord Mayor's *Chriſtmaſs*. When his famous Poem firſt came out in the Year 1660. I have ſeen them reading it in the midſt of Change-time; nay ſo vehement they were at it, that they loſt their Bargain by the Candles-ends: but what will you ſay, if he has been received amongſt the great Ones? I can aſſure you he is, this day, the envy of a great Perſon, who is Lord in the Art of Quibling; and who does not take it well, that any Man ſhould intrude ſo far into his Province. All I would wiſh, replied *Crites*, is, that they who love his Writings, may ſtill admire him, and his Fellow Poet: *Qui Bavium non odit*, &c. is curſe ſufficient. And farther, added *Liſideius*, I believe there is no Man who Writes well, but would think himſelf very hardly dealt with, if their Admirers ſhould praiſe any thing of his: *Nam quos contemnimus eorum quoq; laudes contemnimus.* There are ſo few who Write well in this Age, ſaid *Crites*, that methinks any praiſes ſhould be welcome; they neither riſe to the dignity of the laſt Age, nor to any of the Ancients; and we may cry out of the Writers of this time, with more reaſon than *Petronius* of his, *Pace veſtra liceat dixiſſe, primi omnium eloquentiam perdidiſtis:*

You

You have debauched the true old Poetry ſo far, that Nature, which is the Soul of it, is not in any of your Writings.

If your quarrel (ſaid *Eugenius*) to thoſe who now Write, be grounded only upon your reverence to Antiquity, there is no Man more ready to adore thoſe great Greeks and Romans than I am: But on the other ſide, I cannot think ſo contemptibly of the Age I live in, or ſo diſhonourably of my own Country, as not to judge we equal the Ancients in moſt kinds of Poeſie, and in ſome ſurpaſs them; neither know I any reaſon why I may not be as zealous for the Reputation of our Age, as we find the Ancients themſelves in reference to thoſe who lived before them. For you hear your *Horace* ſaying,

Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia craſſe
Compoſitum, illepideve putetur, ſed quia nuper.

And after,

Si meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit,
Scire velim pretium chartis quotus arroget annus?

But I ſee I am ingaging in a wide diſpute, where the arguments are not like to reach cloſe on either ſide; for Poeſie is of ſo large extent, and ſo many both of the Ancients and Moderns have done well in all kinds of it, that, in citing one againſt the other, we ſhall take up more time this Evening, than each Man's occaſions will allow him: Therefore I would ask *Crites* to what part of Poeſie he would confine his Arguments, and whether he would defend the general Cauſe of the Ancients againſt the Moderns, or oppoſe any Age of the Moderns againſt this of ours?

Crites a little while conſidering upon this Demand, told *Eugenius* he approv'd his Propoſitions, and, if he pleaſed he would limit their Diſpute to *Dramatick Poeſie*; in which he thought it not difficult to prove, either that the Ancients were ſuperiour to the Moderns, or the laſt Age to this of ours.

Eugenius was ſomewhat ſurpriz'd, when he heard *Crites* make choice of that Subject; For ought I ſee, ſaid he, I have undertaken a harder Province than I imagin'd; for though I never judg'd the Plays of the Greek or Roman Poets comparable to ours; yet on the other ſide thoſe we now ſee acted, come ſhort of many which were written in the laſt Age: But my comfort is if we are o'ercome, it will be only by our own Country-Men: And if we yield to them in this one part of Poeſie, we more ſurpaſs them in all the other; for in the Epick or Lyrick way it will be hard for them to ſhew us one ſuch amongſt them, as we have many now living, or who lately were ſo. They can produce nothing ſo Courtly Writ, or which expreſſes ſo much the Converſation of a Gentleman, as Sir *John Suckling*; nothing ſo even, ſweet, and flowing as Mr. *Waller*; nothing ſo Majeſtick, ſo correct as Sir *John Denham*; nothing ſo elevated, ſo copious, and full of Spirit, as Mr. *Cowley*; as for the Italian, French, and Spaniſh Plays, I can make it evident, that thoſe who now Write, ſurpaſs them; and that the *Drama* is wholly ours.

All of them were thus far of *Eugenius* his Opinion, that the ſweetneſs of Engliſh Verſe was never underſtood or practis'd by our Fathers; even *Crites* himſelf did not much oppoſe it: And every one was willing to acknowledge how much our Poeſie is improv'd, by the happineſs of ſome Writers yet living; who firſt taught us to mould our Thoughts into eaſie and ſignificant Words; to retrench the ſuperfluities of Expreſſion, and to make our Rhime ſo properly a part of the Verſe, that it ſhould never miſ-lead the ſenſe, but it ſelf be led and govern'd by it.

Eugenius was going to continue this Diſcourſe, when *Liſideius* told him it was neceſſary, before they proceeded further, to take a ſtanding meaſure of their Controverſie; for how was it poſſible to be decided who Writ the beſt Plays, before we know what a Play ſhould be? But, this once agreed on by both Parties, each might have recourſe to it, either to prove his own advantages, or diſcover the failings of his Adverſary.

He had no ſooner ſaid this, but all deſir'd the favour of him to give the definition of a Play; and they were the more importunate, becauſe neither *Ariſtotle*, nor *Horace*, nor any other, who Writ of that Subject, had ever done it.

Liſideius, after ſome modeſt denials, at laſt confeſs'd he had a rude Notion of it; indeed rather a Deſcription than a Definition: But which ſerv'd to guide him in his private Thoughts, when he was to make a judgment of what others Writ: That he conceiv'd a Play ought to be, *A juſt and lively Image of Humane Nature, repreſenting its Paſſions and Humours, and the Changes of Fortune to which it is ſubject; for the Delight and Inſtruction of Mankind.*

This

This Definition, though *Crites* rais'd a Logical Objection againſt it, that it was only *à genere & fine*, and ſo not altogether perfect; was yet well received by the reſt: And after they had given order to the Water-Men to turn their Barge, and row ſoftly, that they might take the cool of the Evening in their return; *Crites*, being deſired by the Company to begin, ſpoke on behalf of the Ancients, in this manner:

If Confidence preſage a Victory, *Eugenius*, in his own Opinion, has already Triumphed over the Ancients; nothing ſeems more eaſie to him, than to overcome thoſe whom it is our greateſt praiſe to have imitated well: For we do not only build upon their Foundation; but by their Models. *Dramatick Poeſie* had time enough, reckoning from *Theſpis* (who firſt invented it) to *Ariſtophanes*, to be born, to grow up, and to flouriſh in Maturity. It has been obſerved of Arts and Sciences, that in one and the ſame Century they have arriv'd to a great perfection; and no wonder, ſince every Age has a kind of Univerſal Genius, which inclines thoſe that live in it to ſome particular Studies: The Work then being puſh'd on by many hands, muſt of neceſſity go forward.

Is it not evident, in theſe laſt hundred Years (when the Study of Philoſophy has been the buſineſs of all the *Virtuoſi* in *Chriſtendom*) that almoſt a new Nature has been reveal'd to us? That more errours of the School have been detected, more uſeful Experiments in Philoſophy have been made, more Noble Secrets in Opticks, Medicine, Anatomy, Aſtronomy, diſcover'd, than in all thoſe Credulous and Doting Ages from *Ariſtotle* to us? So true it is, that nothing ſpreads more faſt than Science, when rightly and generally Cultivated.

Add to this the more than common Emulation that was in thoſe times of Writing well, which though it be found in all Ages and all Perſons that pretend to the ſame Reputation; yet Poeſie being then in more eſteem than now it is, had greater Honours decreed to the Profeſſors of it; and conſequently the Rivalſhip was more high between them; they had Judges ordain'd to decide their Merit, and Prizes to reward it: And Hiſtorians have been diligent to record of *Æſchylus*, *Euripides*, *Sophocles*, *Lycophron*, and the reſt of them, both who they were that vanquiſh'd in theſe Wars of the Theater, and how often they were Crown'd: While the Aſian Kings, and Grecian Common-Wealths, ſcarce afforded them a Nobler Subject than the unmanly Luxuries of a Debauch'd Court, or giddy Intrigues of a Factious City. *Alit æmulatio ingenia* (ſays *Paterculus*) *& nunc invidia, nunc admiratio incitationem accendit:* Emulation is the Spur of Wit, and ſometimes Envy, ſometimes Admiration quickens our Endeavours.

But now ſince the Rewards of Honour are taken away, that Vertuous Emulation is turn'd into direct Malice, yet ſo ſlothful, that it contents it ſelf to condemn and cry down others, without attempting to do better: 'Tis a Reputation too unprofitable, to take the neceſſary pains for it; yet wiſhing they had it, is incitement enough to hinder others from it. And this, in ſhort, *Eugenius*, is the reaſon, why you have now ſo few good Poets; and ſo many ſevere Judges: Certainly, to imitate the Ancients well, much labour and long ſtudy is required: Which pains, I have already ſhewn, our Poets would want incouragement to take, if yet they had Ability to go through with it. Thoſe Ancients have been faithful Imitators and Wiſe Obſervers of that Nature which is ſo torn and ill repreſented in our Plays, they have handed down to us a perfect reſemblance of her; which we, like ill Copiers, neglecting to look on, have rendred monſtrous and diſfigur'd. But, that you may know how much you are indebted to thoſe your Maſters, and be aſhamed to have ſo ill requited them: I muſt remember you that all the Rules by which we practiſe the *Drama* at this Day, either ſuch as relate to the juſtneſs and ſymmetry of the Plot; or the Epiſodical Ornaments, ſuch as Deſcriptions, Narrations, and other Beauties, which are not eſſential to the Play; were delivered to us from the Obſervations that *Ariſtotle* made of thoſe Poets, which either liv'd before him, or were his Contemporaries: We have added nothing of our own, except we have the confidence to ſay our Wit is better; which none boaſt of in our Age, but ſuch as underſtand not theirs. Of that Book which *Ariſtotle* has left us περὶ τῆς Ποιητικῆς, *Horace* his Art of Poetry is an excellent Comment, and I believe, reſtores to us that Second Book of his concerning Comedy, which is wanting in him.

Out of theſe two has been extracted the Famous Rules which the French call, *Des Trois Unitez*, or, The Three Unities, which ought to be obſerv'd in every Regular Play; namely, of Time, Place, and Action.

The

The Unity of Time they comprehend in 24 Hours, the Compass of a Natural Day; or as near it as can be contriv'd: And the reason of it is obvious to every one, that the time of the feigned Action, or Fable of the Play, should be proportion'd as near as can be to the duration of that time in which it is represented; since therefore all Plays are Acted on the Theater in a space of time much within the Compass of 24 Hours, that Play is to be thought the nearest imitation of Nature, whose Plot or Action is confin'd within that time; and, by the same Rule which concludes this general Proportion of time, it follows, that all the parts of it are to be equally subdivided; as namely, that one Act take not up the suppos'd time of half a Day; which is out of Proportion to the rest: Since the other four are then to be streightned within the Compass of the remaining half; for it is unnatural that one Act, which being spoke or Written, is not longer than the rest, should be suppos'd longer by the Audience; 'tis therefore the Poets duty, to take care that no Act should be imagin'd to exceed the time in which it is represented on the Stage; and that the intervals and inequalities of time be suppos'd to fall out between the Acts.

This Rule of Time how well it has been observ'd by the Ancients, most of their Plays will Witness; you see them in their Tragedies (wherein to follow this Rule, 'tis certainly most difficult) from the very beginning of their Plays, falling close into that part of the Story which they intend for the Action or principal Object of it; leaving the former part to be delivered by Narration: So that they set the Audience, as it were, at the Post where the Race is to be concluded: And, (saving them the tedious expectation of seeing the Poet set out and ride the beginning of the Course) you behold him not, till he is in sight of the Goal, and just upon you.

For the Second Unity, which is that of place, the Ancients meant by it, That the Scene ought to be continu'd through the Play, in the same place where it was laid in the beginning: For the Stage, on which it is represented, being but one and the same place, it is unnatural to conceive it many; and those far distant from one another. I will not deny but by the variation of painted Scenes, the fancy (which in these cases will contribute to its own deceit) may sometimes imagine it several places, with some appearance of probability; yet it still carries the greater likelihood of truth, if those places be suppos'd to near each other, as in the same Town or City; which may all be comprehended under the larger Denomination of one place: For a greater distance will bear no Proportion to the shortness of time, which is allotted in the Acting, to pass from one of them to another; for the Observation of this, next to the Ancients, the French are to be most commended. They tie themselves so strictly to the Unity of place, that you never see in any of their Plays, a Scene chang'd in the middle of an Act: If the Act begins in a Garden, a Street, or Chamber, 'tis ended in the same place; and that you may know it to be the same, the Stage is so supplied with Persons, that it is never empty all the time: he that Enters the second has business with him who was on before; and before the second quits the Stage, a third appears who has business with him.

This *Corneil* calls *La Liaison des Scenes*, the continuity or joyning of the Scenes; and 'tis a good mark of a well contriv'd Play when all the Persons are known to each other, and every one of them has some affairs with all the rest.

As for the third Unity which is that of Action, the Ancients meant no other by it than what the Logicians do by their *Finis*, the end or scope of any Action: That which is the first in Intention, and last in Execution: Now the Poet is to aim at one great and compleat Action, to the carrying on of which all things in his Play, even the very Obstacles, are to be subservient; and the reason of this is as evident as any of the former.

For two Actions equally labour'd and driven on by the Writer, would destroy the Unity of the Poem; it would be no longer one Play, but two: Not but that there may be many Actions in a Play, as *Ben. Johnson* has observ'd in his Discoveries; but they must be all subservient to the great one, which our Language happily expresses in the name of under-plots: Such as in *Terence*'s *Eunuch* is the difference and reconcilement of *Thais* and *Phædria*, which is not the chief business of the Play, but promotes the Marriage of *Chærea* and *Chremes*'s Sister, principally intended by the Poet. There ought to be but one Action, says *Corneile*, that is one complete Action which leaves the mind of the Audience in a full repose: But this cannot be brought to pass but by many other imperfect ones which conduce to it, and hold the Audience in a delightful suspence of what will be.

If

If by theſe Rules (to omit many other drawn from the Precepts and Practice of the Ancients) we ſhould judge our modern Plays; 'tis probable, that few of them would endure the Tryal: That which ſhould be the buſineſs of a Day, takes up in ſome of them an Age: inſtead of one Action they are the Epitomes of a Man's Life; and for one ſpot of ground (which the Stage ſhould repreſent) we are ſometimes in more Countries than the Map can ſhow us.

But if we will allow the Ancients to have contriv'd well, we muſt acknowledge them to have writ better; queſtionleſs we are depriv'd of a great ſtock of Wit in the loſs of *Menander* among the Greek Poets, and of *Cæcilius*, *Afranius* and *Varius*, among the Romans: We may gueſs of *Menander*'s Excellency by the Plays of *Terence*, who tranſlated ſome of his, and yet wanted ſo much of him, that he was call'd by *C. Cæſar* the Half *Menander*, and of *Varius*, by the Teſtimonies of *Horace*, *Martial*, and *Velleius Paterculus*: 'Tis probable that theſe, could they be recover'd, would decide the controverſie; but ſo long as *Ariſtophanes* in the old Comedy, and *Plautus* in the new are extant; while the Tragedies of *Eurypides*, *Sophocles*, and *Seneca* are to be had, I can never ſee one of thoſe Plays which are now Written, but it encreaſes my Admiration of the Ancients; and yet I muſt acknowledge farther, that to admire them as we ought, we ſhould underſtand them better than we do. Doubtleſs many things appear flat to us, whoſe Wit depended upon ſome Cuſtom or Story which never came to our knowledge, or perhaps upon ſome Criticiſm in their Language, which being ſo long dead, and only remaining in their Books, 'tis not poſſible they ſhould make us know it perfectly. To read *Macrobius*, explaining the Propriety and Elegancy of many Words in *Virgil*, which I had before paſs'd over without conſideration, as common things, is enough to aſſure me that I ought to think the ſame of *Terence*; and that in the purity of his ſtile (which *Tully* ſo much valued that he ever carried his Works about him) there is yet left in him great Room for Admiration, if I knew but where to place it. In the mean time I muſt deſire you to take notice, that the greateſt Man of the laſt Age (*Ben. Johnſon*) was willing to give place to them in all things: He was not only a profeſſed Imitator of *Horace*, but a learned Plagiary of all the others; you track him every where in their Snow: If *Horace*, *Lucan*, *Petronius Arbiter*, *Seneca*, and *Juvenal*, had their own from him, there are few ſerious Thoughts which are new in him; you will pardon me therefore if I preſume he lov'd their faſhion when he wore their Cloaths. But ſince I have otherwiſe a great veneration for him, and you, *Eugenius*, prefer him above all other Poets, I will uſe no farther argument to you than his Example: I will produce Father *Ben.* to you, dreſs'd in all the Ornaments and Colours of the Ancients, you will need no other guide to our Party if you follow him; and whether you conſider the bad Plays of our Age, or regard the good ones of the laſt, both the beſt and worſt of the Modern Poets will equally inſtruct you to eſteem the Ancients.

Crites had no ſooner left ſpeaking, but *Eugenius* who waited with ſome impatience for it, thus began.

I have obſerv'd in your Speech that the former part of it is convincing as to what the Moderns have profited by the Rules of the Ancients, but in the latter you are careful to conceal how much they have excel'd them: We own all the helps we have from them, and want neither veneration nor gratitude while we acknowledge that to overcome them we muſt make uſe of the advantages we have receiv'd from them; but to theſe aſſiſtances we have joined our own induſtry; for (had we ſate down with a dull imitation of them) we might then have loſt ſomewhat of the old perfection, but never acquir'd any that was new. We draw not therefore after their lines, but thoſe of Nature; and having the Life before us, beſides the Experience of all they knew, it is no wonder if we hit ſome Airs and Features which they have miſs'd: I deny not what you urge of Arts and Sciences, that they have flouriſh'd in ſome Ages more than others; but your inſtance in Philoſophy makes for me: For if Natural Cauſes be more known now than in the time of *Ariſtotle*, becauſe more ſtudied, it follows that Poeſie and other Arts may with the ſame pains arrive ſtill nearer to perfection, and, that granted, it will reſt for you to prove that they wrought more perfect images of humane Life than we; which, ſeeing in your Diſcourſe you have avoided to make good, it ſhall now be my task to ſhow you ſome part of their defects, and ſome few Excellencies of the Moderns; and I think there is none among us can imagine I do it enviouſly, or with purpoſe to detract from them; for what intereſt of Fame or Profit can the living loſe by the reputation of the dead? On the other ſide, it is a great truth which *Velleius Paterculus* affirms, *Audita viſis libentius laudamus; & præſentia invidia, præterita admiratione*

miratione proſequimur ; & his nos obrui, illis inſtrui credimus : That praiſe or cenſure is certainly the moſt ſincere which unbrib'd Poſterity ſhall give us.

Be pleaſed then in the firſt place to take notice, that the Greek Poeſie, which *Crites* has affirm'd to have arriv'd to perfection in the Reign of the old Comedy, was ſo far from it, that the diſtinction of it into Acts was not known to them; or if it were, it is yet ſo darkly deliver'd to us that we cannot make it out.

All we know of it is from the ſinging of their Chorus, and that too is ſo uncertain, that in ſome of their Plays we have reaſon to conjecture they ſung more than five times: *Ariſtotle* indeed divides the integral parts of a Play into four: Firſt, The *Protaſis* or entrance, which gives Light only to the Characters of the Perſons, and proceeds very little into any part of the Action: Secondly, The *Epitaſis*, or Working up of the Plot where the Play grows warmer: The deſign or Action of it is drawing on, and you ſee ſomething promiſing that it will come to paſs: Thirdly, The *Cataſtaſis*, or Counterturn, which deſtroys that expectation, imbroils the Act in new difficulties, and leaves you far diſtant from that hope in which it found you, as you may have obſerv'd in a violent ſtream reſiſted by a narrow paſſage; it runs rounds to an eddy, and carries back the Waters with more ſwiftneſs than it brought them on: Laſtly, The *Cataſtrophe*, which the Grecians call'd *Λύσις*, the French *le denouement*, and we the diſcovery or unravelling of the Plot: There you ſee all things ſetling again upon their firſt Foundations, and the Obſtacles which hindred the Deſign or Action of the Play once remov'd, it ends with that reſemblance of truth and nature, that the Audience are ſatisfied with the Conduct of it. Thus this great Man deliver'd to us the image of a Play, and I muſt confeſs it is ſo lively that from thence much Light has been deriv'd to the forming it more perfectly into Acts and Scenes, but what Poet firſt limited to five the number of the Acts I know not; only we ſee it ſo firmly eſtabliſh'd in the time of *Horace*, that he gives it for a rule in Comedy; *Neu brevior quinto, neu ſit productior actu:* So that you ſee the Grecians cannot be ſaid to have conſummated this Art; Writing rather by Entrances than by Acts, and having rather a general indigeſted notion of a Play, than knowing how and where to beſtow the particular graces of it.

But ſince the Spaniards at this Day allow but three Acts, which they call *Jornadas*, to a Play; and the Italians in many of theirs follow them, when I condemn the Ancients, I declare it is not altogether becauſe they have not five Acts to every Play, but becauſe they have not confin'd themſelves to one certain number; 'tis building an Houſe without a Model: And when they ſucceded in ſuch undertakings, they ought to have ſacrific'd to Fortune, not to the Muſes.

Next, for the Plot, which *Ariſtotle* call'd τὸ μυθος and often περὶ πραγμάτων σύνθεσιν, and from him the Romans *Fabula*, it has already been judiciouſly obſerv'd by a late Writer, that in their Tragedies it was only ſome Tale deriv'd from *Thebes* or *Troy*, or at leaſt ſome thing that happen'd in thoſe two Ages; which was worn ſo thred bare by the Pens of all the Epick Poets, and even by Tradition it ſelf of the Talkative Greeklings (as *Ben. Johnſon* calls them) that before it came upon the Stage, it was already known to all the Audience: And the People ſo ſoon as ever they heard the Name of *Oedipus*, knew as well as the Poet, that he had kill'd his Father by a miſtake, and committed inceſt with his Mother, before the Play; that they were now to hear of a great Plague, and Oracle, and the Ghoſt of *Laius:* So that they ſate with a yawning kind of Expectation, till he was to come with his Eyes pull'd out, and ſpeak a hundred or two of Verſes in a Tragick Tone, in complaint of his misfortunes. But one *Oedipus*, *Hercules*, or *Medea*, had been tolerable; poor People they ſcap'd not ſo good cheap: They had ſtill the *Chapon Bouillé* ſet before them, till their Appetites were cloy'd with the ſame Diſh, and the Novelty being gone, the pleaſure vaniſh'd: So that one main end of *Dramatick Poeſie* in its Definition, which was to cauſe Delight, was of conſequence deſtroy'd.

In their Comedies, the Romans generally borrow'd their Plots from the Greek Poets; and theirs was commonly a little Girl ſtollen or wandred from her Parents, brought back unknown to the ſame City, there got with Child by ſome lewd Young Fellow; who, by the help of his Servant, cheats his Father, and when her time comes, to cry *Juno Lucina fer opem*; one or other ſees a little Box or Cabinet which was carried away with her, and ſo diſcovers her to her Friends, if ſome God do not prevent it, by coming down in a Machine, and take the Thanks of it to himſelf.

By the Plot you may gueſs much of the Characters of the Perſons. An Old Father that would willingly before he dies, ſee his Son well Married; his Debauch'd Son, kind in his Nature to his Wench, but miſerably in want of Money; a Servant or Slave, who has ſo much Wit to ſtrike in with him, and help to dupe his Father; a Braggadochio Captain, a Paraſite, and a Lady of Pleaſure.

As for the poor honeſt Maid, whom all the Story is built upon, and who ought to be one of the principal Actors in the Play, ſhe is comm only a Mute in it: She has the breeding of the Old *Elizabeth* way, for Maids to be ſeen and not to be heard; and it is enough you know ſhe is willing to be Married, when the Fifth Act requires it.

Theſe are Plots built after the Italian Mode of Houſes, you ſee thorow them all at once; the Characters are indeed the Imitations of Nature, but ſo narrow as if they had imitated only an Eye or an Hand, and did not dare to venture on the lines of a Face, or the Proportion of a Body.

But in how ſtraight a Compaſs ſoever they have bounded their Plots and Characters, we will paſs it by, if they have regularly purſued them, and perfectly obſerv'd thoſe three Unities of Time, Place, and Action: The knowledge of which you ſay is deriv'd to us from them. But in the firſt place give me leave to tell you, that the Unity of Place, how ever it might be practiſed by them, was never any of their Rules: We neither find it in *Ariſtotle*, *Horace*, or any who have Written of it, till in our Age the French Poets firſt made it a Precept of the Stage. The Unity of time, even *Terence* himſelf (who was the beſt and moſt regular of them) has neglected: His *Heautontimoroumenos* or Self-Puniſher takes up viſibly two Days; therefore, ſays *Scaliger*, the two firſt Acts concluding the firſt Day, were Acted over-Night; the three laſt on the enſuing Day: and *Eurypides*, in tying himſelf to one Day, has committed an abſurdity never to be forgiven him: For in one of his Tragedies he has made *Theſeus* go from *Athens* to *Thebes*, which was about 40 Engliſh Miles, under the Walls of it to give Battel, and appear Victorious in the next Act; and yet from the time of his departure to the return of the *Nuntius*, who gives the relation of his Victory, *Æthra* and the Chorus have but 36 Verſes; that is not for every Mile a Verſe.

The like error is as evident in *Terence* his Eunuch, when *Laches*, the Old Man, Enters in a miſtake the Houſe of *Thais*, where betwixt his Exit and the entrance of *Pythias*, who comes to give an ample relation of the Garboils he has rais'd within, *Parmeno* who was left upon the Stage, has not above five lines to ſpeak: *C' eſt bien employé un temps ſi court*, ſays the French Poet, who furniſh'd me with one of the Obſervations; And almoſt all their Tragedies will afford us examples of the like Nature.

'Tis true, they have kept the continuity, or as you call'd it, *Liaiſon des Scenes* ſomewhat better: Two do not perpetually come in together, talk, and go out together; and other two ſucceed them, and do the ſame throughout the Act, which the Engliſh call by the name of ſingle Scenes; but the reaſon is, becauſe they have ſeldom above two or three Scenes, properly ſo call'd, in every Act; for it is to be accounted a new Scene, not every time the Stage is empty, but every Perſon who Enters, though to others, makes it ſo; becauſe he introduces a new buſineſs: Now the Plots of their Plays being narrow, and the Perſons few, one of their Acts was Written in a leſs Compaſs than one of our well wrought Scenes, and yet they are often deficient even in this: To go no farther than *Terence*, you find in the Eunuch *Antipho* entring ſingle in the midſt of the third Act, after *Chremes* and *Pythias* were gone off: In the ſame Play you have likewiſe *Dorias* beginning the fourth Act alone; and after ſhe has made a relation of what was done at the Soldiers Entertainment (which by the way was very inartificial to do, becauſe ſhe was preſum'd to ſpeak directly to the Audience, and to acquaint them with what was neceſſary to be known, but yet ſhould have been ſo contriv'd by the Poet as to have been told by Perſons of the *Drama* to one another, and ſo by them to have come to the knowledge of the People) ſhe quits the Stage, and *Phædria* Enters next, alone likewiſe: He alſo gives you an account of himſelf, and of his returning from the Country in *Molonogue*, to which unnatural way of narration, *Terence* is ſubject in all his Plays: In his *Adelphi* or Brothers, *Syrus* and *Demea* Enter; after the Scene was broken by the departure of *Soſtrata*, *Geta* and *Canthara*; and indeed you can ſcarce look into any of his Comedies, where you will not preſently diſcover the ſame interruption.

But as they have fail'd both in laying of their Plots, and managing of them, ſwerving from the Rules of their own Art, by miſ-repreſenting Nature to us, in which

which they have ill ſatisfied one intention of a Play, which was delight, ſo in the inſtructive part they have err'd worſe: Inſtead of puniſhing Vice and rewarding Virtue, they have often ſhown a Proſperous Wickedneſs, and an Unhappy Piety: They have ſet before us a bloudy Image of revenge in *Medea*, and given her Dragons to convey her ſafe from puniſhment. A *Priam* and *Aſtyanax* murder'd, and *Caſſandra* raviſh'd; and the Luſt and Murder ending in the Victory of him that Acted them: In ſhort, there is no indecorum in any of our Modern Plays, which if I would excuſe, I could not ſhadow with ſome Authority from the Ancients.

And one farther note of them let me leave you: Tragedies and Comedies were not Writ then as they are now, promiſcuouſly, by the ſame Perſon; but he who found his genius bending to the one, never attempted the other way. This is ſo plain, that I need not inſtance to you, that *Ariſtophanes*, *Plautus*, *Terence*, never any of them Writ a Tragedy; *Æſchylus*, *Eurypides*, *Sophocles* and *Seneca*, never medled with Comedy; the Sock and Buskin were not worn by the ſame Poet: Having then ſo much care to excel in one kind, very little is to be pardon'd them if they miſcarried in it; and this would lead me to the conſideration of their Wit, had not *Crites* given me ſufficient warning not to be too bold in my judgment of it; becauſe the Languages being dead, and many of the Cuſtoms and little accidents on which it depended, loſt to us, we are not competent judges of it. But though I grant that here and there we may miſs the application of a Proverb or a Cuſtom, yet a thing well ſaid will be Wit in all Languages; and though it may loſe ſomething in the Tranſlation, yet, to him who reads it in the Original, 'tis ſtill the ſame; He has an Idea of its excellency, though it cannot paſs from his mind into any other expreſſion or words than thoſe in which he finds it. When *Phædria*---in the Eunuch had a command from his Miſtreſs to be abſent two Days; and encouraging himſelf to go through with it, ſaid; *Tandem ego non illa caream, ſi opus ſit, vel totum triduum? Parmeno* to mock the ſoftneſs of his Maſter, lifting up his hands and Eyes, crys out as it were in admiration; *Hui! univerſum triduum!* The Elegancy of which *univerſum*, though it cannot be rendred in our Language, yet leaves an impreſſion of the Wit upon our Souls: But this happens ſeldom in him, in *Plautus* oftner; who is infinitely too bold in his Metaphors and coining words; out of which many times his Wit is nothing, which queſtionleſs was one reaſon why *Horace* falls upon him ſo ſeverely in thoſe Verſes:

Sed Proavi noſtri Plautinos & numeros, &
Laudavêre ſales, nimium patienter utrumque
Ne dicam ſtolidè.

For *Horace* himſelf was cautious to obtrude a new Word upon his Readers, and makes Cuſtom and common uſe the beſt meaſure of receiving it into our Writings.

Multa renaſcentur quæ nunc cecidêre, cadentq;
Quæ nunc ſunt in honore vocabula, ſi volet uſus,
Quem penes, arbitrium eſt, & jus, & norma loquendi.

The not obſerving this Rule is that which the World has blam'd in our Satiriſt *Cleveland*; to expreſs a thing hard and unnaturally, is his new way of Elocution: 'Tis true, no Poet but may ſometimes uſe a *Catachreſis*; *Virgil* does it;

Miſtaque ridenti Colocaſia fundet Acantho.

In his Eclogue of *Pollio*, and in his 7th *Æneid*.

----Mirantur & undæ,
Miratur nemus, inſuetum fulgentia longe,
Scuta virum fluvio, pictaſq; innare carinas.

And *Ovid* once ſo modeſtly, that he asks leave to do it;

Si verbo audacia detur
Haud metuam ſummi dixiſſe Palatia cæli.

Calling the Court of *Jupiter* by the name of *Auguſtus* his Palace, though in another place he is more bold, where he ſays, *Et longas viſent Capitolia pompas.* But to do this always, and never be able to Write a line without it, though it may be admir'd by ſome few Pedants, will not paſs upon thoſe who know that Wit is beſt convey'd to us in the moſt eaſie Language; and is moſt to be admir'd when a great Thought comes dreſt in Words ſo commonly receiv'd that it is underſtood by the meaneſt apprehenſions, as the beſt meat is the moſt eaſily digeſted: But we cannot read a Verſe of *Cleveland*'s without making a Face at it, as if every Word were a Pill to ſwallow: He gives us many times a hard Nut to break our Teeth, without a Kernel for our pains. So that there is this difference betwixt his *Satyres* and Doctor *Donn*'s, That the one gives us deep Thoughts in common Language tho'

rough cadence; the other gives us common Thoughts in abſtruſe Words: 'Tis true, in ſome places his Wit is independent of his Words, as in that of the Rebel *Scot*:

Had Cain been Scot God would have chang'd his doom;
Not forc'd him wander, but confin'd him home.

Si ſic, omnia dixiſſet! This is Wit in all Languages: 'Tis like Mercury, never to be loſt or kill'd; and ſo that other;

For Beauty like White Powder makes no Noiſe,
And yet the ſilent Hypocrite deſtroys.

You ſee the laſt line is highly Metaphorical, but it is ſo ſoft and gentle, that it does not ſhock us as we read it.

But, to return from whence I have digreſs'd, to the conſideration of the Ancients Writing and their Wit, (of which by this time you will grant us in ſome meaſure to be fit Judges) Though I ſee many excellent Thoughts in *Seneca*, yet he, of them who had a Genius moſt proper for the Stage, was *Ovid*, he had a way of Writing ſo fit to ſtir up a pleaſing admiration and concernment, which are the Objects of a Tragedy, and to ſhow the various movements of a Soul combating betwixt two different Paſſions, that had he liv'd in our Age, or in his own could have Writ with our advantages, no Man but muſt have yielded to him; and therefore I am confident the *Medea* is none of his: For, tho' I eſteem it for the Gravity and Sententiouſneſs of it, which he himſelf concludes to be ſuitable to a Tragedy, *Omne genus ſcripti gravitate Tragœdia vincit*, yet it moves not my Soul enough to judge that he, who in the Epick way wrote things ſo near the *Drama*, as the Story of *Myrrha*, of *Caunus* and *Biblis*, and the reſt, ſhould ſtir up no more concernment where he moſt endeavour'd it. The Maſter-Piece of *Seneca* I hold to be that Scene in the *Troades*, where *Ulyſſes* is ſeeking for *Aſtyanax* to kill him; There you ſee the tenderneſs of a Mother, ſo repreſented in *Andromache*, that it raiſes compaſſion to a high degree in the Reader, and bears the neareſt reſemblance of any thing in their Tragedies to the excellent Scenes of Paſſion in *Shakeſpear*, or in *Fletcher*: For Love-Scenes you will find few among them, their Tragick Poets dealt not with that ſoft Paſſion, but with Luſt, Cruelty, Revenge, Ambition, and thoſe Bloody Actions they produc'd; which where more capable of raiſing horrour than compaſſion in an Audience: Leaving Love untouch'd, whoſe gentleneſs would have temper'd them, which is the moſt frequent of all the Paſſions, and which being the private concernment of every Perſon, is ſooth'd by viewing its own Image in a publick Entertainment.

Among their Comedies, we find a Scene or two of tenderneſs, and that where you would leaſt expect it, in *Plautus*; but to ſpeak generally, their Lovers ſay little, when they ſee each other, but *anima mea*, *vita mea*; ζωη μ ψυχη as the Women in *Juvenal*'s time us'd to cry out in the fury of their kindneſs: Then indeed to ſpeak ſenſe were an offence. Any ſudden guſt of Paſſion (as an extaſie of Love in an unexpected meeting) cannot better be expreſs'd than in a Word and a ſigh, breaking one another. Nature is dumb on ſuch occaſions, and to make her ſpeak, would be to repreſent her unlike her ſelf. But there are a thouſand other concernments of Lovers, as jealouſies, complaints, contrivances and the like, where not to open their minds at large to each other, were to be wanting to their own Love, and to the Expectation of the Audience, who watch the movements of their Minds, as much as the changes of their Fortunes. For the imaging of the firſt is properly the Work of a Poet, the latter he borrows of the Hiſtorian.

Eugenius was proceeding in that part of his Diſcourſe, when *Crites* interrupted him. I ſee, ſaid he, *Eugenius* and I are never like to have this Queſtion decided betwixt us; for he maintains the Moderns have acquir'd a new perfection in Writing, I can only grant they have alter'd the Mode of it. *Homer* deſcrib'd his Heroes Men of great Appetites, Lovers of Beef broil'd upon the Coals, and Good-Fellows; contrary to the practice of the French Romances, whoſe Heroes neither Eat, nor Drink, nor Sleep, for Love. *Virgil* makes *Æneas* a bold Avower of his own Virtues.

Sum pius Æneas fama ſuper æthera notus;

which in the Civility of our Poets is the Character of a Fanfaron or Hector: For with us the Knight takes occaſion to walk out, or ſleep, to avoid the Vanity of telling his own Story, which the truſty Squire is ever to perform for him. So in their Love Scenes, of which *Eugenius* ſpoke laſt, the Ancients were more hearty, we more talkative: They Writ love as it was then the Mode to make it, and I will grant thus much to *Eugenius*, that perhaps one of their Poets, had he liv'd in our Age,

Si foret hoc noſtrum fato delapſus in ævum (as *Horace* ſays of *Lucilius*)

he

he had alter'd many things; not that they were not as natural before, but that he might accommodate himſelf to the Age he liv'd in: Yet in the mean time we are not to conclude any thing raſhly againſt thoſe great Men; but preſerve to them the dignity of Maſters, and give that honour to their memories, (*Quos libitina ſacravit*;) part of which we expect may be paid to us in future times.

This moderation of *Crites*, as it was pleaſing to all the Company, ſo it put an end to that diſpute; which, *Eugenius*, who ſeem'd to have the better of the Argument, would urge no farther: but *Liſideius* after he had acknowledg'd himſelf of *Eugenius* his Opinion concerning the Ancients; yet told him he had forborn, till his Diſcourſe were ended, to ask him why he prefer'd the Engliſh Plays above thoſe of other Nations? And whether we ought not to ſubmit our Stage to the exactneſs of our next Neighbours?

Though, ſaid *Eugenius*, I am at all times ready to defend the honour of my Country againſt the French, and to maintain, we are as well able to vanquiſh them with our Pens as our Anceſtors have been with their Swords; yet, if you pleaſe, added he, looking upon *Neander*, I will commit this cauſe to my Friend's management; his Opinion of our Plays is the ſame with mine: And beſides, there is no reaſon, that *Crites* and I, who have now left the Stage, ſhould re-enter ſo ſuddenly upon it; which is againſt the Laws of Comedy.

If the Queſtion had been ſtated, replied *Liſideius*, who had Writ beſt the French or Engliſh forty Years ago, I ſhould have been of your Opinion, and adjudg'd the Honour to our own Nation; but ſince that time, ſaid he, (turning towards *Neander*) we have been ſo long together bad Engliſhmen, that we had not leiſure to be good Poets; *Beaumont*, *Fletcher*, and *Johnſon* (who were only capable of bringing us to that degree of perfection which we have) were juſt then leaving the World; as if in an Age of ſo much horror, Wit and thoſe milder ſtudies of humanity, had no farther buſineſs among us. But the Muſes, who ever follow Peace, went to plant in another Country; it was then that the great Cardinal of *Richlieu* began to take them into his protection; and that, by his encouragement, *Corneil* and ſome other Frenchmen reform'd their Theatre, (which before was as much below ours as it now ſurpaſſes it and the reſt of *Europe*;) but becauſe *Crites*, in his Diſcourſe for the Ancients, has prevented me, by touching upon many Rules of the Stage, which the Moderns have borrow'd from them; I ſhall only, in ſhort, demand of you, whether you are not convinc'd that of all Nations the French have beſt obſerv'd them? In the Unity of time you find them ſo ſcrupulous, that it yet remains a diſpute among their Poets, whether the Artificial Day of Twelve Hours more or leſs, be not meant by *Ariſtotle*, rather than the Natural one to Twenty Four; and conſequently whether all Plays ought not to be reduc'd into that Compaſs? This I can teſtifie, that in all their *Drama*'s Writ within theſe laſt Twenty Years and upwards, I have not obſerv'd any that have extended the time of Thirty Hours: In the Unity of place they are full as ſcrupulous, for many of their Criticks limit it to that very ſpot of ground where the Play is ſuppos'd to begin; none of them exceed the compaſs of the ſame Town or City.

The Unity of Action in all their Plays is yet more conſpicuous, for they do not burden them with under-plots, as the Engliſh do; which is the reaſon why many Scenes of our Tragi-Comedies carry on a deſign that is nothing of kin to the main Plot; and that we ſee two diſtinct Webs in a Play; like thoſe in ill wrought ſtuffs; and two actions, that is, two Plays carried on together, to the confounding of the Audience; who, before they are warm in their concernments for one part, are diverted to another; and by that means eſpouſe the intereſt of neither. From hence likewiſe it ariſes that the one half of our Actors are not known to the other. They keep their diſtances as if they were *Mountagues* and *Capulets*, and ſeldom begin an acquaintance till the laſt Scene of the Fifth Act, when they are all to meet upon the Stage. There is no Theatre in the World has any thing ſo abſurd as the Engliſh Tragi-Comedy, 'tis a *Drama* of our own Invention, and the faſhion of it is enough to Proclaim it ſo; here a courſe of Mirth, there another of Sadneſs and Paſſion; a third of Honour, and Fourth a Duel: Thus in two Hours and a half we run through all the fits of *Bedlam*. The French affords you as much variety on the ſame Day, but they do it not ſo unſeaſonably, or *mal a propos* as we: Our Poets preſent you the Play and the Farce together; and our Stages ſtill retain ſomewhat of the Original Civility of the Red-Bull.

Atque urſum & pugiles media inter carmina poſcunt.

The end of Tragedies or ſerious Plays, ſays *Ariſtotle*, is to beget Admiration, Compaſſion, or Concernment; but are not Mirth and Compaſſion things Incompatible?

tible? And is it not evident that the Poet muſt of neceſſity deſtroy the former by intermingling of the latter? That is, he muſt ruin the ſole end and Object of his Tragedy to introduce ſomewhat that is forced in, and is not of the Body of it: Would you not think that Phyſician mad, who having preſcribed a Purge, ſhould immediatly order you to take reſtringents upon it?

But to leave our Plays, and return to theirs, I have noted one great advantage they have had in the Plotting of their Tragedies; that is, they are always grounded upon ſome known Hiſtory: According to that of *Horace*, *Ex noto fictum carmen ſequar*; and in that they have ſo imitated the Ancients that they have ſurpaſs'd them. For the Ancients, as was obſerv'd before, took for the Foundation of their Plays ſome Poetical Fiction, ſuch as under that conſideration could move but little concernment in the Audience, becauſe they already knew the event of it. But the the French goes farther;

Atque ita mentitur; ſic veris falſa remiſcet,
Primo ne medium, medio ne diſcrepet imum:

He ſo interweaves Truth with probable Fiction, that he puts a pleaſing Fallacy upon us; mends the intrigues of Fate, and diſpenſes with the ſeverity of Hiſtory, to reward that vertue which has been rendred to us there unfortunate. Sometimes the ſtory has left the ſucceſs ſo doubtful, that the Writer is free, by the privilege of a Poet, to take that which of two or more relations will beſt ſute with his deſign: As for example, the Death of *Cyrus*, whom *Juſtin* and ſome others report to have periſh'd in the *Scythian* War, but *Xenophon* affirms to have died in his Bed of extreme old Age. Nay more, when the event is paſt diſpute, even then we are willing to be deceiv'd, and the Poet, if he contrives it with appearance of truth, has all the Audience of his Party; at leaſt during the time his Play is Acting: ſo naturally we are kind to vertue, when our own intereſt is not in queſtion, that we take it up as the general concernment of Mankind. On the other ſide, if you conſider the Hiſtorical Plays of *Shakeſpear*, they are rather ſo many Chronicles of Kings, or the buſineſs many times of Thirty or Forty Years, crampt into a repreſentation of two Hours and a half, which is not to imitate or paint Nature, but rather to draw her in miniature, to take her in little; to look upon her through the wrong end of a Perſpective, and receive her Images not only much leſs, but infinitely more imperfect than the Life: This, inſtead of making a Play delightful, renders it ridiculous.

Quodcunque oſtendis mihi ſic, incredulus odi.

For the Spirit of Man cannot be ſatisfied but with truth, or at leaſt veriſimility; and a Poem is to contain, if not τα ἐντυμα yet ἐντύμοισιν ὁμοῖα as one of the Greek Poets has expreſs'd it.

Another thing in which the French differ from us and from the Spaniards, is that they do not embaraſs, or cumber themſelves with too much Plot: They only repreſent ſo much of a Story as will conſtitute one whole great Action ſufficient for a Play; we, who undertake more, do but multiply adventures; which, not being produc'd from one another, as effects from cauſes, but barely following, conſtitute many Actions in the *Drama*, and conſequently make it many Plays.

But by purſuing cloſe one Argument, which is not cloy'd with many turns, the French have gain'd more Liberty for Verſe, in which they Write; They have leiſure to dwell upon a ſubject which deſerves it; and to repreſent the Paſſions (which we have acknowledg'd to be the Poets Work) without being hurried from one thing to another, as we are in the Plays of *Calderon*, which we have ſeen lately upon our Theaters, under the name of Spaniſh Plots. I have taken notice but of one Tragedy of ours, whoſe Plot has that Uniformity and Unity of Deſign in it which I have commended in the French; and that is *Rollo*; or rather, under the name of *Rollo*, the Story of *Baſſianus* and *Geta*, in *Herodian*, there indeed the Plot is neither large nor intricate, but juſt enough to fill the minds of the Audience, not to cloy them. Beſides, you ſee it founded upon the truth of Hiſtory, only the time of the action is not reduceable to the ſtrictneſs of the Rules; and you ſee in ſome places a little Farce mingled, which is below the Dignity of the other Parts; and in this all our Poets are extremely peccant, even *Ben. Johnſon* himſelf in *Sejanus* and *Catiline* has given us this Oleo of a Play; this unnatural mixture of Comedy and Tragedy, which to me ſounds juſt as ridicuouſly as the Hiſtory of *David* with the merry Humours of *Golias*. In *Sejanus* you may take notice of the Scene betwixt *Livia* and the Phyſician, which is a pleaſant Satyre upon the Artificial helps of Beauty: In *Catiline* you may ſee the Parliament of Women; the little envies of them to one another; and all that paſſes betwixt *Curio* and *Fulvia*: Scenes admirable in their kind, but of an ill mingle with the reſt. But

But I return again to the French Writers; who, as I have ſaid, do not burden themſelves too much with Plot, which has been reproach'd to them by an *ingeneous Perſon* of our Nation as a fault, for he ſays they commonly make but one Perſon conſiderable in a Play; they dwell upon him, and his concernments, while the reſt of the Perſons are only ſubſervient to ſet him off. If he intends this by it, that there is one Perſon in the Play who is of greater Dignity than the reſt, he muſt tax, not only theirs, but thoſe of the Ancients, and which he would be loth to do, the beſt of ours; for 'tis impoſſible but that one Perſon muſt be more conſpicuous in it than any other, and conſequently the greateſt ſhare in the Action muſt devolve on him. We ſee it ſo in the management of all affairs; even in the moſt equal Ariſtocracy, the ballance cannot be ſo juſtly pois'd, but ſome one will be ſuperiour to the reſt; either in parts, fortune, intereſt, or the conſideration of ſome glorious exploit; which will reduce the greateſt part of buſineſs into his hands.

But, if he would have us to imagine that in exalting of one Character the reſt of them are neglected, and that all of them have not ſome ſhare or other in the Action of the Play, I deſire him to produce any of *Corneille*'s Tragedies, wherein every Perſon (like ſo many Servants in a well govern'd Family) has not ſome employment, and who is not neceſſary to the carrying on of the Plot, or at leaſt to your underſtanding it.

There are indeed ſome protatick Perſons in the Ancients, whom they make uſe of in their Plays, either to hear, or give the Relation: But the French avoid this with great addreſs, making their Narration only to, or by ſuch who are ſome way intereſſed in the main deſign. And now I am ſpeaking of Relations, I cannot take a fitter Opportunity to add this in favour of the French, that they often uſe them with better judgment and more *a propos* than the Engliſh do. Not that I commend Narrations in general, but there are two ſorts of them; one of thoſe things which are Antecedent to the Play, and are related to make the conduct of it more clear to us, but, 'tis a fault to chooſe ſuch ſubjects for the Stage which will inforce us upon that Rock; becauſe we ſee they are ſeldom liſtned to by the Audience, and that is many times the ruin of the Play: For, being once let paſs without attention, the Audience can never recover themſelves to underſtand the Plot; and indeed it is ſomewhat unreaſonable that they ſhould be put to ſo much trouble, as, that to comprehend what paſſes in their ſight, they muſt have recourſe to what was done, perhaps, ten or twenty Years ago.

But there is another ſort of Relations, that is, of things hapning in the Action of the Play, and ſuppos'd to be done behind the Scenes: And this is many times both convenient and Beautiful: For, by it, the French avoid the tumult, which we are ſubject to in *England*, by repreſenting Duels, Battels, and the like; which renders our Stage too like the Theaters, where they fight Prizes. For what is more ridiculous then to repreſent an Army with a Drum and five Men behind it; all which, the Hero of the other ſide is to drive in before him, or to ſee a Duel fought, and one ſlain with two or three thruſts of the foiles, which we know are ſo blunted, that we might give a Man an hour to kill another in good earneſt with them.

I have obſerv'd that in all our Tragedies, the Audience cannot forbear laughing when the Actors are to die; 'tis the moſt Comick part of the whole Play. All *Paſſions* may be lively repreſented on the Stage, if to the well-Writing of them the Actor ſupplies a good commanded Voice, and Limbs that move eaſily, and without ſtiffneſs; but there are many *Actions* which can never be imitated to a juſt height: Dying eſpecially is a thing which none but a Roman Gladiator could naturally perform upon the Stage when he did not imitate or repreſent, but naturally do it; and therefore it is better to omit the repreſentation of it.

The words of a good Writer which deſcribe it lively, will make a deeper impreſſion of belief in us than all the Actor can perſuade us to, when he ſeems to fall dead before us; as a Poet in the deſcription of a Beautiful Garden, or a Meadow, will pleaſe our imagination more then the place it ſelf can pleaſe our ſight. When we ſee Death repreſented, we are convinc'd it is but Fiction; but when we hear it related, our Eyes (the ſtrongeſt Witneſſes) are wanting, which might have undeceiv'd us; and we are all willing to favour the ſleight when the Poet does not too groſly impoſe upon us. They therefore who imagine theſe relations would make no concernment in the Audience, are deceiv'd, by confounding them with the other, which are of things Antecedent to the Play; thoſe are made often in cold Blood (as I may ſay) to the Audience; but theſe are warm'd with our concernments, which are before awaken'd in the Play. What the Philoſophers ſay of motion, that when it is once begun it continues of it ſelf, and will do ſo to Eternity without

without ſome ſtop put to it, is clearly true on this Occaſion; the Soul being already mov'd with the Characters and Fortunes of thoſe imaginary Perſons, continues going of its own accord, and we are no more weary to hear what becomes of them when they are not on the Stage, than we are to liſten to the news of an abſent Miſtreſs. But it is objected, That if one part of the Play may be related, then why not all? I anſwer, Some parts of the Action are more fit to be repreſented, ſome to be related. *Corneille* ſays judiciouſly, that the Poet is not oblig'd to expoſe to view all particular Actions which conduce to the principal: He ought to ſelect ſuch of them to be ſeen which will appear with the greateſt Beauty, either by the magnificence of the ſhow, or the vehemence of Paſſions which they produced, or ſome other charm which they have in them, and let the reſt arrive to the Audience by Narration. 'Tis a great miſtake in us to believe the French preſent no part of the Action upon the Stage: Every alteration or croſſing of a deſign, every new ſprung paſſion, and turn of it, is a part of the Action, and much the nobleſt, except we conceive nothing to be Action till they come to blows; as if the painting of the Hero's mind were not more properly the Poets Work than the ſtrength of his Body. Nor does this any thing contradict the Opinion of *Horace*, where he tells us,

Segnius irritant animos demiſſa per aurem
Quam quæ ſunt oculis ſubjecta fidelibus.----

For he ſays immediately after,

——————————Non tamen intus
Digna geri promes in ſcenam, Multaq; tolles
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præſens.

Among many which he recounts ſome.

Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet,
Aut in avem Progne mutetur, Cadmus in anguem, &c.

That is, thoſe Actions which by reaſon of their cruelty will cauſe averſion in us, or by reaſon of their impoſſibility unbelief, ought either wholly to be avoided by a Poet, or only deliver'd by Narration. To which, we may have leave to add ſuch as to avoid tumult, (as was before hinted) or to reduce the Plot into a more reaſonable compaſs of time, or for defect of Beauty in them, are rather to be related than preſented to the Eye. Examples of all theſe kinds are frequent, not only among all the Ancients, but in the beſt receiv'd of our Engliſh Poets. We find *Ben. Johnſon* uſing them in his Magnetick Lady, where one comes out from Dinner, and relates the quarrels and diſorders of it to ſave the undecent appearing of them on the Stage, and to abbreviate the Story: And this in expreſs imitation of *Terence*, who had done the ſame before him in his Eunuch, where *Pythias* makes the like relation of what had happen'd within at the Souldiers entertainment. The relations likewiſe of *Sejanus*'s Death, and the Prodigies before it are remarkable; the one of which was hid from ſight to avoid the horror and tumult of the repreſentation; the other to ſhun the introducing of things impoſſible to be believ'd. In that excellent Play the King and no King, *Fletcher* goes yet farther; for the whole unravelling of the Plot is done by Narration in the fifth Act, after the manner of the Ancients; and it moves great concernment in the Audience, though it be only a relation of what was done many Years before the Play. I could multiply other inſtances, but theſe are ſufficient to prove that there is no errour in chooſing a ſubject which requires this ſort of Narrations; in the ill managing of them, there may.

But I find I have been too long in this diſcourſe ſince the French have many other Excellencies not common to us, as that you never ſee any of their Plays end with a converſion, or ſimple change of will, which is the ordinary way our Poets uſe to end theirs. It ſhows little art in the concluſion of a Dramatick Poem, when they who have hinder'd the Felicity during the four Acts, deſiſt from it in the fifth without ſome powerful cauſe to take them off: And though I deny not but ſuch reaſons may be found, yet it is a path that is cautiouſly to be trod, and the Poet is to be ſure he convinces the Audience that the motive is ſtrong enough. As for example, the converſion of the Uſurer in the Scornful Lady, ſeems to me a little forc'd; for being an Uſurer, which implies a Lover of Money to the higheſt degree of covetouſneſs, (and ſuch the Poet has repreſented him) the account he gives for the ſudden change is, that he has been dup'd by the wild Young Fellow, which in reaſon might render him more wary another time, and make him puniſh himſelf with harder Fare and Courſer Cloaths to get it up again: But that he ſhould look upon it as a judgment, and ſo repent, we may expect to hear of in a Sermon, but I ſhould never indure it in a Play.

I paſs

I paſs by this; neither will I inſiſt upon the care they take, that no Perſon after his firſt entrance ſhall ever appear, but the buſineſs which brings him upon the Stage ſhall be evident: Which, if obſerv'd, muſt needs render all the events in the Play more Natural; for there you ſee the probability of every accident, in the cauſe that produc'd it; and that which appears chance in the Play, will ſeem ſo reaſonable to you, that you will there find it almoſt neceſſary; ſo that in the exits of their Actors you have a clear account of their purpoſe and deſign in the next entrance: (though, if the Scene be well wrought, the event will commonly deceive you) for there is nothing ſo abſurd, ſays *Corneille*, as for an Actor to leave the Stage, only becauſe he has no more to ſay.

I ſhould now ſpeak of the Beauty of their Rhime, and the juſt reaſon I have to prefer that way of Writing in Tragedies before ours in Blank-Verſe; but becauſe it is partly receiv'd by us, and therefore not altogether peculiar to them, I will ſay no more of it in relation to their Plays. For our own I doubt not but it will exceedingly Beautifie them, and I can ſee but one reaſon why it ſhould not generally obtain, that is, becauſe our Poets Write ſo ill in it. This indeed may prove a more prevailing argument than all others which are us'd to deſtroy it, and therefore I am only troubled when great and judicious Poets, and thoſe who are acknowledged ſuch, have Writ or Spoke againſt it; as for others they are to be anſwer'd by that one Sentence of an Ancient Author.

Sed ut primo ad conſequendos eos quos priores ducimus accendimur, ita ubi aut præteriri, aut æquari eos poſſe deſperavimus, ſtudium cum ſpe feneſcit: quod, ſcilicet, aſſequi non poteſt, ſequi deſinit; præteritoq, eo in quo eminere non poſſumus, aliquid in quo nitamur conquirimus.

Liſideius concluded in this manner; and *Neander* after a little pauſe thus anſwer'd him.

I ſhall grant *Liſideius*, without much diſpute, a great part of what he has urg'd againſt us, for I acknowledge the French contrive their Plots more regularly, obſerve the Laws of Comedy, and decorum of the Stage (to ſpeak generally) with more exactneſs than the Engliſh. Farther I deny not but he has tax'd us juſtly in ſome irregularities of ours which he has mention'd; yet, after all, I am of Opinion that neither our faults not their Virtues are conſiderable enough to place them above us.

For the lively imitation of Nature being in the definition of a Play, thoſe which beſt fulfil that Law ought to be eſteem'd Superiour to the others. 'Tis true, thoſe Beauties of the French-Poeſie are ſuch as will raiſe perfection higher where it is, but are not ſufficient to give it where it is not: They are indeed the Beauties of a Statue, but not of a Man, becauſe not animated with the Soul of Poeſie, which is imitation of humour and paſſions: And this *Liſideius* himſelf, or any other, however byaſſed to their Party, cannot but acknowledge, if he will either compare the humours of our Comedies, or the Characters of our ſerious Plays with theirs. He that will look upon theirs which have been Written till theſe laſt ten Years or thereabouts, will find it an hard matter to pick out two or three paſſable humours amongſt them. *Corneille* himſelf, their Arch-Poet, what has he produc'd except *the Lier*, and you know how it was cry'd up in *France*; but when it came upon the Engliſh Stage, though well tranſlated, and that part of *Dorant* Acted to ſo much advantage by Mr. *Hart*, as I am confident it never receiv'd in its own Country; the moſt favourable to it would not put in competition with many of *Fletcher*'s or *Ben. Johnſon*'s. In the reſt of *Corneille*'s Comedies you have little humour; he tells you himſelf his way is firſt to ſhow two Lovers in good intelligence with each other; in the Working up of the Play to embroil them by ſome miſtake, and in the latter end to clear it up.

But of late Years *de Moliere*, the Younger *Corneille*, *Quinault*, and ſome others, have been imitating of afar off the quick turns and graces of the Engliſh Stage. They mix'd their ſerious Plays with mirth, like our Tragi-Comedies, ſince the Death of Cardinal *Richlieu*, which *Liſideius* and many others not obſerving, have commended that in them for a virtue which they themſelves no longer practiſe. Moſt of their new Plays are like ſome of ours, deriv'd from the Spaniſh Novels. There is ſcarce one of them without a veil, and a truſty *Diego*, who Drolls much after the rate of the *Adventures*. But their humours, if I may grace them with that Name, are ſo thin ſown that never above one of them comes up in any Play: I dare take upon me to find more variety of them in ſome one Play of *Ben. Johnſon*'s than in all theirs together: As he who has ſeen the Alchymiſt, The ſilent Woman, or *Bartholomew*-Fair, cannot but acknowledge with me.

I grant the French have performed what was poſſible on the ground-Work of the Spaniſh Plays; what was pleaſant before they have made regular; but there is not above one good Play to be Writ upon all thoſe Plots; they are too much alike to pleaſe often, which we need not the Experience of our own Stage to juſtifie. As for their new way of mingling mirth with ſerious Plot I do not with *Liſideius* condemn the thing, though I cannot approve their manner of doing it: He tells us we cannot ſo ſpeedily recollect our ſelves after a Scene of great Paſſion and concernment as to paſs to another of mirth and humour, and to enjoy it with any reliſh: But why ſhould he imagine the Soul of Man more heavy than his Sences? Does not the Eye paſs from an unpleaſant object to a pleaſant in a much ſhorter time than is requir'd to this? and does not the unpleaſantneſs of the firſt commend the Beauty of the latter? The old Rule of Logick might have convinc'd him, that contraries when plac'd near, ſet off each other. A continued gravity keeps the Spirit too much bent; we muſt refreſh it ſometimes, as we bait upon a journey, that we may go on with greater eaſe. A Scene of Mirth mix'd with Tragedy has the ſame effect upon us which our Muſick has betwixt the Acts, and that we find a relief to us from the beſt Plots and Language of the Stage, if the diſcourſes have been long. I muſt therefore have ſtronger arguments e'er I am convinc'd, that Compaſſion and Mirth in the ſame ſubject deſtroy each other; and in the mean time cannot but conclude, to the Honour of our Nation, that we have invented, increas'd and perfected a more pleaſant way of Writing for the Stage than was ever known to the Ancients or Moderns of any Nation, which is Tragi-Comedy.

And this leads me to wonder why *Liſideius* and many others ſhould cry up the barrenneſs of the French Plots above the variety and copiouſneſs of the Engliſh. Their Plots are ſingle, they carry on one deſign which is puſh'd forward by all the Actors, every Scene in the Play contributing and moving towards it: Ours, beſides the main deſign, have under Plots or by-concernments, of leſs conſiderable Perſons, and Intrigues, which are carried on with the motion of the main Plot: Juſt as they ſay the Orb of the fix'd Stars, and thoſe of the Planets, though they have motions of their own, are whirl'd about by the motion of the *primum mobile*, in which they are contain'd: That ſimilitude expreſſes much of the Engliſh Stage: For if contrary motions may be found in Nature to agree; if a Planet can go Eaſt and Weſt at the ſame time; one way by Virtue of his own motion, the other by the force of the firſt mover; it will not be difficult to imagine how the under Plot, which is only different, not contrary to the great deſign, may naturally be conducted along with it.

Eugenius has already ſhown us, from the Confeſſion of the French Poets, that the Unity of Action is ſufficiently preſerv'd if all the imperfect Actions of the Play are conducing to the main deſign: But when thoſe petty intrigues of a Play are ſo ill order'd that they have no Co-herence with the other, I muſt grant *Liſideius* has reaſon to tax that want of due Connexion; for Co-ordination in a Play is as dangerous and unnatural as in a State. In the mean time he muſt acknowledge our variety, if well order'd, will afford a greater pleaſure to the Audience.

As for his other Argument, that by purſuing one ſingle Theme they gain an advantage to expreſs and work up the Paſſions, I wiſh any example he could bring from them would make it good: For I confeſs their Verſes are to me the coldeſt I have ever read: Neither indeed is it poſſible for them, in the way they take, ſo to expreſs Paſſion, as that the effects of it ſhould appear in the concernment of an Audience: Their Speeches being ſo many Declamations, which tire us with the length; ſo that inſtead of perſuading us to grieve for their imaginary Heroes, we are concern'd for our own trouble, as we are in the tedious Viſits of Bad Company; we are in pain till they are gone. When the French Stage came to be reform'd by Cardinal *Richelieu*, thoſe long Harangues were introduc'd, to comply with the gravity of a Churchman. Look upon the *Cinna* and the *Pompey*, they are not ſo properly to be called Plays, as long Diſcourſes of reaſon of State: And *Polieucte* in matters of Religion is as ſolemn as the long ſtops upon our Organs. Since that time it is grown into a Cuſtom, and their Actors ſpeak by the Hour-Glaſs, as our Parſons do; nay, they account it the grace of their parts: And think themſelves diſparag'd by the Poet, if they may not twice or thrice in a Play entertain the Audience with a Speech of an hundred or two hundred lines. I deny not but this may ſute well enough with the French; for as we, who are a more ſullen People, come to be diverted at our Plays; they who are of an Airy and Gay temper come hither to make themſelves more ſerious: And this I conceive to be one reaſon why Comedy is more pleaſing to us, and Tragedies to them. But to ſpeak generally,

generally, it cannot be deny'd that ſhort Speeches and Replies are more apt to move the Paſſions, and beget concernment in us than the other: For it is unnatural for any one in a Guſt of Paſſion to ſpeak long together, or for another in the ſame Condition, to ſuffer him, without interruption. Grief and Paſſion are like floods rais'd in little Brooks by a ſudden rain; they are quickly up, and if the concernment be pour'd unexpectedly in upon us, it overflows us: But a long ſober ſhower gives them leiſure to run out as they came in, without troubling the ordinary current. As for Comedy, Repartee is one of its chiefeſt Graces; the greateſt pleaſure of the Audience is a chaſe of Wit kept up on both ſides, and ſwiftly manag'd. And this our Fore-Fathers, if not we, have had in *Fletcher*'s Plays, to a much higher degree of perfection than the French Poets can arrive at.

There is another part of *Liſideius* his Diſcourſe, in which he has rather excus'd our Neighbours than commended them; that is, for aiming only to make one Perſon conſiderable in their Plays. 'Tis very true what he has urged, that one Character in all Plays, even without the Poets care, will have advantage of all the others; and that the deſign of the whole *Drama* will chiefly depend on it. But this hinders not that there may be more ſhining Characters in the Play: Many Perſons of a ſecond magnitude, nay, ſome ſo very near, ſo almoſt equal to the firſt, that greatneſs may be oppos'd to greatneſs, and all the Perſons be made conſiderable, not only by their quality, but their Action. 'Tis evident that the more the Perſons are, the greater will be the variety of the Plot. If then the parts are manag'd ſo regularly that the Beauty of the whole be kept intire, and that the variety become not a perplex'd and confus'd Maſs of Accidents, you will find it infinitely pleaſing to be led in a Labyrinth of deſign, where you ſee ſome of your way before you, yet diſcern not the end till you arrive at it. And that all this is practicable, I can produce for examples many of our Engliſh Plays: As the *Maids Tragedy*, the *Alchymiſt*, the *Silent Woman*; I was going to have named the *Fox*, but that the Unity of deſign ſeems not exactly obſerv'd in it; for there appears two Actions in the Play; the firſt naturally ending with the fourth Act; the ſecond forc'd from it in the fifth: Which yet is the leſs to be Condemn'd in him, becauſe the diſguiſe of *Volpone*, though it ſuited not with his Character as a crafty or covetous Perſon, agreed well enough with that of a Voluptuary: And by it the Poet gain'd the end he aim'd at, the puniſhment of Vice, and the reward of Virtue, which that diſguiſe produc'd. So that to judge equally of it, it was an excellent fifth Act, but not ſo naturally proceeding from the former.

But to leave this, and paſs to the latter part of *Liſideius* his Diſcourſe, which concerns relations, I muſt acknowledge with him, that the French have reaſon when they hide that part of the Action which would occaſion too much tumult upon the Stage, and chooſe rather to have it made known by Narration to the Audience. Farther I think it very convenient, for the reaſons he has given, that all incredible Actions were remov'd; but, whether Cuſtom has ſo inſinuated it ſelf into our Country-Men, or Nature has ſo form'd them to fierceneſs, I know not; but they will ſcarcely ſuffer combats and other objects of horrour to be taken from them. And indeed, the indecency of tumults is all which can be objected againſt fighting: For why may not our imagination as well ſuffer it ſelf to be deluded with the probability of it, as with any other thing in the Play? For my part, I can with as great eaſe perſuade my ſelf that the blows which are ſtruck are given in good earneſt, as I can, that they who ſtrike them are Kings, or Princes, or thoſe Perſons which they repreſent. For objects of incredibility I would be ſatisfied from *Liſideius*, whether we have any ſo remov'd from all appearance of truth as are thoſe of *Corneille's Andromede*? A play which has been frequented the moſt of any he has Writ? If the *Perſeus*, or the Son of an Heathen God, the *Pegaſus* and the Monſter were not capable to choak a ſtrong belief, let him blame any repreſentation of ours hereafter. Thoſe indeed were objects of Delight; yet the reaſon is the ſame as to the probability: For he makes it not a Ballette or Maſque, but a Play, which is to reſemble truth. But for Death, that it ought not to be repreſented, I have beſides the Arguments alleg'd by *Liſideius*, the Authority of *Ben. Johnſon*, who has forborn it in his Tragedies; for both the Death of *Sejanus* and *Catiline* are related: Though in the latter I cannot but obſerve one irregularity of that great Poet: He has remov'd the Scene in the ſame Act, from *Rome* to *Catiline*'s Army, and from thence again to *Rome*; and beſides, has allow'd a very inconſiderable time, after *Catiline*'s Speech, for the ſtriking of the Battle, and the return of *Petreius*, who is to relate the event of it to the Senate: Which I ſhould not animadvert upon him, who was otherwiſe a painful obſerver of τὸ πρέπον or the decorum of the Stage, if he had not

us'd extreme ſeverity in his judgment upon the incomparable *Shakeſpear* for the ſame fault. To conclude on this ſubject of Relations, if we are to be blam'd for ſhowing too much of the Action, the French are as faulty for diſcovering too little of it: A mean betwixt both ſhould be obſerved by every judicious Writer, ſo as the Audience may neither be left unſatisfied by not ſeeing what is Beautiful, or ſhock'd by beholding what is either incredible or indecent. I hope I have already prov'd in this Diſcourſe, that though we are not altogether ſo punctual as the French, in obſerving the Laws of Comedy; yet our errours are ſo few, and little, and thoſe things wherein we excel them ſo conſiderable, that we ought of right to be prefer'd before them. But what will *Liſideius* ſay, if they themſelves acknowledge they are too ſtrictly ty'd up by thoſe Laws, for breaking which he has blam'd the Engliſh? I will allege *Corneille*'s Words, as I find them in the end of his Diſcourſe of the three Unities; *Il eſt facile aux ſpeculatifs d' eſtre ſeveres*, &c. "'Tis eaſie for ſpeculative Perſons to judge ſeverely; but if they would produce to pub-
" lick view ten or twelve pieces of this Nature, they would perhaps give more la-
" titude to the Rules than I have done, when by experience they had known how
" much we are bound up and conſtrain'd by them, and how many Beauties of the
" Stage they baniſh'd from it. To illuſtrate a little what he has ſaid, by their ſervile Obſervations of the Unities of time and place, and integrity of Scenes, they have brought upon themſelves that Dearth of Plot, and narrowneſs of Imagination, which may be obſerv'd in all their Plays. How many Beautiful Accidents might naturally happen in two or three Days, which cannot arrive with any probability in the compaſs of Twenty Four hours? There is time to be allowed alſo for maturity of deſign, which amongſt great and prudent Perſons, ſuch as are often repreſented in Tragedy, cannot, with any likelihood of truth, be brought to paſs at ſo ſhort a warning. Farther, by tying themſelves ſtrictly to the Unity of place, and unbroken Scenes, they are forc'd many times to omit ſome Beauties which cannot be ſhown where the Act began; but might, if the Scenes were interrupted, and the Stage clear'd for the Perſons to enter in another place; and therefore the French Poets are often forc'd upon abſurdities: For if the Act begins in a Chamber all the Perſons in the Play muſt have ſome buſineſs or other to come thither, or elſe they are not to be ſhown that Act, and ſometimes their Characters are very unfitting to appear there; As, ſuppoſe it were the King's Bed-Chamber, yet the meaneſt Man in the Tragedy muſt come and diſpatch his buſineſs there rather than in the Lobby or Court-yard (which is fitter for him) for fear the Stage ſhould be clear'd, and the Scenes broken. Many times they fall by it into a greater inconvenience; for they keep their Scenes unbroken, and yet change the place; as in one of their neweſt Plays, where the Act begins in the Street. There a Gentleman is to meet his Friend; he ſees him with his Man, coming out from his Father's Houſe; they talk together, and the firſt goes out: The ſecond, who is a Lover, has made an appointment with his Miſtreſs; ſhe appears at the Window, and then we are to imagine the Scene lies under it. This Gentleman is call'd away, and leaves his Servant with his Miſtreſs: Preſently her Father is heard from within; the young Lady is affraid the Serving-Man ſhould be diſcover'd, and thruſts him through a Door which is ſuppos'd to be her Cloſet. After this, the Father enters to the Daughter, and now the Scene is in a Houſe: For he is ſeeking from one Room to another for this Poor *Philipin*, or French *Diego*, who is heard from within, drolling and breaking many a miſerable conceit upon his ſad Condition. In this ridiculous manner the Play goes on, the Stage being never empty all the while: So that the Street, the Window, the two Houſes, and the Cloſet, are made to walk about, and the Perſons to ſtand ſtill. Now what I beſeech you is more eaſie than to Write a regular French Play, or more difficult than to Writ an irregular Engliſh one, like thoſe of *Fletcher*, or of *Shakeſpear*.

If they content themſelves as *Corneille* did, with ſome flat deſign, which, like an ill Riddle, is found out e'er it be half propos'd; ſuch Plots we can make every way regular as eaſily as they: But when e'er they endeavour to riſe up to any quick turns and counterturns of Plot, as ſome of them have attempted, ſince *Corneille*'s Plays have been leſs in Vogue, you ſee they Write as irregularly as we, though they cover it more ſpeciouſly. Hence the reaſon is perſpicuous, why no French Plays, when tranſlated, have, or ever can ſucceed upon the Engliſh Stage. For, if you conſider the Plots, our own are fuller of variety, if the Writing, ours are more quick and fuller of Spirit: And therefore 'tis a ſtrange miſtake in thoſe who decry the way of Writing Plays in Verſe, as if the Engliſh therein imitated the French. We have borrow'd nothing from them; our Plots are weav'd in

Engliſh

Engliſh Looms: We endeavour therein to follow the variety and greatneſs of Characters which are deriv'd to us from *Shakeſpear* and *Fletcher*: The copiouſneſs and well-knitting of the intrigues we have from *Johnſon*, and for the Verſe it ſelf we have Engliſh Preſidents of Elder date then any of *Corneille*'s Plays: (not to name our Old Comedies before *Shakeſpear*, which were all Writ in Verſe of ſix Feet, or *Alexandrin*'s, ſuch as the French now uſe) I can ſhow in *Shakeſpear*, many Scenes of Rhyme together, and the like in *Ben. Johnſon*'s Tragedies: In *Catiline* and *Sejanus* ſometimes thirty or forty lines; I mean beſides the *Chorus*, or the Monologues, which by the way, ſhow'd *Ben.* no Enemy to this way of Writing, eſpecially if you look upon his ſad Shepherd which goes ſometimes upon Rhyme, ſometimes upon blank Verſe, like an Horſe who eaſes himſelf upon Trot and Amble, You find him likewiſe commending *Fletcher*'s Paſtoral of the Faithful Shepherdeſs; which is for the moſt part Rhyme, though not refin'd to that purity to which it hath ſince been brought: And theſe examples are enough to clear us from a ſervile imitation of the French.

But to return from whence I have digreſs'd, I dare boldly affirm theſe two things of the Engliſh *Drama*: Firſt, That we have many Plays of ours as regular as any of theirs; and which, beſides, have more variety of Plot and Characters: And ſecondly, that in moſt of the irregular Plays of *Shakeſpear* or *Fletcher* (for *Ben. Johnſon*'s are for the moſt part regular) there is a more maſculine fancy and greater Spirit in all the Writing, than there is in any of the French. I could produce even in *Shakeſpear*'s and *Fletcher*'s Works, ſome Plays which are almoſt exactly form'd; as the Merry Wives of *Windſor*, and the Scornful Lady: But becauſe (generally ſpeaking) *Shakeſpear*, who Writ firſt, did not perfectly obſerve the Laws of Comedy, and *Fletcher*, who came nearer to perfection, yet through careleſneſs made many faults; I will take the pattern of a perfect Play from *Ben. Johnſon*, who was a careful and learned obſerver of the Dramatick Laws, and from all his Comedies I ſhall ſelect *The Silent Woman*; of which I will make a ſhort Examen, according to thoſe Rules which the French obſerve.

As *Neander* was beginning to examine the Silent Woman, *Eugenius*, looking earneſtly upon him; I beſeech you *Neander*, ſaid he, gratifie the Company and me in particular ſo far, as before you ſpeak of the Play, to give us a Character of the Author; and tell us frankly your Opinion, whether you do not think all Writers, both French and Engliſh, ought to give place to him?

I fear, replied *Neander*, That in obeying your commands I ſhall draw a little envy upon my ſelf. Beſides, in performing them, it will be firſt neceſſary to ſpeak ſomewhat of *Shakeſpear* and *Fletcher*, his Rivals in Poeſie; and one of them, in my Opinion, at leaſt his equal, perhaps his ſuperior.

To begin then with *Shakeſpear*; he was the Man who of all Modern, and perhaps Ancient Poets, had the largeſt and moſt comprehenſive Soul. All the Images of Nature were ſtill preſent to him, and he drew them not laborioufly, but luckily: When he deſcribes any thing, you more than ſee it, you feel it too. Thoſe who accuſe him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation: He was naturally learn'd; he needed not the Spectacles of Books to read Nature: he look'd inwards, and found her there. I cannot ſay he is every where alike; were he ſo, I ſhould do him injury to compare him with the greateſt of Mankind. He is many times flat, inſipid; his Comick Wit degenerating into Clenches, his Serious ſwelling into Bombaſt. But he is always great, when ſome great occaſion is preſented to him: No Man can ſay he ever had a fit ſubject for his Wit, and did not then raiſe himſelf as high above the reſt of Poets,

Quantum lenta ſolent, inter viburna cupreſſi.

The conſideration of this made Mr. *Hales* of *Eaton* ſay, That there was no ſubject of which any Poet ever Writ, but he would produce it much better treated of in *Shakeſpear*; and however others are now generally prefer'd before him, yet the Age wherein he liv'd, which had Contemporaries with him, *Fletcher* and *Johnſon* never equal'd them to him in their eſteem: And in the laſt King's Court, when *Ben*'s reputation was at higheſt, Sir *John Suckling*, and with him the greater part of the Courtiers, ſet our *Shakeſpear* far above him.

Beaumont and *Fletcher* of whom I am next to ſpeak, had with the advantage of *Shakeſpear*'s Wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improv'd by ſtudy. *Beaumont* eſpecially being ſo accurate a judge of Plays, that *Ben. Johnſon* while he liv'd, ſubmitted all his Writings to his Cenſure, and 'tis thought, us'd his judgment in correcting, if not contriving all his Plots. What value he had for him, appears by the Verſes, he Writ to him; and therefore I need ſpeak no farther

ther of it. The firſt Play which brought *Fletcher* and him in eſteem was their *Philaſter:* For before that, they had Written two or three very unſucceſsfully: As the like is reported of *Ben. Johnſon*, before he Writ *Every Man in his Humour*. Their Plots were generally more regular then *Shakeſpear*'s, eſpecially thoſe which were made before *Beaumont*'s Death; and they underſtood and imitated the Converſation of Gentlemen much better; whoſe wilded debaucheries, and quickneſs of Wit in reparties, no Poet, can ever paint as they have done. This Humour of which *Ben. Johnſon* deriv'd from particular Perſons, they made it not their buſineſs to deſcribe: They repreſented all the Paſſions very lively, but above all, Love. I am apt to believe the Engliſh Language in them arriv'd to its higheſt perfection; what Words have ſince been taken in, are rather ſuperfluous than neceſſary. Their Plays are now the moſt pleaſant and frequent entertainments of the Stage; two of theirs being Acted through the Year for one of *Shakeſpear*'s or *Johnſon*'s: The reaſon is, becauſe there is a certain gayety in their Comedies, and *Pathos* in their more ſerious Plays, which ſuits generally with all Men's Humour. *Shakeſpear*'s Language is likewiſe a little obſolete, and *Ben. Johnſon*'s Wit comes ſhort of theirs.

As for *Johnſon*, to whoſe Character I am now arriv'd, if we look upon him while he was himſelf, (for his laſt Plays were but his Dotages) I think him the moſt Learned and judicious Writer which any Theater ever had. He was a moſt ſevere Judge of himſelf as well as others. One cannot ſay he wanted Wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his Works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit and Language, and Humour alſo in ſome meaſure, we had before him; but ſomething of Art was wanting to the *Drama* till he came. He manag'd his ſtrength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You ſeldom find him making Love in any of his Scenes, or endeavouring to move the Paſſions; his genius was too ſullen and ſaturnine to do it gracefully, eſpecially when he knew he came after thoſe who had performed both to ſuch an height. Humour was his proper Sphere, and in that he delighted moſt to repreſent Mechanick People. He was deeply converſant in the Ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrow'd boldly from them: There is ſcarce a Poet or Hiſtorian among the Roman Authors of thoſe times, whom he has not tranſlated in *Sejanus* and *Catiline*. But he has done his Robberies ſo openly, that one may ſee he fears not to be taxed by any Law. He invades Authors like a Monarch, and what would be theft in other Poets, is only Victory in him. With the ſpoils of theſe Writers he ſo repreſents old *Rome* to us, in its Rites, Ceremonies and Cuſtoms, that if one of their Poets had Written either of his Tragedies, we had ſeen leſs of it than in him. If there was any fault in his Language, 'twas that he weav'd it too cloſely and laborioufly in his ſerious Plays: Perhaps too, he did a little too much Romanize our Tongue, leaving the Words which he tranſlated almoſt as much Latin as he found them: Wherein though he learnedly followed the Idiom of their Language, he did not enough comply with ours. If I would compare him with *Shakeſpear*, I muſt acknowledge him the more correct Poet, but *Shakeſpear* the greater Wit. *Shakeſpear* was the *Homer*, or Father of our Dramatick Poets; *Johnſon* was the *Virgil*, the pattern of Elaborate Writing; I admire him, but I Love *Shakeſpear*. To conclude of him, as he has given us the moſt correct Plays, ſo in the precepts which he has laid down in his Diſcoveries, we have as many and profitable Rules for perfecting the Stage as any wherewith the French can furniſh us.

Having thus ſpoken of the Author, I proceed to the examination of his Comedy, *The Silent Woman.*

Examen of the Silent Woman.

To begin firſt with the length of the Action, it is ſo far from exceeding the compaſs of a Natural day, that it takes not up an Artificial one. 'Tis all included in the limits of three hours and an half, which is no more than is requir'd for the preſentment on the Stage. A Beauty perhaps not much obſerv'd: if it had, we ſhould not have look'd upon the *Spaniſh* Tranſlation of *Five Hours* with ſo much wonder. The Scene of it is laid in *London*; the latitude of place is almoſt as little as you can imagine: for it lies all within the compaſs of two Houſes, and after the firſt Act, in one. The continuity of Scenes is obſerv'd more than in any of our Plays, excepting his own *Fox* and *Alchymiſt*. They are not broken above twice or thrice at moſt in the whole Comedy, and in the two beſt of *Corneille*'s Plays the *Cid* and *Cinna*, they are interrupted once apiece. The Action of the Play is intirely one; the end or aim of which is the ſetling *Moroſes*'s Eſtate on *Dauphine*. The Intrigue of it is the greateſt and moſt noble of any pure unmix'd Comedy in any Language:

You

you ſee in it many Perſons of various Characters and Humours, and all delightful: As firſt *Moroſe*, or an old Man, to whom all noiſe but his own talking is offenſive. Some who would be thought Criticks, ſay this Humour of his is forc'd: But to remove that Objection, we may conſider him firſt to be naturally of a delicate hearing as many are to whom all ſharp ſounds are unpleaſant; and ſecondly, we may attribute much of it to the peeviſhneſs of his Age, or the wayward Authority of an old Man in his own Houſe, where he may make himſelf obeyed; and this the Poet ſeems to allude to in his name *Moroſe*. Beſides this, I am aſſur'd from diverſe Perſons, that *Ben. Johnſon* was actually acquainted with ſuch a Man, one altogether as ridiculous as he is here repreſented. Others ſay it is not enough to find one Man of ſuch an Humour; it muſt be common to more, and the more common the more natural. To prove this, they inſtance in the beſt of Comical Characters, *Falſtaff*: There are many Men reſembling him; Old, Fat, Merry, Cowardly, Drunken, Amorous, Vain, and Lying: But to convince theſe People, I need but tell them, that Humour is the ridiculous extravagance of Converſation, wherein one Man differs from all others. If then it be common, or communicated to many, how differs it from other Mens? Or what indeed cauſes it to be ridiculous ſo much as the ſingularity of it? As for *Falſtaff*, he is not properly one Humour, but a Miſcellany of Humours or Images, drawn from ſo many ſeveral Men; that wherein he is ſingular in his Wit, or thoſe things he ſays, *præter expectatum*, unexpected by the Audience; his quick evaſions when you imagine him ſurpriz'd, which as they are extremely diverting of themſelves, ſo receive a great addition from his Perſon; for the very ſight of ſuch an unwieldy, old, debauch'd fellow is a Comedy alone. And here having a place ſo proper for it I cannot but enlarge ſomewhat upon this ſubject of humour into which I am fallen. The Ancients had little of it in their Comedies, for the τὸ γελοῖον of the old Comedy, of which *Ariſtophanes* was chief, was not ſo much to imitate a Man, as to make the People laugh at ſome odd Conceit, which had commonly ſomewhat of unnatural or obſcene in it. Thus when you ſee *Socrates* brought upon the Stage, you are not to imagine him made ridiculous by the imitation of his Actions, but rather by making him perform ſomething very unlike himſelf: Something ſo childiſh and abſurd, as by comparing it with the gravity of the true *Socrates*, makes a ridiculous object for the Spectators. In their new Comedy which ſucceeded, the Poets ſought indeed to expreſs the ἦθος, as in their Tragedies the πάθος of Mankind. But this ἦθος contain'd only the general Characters of Men and Manners; as old Men, Lovers, Serving-Men, Courtizans, Paraſites, and ſuch other Perſons as we ſee in their Comedies; all which they made alike: That is, one old Man or Father; one Lover, one Courtizan ſo like another, as if the firſt of them had begot the reſt of every ſort: *Ex homine hunc natum dicas.* The ſame Cuſtom they obſerv'd likewiſe in their Tragedies. As for the *French*, though they have the word *humeur* among them, yet they have ſmall uſe of it in their Comedies, or Farces, they being but ill imitations of the *ridiculum*, or that which ſtir'd up Laughter in the old Comedy. But among the *Engliſh* 'tis otherwiſe: Where by humour is meant ſome extravagant Habit, Paſſion, or Affection; particular (as I ſaid before) to ſome one Perſon: By the oddneſs of which, he is immediately diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt of Men; which being lively and naturally repreſented, moſt frequently begets that malicious pleaſure in the Audience which is teſtified by laughter: as all things which are deviations from common Cuſtoms are ever the apteſt to produce it: Though by the way this laughter is only accidental, as the Perſon repreſented is Fantaſtick or Bizarre, but pleaſure is eſſential to it, as the imitation of what is natural. The deſcription of theſe Humours, drawn from the knowledge and Obſervation of particular Perſons, was the peculiar genius and talent of *Ben. Johnſon*; To whoſe Play I now return.

Beſides *Moroſe*, there are at leaſt 9 or 10 different Characters and Humours in the *Silent Women*, all which Perſons have ſeveral concernments of their own, yet are all us'd by the Poet, to the conducting of the main deſign to perfection. I ſhall not waſt time in commending the Writing of this Play, but I will give you my Opinion, that there is more Wit and acuteneſs of Fancy in it than in any of *Ben. Johnſon*'s. Beſides, that he has here deſcrib'd the converſation of Gentlemen in the Perſons of *True-Wit*, and his Friends, with more gayety, Air and Freedom, than in the reſt of his Comedies. For the contrivance of the Plot 'tis extreme elaborate, and yet withal eaſie; for the Νοῦς or untying of it, 'tis ſo admirable, that when it is done, no one of the Audience would think the Poet could have miſs'd it; and yet it was conceal'd ſo muſt before the laſt Scene, that any other way

way would ſooner have enter'd into your Thoughts. But I dare not take upon me to commend the Fabrick of it, becauſe it is altogether ſo full of Art, that I muſt unravel every Scene in it to commend it as I ought. And this excellent contrivance is ſtill the more to be admir'd, becauſe 'tis Comedy where the Perſons are only of common rank, and their buſineſs private, not elevated by Paſſions or high concernments as in ſerious Plays, Here every one is a proper Judge of all he ſees; nothing is repreſented but that with which he daily converſes: So that by conſequence all faults lie open to diſcovery, and few are pardonable. 'Tis this which *Horace* has judicouſly obſerv'd:

Creditur ex medio quia res arceſſit habere
Sudoris minimum, ſed habet Comedia tante
Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus.——

But our Poet, who was not ignorant of theſe difficulties, had prevail'd himſelf of all advantages; as he who deſigns a large leap takes his riſe from the higheſt ground. One of theſe advantages is that which *Corneille* has laid down as the greateſt which can arrive to any Poem, and which he himſelf could never compaſs above thrice in all his Plays, *viz.* the making choice of ſome ſignal and long expected day, whereon the Action of the Play is to depend. This day was that deſign'd by *Dauphine* for the ſetling of his Uncles Eſtate upon him; which to compaſs he contrives to marry him: That the Marriage had been plotted by him long beforehand is made evident by what he tells *Truwit* in the ſecond Act, that in one moment he had deſtroy'd what he had been raiſing many months.

There is another Artifice of the Poet, which I cannot here omit, becauſe by the frequent practice of it in his Comedies, he has left it to us almoſt as a Rule, that is, when he has any Character or Humour wherein he would ſhow a *Coup de Maiſtre*, or his higheſt skill; he recommends it to your Obſervation by a pleaſant deſcription of it before the Perſon firſt appears. Thus, in *Bartholomew-Fair* he gives you the Pictures of *Numps* and *Cokes*; and in this thoſe of *Daw*, *Lafoole*, *Moroſe*, and the *Collegiate Ladies*; all which you hear deſcrib'd before you ſee them. So that before they come upon the Stage you have a longing expectation of them, which prepares you to receive them favourably; and when they are there, even from their firſt appearance you are ſo far acquainted with them, that nothing of their Humour is loſt to you.

I will obſerve yet one thing further of this admirable Plot; the buſineſs of it riſes in every Act. The ſecond is greater than the firſt, the third than the ſecond, and ſo forward to the fifth. There too you ſee, till the very laſt Scene, new difficulties ariſing to obſtruct the Action of the Play; and when the Audience is brought into deſpair that the buſineſs can naturally be effected, then, and not before, the diſcovery is made. But that the Poet might entertain you with more variety all this while, he reſerves ſome new Characters to ſhow you, which he opens not till the ſecond and third Act. In the ſecond, *Moroſe*, *Daw*, the *Barber* and *Otter*; in the third the *Collegiate Ladies*: All which he moves afterwards in by-walks, or under-Plots, as diverſions to the main deſign, leaſt it ſhould grow tedious, though they are ſtill naturally joyn'd with it, and ſomewhere or other ſubſervient to it. Thus, like a skilful Cheſs-player, by little and little he draws out his Men, and makes his pawns of uſe to his greater Perſons.

If this Comedy, and ſome others of his, were tranſlated into French Proſe (which would now be no wonder to them, ſince *Moliere* has lately given them Plays out of Verſe which have not diſpleas'd them) I belive the controverſie would ſoon be decided betwixt the two Nations, even making them the Judges. But we need not call our Hero's to our aid; Be it ſpoke to the honour of the Engliſh, our Nation can never want in any Age ſuch who are able to diſpute the Empire of Wit with any People in the Univerſe. And though the fury of a Civil War, and Power, for twenty Years together, abandon'd to a barbarous race of Men, Enemies of all good Learning, had buried the Muſes under the ruins of Monarchy; yet with the reſtoration of our Happineſs, we ſee reviv'd Poeſie lifting up its Head, and already ſhaking off the rubbiſh which lay ſo heavy on it. We have ſeen ſince His Majeſties return, many Dramatick Poems which yield not to thoſe of any Foreign Nation, and which deſerve all Lawrels but the Engliſh. I will ſet aſide Flattery and Envy: It cannot be deny'd but we have had ſome little blemiſh either in the Plot or Writing of all thoſe Plays which have been made within theſe ſeven Years: (and perhaps there is no Nation in the World ſo quick to diſcern them, or ſo difficult to pardon them, as ours:) yet if we can perſuade our ſelves to uſe the candour of that Poet, who (though the moſt ſevere of Criticks) has left us this caution by which to moderate our cenſures; ——*Ubi*

——Ubi plura nitent in carmine non ego paucis
Offendar maculis.——

If in conſideration of their many and great Beauties, we can wink at ſome ſlight, and little imperfections; if we, I ſay, can be thus equal to our ſelves, I ask no favour from the French. And if I do not venture upon any particular judgment of our late Plays, 'tis out of the conſideration which an Ancient Writer gives me; *Vivorum, ut magna admiratio ita cenſura difficilis:* Betwixt the extremes of Admiration and Malice, 'tis hard to judge uprightly of the living. Only I think it may be permitted me to ſay, that as it is no leſs'ning to us to yield to ſome Plays, and thoſe not many of our own Nation in the laſt Age, ſo can it be no addition to pronounce of our preſent Poets that they have far ſurpaſs'd all the Ancients, and the Modern Writers of other Countries.

This, my Lord, was the ſubſtance of what was then ſpoke on that occaſion; and *Liſideius*, I think was going to reply, when he was prevented thus by *Crites*: I am confident, ſaid he, the moſt material things that can be ſaid, have been already urg'd on either ſide; if they have not, I muſt beg of *Liſideius* that he will defer his Anſwer till another time: For I confeſs I have a joint quarrel to you both, becauſe you have concluded, without any reaſon given for it, that Rhyme is proper for the Stage. I will not diſpute how Ancient it hath been among us to Write this way; perhaps our Anceſtours knew no better till *Shakeſpear*'s time. I will grant it was not altogether left by him, and that *Fletcher* and *Ben. Johnſon* us'd it frequently in their Paſtorals, and ſometimes in other Plays. Farther, I will not argue whether we receiv'd it Originally from our own Country-Men, or from the French; for that is an inquiry of as little benefit, as theirs who in the midſt of the great Plague were not ſo ſollicitous to provide againſt it, as to know whether we had it from the malignity of our own Air, or by tranſportation from *Holland*. I have therefore only to affirm, that it is not allowable in ſerious Plays; for Comedies I find you already concluding with me. To prove this, I might ſatisfie my ſelf to tell you, how much in vain it is for you to ſtrive againſt the ſtream of the Peoples inclination; the greateſt part of which are prepoſſeſs'd ſo much with thoſe excellent Plays of *Shakeſpear*, *Fletcher*, and *Ben. Johnſon*, (which have been Written out of Rhyme) that except you could bring them ſuch as were Written better in it, and thoſe too by Perſons of equal reputation with them, it will be impoſſible for you to gain your cauſe with them, who will ſtill be judges. This it is to which in fine all your reaſons muſt ſubmit. The unanimous conſent of an Audience is ſo Powerful, That even *Julius Cæſar* (as *Macrobius* reports of him) when he was perpetual Dictator, was not able to ballance it on the other ſide. But when *Laberius*, a *Roman* Knight, at his requeſt contended in the *Mime* with another Poet, he was fore'd to cry out, *Etiam favente me victus es Liberi.* But I will not on this occaſion, take the advantage of the greater number, but only urge ſuch reaſons againſt Rhyme, as I find in the Writings of thoſe who have argu'd for the other way. Firſt then I am of Opinion, that Rhyme is unnatural in a Play, becauſe Dialogue there is preſented as the effect of ſudden thought. For a Play is the imitation of Nature; and ſince no Man, without premeditation ſpeaks in Rhyme, neither ought he to do it on the Stage; this hinders not but the Fancy may be there elevated to an higher pitch of thought then it is in ordinary diſcourſe: For there is a probability that Men of Excellent and quick parts may ſpeak noble things *ex tempore*; but thoſe Thoughts are never fetter'd with the numbers or ſound of Verſe without ſtudy, and therefore it cannot be but unnatural to preſent the moſt free way of ſpeaking, in that which is the moſt conſtrain'd. For this Reaſon, ſays *Ariſtotle*, 'Tis beſt to Write Tragedy in that kind of Verſe which is the leaſt ſuch, or which is neareſt Proſe: And this among the Ancients was the Iambick, and with us is blank Verſe, or the meaſure of Verſe, kept exactly without Rhyme. Theſe numbers therefore are fitteſt for a Play; the others for a Paper of Verſes, or a Poem. Blank-verſe being as much below them as Rhyme is improper for the *Drama*. And if it be objected that neither are blank Verſes made *ex tempore*, yet as neareſt Nature, they are ſtill to be preferr'd. But there are two particular exceptions which many beſides my ſelf have had to Verſe; by which it will appear yet more plainly, how improper it is in Plays. And the firſt of them is grounded upon that very reaſon for which ſome have commended Rhyme: They ſay the quickneſs of repartees in argumentative Scenes receive an Ornament from Verſe. Now what is more unreaſonable than to imagine that a Man ſhould not only light upon the Wit, but the Rhyme too upon the ſudden? This nicking of him who ſpoke

before both in ſound and meaſure, is ſo great an happineſs, that you muſt at leaſt ſuppoſe the Perſons of your Play to be born Poets, *Arcades omnes & cantare pares & reſpondere parati:* They muſt have arriv'd to the degree of *quicquid conabar dicere:* To make Verſes almoſt whether they will or no: If they are any thing below this, it will look rather like deſign of two than the Anſwer of one: It will appear that your Actors hold intelligence together, that they perform their tricks like Fortune-Tellers, by Confederacy. The hand of Art will be too viſible in it againſt that maxime of all Profeſſions; *Ars eſt celare artem*, That it is the greateſt perfection of Art to keep it ſelf undiſcover'd. Nor will it ſerve you to object, that however you manage it, 'tis ſtill known to be a Play; and conſequently the Dialogue of two Perſon underſtood to be the labour of one Poet. For a Play is ſtill an imitation of Nature; we know we are to be deceiv'd, and we deſire to be ſo; but no Man ever was deceiv'd but with a probability of truth, for who will ſuffer a groſs lie to be faſten'd on him? Thus we ſufficiently underſtand that the Scenes which repreſent Cities and Countries to us, are not really ſuch, but only painted on Boards and Canvaſs: But ſhall that excuſe the ill Painture or deſignment of them; Nay rather ought they not to be labour'd with ſo much the more diligence and exactneſs to help the imagination? ſince the mind of Man does naturally tend to, and ſeek after Truth; and therefore the nearer any thing comes to the imitation of it, the more it pleaſes.

Thus, you ſee, your Rhyme is uncapable of expreſſing the greateſt Thoughts naturally, and the loweſt it cannot with any grace: For what is more unbefitting the Majeſty of Verſe, than to call a Servant, or bid a door be ſhut in Rhime? And yet this miſerable neceſſity you are forc'd upon. But Verſe, you ſay, circumſcribes a quick and luxuriant fancy, which would extend it ſelf too far on every ſubject, did not the labour which is requir'd to well turn'd and poliſh'd Rhyme, ſet bounds to it. Yet this Argument, if granted, would only prove that we may Write better in Verſe, but not more naturally. Neither is it able to evince that; for he who wants judgment to confine his fancy in blank Verſe, may want it as much in Rhyme; and he who has it will avoid errours in both kinds. Latine Verſe was as great a confinement to the imagination of thoſe Poets, as Rhyme to ours: And yet you find *Ovid* ſaying too much on every ſubject. *Neſcivit* (ſays *Seneca*) *quod bene ceſſit relinquere*: Of which he gives you one famous inſtance in his Deſcription of the Deluge.

Omnia pontus erat, deerant quoque Litora Ponto.

Now all was Sea, Nor had that Sea a ſhore. Thus *Ovid*'s fancy was not limited by Verſe, and *Virgil* needed not Verſe to have bounded his.

In our own Language we ſee *Ben. Johnſon* confining himſelf to what ought to be ſaid, even in the Liberty of blank Verſe; and yet *Corneille*, the moſt judicious of the *French* Poets, is ſtill varying the ſame ſence an hundred ways, and dwelling eternally upon the ſame ſubject, though confin'd by Rhyme. Some other exceptions I have to Verſe, but being theſe I have nam'd are for the moſt part already publick; I conceive it reaſonable they ſhould firſt be anſwer'd.

It concerns me leſs then any, ſaid *Neander*, (ſeeing he had ended) to reply to this Diſcourſe; becauſe when I ſhould have prov'd that Verſe may be natural in Plays, yet I ſhould always be ready to confeſs, that thoſe which I have Written in this kind come ſhort of that perfection which is requir'd. Yet ſince you are pleas'd I ſhould undertake this Province, I will do it, though with all imaginable reſpect and deference both to that Perſon from whom you have borrow'd your ſtrongeſt Arguments, and to whoſe judgment when I have ſaid all, I finally ſubmit. But before I proceed to anſwer your Objections, I muſt firſt remember you, that I exclude all Comedy from my defence; and next that I deny not but Blank Verſe may be alſo us'd, and content my ſelf only to aſſert, that in ſerious Plays where the ſubject and characters are great, and the Plot unmix'd with mirth, which might allay or divert theſe concernments which are produc'd, Rhyme is there as natural, and more effectual than blank Verſe.

And now having laid down this as a Foundation, to begin with *Crites*. I muſt crave leave to tell him, that ſome of his Arguments againſt Rhyme reach no farther than from the faults or defects of ill Rhyme, to conclude againſt the uſe of it in general. May not I conclude againſt blank Verſe by the ſame reaſon? If the Words of ſome Poets who Write in it, are either ill choſen, or ill placed (which makes not only Rhime, but all kind of Verſe in any Language unnatural;) Shall I, for their vicious Affectation condemn thoſe excellent Lines of *Fletcher*, which are

Written

written in that kind? Is there any thing in Rhyme more conſtrain'd than this line in blank Verſe? *I Heav'n invoke, and ſtrong reſiſtance make,* where you ſee both the clauſes are plac'd unnaturally; that is, contrary to the common way of ſpeaking, and that without the excuſe of a Rhyme to cauſe it: Yet you would think me very ridiculous, if I ſhould accuſe the ſtubbornnſs of blank Verſe for this, and not rather the ſtifneſs of the Poet. Therefore, *Crites*, you muſt either prove that Words, though well choſen, and duly plac'd, yet render not Rhyme natural in it ſelf; or, that however natural and eaſie the Rhyme may be, yet it is not proper for a Play. If you inſiſt upon the former part, I would ask you what other Conditions are requir'd to make Rhyme natural in it ſelf, beſides an election of apt words, and a right diſpoſing of them? For the due choice of your Words expreſſes your ſence naturally, and the due placing them adapts the Rhyme to it. If you object that one Verſe may be made for the ſake of another, tho' both the words and Rhyme be apt; I anſwer it cannot poſſibly ſo fall out; for either there is a dependance of ſence betwixt the firſt line and the ſecond, or there is none: If there be that connection, then in the natural poſition of the Words, the latter line muſt of neceſſity flow from the former: If there be no dependance, yet ſtill the due ordering of Words makes the laſt line as natural in it ſelf as the other: So that the neceſſity of a Rhyme never forces any but bad or lazy Writers to ſay what they would not otherwiſe. 'Tis true, there is both care and Art requir'd to write in Verſe; A good Poet never concluds upon the firſt line, till he has ſought out ſuch a Rhyme as may fit the ſenſe, already prepar'd to heighten the ſecond: Many times the cloſe of the ſenſe falls into the middle of the next Verſe, or farther of, and he may often prevail himſelf of the ſame advantages in Engliſh which *Virgil* had in Latin, he may break off in the *Hemyſtich*, and begin another line: Indeed, the not obſerving theſe two laſt things, make Plays which are writ in verſe ſo tedious: for though, moſt commonly, the ſence is to be confin'd to the Couplet, yet nothing that does *perpetuo tenore fluere*, run in the ſame Channel, can pleaſe always. 'Tis like the murmuring of a Stream, which not varying in the fall, cauſes at firſt attention, at laſt drowſineſs. Variety of Cadences is the beſt Rule, the greateſt help to the Actors, and refreſhment to the Audience.

If then Verſe may be made natural in it ſelf, how becomes it improper to a Play? You ſay the Stage is the repreſentation of Nature, and no Man in ordinary converſation ſpeaks in Rhyme. But you foreſaw when you ſaid this, that it might be anſwer'd; neither does any Man ſpeak in blank Verſe, or in meaſure without Rhyme. Therefore you concluded, that which is neareſt Nature is ſtill to be preferr'd. But you took no notice that Rhyme might be made as natural as blank Verſe, by the well placing of the Words, *&c.* all the difference between them when they are both correct, is the ſound in one, which the other wants; and if ſo, the ſweetneſs of it, and all the advantage reſulting from it, which are handled in the Preface to the *Rival Ladies*, will yet ſtand good. As for that place of *Ariſtotle*, where he ſays Plays ſhould be writ in that kind of Verſe which is neareſt Proſe; it makes little for you, Blank Verſe being properly but meaſur'd Proſe. Now meaſure alone in any modern Language, does not conſtitute Verſe; thoſe of the Ancients in Greek and Latin, conſiſted in quantity of Words, and a determinate number of Feet. But when, by the inundation of the *Goths* and *Vandals* into *Italy* new Languages were brought in, and barbarouſly mingled with the Latine (of which the *Italian*, *Spaniſh*, *French*, and ours (made out of them and the *Teutonick*) are Dialects:) a new way of Poeſie was practis'd; new, I ſay in thoſe Countries, for in all probability it was that of the Conquerours in their own Nations. This new way conſiſted in meaſure or number of Feet and Rhyme. The ſweetneſs of Rhyme, and obſervation of Accent, ſupplying the place of quantity in Words, which could neither exactly be obſerv'd by thoſe *Barbarians* who knew not the Rules of it, neither was it ſuitable to their Tongues as it had been to the Greek and Latin. No Man is tied in modern Poeſie to obſerve any farther Rule in the Feet of his Verſe, but that they be diſſylables; whether *Spondee*, *Trochee*, or *Iambick*, it matters not; only he is obliged to Rhyme: Neither do the *Spaniſh*, *French*, *Italian* or *Germans* acknowledge at all, or very rarely any ſuch kind of Poeſie as Blank Verſe among them. Therefore at moſt 'tis but a Poetick Proſe, *a Sermo pedeſtris*, and as ſuch moſt fit for Comedies, where I knowledge Rhyme to be improper. Farther, as to that quotation of *Ariſtotle*, our Couplet Verſes may be rendred as near Proſe as Blank Verſe it ſelf, by uſing thoſe advantages I lately nam'd, as breaks in an Hemiſtick, or running the ſence into another line, thereby making Art and Order appear as looſe and free as Nature: Or not tying our ſelves

to Couplets ſtrictly; we may uſe the benefit of the Pindarick way, practis'd in the Siege of *Rhodes*; where the numbers vary and the Rhyme is diſpos'd careleſly, and far from often Chyming. Neither is that other advantage of the Ancients to be deſpis'd, of changing the kind of Verſe when they pleaſe with the change of the Scene, or ſome new entrance: For they confine not themſelves always to Iambicks, but extend their liberty to all Lyrick numbers, and ſometimes, even to Hexameter. But I need not go ſo far to prove that Rhyme, as it ſucceeds to all other Offices of Greek and Latin Verſe, ſo eſpecially to this of Plays, ſince the Cuſtom of all Nations at this day confirms it: All the *French*, *Italian* and *Spaniſh* Tragedies are generally writ in it, and ſure the Univerſal conſent of the moſt civiliz'd parts of the World, ought in this, as it doth in other Cuſtoms, include the reſt.

But perhaps you may tell me I have propos'd ſuch a way to make Rhyme natural, and conſequently proper to Plays, as is unpracticable, and that I ſhall ſcarce find ſix or eight lines together in any Play, where the Words are ſo plac'd and choſen as is requir'd to make it natural. I anſwer, no Poet need conſtrain himſelf at all times to it. It is enough he makes it his general Rule; for I deny not but ſometimes there may be a greatneſs in placing the Words otherwiſe; and ſometimes they may ſound better, ſometimes alſo the variety it ſelf is excuſe enough. But if, for the moſt part, the words be plac'd as they are in the negligence of Proſe, it is ſufficient to denominate the way practicable; for we eſteem that to be ſuch, which in the Tryal oftner ſucceeds than miſſes. And thus far you may find the practice made good in many Plays; where you do not, remember ſtill, that if you cannot find ſix natural Rhymes together, it will be as hard for you to produce as many lines in blank Verſe, even among the greateſt of our Poets, againſt which I cannot make ſome reaſonable exception.

And this, Sir, calls to my remembrance the beginning of your Diſcourſe, where you told us we ſhould never find the Audience favourable to this kind of Writing, till we could produce as good Plays in Rhyme, as *Ben. Johnſon*, *Fletcher*, and *Shakeſpear*, had writ out of it. But it is to raiſe envy to the living, to compare them with the Dead. They are honour'd, and almoſt ador'd by us, as they deſerve; neither do I know any ſo preſumptuous of themſelves as to contend with them. Yet give me leave to ſay thus much, without injury to their Aſhes, that not only we ſhall never equal them, but they could never equal themſelves, were they to riſe and write again. We acknowledge them our Fathers in Wit, but they have ruin'd their Eſtates themſelves before they came to their Childrens hands. There is ſcarce an Humour, a Character, or any kind of Plot, which they have not blown upon: All comes ſullied or waſted to us: And were they to entertain this Age, they could not make ſo plenteous treatments out of ſuch decay'd Fortunes. This therefore will be a good Argument to us either not to write at all, or to attempt ſome other way. There is no Bays to be expected in their Walks; *Tentanda via eſt quâ me quoque poſſum tollere humo.*

This way of writing in Verſe, they have only left free to us; our Age is arriv'd to a perfection in it, which they never knew; and which (if we may gueſs by what of theirs we have ſeen in Verſe, as the *Faithful Shepherdeſs*, and *Sad Shepherd*:) 'tis probable they never could have reach'd. For the Genius of every Age is different; and though ours excel in this, I deny not but that to imitate Nature in that perfection which they did in Proſe, is a greater commendation than to write in Verſe exactly. As for what you have added, that the People are not generally inclin'd to like this way; if it were true, it would be no wonder, that betwixt the ſhaking off an old Habit, and the introducing of a new, there ſhould be difficulty. Do we not ſee them ſtick to *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*'s Pſalms, and foreſake thoſe of *David*, I mean *Sandys* his Tranſlation of them? If by the People you underſtand the multitude, the ὁ πολλοὶ. 'Tis no matter what they think, they are ſometimes in the right, ſometimes in the wrong; their Judgment is a meer Lottery. *Eſt ubi plebs rectè putat, eſt ubi peccat.* *Horace* ſays it of the vulgar, judging Poeſie. But if you mean the mix'd Audience of the Populace and the Nobleſs, I dare confidently affirm that a great part of the latter ſort, are already favourable to Verſe; and that no ſerious Plays written ſince the Kings return have been more kindly receiv'd by them, than the Siege of *Rhodes*, the *Muſtapha*, the *Indian* Queen, and *Indian* Emperor.

But I come now to the inference of your firſt Argument. You ſaid the Dialogue of Plays is preſented as the effect of ſudden thought, but no Man ſpeaks ſuddenly, or *ex tempore* in Rhyme: And you inferr'd from thence, that Rhyme, which you acknowledge to be proper Epick Poeſie cannot equally be proper to Dramatick, unleſs

leſs we could ſuppoſe all Men born ſo much more than Poets, that Verſes ſhould be made in them, not by them.

It has been formerly urg'd by you, and confeſs'd by me, that ſince no Man ſpoke any kind of Verſe *ex tempore*, that which was neareſt Nature was to be preferr'd. I anſwer you therefore, by diſtinguiſhing betwixt what is neareſt to the nature of Comedy, which is the imitation of common Perſons and ordinary ſpeaking, and what is neareſt the Nature of a ſerious Play: This laſt is indeed the repreſentation of Nature, but 'tis Nature wrought up to an higher pitch. The Plot, the Characters, the Wit, the Paſſions, the Deſcriptions, are all exalted above the level of common converſe, as high as the imagination of the Poet can carry them, with Proportion to veriſimility. Tragedy we know is wont to Image to us the Minds and Fortunes of noble Perſons, and to portray theſe exactly, Heroick Rhyme is neareſt Nature, as being the nobleſt kind of modern Verſe.

Indignatur enim privatis, & prope ſocco.
Dignis carminibus narrari cœna Thyeſtæ. (Says *Horace.*)

And in another place,

Effutire leveis indigna tragœdia verſus.

Blank Verſe is acknowledg'd to be too low for a Poem, nay more, for a Paper of Verſes; but if too low for an ordinary Sonnet, how much more for Tragedy, which is by *Ariſtotle* in the diſpute betwixt the Epick Poeſie and the Dramatick; for many reaſons he there alleges rank'd above it.

But ſetting this defence aſide, your Argument is almoſt as ſtrong againſt the uſe of Rhyme in Poems as in Plays; for the Epick way is every where interlac'd with Dialogue, or diſcourſive Scenes; and therefore you muſt either grant Rhyme to be improper there, which is contrary to your aſſertion, or admit it into Plays by the ſame title which you have given it to Poems. For tho' Tragedy be juſtly preferr'd above the other, yet there is a great affinity between them, as may eaſily be diſcover'd in that definition of a Play which *Liſideius* gave us. The Genus of them is the ſame, a juſt and lively Image of Humane Nature, in its Actions, Paſſions, and traverſes of Fortune: So is the end, namely for the delight and benefit of Mankind. The Characters and Perſons are ſtill the ſame, *viz.* the greateſt of both ſorts, only the manner of acquainting us with thoſe Actions, Paſſions and Fortunes is different. Tragedy performs it *viva voce*, or by Action, in Dialogue, wherein it excels the Epick Poem which does it chiefly by Narration, and therefore is not ſo lively an Image of Humane Nature. However, the agreement betwixt them is ſuch, that if Rhyme be proper for one, it muſt be for the other. Verſe 'tis true is not the effect of ſudden thought; but this hinders not that ſudden thought may be repreſented in Verſe, ſince thoſe Thoughts are ſuch as muſt be higher than Nature can raiſe them without premeditation, eſpecially to a continuance of them even out of Verſe, and conſequently you cannot imagine them to have been ſudden, either in the Poet, or the Actors. A Play, as I have ſaid to be like Nature, is to be ſet above it; as Statues which are plac'd on high are made greater than the Life, that they may deſcend to the ſight in their juſt Proportion.

Perhaps I have inſiſted too long upon this Objection; but the clearing of it will make my ſtay ſhorter on the reſt. You tell us *Crites*, that Rhyme appears moſt unnatural in Repartees, or ſhort Replies: When he who anſwers, (it being preſum'd he knew not what the other would ſay, yet) makes up that part of the Verſe which was left incompleat, and ſupplies both the ſound and meaſure of it. This you ſay looks rather like the confederacy of two, than the Anſwer of one.

This, I confeſs, is an objection which is in every ones Mouth who Loves not Rhyme: But ſuppoſe, I beſeech you, the Repartee were made only in blank Verſe, might not part of the ſame argument be turn'd againſt you? For the meaſure is as often ſupply'd there as it is in Rhyme. The latter half of the Hemiſtich as commonly made up, or a ſecond line ſubjoin'd as a reply to the former; which any one leaf in *Johnſon*'s Plays will ſufficiently clear to you. You will often find in the Greek Tragedians, and in *Seneca*, that when a Scene grows up into the warmth of Repartees (which is the cloſe fighting of it) the latter part of the Trimeter is ſupply'd by him who Anſwers; and yet it was never obſerv'd as a fault in them by any of the Ancient or Modern Criticks. The caſe is the ſame in our Verſe as it was in theirs; Rhyme to us being in lieu of quantity to them. But if no latitude is to be allow'd a Poet, you take from him not only his licenſe of *quidlibet audendi*, but you tie him up in a ſtreighter compaſs than you would a Philoſopher. This is indeed *Muſas colere ſeveriores:* You would have him follow Nature, but he muſt follow her on Foot: You have diſmounted him from his *Pegaſus*. But you tell us this

this ſupplying the laſt half of a Verſe, or adjoining a whole ſecond to the former, looks more like the deſign of two than the Anſwer of one. Suppoſe we acknowledge it: How comes this confederacy to be more diſpleaſing to you than in a Dance which is well contriv'd? You ſee there the united deſign of many Perſons to make up one Figure: After they have ſeparated themſelves in many petty diviſions, they rejoin one by one into a Groſs: The confederacy is plain amongſt them; for chance could never produce any thing ſo Beautiful, and yet there is nothing in it that ſhocks your ſight. I acknowledge the hand of Art appears in Repartee, as of neceſſity it muſt in all kind of Verſe. But there is alſo the quick and poynant brevity of it (which is an high imitation of Nature in thoſe ſudden guſts of Paſſion) to mingle with it: And this join'd with the cadency and ſweetneſs of the Rhyme, leaves nothing in the Soul of the hearer to deſire. 'Tis an Art which appears; but it appears only like the ſhadowings of Painture, which being to cauſe the rounding of it, cannot be abſent; but while that is conſider'd they are loſt: So while we attend to the other Beauties of the matter, the care and labour of the Rhyme is carry'd from us, or at leaſt drown'd in its own ſweetneſs, as Bees are ſometimes bury'd in their Honey. When a Poet has found the repartee, the laſt perfection he can add to it, is to put it into Verſe. However good the thought may be; however apt the words in which 'tis couch'd, yet he finds himſelf at a little unreſt while Rhyme is wanting: He cannot leave it till that comes naturally, and then is at eaſe, and ſits down contented.

From Replies, which are the moſt elevated Thoughts of Verſe, you paſs to the moſt mean ones: Thoſe which are common with the loweſt of Houſhold Converſation. In theſe, you ſay, the Majeſty of Verſe ſuffers. You inſtance in the calling of a Servant, or commanding a Door to be ſhut in Rhyme. This, *Crites*, is a good Obſervation of yours, but no Argument: For it proves no more but that ſuch Thoughts ſhould be wav'd, as often as may be, by the addreſs of the Poet. But ſuppoſe they are neceſſary in the places where he uſes them, yet there is no need to put them into Rhyme. He may place them in the beginning of a Verſe, and break it off, as unfit, when ſo debas'd for any other uſe: Or granting the worſt, that they require more Room than the Hemiſtich will allow; yet ſtill there is a choice to be made of the beſt Words, and leaſt Vulgar (provided they be apt) to expreſs ſuch Thoughts. Many have blam'd Rhyme in general, for this fault, when the Poet, with a little care, might have redreſs'd it. But they do it with no more juſtice, than if Engliſh Poeſie ſhould be made ridiculous for the ſake of the Water Poet's Rhymes. Our Language is noble, full and ſignificant; and I know not why he who is Maſter of it may not Cloath ordinary things in it as decently as the Latin; if he uſe the ſame diligence in his choiſe of Words.

Delectus verborum Origo eſt Eloquentiæ.

It was the ſaying of *Julius Cæſar*, one ſo curious in his, that none of them can be chang'd but for a worſe. One would think unlock the Door was a thing as Vulgar as could be ſpoken; and yet *Seneca* could make it ſound high and lofty in his Latin.——

Reſerate cluſos Regii poſtes Laris.

But I turn from this exception, both becauſe it happens not above twice or thrice in any Play that thoſe Vulgar Thoughts are us'd; and then too (were there no other Apology to be made, yet) the neceſſity of them (which is alike in all kind of Writing) may excuſe them. Beſides that the great eagerneſs and Precipitation with which they are ſpoken makes us rather mind the ſubſtance than the Dreſs; that for which they are ſpoken, rather than what is ſpoke. For they are always the effect of ſome haſty concernment, and ſomething of conſequence depends upon them.

Thus, *Crites*, I have endeavour'd to anſwer your Objections; it remains only that I ſhould vindicate an Argument for Verſe, which you have gone about to overthrow. It had formerly been ſaid, that the eaſineſs of blank Verſe, renders the Poet too luxuriant; but that the labour of Rhyme bounds and circumcumſcribes an over-fruitful fancy, The ſence there being commonly confin'd to the Couplet, and the words ſo order'd that the Rhyme naturally follows them, not they the Rhyme. To this you anſwer'd, that it was no Argument to the queſtion in hand, for the diſpute was not which way a Man may write beſt; but which is moſt proper for the ſubject on which writes.

Firſt, give me leave, Sir, to remember you that the Argument againſt which you rais'd this objection, was only ſecondary: It was built upon this *Hypotheſis*, that to write in Verſe was proper for ſerious Plays. Which ſuppoſition being granted

granted (as it was briefly made out in that diſcourſe, by ſhowing how verſe might be made natural) it aſſerted, that this way of writing was an help to the Poet's judgment, by putting bounds to a wild overflowing Fancy. I think therefore it will not be hard for me to make good what it was to prove: But you add, that were this let paſs, yet he who wants judgment in the liberty of his Fancy, may as well ſhow the defect of it when he is confin'd to verſe: For he who has judgment will avoid errours, and he who has it not, will commit them in all kinds of Writing.

This Argument, as you have taken it from a moſt acute Perſon, ſo I confeſs it carries much weight in it. But by uſing the word Judgment here indefinitely, you ſeem to have put a fallacy upon us: I grant he who has Judgment, that is, ſo profound, ſo ſtrong, ſo infallible a judgment, that he needs no help to keep it always pois'd and upright, will commit no faults either in Rhyme or out of it. And on the other extreme, he who has a judgment ſo weak and craz'd that no helps can correct or amend it, ſhall write ſcurvily out of Rhyme, and worſe in it. But the firſt of theſe judgments is no where to be found, and the latter is not fit to write at all. To ſpeak therefore of Judgment as it is in the beſt Poets; they who have the greateſt proportion of it, want other helps than from it within. As for example, you would be loth to ſay, that he who was indued with a ſound judgment had no need of Hiſtory, Geography, or Moral Philoſophy, to write correctly. Judgment is indeed the Maſter-workman in a Play: But he requires many ſubordinate hands, many tools to his aſſiſtance. And Verſe I affirm to be one of theſe: 'Tis a Rule and Line by which he keeps his building compact and even, which otherwiſe Lawleſs imagination would raiſe either irregularly or looſly. At leaſt if the Poet commits errours with this help, he would make greater and more without it: 'tis (in ſhort) a ſlow and painful, but the ſureſt kind of Working. *Ovid* whom you accuſe for Luxuriancy in Verſe, had perhaps been farther guilty of it had he writ in Proſe. And for your inſtance of *Ben. Johnſon*, who you ſay, writ exactly without the help of Rhyme; you are to remember 'tis only an Aid to a Luxuriant Fancy, which his was not: As he did not want imagination, ſo none ever ſaid he had much to ſpare. Neither was Verſe then refin'd ſo much to be an help to that Age as it is to ours. Thus then the ſecond Thoughts being uſually the beſt, as receiving the matureſt digeſtion from judgment, and the laſt and moſt mature product of thoſe Thoughts being artful and labour'd Verſe, it may well be inferr'd, that verſe is a great help to a Luxuriant Fancy, and this is what that Argument which you oppos'd was to evince.

Neander was purſuing this Diſcourſe ſo eagerly, that *Eugenius* had call'd to him twice or thrice ere he took notice that the Barge ſtood ſtill, and that they were at the Foot of *Somerſet* Stairs, where they had appointed it to Land. The company were all ſorry to ſeparate ſo ſoon, though a great part of the evening was already ſpent; and ſtood a while looking back upon the Water, which the Moon-Beams play'd upon, and made it appear like floating quickſilver: At laſt they went up through a crowd of French People who were merily dancing in the open Air, and nothing concern'd for the noiſe of Guns which had alarm'd the Town that Afternoon. Walking thence together to the *Piazza* they parted there; *Eugenius* and *Lyſideius* to ſome pleaſant appointment they had made, and *Crites* and *Neander* to their ſeveral Lodgings.

The

PREFACE.

IT would be a great Impudence in Me to ſay much of a *Comedy*, which has had but indifferent ſucceſs in the action. I made the Town my Judges; and the greater part condemn'd it. After which I do not think it my Concernment to defend it, with the ordinary Zeal of a Poet for his decry'd Poem. Tho' *Corneille* is more reſolute in his *Preface* before his *Partherite*, which was condemn'd more Univerſally than this: For he avows boldly, That in ſpight of Cenſure his *Play* was well, and regularly Written; which is more than I dare ſay for mine. Yet it was receiv'd at Court; and was more than once the Divertiſement of His Majeſty, by His own Command. But I have more modeſty than to aſcribe that to my Merit, which was His particular Act of Grace. It was the firſt attempt I made in *Dramatick Poetry*; and, I find ſince, a very bold one, to begin with *Comedy*; which is the moſt difficult part of it. The Plot was not Originally my own; But ſo alter'd, by me (whether for the better or worſe, I know not) that, whoever the Author was, he could not have challeng'd a Scene of it. I doubt not but you will ſee in it, the uncorrectneſs of a Young Writer: Which is yet but a ſmall excuſe for him, who is ſo little amended ſince. The beſt Apology I can make for it, and the trueſt, is only this; That you have ſince that time receiv'd with Applauſe, as bad, and as uncorrect *Plays* from other Men.

PROLOGUE to the *WILD GALLANT*, as it was firſt Acted.

IS it not ſtrange, to hear a Poet ſay,
He comes to ask you, how you like the Play?
You have not ſeen it yet! alas 'tis true,
But now your Love and Hatred judge, not You.
And cruel Factions (brib'd by Intereſt) come,
Not to weigh Merit, but to give their Doom:
Our Poet therefore, jealous of th' Event,
And (though much boldneſs takes) not confident,
Has ſent me, whither you, fair Ladies, too
Sometimes upon as ſmall occaſions go,
And from this Scheme, drawn for the hour and day,
Bid me inquire the fortune of his Play.

The Curtain drawn diſcovers two Aſtrologers; The Prologue is preſented to them.

Firſt Aſtrol. reads. *A Figure of the heavenly Bodies in their ſeveral Apartments,* Feb. *the* 5th. *half an hour after three after Noon, from whence you are to judge the ſucceſs of a new Play called the* Wild Gallant.

2. Aſtrol. *Who muſt Judge of it, we, or theſe Gentlemen? We'll not meddle with it, ſo tell your Poet. Here are in this Houſe the ableſt Mathematicians in* Europe *for his purpoſe. They will reſolve the queſtion e'er they part.*

1. Aſt. *Yet let us judge it by the Rules of Art.*
Firſt Jupiter, *the Aſcendants Lord diſgrac'd,*
In the twelfth Houſe, and near grim Saturn *plac'd,*
Denote ſhort life unto the Play:——

2. Aſt. ——Jove *yet,*
In his Apartments Sagittary, *ſet*
Under his own Roof, cannot take much wrong;

1. Aſt. *Why then the Lifes not very ſhort, nor long;*

2. Aſt. *The Luck not very good, nor very ill,*

Prolo. *That is to ſay, 'tis as 'tis taken ſtill.*

1. Aſt. *But, Brother,* Ptolomy *the Learned ſays,*
'Tis the fifth houſe from whence we judge of Plays.
Venus *the Lady of that Houſe I find*
Is Peregrine, *your Play is ill deſign'd,*
It ſhould have been but one continued Song,
Or at the leaſt a Dance of three hours long.

2. Aſt. *But yet the greateſt Miſchief does remain,*
The twelfth Apartment bears the Lord of Spain;
Whence I conclude it is your Authors lot,
To be indanger'd by a Spaniſh *Plot.*

Prolo.

Prolo. *Our Poet yet protection hopes from you,*
But bribes you not with any thing that's new.
Nature is old, which Poets *imitate,*
And for Wit, thoſe that boaſt their own eſtate,
For get Fletcher *and* Ben *before them went,*
Their Elder Brothers, and that vaſtly ſpent:
So much 'twill hardly be repair'd again,
Not, though ſupply'd with all the wealth of Spain:
This Play is Engliſh, *and the growth your own;*
As ſuch it yields to Engliſh *Plays alone.*
He could have wiſh'd it better for your ſakes;
But that in Plays he finds you love miſtakes:
Beſides he thought it was in vain to mend
What you are bound in honour to defend,
That Engliſh *Wit (how e'er deſpis'd by ſome)*
Like Engliſh *Valour ſtill may overcome.*

PROLOGUE to the *WILD GALLANT* Reviv'd.

AS ſome raw Squire, by tender Mother bred,
Till One and Twenty keeps his Maidenhead,
(Pleas'd with ſome Sport which he alone does find,
And thinks a ſecret to all Human-Kind;)
Till mightily in Love, yet half afraid,
He firſt attempts the gentle Dairy-Maid:
Succeeding there, and led by the renown
Of Whetſtones-Park, *he comes at length to Town,*
Where enter'd, by ſome School-fellow, or Friend,
He grows to break Glaſs-Windows in the end:
His valour too, which with the Watch began,
Proceeds to duell, and he kills his Man.
By ſuch degrees, while knowledge he did want,
Our unfletch'd Author, writ a Wild Gallant.
He thought him Monſtrous lewd (I'll lay my Life)
Becauſe ſuſpected with his Landlord's Wife:
But ſince his knowledge of the Town began,
He thinks him now a very Civil Man:
And, much aſham'd of what he was before,
Has fairly play'd him at three Wenches more.
'Tis ſome amends his frailties to confeſs;
Pray pardon him his want of wickedneſs:
He's towardly, and will come on apace;
His frank confeſſion ſhows he has ſome grace.
You balk'd him when he was a young beginner,
And almoſt ſpoil'd a very hopeful ſinner:
But, if once more you ſlight his weak indeavour;
For ought I know, he may turn-tail for ever.

NAMES of the PERSONS.

LOrd *Nonſuch*,	An old rich humorous Lord.
Juſtice *Trice*,	His Neighbour.
Mr. *Loveby*,	The Wild Gallant.
Sir *Timorous*,	A baſhful Knight.
Failer, *Burr.* }	Hangers on of Sir *Timorous*.
Bibber,	A Taylor.
Setſtone,	A Jeweller.

WOMEN.

Lady *Conſtance*,	Lord *Nonſuch* his Daughter.
Madam *Iſabelle*,	Her Couſin.
Mrs. *Bibber*,	The Taylor's Wife.

Sergeants. Boy to *Loveby*. Servants. A Bawd and Whores. Watch and Conſtable.

The SCENE *LONDON*.

THE WILD GALLANT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Failer *entering to* Burr; *who is putting on his Buff-Coat.*

Fail. WHAT! Not ready yet, Man?

Burr. You do not conſider my Voyage from *Holland* laſt Night.

Fail. Piſh, a meer Ferry; get up, get up; my Couſin's Maids will come and Blanket thee anon: Art thou not aſhamed to lie a Bed ſo long?

Bur. I may be more aſhamed to riſe; and, ſo you'll ſay, dear Heart, if you look upon my Cloaths; the beſt is, my Buff-Coat will cover all.

Fail. I Gad, there goes more cunning than one would think, to the putting thy Cloaths together: Thy Doublet and Breeches are *Guelphs* and *Ghibellins* to one another; and the ſtiches of thy Doublet are ſo far aſunder, that it ſeems to hang together by the Teeth. No Man could ever gueſs to what part of the Body theſe Fragments did belong, unleſs he had been acquainted with u'm as long as thou haſt been. If they once loſe their hold, they can never get together again, except by chance the Rags hit the Tallies of one another. He that gets into thy Doublet, muſt not think to do't by ſtorm; no he muſt win it inch by inch, as the *Turks* did *Rhodes*.

Burr. You are very merry with my Ward-Robe: But, till I am provided of a better, I am reſolv'd to receive all Viſits in this Truckle-Bed.

Fail. Then will I firſt ſcotch the Wheels of it, that it may not run; thou haſt Cattle enough in it, to carry it down ſtairs, and break thy Neck: 'Tis got a yard nearer the Door already.

Enter Boy.

Sir, Mr. *Bibber*, your Taylor's below, and deſires to ſpeak with you.

Fail. He's an honeſt Fellow, and a faſhionable, he ſhall ſet thee forth I warrant thee.

Burr. I, but Where's the Money for this, dear Heart?

Fail.——Well, but what think you of being put into a Suit of Cloaths, without Money? [*Aſide.*

Burr. You ſpeak of Miracles.

Fail. Do you not know *Will. Bibber*'s humour?

Burr. Prethee, What have I to do with his humour?

Fail. Break but a Jeſt, and he'l beg to truſt thee for a Suit; nay, he will contribute to his own deſtruction; and give thee occaſions to make one: He has been my Artificer theſe three Years; and all the while I have liv'd upon his favourable apprehenſion: Boy, conduct him up. [*Exit* Boy.

Burr. But, What am I the better for this? I ne'er made Jeſt in all my life.

Fail. A bare clinch will ſerve the turn; a Carwhichet, a Quarterquibble, or a Punn.

Burr. Wit from a Low-Country-Soldier? One that has convers'd with none but dull *Dutchmen* theſe ten Years! What an unreaſonable Rogue art thou? Why, I tell thee, 'tis as difficult to me, as to pay him ready Money.

Fail. Come, you ſhall be rul'd for your own good: Lie down; I'll throw the Cloaths over you to help Meditation: And, upon the firſt opportunity, ſtart you up, and ſurprize him with a Jeſt.

Burr. Well, I think this impoſſible to be done: But, however I'll attempt. [*Lies down*, Failer *covers him.*

Fail. Huſh'd! he's coming up.

Enter Bibber.

Bib. Morrow Mr. *Failer*: What, I warrant you think I come a Dunning now?

Fail. No, I vow to Gad, *Will*, I have a better Opinion of thy Wit, than to think, thou would'ſt come to ſo little purpoſe.

Bib. Pretty well that: No, no; my buſineſs is to drink my Mornings-Draught in Sack with you.

Fail.

Fail. Will not Ale ſerve the turn, *Will?*

Bib. I had too much of that laſt Night; I was a little diſguis'd, as they ſay.

Fail. Why diſguis'd? Hadſt thou put on a clean Band, or waſh'd thy Face lately? thoſe are thy Diſguiſes, *Bibber.*

Bib. Well, in ſhort, I was drunk; damnably drunk with Ale: great Hogen Mogen Bloody Ale: I was Porterly drunk; and that I hate of all things in Nature.

Burr. Riſing.] And of all things in Nature I Love it beſt.

Bib. Art thou there I'faith; and why, old Boy?

Burr. Becauſe when I am Porterly drunk, I can carry my ſelf.

Bib. Ha, ha Boy.

Fail. This Porter brings ſad News to you *Will:* You muſt truſt him for a Suit of Cloaths, as bad as 'tis: Come, he's an honeſt Fellow, and Loves the King.

Bib. Why? It ſhall be my Suit to him, that I may truſt him.

Burr. I grant your Suit, Sir.

Fail. Burr, make haſt and Dreſs you: Sir *Timorous* Dines here to Day, you know him.

Burr. I, I, a good honeſt Young Fellow; but, no Conjurer; he and I are very kind.

Fail. I Gad we two have a conſtant Revenue out of him: He would now be admitted Suitor to my Lady *Conſtance Nonſuch*, my Lord *Nonſuch* his Daughter; our Neighbour here in *Fleet-Street.*

Burr. Is the Match in any forwardneſs?

Fail. He never ſaw her before Yeſterday, and will not be brought to ſpeak to her this Month yet.

Burr. That's ſtrange.

Fail. Such a baſhful Knight did I never ſee! but we muſt move for him.

Bib. They ſay here's a great Dinner to be made to Day here, at your Couſin *Trice's*, on purpoſe for the enterview.

Burr. What, he keeps up his old Humour ſtill?

Fail. Yes certain; he admires Eating and Drinking well, as much as ever, and meaſures every Man's Wit by the goodneſs of his Pallat.

Burr. Who Dines here beſides?

Fail. Jack Loveby,

Bib. O, my Gueſt.

Burr. He has ever had the repute of a brave clear-ſpirited Fellow.

Fail. He's one of your Dear Hearts: A Debauchee.

Burr. I Love him the better for't: The beſt Heraldry of a Gentleman is a Clap deriv'd to him from three Generations: What fortune has he?

Fail. Good Fortune at all Games; but no Eſtate: He had one; but he has made a Devil on't long ago: He's a bold Fellow, *I* vow to Gad: A Perſon that keeps Company with his betters; and commonly has Gold in's pockets: come *Bibber*; *I* ſee thou long'ſt to be at thy Mornings watering: *I*'ll try what Credit *I* have with the Butler.

Burr. Come away my noble *Feſtus*, and new Cuſtomer.

Fail. Now will he Drink till his Face be no bigger than a three-pence. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Loveby *and* Boy; *follow'd by* Frances, Bibber's *Wife.*

Lov. Nay, the Devil take thee, ſweet Landlady, hold thy Tongue: Was't not enough though haſt ſcolded me from my Lodging, which, as long as *I* rent it, is my Caſtle; but to follow me here to Mr. *Trices*, where *I* am *I*nvited; and to diſcredit me before ſtrangers, for a lowſy, Paltry ſumm of Money?

Franc. I tell you truely, Mr. *Loveby*, my Husband and I cannot live by Love, as they ſay; we muſt have wherewithal, as they ſay; and pay for what we take; and ſo ſhall you, or ſome ſhall ſmoak for't.

Lov. Smoak! Why a piece of hung Beef in *Holland* is not more ſmoak'd, than thou haſt ſmoak'd me already. Thou know'ſt I am now faſting; let me have but fair play; when I have lin'd my ſides with a good dinner, I'll ingage upon reputation to come home again, and thou ſhalt ſcold at me all the Afternoon.

Franc. I'll take the Law on you.

Lov. The Law allows none to ſcold in their own Cauſes: What do'ſt thou think the Lawyers take our Money for?

Franc. I hope you intend to deal by my Husband like a Gentleman, as they ſay?

Lov. Then I ſhould beat him moſt unmercifully, and not pay him neither.

Franc. Come, you think to fobb me off with your Jeſts as you do my Husband; but it won't be: Yonder he comes, and Company with him; Husband, Husband; why, *William*, I ſay!

Enter Bibber, Burr, *and* Failer *at the other end.*

Lov. Speak ſoftly, and I will ſatisfie thee.

Franc. You ſhall not ſatisfie me, Sir, pay me for what you owe me, for Chamber-rent, and Diet, and many a good thing beſides, that ſhall be nameleſs.

Lov. What a Stygian Woman's this to talk thus? hold thy Tongue till they be gone, or I'll Cuckold thy Husband:

Franc. You Cuckold him——would you durſt Cuckold him; I will not hold my Tongue, Sir.

Bib. Yonders my Gueſt; What ſay you Gentlemen? Shall I call him to go down with us?

Lov. I muſt make a looſe from her, there's no other way: Save ye Mr. *Failer*; Is your Couſin *Trice* ſtirring yet: Anſwer me quickly, Sir, Is your Couſin *Trice* yet ſtirring?

Fail. I'll go and ſee, Sir; ſure the Man has a mind to beat me; but I vow to Gad I have no mind to be beaten by him: Come away *Burr: Will*, you'll follow us.

Bib. I'll be with you immediately—— [*Exeunt* Burr, Failer.

Lov. Who was that with *Failer*, *Will*?

Bib. A Man at Arms, that's come from *Holland.*

Lov. A Man out at Arms thou mean'ſt, *Will.*

Bib. Good I'faith.

Franc. I, I; you run queſting up and down after your Gambols, and your Jeſts *William*; and never mind the main Chance, as they ſay: Pray get in your Debts, and think upon your Wife and Children.

Lov. Think upon the Sack at *Cary-Houſe*, with the *Apricot* flavour *Will*: Hang a Wife; What is ſhe, but a lawful kind of Manſlayer? Every little hug in Bed, is a degree of Murdering thee: And for thy Children fear u'm not: Thy part of u'm ſhall be Taylors, and they ſhall truſt; and thoſe thy Cuſtomers get for thee ſhall be Gentlemen, and they ſhall be truſted by their Brethren; and ſo thy Children ſhall live by one another.

Bib. Did you mark that *Frances*? There was Wit now; he call'd me Cuckold to my Face, and yet for my Heart I cannot be angry with him: I perceive you Love *Frances*, Sir; and I Love her the better for your ſake; ſpeak truly, Do you not like ſuch a pretty brown kind of Woman?

Lov. I do I'faith, *Will*; your fair Women have no ſubſtance in u'm; they ſhrink i'th' Wetting.

Franc. Well, you may be undone if you will Husband: I hear there are 2 or 3 Actions already out againſt him: You may be the laſt, if you think good.

Bib. 'Tis true ſhe tells me; I Love your Wit well, Sir; but I muſt cut my Coat according to my Cloth.

Franc. Sir, we'll come by our own as we can; if you put us off from week to week thus.

Lov. Nay, but good Landlady——

Franc. Will good Landlady ſet on the Pot, as they ſay; or make the Jack go; then I'll hear you.

Bib. Now ſhe's too much on t'other hand: Hold your prating *Frances*; or I'll put you out of your Pater-Noſters with a ſorrow to you.

Franc. I did but lay the Law open to him, as they ſay, whereby to get our Money in: But if you knew how he has us'd me Husband.

Bib. Has he us'd you *Frances*; put ſo much more into his Bill for Lodging.

Lov. Honeſt *Will*, and ſo he dy'd; I thank thee, little *Bibber*, being ſober, and when I am drunk, I will Kiſs thee for't.

Bib. Thank me, and pay me my Money, Sir; though I could not forbear my Jeſt, I do not intend to loſe by you; if you pay me not the ſooner, I muſt provide you another Lodging; ſay I gave you warning.

Lov. Againſt next quarter Landlord?

Bib. Of an hour, Sir.

Lov. That's ſhort warning, *Will.*

Bib. By this hand you ſhall up into the Garret where the little Bed is; I'll let my beſt Room to a better Pay-Maſter; you know the Garret, Sir.

Franc. I, he knows it by a good Token Husband.

Lov. I ſweat to think of that Garret, *Will*; thou art not ſo unconſcionable to put me there: Why 'tis a kind of little Eaſe, to Cramp thy Rebellious Prentices in; I have ſeen an Uſurers Iron Cheſt would hold two on't: A penny Looking-Glaſs cannot ſtand upright in the Window; that and the Bruſh fills it: The Hat-Caſe

Caſe muſt be diſpos'd under the Bed, and the Comb-Caſe will hang down from the Cieling to the Floor. If I chance to Dine in my Chamber, I muſt ſtay till I am empty before I can get out: And if I chance to ſpill the Chamber-Pot, it will over-flow it from top to bottom.

Bib. Well, for the deſcription of the Garret, I'll bate you ſomething of the Bill.

Lov. All, all, good *Will*; or to ſtay thy fury till my Rents come up; I will deſcribe thy little Face.

Bib. No, rather deſcribe your own little Money; I am ſure that's ſo little, it is not Viſible.

Lov. You are i'th' right, I have not a croſs at preſent, as I am a Sinner; an' you will not believe me, I'll turn my Pockets inſide outward.——Ha! What's the meaning of this, my Pocket's heavy? Has my ſmall Officer put in Counters to abuſe me? ——How now, yellow Boys, by this good light! Sirrah, Varlet, How came I by this Gold? Ha!

Boy. What Gold do you mean, Sir? The Devil-a-piece you had this Morning: In theſe laſt three Weeks I have almoſt forgot what my Teeth were made for: laſt Night good Mrs. *Bibber* here took pitty on me, and crumm'd me a Meſs of Gruel, with the Children, and I popt and popt my Spoon three or four times to my mouth, before I could find the way to't.

Lov. 'Tis ſtrange, how I ſhould come by ſo much Money! *(Aſide.)* Has there been no Body about my Chamber this Morning Landlady?

Boy. O yes, Sir; I forgot to tell you that: This Morning a ſtrange Fellow, as ever Eyes beheld, would needs come up to you when you were aſleep; but when he came down again, he ſaid, He had not wak'd you.

Lov. Sure this Fellow, who e'er he was, was ſent by Fortune to miſtake me into ſo much Money——Well, this is not the firſt time my neceſſities have been ſtrangely ſupply'd: Some *Cadua* or other has a kindneſs for me, that's certain: *(Aſide.)* ——Well Monſieur *Bibber*, from henceforward I'll keep my Wit for more refin'd Spirits; you ſhall be paid with Dirt;——There's Money for you.

Bib. Nay, Good Sir——

Lov. What's your ſumm? Tell it out: Will the Money burn your Fingers? Sirrah, Boy, fetch my Suit with the Gold Lace at Sleeves from Tribulation—— Gives him Gold. [*Exit* Boy.

Mr. *Taylor*, I ſhall turn the better Bill-Man, and Knock that little Coxcomb of yours, if you do not anſwer me what I owe you.

Bib. Pray, Sir, trouble not your ſelf; 'tis nothing; Ifeck now 'tis not.

Lov. How, nothing Sir?

Franc. And 't pleaſe your Worſhip, it was ſeventeen Pounds and a Noble, Yeſterday at Noon, your Worſhip knows: And then your Worſhip came home till laſt Night, and complain'd of your Worſhip's Head; and I ſent for three Diſhes of *Tea* for your good Worſhip, and that was ſix pence more, an't pleaſe your Worſhip's honour.

Lov. Well: there's eighteen pieces; tell u'm.

Bib. I ſay, *Frances*, do not take u'm.

Lov. What, Is all your pleading of neceſſity come to this?

Bib. Now I ſee he will pay he ſhall not pay, *Frances*; go home, and fetch him the whole bag of forty Pounds, I'll lend it him, and the Leaſe of the Houſe too; he ſhall want for nothing.

Lov. Take the Money, or I'll leave your Houſe.

Bib. Nay, rather than diſpleaſe his Worſhip, take it. [*She takes it.*

Lov. So ſo; go home quietly, and Suckle my God-ſon, *Frances.* [*Exit* Frances.

Bib. If you are for the Cellar, Sir, you know the way. [*Exit* Bibber.

Lov. No, my firſt viſit ſhall be to my Miſtreſs, the Lady *Conſtance Nonſuch*: She's diſcreet, and how the Devil ſhe comes to Love me, I know not; yet I am pretty confident ſhe Loves me: well, no Woman can be wiſer than, you know what will give her leave to be.

Enter Lady Conſtance, *and Madam* Iſabelle.

Iſa. Look, look; Is not that your Servant *Loveby*?

Lov. 'Tis ſhe; there's no being ſeen, till I am better habited——[*Exit* Loveby.

Conſt. Let him go, and take no notice of him: Poor Rogue! He little thinks I know his Poverty.

Iſa. And leſs, that you ſupply it by an unknown hand.

Conſt. I, and falſified my Father's Keys to do it.

Iſa. How can you anſwer this to your diſcretion?

Conſt.

Conſt. Who could ſee him want ſhe Loves?

Enter Setſtone.

Iſa. Oh here's Mr. *Setſtone* come, your Jeweller, Madam.

Conſt. Welcome *Setſtone*; Haſt thou perform'd thy viſit Happily, and without diſcovery?

Set. As you would wiſh it, Madam: I went up to his Chamber without interruption; and there found him Drowning his cares, and pacifying his hunger with ſleep; Which advantage I took, and undiſcovered by him left The Gold divided in his Pockets.

Conſt. Well, this Money will furniſh him I hope, that we may have his Company again.

Set. Two hundred and fifty good Pounds, Madam! Has your Father miſs'd it yet?

Conſt. No; if he had, we ſhould have all heard on't before now: But, pray God Monſieur *Loveby* has no other haunts to divert him now he's Ranſom'd: What a kind of a Woman is his Landlady?

Set. Well enough to ſerve a Taylor; or to kiſs when he comes home drunk, or wants Money; but, far unlikely to create jealouſie in your Ladiſhip.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, Juſtice *Trice* deſires your Ladiſhip's excuſe, that he has not yet perform'd the Civilities of his hour to you: he is diſpatching a little buſineſs, about which he is earneſtly employed.

Conſt. He's Maſter of his own occaſions. [*Exit* Servant.

Iſa. We ſhall ſee him anon with his Face as red, as if it had been boil'd in Pump-Water: But, when comes this Mirror of Knighthood that is to be preſented you for your Servant?

Conſt. Oh, 'tis well thought on; 'Faith thou know'ſt my affections are otherwiſe diſpos'd; he's rich, and thou want'ſt a Fortune; achieve him if thou can'ſt; 'tis but trying, and thou haſt as much Wit as any Wench in *England.*

Iſa. On condition you'll take it for a Courteſie to be rid of an Aſs, I care not if I Marry him: The old Fool, your Father, would be ſo importunate to match you with a Young Fool, that partly for quietneſs ſake I am content to take him.

Conſt. To take him! Then you make ſure on't.

Iſa. As ſure, as if the Sack Poſſet were already Eaten.

Conſt. But, What means wilt thou uſe to get him?

Iſa. I'll bribe *Failer*, he's the Man.

Conſt. Why this Knight is his inheritance; he lives upon him: Do'ſt thou think he'll ever admit thee to govern him? No, he fears thy Wit too much: Beſides, he has already received an hundred Pound to make the Match between Sir *Timorous* and me.

Iſa. 'Tis all one for that; I warrant you he ſells me Fee-ſimple of him.

Set. Your Father, Madam——

Enter Nonſuch.

Iſa. The Tempeſt is riſen; I ſee it in his Face; he puffs and blows yonder, as if two of the Winds were fighting upwards and downwards in his Belly.

Set. Will he not find your falſe Keys, Madam?

Iſa. I hope he will have more Humanity than to ſearch us.

Conſt. You are come after us betimes, Sir.

Non. Oh Child! I am undone; I am robb'd, I am robb'd; I have utterly loſt all Stomach to my Dinner.

Conſt. Robb'd! Good my Lord how, or of what?

Non. Two hundred and fifty Pounds in fair Gold out of my Study: an hundred of it I was to have paid a Courtier this Afternoon for a Bribe.

Set. I proteſt, my Lord, I had as much a do to get that parcel of Gold for your Lordſhip——

Non. You muſt get me as much more againſt to Morrow; for then my Friend at Court is to pay his Mercer.

Iſa. Nay, if that be all, there's no ſuch haſt: The Courtiers are not ſo forward to pay their Debts.

Conſt. Has not the *Monkey* been in the Study? He may have carried it away, and dropt it under the Garden-Window: The graſs is long enough to hide it.

Non. I'll go ſee immediately.

Enter

Enter Failer, Burr, Timorous.

Fail. This is the Gentleman, my Lord.

Non. He's welcome———

Fail. And this the particular of his Eſtate.

Non. That's welcome too.

Fail. But, beſides the Land here mentioned, he has wealth in ſpecie.

Non. A very fine Young Gentleman.

Tim. Now, my Lord, I hope there's no great need of Wooing: I ſuppoſe my Eſtate will ſpeak for me; yet, if you pleaſe to put in a word.

Non. That will I inſtantly.

Tim. I hope I ſhall have your good word too, Madam, to your Couſin for me? [*To* Iſabelle.

Iſa. Any thing within my Power, Sir *Timorous*.

Non. Daughter, here's a Perſon of Quality, and one that Loves and Honours you exceedingly———

Tim. Nay, good my Lord! You diſcover all at firſt daſh.

Non. Let me alone, Sir; Have not I the dominion over my own Daughter? *Conſtance*, here's a Knight in Love with you, Child.

Conſt. In Love with me, my Lord, it is not poſſible.

Non. Here he ſtands that will make it good, Child.

Tim. Who I, my Lord? I hope her Ladiſhip has a better Opinion of me than ſo.

Non. What, Are not you in Love with my Daughter? I'll be Sworn you told me ſo but ev'n now: I'll eat Words for no Man.

Tim. If your Ladiſhip will believe all reports that are raiſed on Men of Quality——

Non. He told it me with his own mouth, Child: I'll eat Words for no Man; that's more than ever I told him yet.

Fail. You told him ſo but juſt now; Fie, Sir *Timorous*.

Non. He ſhall have no Daughter of mine and he were a thouſand Knights; he told me, he hop'd I would ſpeak for him: I'll eat no Man's Words; that's more than ever I told him yet.

Iſa. You need not keep ſuch a pudder about eating his Words; you ſee he has eaten u'm already for you.

Non. I'll make him ſtand to his Words, and he ſhall not Marry my Daughter neither: By this good day, I will—— [*Exit* Nonſuch.

Conſt. 'Tis an ill day to him; he has loſt 250 *l.* in't. [*To* Iſab.

Burr. He ſwears at the rate of two thouſand Pounds a Year, if the *Rump* Act were ſtill in being.

Fail. He's in Paſſion Man; and beſides, he has been a great Fanatick formerly, and now has got a habit of Swearing, that he may be thought a Cavalier.

Burr. What noiſe is that? I think I hear your Couſin *Trice*'s Voice.

Fail. I'll go ſee——— [*Exit* Fail.

Iſa. Come, Sir *Timorous*, be not diſcourag'd: 'tis but an old Man's frowardneſs; he's always thus againſt Rain.

Enter Failer.

Fail. O Madam follow me quickly; and if you do not ſee ſport, Melancholy be upon my Head——— [*Exeunt Omnes.*

The Scene changes, and Trice *is diſcovered playing at Tables by himſelf, with Spectacles on, a Bottle, and Parmezan by him; they return and ſee him, undiſcovered by him.*

Trice. Cinque and Cater: My Cinque I play here, Sir, my Cater here, Sir: Now for you, Sir: But firſt I'll drink to you, Sir; upon my faith I'll do you reaſon, Sir: Mine was thus full, Sir: Pray mind your Play, Sir: —— Size Ace I have thrown: I'll Play 'em at length, Sir: ——Will you Sir? Then you have made a blot, Sir; I'll try if I can enter: I have hit you, Sir.

———I think you can cog a Dye, Sir.

———I cog a Dye, Sir? I Play as fair as you, or any Man.

———You lye, Sir: how! lye, Sir; I'll teach you what 'tis to give a Gentleman the lye, Sir——— [*Throws down the Tables.*

[*They all laugh and diſcover themſelves.*

Iſa. Is this your ſerious buſineſs?

Trice. O you Rogue are you there? You are welcome Huſwife, and ſo are you *Conſtance*, *fa tol de re tol de re la.* [*Claps their backs.*

Iſa. Prithee be not ſo rude *Trice.*

Trice.

Trice. Huſwife *Conſtance*, I'll have you into my Larder, and ſhew you my proviſion: I have Cocles, dainty fat Cocles that came in the Night; if they had ſeen the day I would not have given a fart for u'm. I would the King had 'um.

Conſt. He has as good I warrant you.

Trice. Nay, that's a lye, I could ſit and cry for him ſometimes; he does not know what 'tis to eat a good Meal in a whole Year: His Cooks are Aſſes: I have a delicate diſh of Ruffs to Dinner, Sirrah.

Conſt. To Dinner!

Trice. To Dinner! Why by Supper they had been paſt their Prime. I'll tell thee the ſtory of 'um: I have a Friend——

Enter Servant.

Sir, Dinner's upon the Table.

Trice. Well, well; I have a Friend as I told you——

Serv. Dinner ſtays, Sir; 'tis Dinner that ſtays: ſure he will hear now.

Trice. I have a Friend as I told you——

Iſa. I believe he's your Friend, you are ſo loath to part with him——

Trice. A way; away; I'll tell the ſtory between the Courſes. Go you to the Cook immediately, Sirrah; and bring me word what we have to Supper, before we go to Dinner; I love to have the ſatisfaction of the Day before me.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT II. SCENE II.

Enter as from Dinner, Trice, Timorous, Failer, Burr, Conſtance, Iſabelle.

Trice. SPeak thy Conſcience; was is not well dreſs'd, Sirrah?

Tim. What think you of the Park, after our Plenteous Entertainment, Madam?

Iſa. I defie the Park, and all its Works.

Con. Come, Mr. *Trice*, we'll Walk in your Garden. [*Exeunt, præter* Failer *and* Burr.

Fail. O, one thing I had almoſt forgot to tell you: One of us two muſt ever be near, Sir *Timorous*.

Burr. Why?

Fail. To guard our intereſt in him from the Enemy, Madam *Iſabelle*; who, I doubt, has deſigns upon him. I do not fear her Wit, but her Sex; ſhe carries a prevailing argument about her.

Enter Bibber, *with a Bottle.*

Bib. By this hand, I have lit upon the beſt Wine in your Couſin Cellar: Drink but one Glaſs to me, to ſhew I am welcome, and I am gone.

Fail. Here then, honeſt *Will*, 'tis a Cup of forbearance to thee.

Bib. Thank you, Sir, I'll pledge you——Now here's to you again.

Fail. Come away; what is't *Will*?

Bib. 'Tis what you Chriſtned it, a Cup of forbearance, Sir.

Fail. Why, I drank that to thee *Will*, that thou ſhouldſt forbear thy Money.

Bib. And I drink this to you, Sir; hence forward I'll forbear Working for you.

Fail. Then ſay I: Take a litter *Bibber*, and throw him in the River, and if he will truſt never, then there let him lie ever.

Bib. Then ſay I: Take a little *Failer*, and throw him to the Jailor; and there let him lie, till he has paid his Taylor.

Bur. You are very ſmart upon one another Gentlemen.

Fail. This is nothing between us; I uſe to tell him of his Title, *Fiery facias*; and his ſetting Dog, that runs into Ale-Houſes before him, and comes queſting out again, if any of the Woots his Cuſtomers be within.

Bib. I faith 'tis true; and I uſe to tell him of his two Capons tails about his Hat, that are laid ſpread Eagle wiſe to make a Feather; I would go into the ſnow at any time, and in a quarter of an hour I would come in with a better Feather upon my head; and ſo farewel, Sir; I have had the better on you hitherto, and for this time I am reſolved to keep it. [*Exit* Bibber.

Fail. The Rogue's too hard for me; but the beſt on't is, I have my Revenge upon his Purſe.

Enter Iſabelle.

Iſa. Came not, Sir *Timorous*, this way, Gentlemen? He left us in the Garden, and ſaid he would look out my Lord *Nonſuch*, to make his peace with him. *Fail.*

Fail. Madam, I like not your enquiring after Sir *Timorous*: I ſuſpect you have ſome deſign upon him: You would fain undermine your Couſin, and Marry him your ſelf.

Iſa. Suppoſe I ſhould deſign it; what are you the worſe for my good Fortune? Shall I make a Propoſition to you: I know you two carry a great ſtroke with him: Make the match between us, and propound to your ſelves, what advantages you can reaſonably hope: You ſhall chouſe him of Horſes, Cloaths, and Money, and I'll Wink at it.

Bur. And if he will not be chous'd, we ſhall beat him out on't?

Iſa. For that, as you can agree.

Fail. Give us handſel of the Bargain; let us enjoy you, and 'tis a Match.

Iſa. Gramarcy i'faith Boys; I love a good offer how e'er the World goes: But you would not be ſo baſe to wrong him that way.

Fail. I vow to gad but I would, Madam: In a Horſe or a Woman I may lawfully cheat my own Father: Beſides, I know the Knight's Complexion; he would be ſure to follow other Women; and all that.

Iſa. Nay, if he fought with the Sword, he ſhould give me leave to fight with the Scabbard.

Bur. What ſay you, Madam? Is't a Bargain.

Iſa. 'Tis but a promiſe; and I have learnt a Court trick for performing any thing. (*Aſide.*) Well Gentlemen, when I am married I'll think upon you; you'll grant there's a neceſſity I ſhould Cuckold him, if it were but to prove my ſelf a Wit.

Fail. Nay, there's no doubt you'll Cuckold him; and all that; for look you, he's a Perſon fit for nothing elſe; but I fear we ſhall not have the grafting of the Horns: We muſt have Livery & Seiſin before hand of you, or I proteſt to gad we believe you not.

Iſa. I have paſt my word, is't not ſufficient? What do you think I would tell a lie to ſave ſuch a paltry thing as a Nights Lodging?—Hark you, Sir: [*To* Burr.

Fail. Now will ſhe attempt *Burr*; igad ſhe has found him out for the weaker Veſſel.

Iſa. I have no kindneſs for that *Failer*, we'll ſtrike him out, and manage Sir *Timorous* our ſelves.

Burr. Indeed we wonnot.

Iſa. *Failer*'s a Rook, and beſides, he's ſuch a debauch'd Fellow.

Burr. I am ten times worſe.

Iſa. Leave it, and him that taught it you: You have virtuous inclinations, and I would not have you ruin your ſelf. He that ſerves many Miſtreſſes, ſurfeits on his Diet, and grows dead to the whole Sex: 'Tis the folly in the World next long Ears and braying.

Burr. Now I'm ſure you have a mind to me; when a Woman once falls to Preaching, the next thing is ever Uſe and Application.

Iſa. Forbear your rudeneſs.

Burr. Then I am ſure you meant to jilt me: You decline *Failer* becauſe he has Wit; and you think me ſuch an Aſs, that you may pack me off ſo ſoon as you are Married; no, no, I'll not venture certainties for uncertainties.

Iſa. I can hold no longer; Mr. *Failer*, what do you think this Fellow was ſaying of you?

Fail. Of me, Madam.

Iſa. That you were one of the erranteſt Cowards in Chriſtendom, though you went for one of the Dear Hearts: That your Name had been upon more Poſts than Play-Bills: And that he had been acquainted with you theſe ſeven Years, drunk and ſober, and yet could never faſten a quarrel upon you.

Burr. Do you believe this, Dear Heart?

Iſa. If you deny it, I'll take his Sword, and force you to confeſs it.

Fail. I vow to gad, this will not do, Madam: You ſhall not ſet us at variance ſo eaſily; neither ſhall you have, Sir *Timorous*.

Iſa. No! Then mark my words: I'll marry him in ſpight of you; and which is worſe you ſhall both Work my ends; and I'll diſcard you for your pains.

Fail. You ſhall not touch a bit of him: I'll preſerve his humbles from you igad; they ſhall be his Keepers-Fees.

Burr. She ſhall cut an Atome ſooner than divide us. [*Exeunt* Burr *and* Failer.

Enter Conſtance.

Con. I have give u'm the ſlip in the Garden, to come and over-hear thee: No fat over-grown Virgin of forty ever offer'd her ſelf ſo Dog cheap, or was more deſpis'd: Methinks now this ſhould mortifie thee exceedingly.

Isa. Not a whit the more for that: Couſin mine, our Sex is not ſo eaſily put out of conceit with our own Beauties.

Con. Thou haſt loſt the Opinion of thy honeſty, and got nothing in recompence: Now that's ſuch an overſight in a Lady.

Isa. You are deceiv'd; they think me too virtuous for their purpoſe; but I have yet another way to try, and you ſhall help me.

Enter Loveby *new habited.*

Con. Mr. *Loveby*, welcome, welcome: Where have you been this Fortnight.

Lov. Faith, Madam, out of Town to ſee a little thing that's fallen to me upon the Death of a Grandmother.

Con. You thank Death for the Windfal, Servant: But why are you not in Mourning for her.

Lov. Troth, Madam, it came upon me ſo ſuddenly I had not time: 'Twas a fortune utterly unexpected by me.

Isa. Why, was your Grandmother ſo Young, you could not look for her Deceaſe?

Lov. Not for that neither; but I had many other Kindred whom ſhe might have left it to, only ſhe heard I liv'd here in Faſhion, and ſpent my Money in the Eye of the World.

Con. You forge theſe things prettily; but I have heard you are as Poor as a decimated Cavalier, and had not one Foot of Land in all the World.

Lov. Rivals Tales, Rivals Tales, Madam.

Con. Where lies your Land, Sir?

Lov. I'll tell you, Madam, it has upon it a very fair Mannor-Houſe; from one ſide you have in Proſpect an hanging Garden.

Isa. Who was hang'd there? Not your Grandmother I hope?

Lov. In the midſt of it you have a Fountain: You have ſeen that at *Hampton-Court*; it will ſerve to give you a ſlight Image of it. Beyond the Garden you look to a Perſpective of Fruit-Trees; and beyond the River you ſee a Mead ſo flowry: Well I ſhall never be at quiet, till we two make Hay there.

Conſt. But where lies this Paradice?

Lov. Pox on't; I am thinking to ſell it, it has ſuch a villanous unpleaſant Name; it would have ſounded ſo harſh in a Ladies Ear. But for the Fountain, Madam—

Con. The Fountain's a Poor excuſe, it will not Water; come the Name, the Name.

Lov. Faith it is come ſo lately into my hands, that I have forgot the Name on't.

Isa. That's much, now, you ſhould forget the Name, and yet could make ſuch an exact deſcription of the Place.

Lov. If you will needs know the Name's *Bawdy*; ſure this will give a ſtop to their Curioſity. [*Aſide.*

Isa. At leaſt you'll tell us in what County it lies, that my Couſin may ſend to enquire about it; come, this ſhall not ſerve your turn, tell us any Town that's near it.

Lov. 'Twill be ſomewhat too far to ſend; it lies in the very North of *Scotland*.

Isa. In good time, a Paradice in the *Highlands*; is't not ſo, Sir?

Con. It ſeems you went Poſt, Servant: In troth you are a rank Rider, to go to the North of *Scotland*, ſtay and take Poſſeſſion, and return again, in ten days time.

Isa. I never knew your Grandmother was a *Scotch* Woman: Is ſhe not a *Tartar* too: Pray whiſtle for her, and lets ſee her dance: Come———whiſt Granne!

Con. Fie fie Servant; what no invention in you? All this while a ſtudying for a Name of your Mannor? Come, come, where lies it? tell me.

Lov. No faith, I am wiſer than ſo; I'll diſcover my Seat to no Man; ſo I ſhall have ſome damn'd Lawyer keep a prying into my title to defeat me of it.

Con. How then ſhall I be ſatisfied there is ſuch a thing in Nature?

Lov. Tell me what Jewel you would wear, and you ſhall have it: Enquire into my Money, there's the trial.

Con. Since you are ſo fluſh, Sir, you ſhall give me a Locket of Diamonds of three hundred pounds.

Isa. That was too ſevere; you know he has but 250 *l.* to beſtow. [*To Her.*

Lov. Well you ſhall have it, Madam: But I cannot higgle: I know you'll ſay it did not coſt above 200 pieces.

Isa. I'll be hang'd if he does not preſent you with a parcel of melted Flints ſet in Gold, or *Norfolk* Pebbles.

Lov. Little Gentlewoman you are ſo keen:——Madam, this Night I have appointed buſineſs, to Morrow I'll wait upon you with it. [*Exit* Loveby.

Isa. By

Iſa. By that time he has bought his Locket, and paid his Landlady, all his Money will be gone: But, Do you mean to proſecute your Plot, to ſee him this Evening?

Con. Yes, and that very privately, if my Father know it I am undone.

Enter Setſtone.

Iſa. I heard him ſay this Night he had appoined buſineſs.

Set. Why that was it, Madam; according to your Order I put on a diſguiſe, and found him in the *Temple*-Walks: Having drawn him aſide, I told him, if he expected happineſs, he muſt meet me in a blind Alley I nam'd to him, on the backſide of Mr. *Trice*'s Houſe, juſt at the cloſe of Evening; there he ſhould be ſatisfied from whom he had his ſupplies of Money.

Con. And how did he receive the Summons?

Set. Like a bold Hector of *Troy*; without the leaſt doubt or ſcruple: But, the Jeſt on't was, he would needs believe that I was the Devil.

Con. Sure he was afraid to come then?

Set. Quite contrary; he told me I need not be ſo ſhy, to acknowledge my ſelf to him; he knew I was the Devil; but he had learnt ſo much Civility, as not to preſs his Friend to a farther diſcovery than he was pleas'd: I ſhould ſee I had to do with a Gentleman; and any Courteſie I ſhould confer on him he would not be unthankful; for he hated ingratitude of all things.

Con. 'Twas well carried not to diſabuſe him: I laugh to think what ſport I ſhall have anon, when I convince him of his lies, and let him know I was the Devil to whom he was beholding for his Money: Go *Setſtone*; and in the ſame diſguiſe be ready for him. [*Exit* Setſtone.

Iſa. How dare you truſt this Fellow?

Con. I muſt truſt ſome Body; gain has made him mine, and now fear will keep him faithful.

To them, Burr, Failer, Timorous, Trice, Nonſuch.

Fail. Pray, my Lord, take no pick at it: 'Tis not given to all Men to be confident: Igad you ſhall ſee Sir *Timorous* will redeem all upon the next occaſion.

Non. A raw mieking Boy.

Iſa. And what are you but an Old Boy of five and fifty; I never knew any thing ſo humorſome——I warrant you, Sir *Timorous*, I'll ſpeak for you.

Non. Would'ſt thou have me be Friends with him! For thy ſake he ſhall only add five hundred a Year to her Jointure, and I'll be ſatisfied: Come you hither, Sir.

[*Here* Trice, *and* Nonſuch, *and* Timorous, *talk privately*; Burr *with* Failer *apart*; Conſtance *with* Iſabelle.

Con. You'll not find your account in this trick to get *Failer* beaten; 'tis too palpable and open.

Iſa. I warrant you 'twill paſs upon *Burr* for a time: So my revenge, and your intereſt will go on together.

Fail. Burr, there's miſchief a brewing, I know it by their Whiſp'ring, I Vow to Gad: Look to your ſelf, their deſign's on you; for my part I am a Perſon that am above u'm.

Tim. to *Trice.*] But then you muſt ſpeak for me Mr. *Trice*; and you too my Lord.

Non. If you deny't again, I'll beat you; look to't Boy.

Trice. Come on; I'll make the Bargain.

Iſa. You were ever good in a Fleſh-Market.

Trice. Come you little Harlotry; What ſatisfaction can you give me for running away before the Ruffs came in?

Con. Why I left you to u'm, that ever invite your own Belly to the greateſt part of all your Feaſts.

Trice. I have brought you a Knight here Huſwife, with a plentiful Fortune to furniſh out a Table; and, What would you more? Would you be an *Angel* in Heaven?

Iſa. Your minds ever upon your Belly.

Trice. No; 'tis ſometimes upon yours: But, What ſay'ſt thou to Sir *Timorous*, little *Conſtance*?

Conſt. Would you have me Married to that King *Midas*'s Face?

Trice. Midas me no *Midas*; he's a Wit; he underſtands Eating and Drinking well: *Poeta coquus*, the Heathen Philoſopher, could tell you that.

Con. Come on, Sir; What's your will with me? [*Laughs.*

Tim. Why, Madam, I could only wiſh we were a little better acquainted, that we might not Laugh at one another ſo.

Con. If the Fool puts forward I am undone.

Tim. Fool! Do you know me, Madam?

Con. You may ſee I know you, becauſe I call you by your name.

Fail. You muſt endure theſe rebukes with patience, Sir *Timerous.*

Con. What, Are you Planet-ſtrook? Look you, my Lord, the Gentleman is Tongue-ty'd.

Non. This is paſt induring.

Fail. 'Tis nothing, my Lord; Courage, Sir *Timorous.*

Non. I ſay, 'tis paſt enduring; that's more than ever I told you yet: Do you come to make a Fool of my Daughter?

Iſa. Why Lord——

Non. Why Lady—— [*Exit* Nonſuch.

Trice. Let's follow the Old Man, and pacifie him.

Iſa. Now Couſin—— [*Exeunt* Iſabelle, Trice, Burr.

Con. Well, Mr. *Failer*, I did not think you of all the reſt would have endeavoured a thing ſo much againſt my inclination as this Marriage: If you had been acquainted with my heart, I am ſure you would not.

Fail. What can the meaning of this be? You would not have me believe you Love me; and yet how otherwiſe to underſtand you I vow to Gad I cannot comprehend.

Con. I did not ſay I Lov'd you, but if I ſhould take a fancy to your Perſon and Humour, I hope it is no Crime to tell it you: Women are ty'd to hard, unequal Laws: The Paſſion is the ſame in us, and yet we are debarr'd the freedom to expreſs it. You make Poor *Grecian* Beggars of us Ladies; our deſires muſt have no Language; but only be faſtned to our Breaſts.

Fail. Come, come; I Gad I know the whole Sex of you: Your Love's at beſt but a kind of Blind-Man's-Buff, catching at him that's next in your way.

Con. Well, Sir, I can take nothing ill from you; when 'tis too late, you'll ſee how unjuſt you have been to me——I have ſaid too much already.——[*Is going.*

Fail. Nay, ſtay, ſweet Madam: I vow to Gad my Fortune's better than I could imagine-

Con. No, pray let me go, Sir; perhaps I was in Jeſt.

Fail. Really, Madam, I look upon you as a Perſon of ſuch worth, and all that, that I vow to Gad I honour you of all Perſons in the World; and though I am a Perſon that am inconſiderable in the World, and all that, Madam, yet for a Perſon of your worth and excellency, I would——

Con. What would you, Sir?

Fail. Sacrifice my Life and Fortunes, I vow to Gad, Madam.

Enter Iſabelle, Burr, *and* Timorous *at a diſtance from them.*

Iſa. There's *Failer* cloſe in Talk with my Couſin; he's ſolliciting your Suit, I warrant you, Sir *Timorous*: do but obſerve with what Paſſion he Courts for you.

Burr. I do not like that kneading of her hand though.

Iſa. Come, you are ſuch a jealous Coxcomb: I warrant you ſuſpect there's ſome amour between u'm; there can be nothing in't it is ſo open: Pray obſerve.

Burr. But, How come you ſo Officious, Madam; you, that ev'n now had a deſign upon Sir *Timorous* for your ſelf?

Iſa. I thought you had a better Opinion of my Wit, than to think I was in earneſt. My Couſin may do what ſhe pleaſes, but he ſhall never pin himſelf upon me aſſure him.

Con. to *Fail.*] Sir *Timorous* little knows how dangerous a Perſon he has employed in making Love: —— [*Aloud.*

Burr. How's this! Pray my Lady *Conſtance*, What's the meaning of that you ſay, to *Failer.*

Fail. What luck was this, that he ſhould over-hear you! Pox on't!

Con. Mr. *Burr*, I owe you not that ſatisfaction; what you have heard you may interpret as you pleaſe.

Tim. The Raſcal has betray'd me.

Iſa. In earneſt, Sir, I do not like it.

Fail. Dear Mr. *Burr* be pacify'd; you are a Perſon I have an honour for; and this change of Affairs ſhall not be the worſe for you I gad, Sir.

Con. Bear up reſolutely Mr. *Failer*; and maintain my Favours, as becomes my Servant.

Burr.

Burr. He maintain u'm! Go you *Judas*! I'll teach you what 'tis to Play faſt and looſe with a Man of War. [*Kicks him.*

Tim. Lay it on *Burr.*

Iſa. Spare him not, *Burr.*

Con. Fear him not, *Servant.*

Fail. Oh, oh; would no Body were on my ſide; here I am prais'd I vow to Gad into all the Colours of the Rainbow.

Con. But, remember 'tis for me.

Burr. As you like this, proceed, Sir; but, come not near me to Night, while I'm in Wrath. [*Exeunt* Burr *and* Timorous.

Con. Come, Sir; How fare you after your ſore trial: You bore it with a moſt Heroick patience.

Iſa. Brave Man at Arms, but weak to *Balthazar!*

Fail. I hope to Gad, Madam, you'll conſider the merit of my ſufferings: I would not have been beaten thus, but to obey that Perſon in the World——

Con. Heaven reward you for't: I never ſhall.

Fail. How Madam!

Iſa. Art thou ſuch an Aſs as not to perceive thou art abus'd? This beating I contriv'd for you: You know upon what account; and have yet another or two at your ſervice: Yield up the Knight in time, 'tis your beſt Courſe.

Fail. Then, Does not your Ladiſhip Love me, Madam?

Con. Yes, yes; I Love to ſee you beaten.

Iſa. Well; methinks now you have had a hard Bargain on't: You have loſt your Cully, Sir *Timorous*; and your Friend *Burr*, and all to get a Poor beating: But I'll ſee it mended againſt next time for you. [*Exeunt* Conſtance Iſabelle *Laughing.*

Fail. I am ſo much amaz'd, I vow to Gad I do not underſtand my own Condition. [*Exit* Failer.

Enter Loveby, *Solus, in the Dark; his Sword drawn; groping out his way*——

Loveby. This is the time and place he 'pointed me; and 'tis certainly the Devil I am to meet; for no Mortal Creature could have that kindneſs for me, to ſupply my Neceſſities as he has done, nor could have done it in ſo ſtrange a Manner: He told me he was a Scholar, and had been a Parſon in the Fanatick Times; a ſhrewd ſuſpition it was the Devil; or at leaſt a Limb of him. If the Devil can ſend Churchmen on his Errands, Lord have Mercy on the Laiety! Well, let every Man ſpeak as he finds, and give the Devil his due; I think him a very honeſt and well-natur'd Fellow; And if I hear any Man ſpeak ill of him, (except it be a Parſon that gets his living by it) I wear a Sword at his Service: Yet for all this I do not much care to ſee him. He does not mean to hook me in for my Soul, Does he? If he does, I ſhall deſire to be excus'd. But, What a Rogue am I, to ſuſpect a Perſon that has dealt ſo like a Gentleman by me? He comes to bring me Money, and would do it handſomely, that it might not be perceiv'd: Let it be as 'twill, I'll ſeem to truſt him; and then if he have any thing of a Gentleman in him, he will ſcorn to deceive me, as much as I would to couzen him, if I were the Devil, and he *Jack Loveby.*

Enter Failer *at t'other end of the Stage.*

Fail. What will become of me to Night! I am juſt in the Condition of an outlying-Deer, that's beaten from his Walk for offering to rutt: Enter I dare not for fear of *Burr.*

Lov. I hear a Voice, but nothing do I ſee; ſpeak what thou Art.

Fail. There he is; watching for me: I muſt venture to run by him; and when I am in, I hope my Couſin *Trice* will defend me: The Devil would not lie abroad in ſuch a Night.

Lov. I thought it was the Devil before he nam'd himſelf.

[Failer *goes to run off, and falls into* Loveby's *Arms.*

Lov. Honeſt Sathan! Well encounter'd! I am ſorry with all my Heart it is ſo Dark: 'Faith I ſhould be very glad to ſee thee at my Lodging; Prethee let's not be ſuch Strangers to one another for the time to come: And, What haſt thou got under thy Cloak there, little Sathan? I warrant thou haſt brought me ſome more Money.

Fail. Help, Help; Thieves, Thieves. [Loveby *lets him go.*

Lov. This is *Failer*'s Voice: How the Devil was I miſtaken! I muſt get off, e'er Company comes in. [*Exit* Loveby.

Fail. Thieves! Thieves!

Enter

Enter Trice, Burr, Timorous, *undreſs'd.*

All: Where! Where!

Fail. One was here juſt now; and it ſhould be *Loveby* by his Voice, but I have no Witneſs.

Trice. It cannot be he; he wants no Money.

Burr. Come, Sirrah; I'll take pitty on you to Night; you ſhall lie in the Truckle-Bed.

Trice. Pox o'this Noiſe, it has diſturb'd me from ſuch a Dream of Eating!

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT III.

Conſtance, Iſabelle.

Con. 'Twas ill luck to have the meeting broken laſt Night, juſt as *Setſtone* was coming towards him.

Iſa. But in part of recompence you'll have the pleaſure of putting him on farther ſtreights: O, theſe little miſchiefs are Meat and Drink to me.

Con. He ſhall tell me from whence he has his Money: I am reſolv'd now to try him to the utmoſt.

Iſa. I would deviſe ſomething for to do, which he could not poſſibly perform.

Con. As I live yonder he comes with the Jewel in his hand he promiſs'd me; prithee leave me alone with him.

Iſa. Speed the Plough; if I can make no ſport I'll hinder none: I'll to my Knight, Sir *Timorous*; ſhortly you ſhall hear news from *Dametas.* [*Exit* Iſabelle.

Enter Loveby.

Lov. Look you, Madam, here's the Jewel; do me the favour to accept it, and ſuppoſe a very good Complement deliver'd with it.

Con. Believe me a very fair Jewel: But, Why will you be at this needleſs charge? What acknowledgment do you expect? You know I will not Marry you.

Lov. How the Devil do I know that? I do not conceive my ſelf, under Correction, ſo inconſiderable a Perſon.

Con. You'll alter your partial Opinion, when I tell you 'tis not a flaſh of Wit fires me; nor is it a gay out-ſide can ſeduce me to Matrimony.

Lov. I am neither Fool, nor deform'd ſo much as to be deſpicable. What do I want.

Con. A good Eſtate, that makes every thing handſome; nothing can look well without it.

Lov. Does this Jewel expreſs Poverty?

Con. I conjure you by your love to me, tell me one truth not minc'd by your invention: How came you by this Jewel?

Lov. 'Tis well I have a Voucher; pray ask your own Jeweller *Setſtone*, if I did not buy it of him.

Con. How glad you are now, you can tell a truth ſo near a lie: but, Where had you the Money that puchas'd it? Come,———Without circumſtances and preambles——

Lov. Umh,——Perhaps that may be a ſecret.

Con. Say it be one; yet he that lov'd indeed, could not keep it from his Miſtriſs

Lov. Why ſhould you be thus importunate?

Con. Becauſe I cannot think you love me, if you will not truſt that to my Knowledge, which you conceal from all the World beſide.

Lov. You urge me deeply———

Con. Come, ſweet Servant, you ſhall tell me; I am reſolv'd to take no denial: Why do you ſigh?

Lov. If I be blaſted it muſt out.

Con. Either tell me, or reſolve to take your leave for ever.

Lov. Then know I have my means; I know not how.

Con. This is a fine ſecret.

Love. Why then if you will needs know, 'tis from the Devil; I have Money from him, what, and when I pleaſe.

Con. Have you ſeal'd a Covenant, and given away your Soul for Money?

Lov. No ſuch thing intended on my part.

Con.

Con. How then?

Lov. I know not yet what conditions he'll propoſe: I ſhould have ſpoke with him laſt Night, but that a croſs chance hinder'd it.

Con. Well, my Opinion is, ſome great Lady that is in love with you, ſupplies you ſtill; and you tell me an incredible Tale of the Devil, meerly to ſhadow your infidelity.

Lov. Deviſe ſome means to try me.

Con. I take you at your word; you ſhall ſwear freely to beſtow on me, what ever you ſhall gain this unknown way; and for a Proof, becauſe you tell me you can have Money, what and when you pleaſe; bring me an hundred Pounds e'er Night: [If I do marry him for a Wit, I'll ſee what he can do; he ſhall have none from me. [*Aſide.*

Lov. You overjoy me, Madam; you ſhall have it, and 'twere twice as much.

Con. How's this!

Lov. The Devil a croſs that I have; or know where to get; but I muſt promiſe well to ſave my credit: Now Devil, if thou do'ſt forſake me! [*Aſide.*

Con. I miſtruſt you; and therefore if you fail, I'll have your hand to ſhow againſt you; Here's Ink and Paper. [*Loveby writes.*

Enter Burr *and* Timorous.

Burr. What makes *Loveby* yonder? He's Writing ſomewhat.

Tim. I'll go ſee—— [*Looks over him.*

Lov. Have you no more Manners than to overlook a Man when he's a Writing? ——Oh, Is't you Sir *Timorous*? You may ſtand ſtill; now I think on't you cannot read written hand.

Burr. You are very familiar with Sir *Timorous*.

Lov. So I am with his Companions, Sir.

Burr. Then there's hope you and I may be better acquainted: I am one of his Companions.

Lov. By what title, as you are an Aſs, Sir.

Con. No more *Loveby*——

Lov. I need not, Madam; alas this Fellow is only the Sollicitor of a quarrel, till he has brought it to an Head; and will leave the fighting part to the Curteous Pledger. Do not I know theſe Fellows? You ſhall as ſoon perſuade a Maſtiff to faſten on a Lion, as one of theſe to ingage with a Courage above their own: They know well enough who they can beat, and who can beat them.

Enter Failer *at a diſtance.*

Fail. Yonder they are; now would I compound for a reaſonable ſumm that I were Friends with *Burr*: If I am not, I ſhall loſe Sir *Timorous*.

Con. O, Servant, have I ſpy'd you! let me run into your Arms.

Fail. I renounce my Lady *Conſtance*: I vow to gad I renounce her.

Tim. To your Task, *Burr*.

Enter Nonſuch *and* Iſabelle.

Con. Hold, Gentlemen; no ſign of quarrel!

Non. O Friends! I think I ſhall go mad with Grief; I have loſt more Money.

Lov. Would I had it: That's all the harm I wiſh my ſelf: Your Servant, Madam; I go about the buſineſs.—— [*Exit* Loveby.

Non. What! Does he take no pity on me?

Con. Prithee moan him *Iſabelle*.

Iſa. Alas, alas Poor Nuncle! could they find in their Hearts to rob him!

Non. Five hundred Pounds out of Poor ſix thouſand Pounds a Years! I, and mine are undone for ever.

Fail. Your own Houſe you think is clear, my Lord?

Con. I dare anſwer for all there, as much as for my ſelf.

Burr. Oh that he would but think that *Loveby* had it!

Fail. If you'll be Friends with me, I'll try what I can perſuade him to.

Burr. Here's my hand, I will Dear Heart.

Fail. Your own Houſe being clear, my Lord; I am apt to ſuſpect this *Loveby* for ſuch a Perſon: Did you mark how abruptly he went out?

Non. He did indeed, Mr. *Failer*: but, Why ſhould I ſuſpect him? His carriage is fair, and his means great: He could never live after this rate if it were not.

Fail. This ſtill renders him the more ſuſpicious: He has no Land to my Knowledge.

Burr. Well ſaid miſchief— [*Aſide.*

Con.

Con. My Father's Credulous, and this Rogue has found the blindſide of him; would *Loveby* heard him!—— [*To* Iſab.

Fail. He has no Means, and he loſes at Play: So that for my part, I proteſt to gad, I am reſolv'd he picks Locks for his Living.

Burr. Nay, to my Knowledge, he picks Locks.

Tim. And to mine.

Fail. No longer ago than laſt Night he met me in the Dark, and offer'd to dive into my Pockets.

Non. That's a main Argument for ſuſpition.

Fail. I remember once when the Keys of the *Exchequer* were loſt in the *Rump*-time, he was ſent for upon an extremity, and I gad he opens me all the Locks with the Blade-Bone of a Breaſt of Mutton.

Non. Who, this *Loveby*?

Fail. This very *Loveby*: Another time, when we had ſate up very late at *Ombre* in the Country, and were hungry towards Morning, he plucks me out, I vow to gad I tell you no lie, four ten-penny-Nails from the Dairy-Lock with his Teeth, fetches me out a Meſs of Milk; and Knocks me 'um in again with his Head, upon Reputation.

Iſa. Thou Boy!

Non. What ſhall I do in this Caſe? my comfort is, my Gold's all mark'd.

Con. Will you ſuſpect a Gentleman of *Loveby*'s Worth, upon the Bare report of ſuch a Raſcal as this *Failer*?

Non. Hold thy Tongue, I charge thee; upon my Bleſſing hold thy Tongue, I'll have him apprehended before he ſleeps; come along with me, Mr. *Failer*.

Fail. Burr. Look well to Sir *Timorous*; I'll be with you inſtantly.

Con. I'll watch you, by your favour. [*Aſide.*

[*Exeunt* Nonſuch, Failer, Conſtance *following them.*

Iſa. A word, Sir *Timorous*.

Burr. She ſhall have a courſe at the Knight, and come [*Gets behind.*] up to him; but when ſhe is ready to pinch he ſhall give ſuch a looſe from her, ſhall break her Heart.

Iſa. Burr there ſtill, and watching us? There's certainly ſome Plot in this, but I'll turn it to my own advantage. [*Aſide.*

Tim. Did you mark *Burr*'s retirement, Madam?

Iſa. I; his guilt it ſeems makes him ſhun your Company.

Tim. In what can he be guilty?

Iſa. You muſt needs know it; he Courts your Miſtriſs.

Tim. Is he too, in Love with my Lady *Conſtance*?

Iſa. No, no; but which is worſe, he Courts me.

Tim. Why, What have I to do with you? You know I care not this for you.

Iſa. Perhaps ſo; but he thought you did: And good reaſon he had for it.

Tim. What reaſon, Madam?

Iſa. The moſt convincing in the World: He knew my Couſin *Conſtance* never lov'd you: He has heard her ſay, you were as invincibly ignorant as a Town-ſop judging a new Play: As ſhame-fac'd as a great over-grown School-Boy: In fine, good for nothing but to be worm'd out of your Eſtate, and Sacrific'd to the god of Laughter.

Tim. Was your Couſin ſo barbarous to ſay this?

Iſa. In his hearing.

Tim. And would he let me proceed in my ſuit to her?

Iſa. For that I muſt excuſe him: He never thought you could love one of my Couſin's Humour: But took your Court to her, only as a blind to your affection for me: And being poſſeſſed with that Opinion, he thought himſelf as worthy as you to marry me.

Tim. He is not half ſo worthy; and ſo I'll tell him, in a fair way.

Burr to a *Boy* entring.] Sirrah Boy, deliver this Note to Madam *Iſabelle*; but be not known I am ſo near.

Boy. I warrant you, Sir.

Burr. Now Fortune, all I deſire of thee, is, that Sir *Timorous* may ſee it; if he once be brought to believe there is a kindneſs between her and me, it will ruin all her Projects.

Iſa. to the *Boy.*] From whom!

Boy. From Mr. *Burr*, Madam.

Iſabelle Reads.] Theſe for Madam *Iſabelle*.

Dear

Dear Rogue,

Sir Timorous *knows nothing of our kindneſs, nor ſhall for me; ſeem ſtill to have deſigns upon him, it will hide thy affection the better to thy Servant* Burr.

Iſa. Alas, poor Woodcock, doſt thou go a Birding: Thou haſt e'en ſet a Sprindge to catch thy own Neck: Look you here Sir *Timorous*; here's ſomething to confirm what I have told you. [*Gives him the Letter.*

Tim. D, e, a, r, dear, R, o, g, u, e, Ro-gue. Pray Madam read it: This Written hand is ſuch a damn'd pedantick thing I could never away with it.

Iſa. He would fain have robb'd you of me: Lord, Lord! To ſee the malice of a Man.

Tim. She has perſuaded me ſo damnably, that I begin to think ſhe's my Miſtreſs indeed.

Iſa. Your Miſtreſs? Why I hope you are not to doubt that at this time of day. I was your Miſtreſs from the firſt day you ever ſaw me.

Tim. Nay, like enough you were ſo; but I vow to gad now, I was wholly ignorant of my own affection.

Iſa. And this Rogue pretends he has an intereſt in me meerly to defeat you: Look you, look you where he ſtands in Ambuſh, like a Jeſuite behind a Quaker, to ſee how his deſign will take.

Tim. I ſee the Rogue: Now could I find in my heart to marry you in ſpight to him; what think you on't in a fair way?

Iſa. I have brought him about as I would wiſh; and now I'll make my own Conditions (*Aſide.*) Sir *Timorous*, I wiſh you well; but he I marry muſt promiſe me to live at *London*: I cannot abide to be in the Country, like a Wild Beaſt in the Wilderneſs, with no Chriſtian Soul about me.

Tim. Why I'll bear you Company.

Iſa. I cannot endure your early hunting Matches there; to have my ſleep diſturb'd by break of Day, with heigh *Jowler*, *Jowler*, there *Venus*, ah *Beauty*! And then a ſerenade of deep mouth'd Currs, to anſwer the ſalutation of the Huntſman, as if Hell were broke looſe about me: And all this to meet a pack of Gentlemen Salvages to ride all day like mad Men, for the immortal fame of being firſt in at the Hare's Death: To come upon the ſpur after a trayl at four in the Afternoon to deſtruction of cold Meat and Cheeſe, with your leud Company in Boots; fall a Drinking till Supper time, be carried to Bed, top'd out of your Seller, and be good for nothing all the Night after.

Tim. Well, Madam, what is it you would be at? You ſhall find me reaſonable to all your Propoſitions.

Iſa. I have but one Condition more to add; for I will be as reaſonable as you, and that is a very Poor requeſt, to have all the Money in my diſpoſing.

Tim. How, all the Money?

Iſa. I, for I am ſure I can Huſwife it better for your honour; not but that I ſhall be willing to encourage you with Pocket Money, or ſo ſometimes.

Tim. This is ſomewhat hard.

Iſa. Nay, if a Woman cannot do that, I ſhall think you have an ill Opinion of my Virtue: Not truſt your own Fleſh and Blood, Sir *Timorous*.

Tim. Well, is there any thing more behind?

Iſa. Nothing more only the choiſe of my own Company, my own hours; and my own actions: Theſe trifles granted me, in all things of moment, I am your moſt Obedient Wife and Servant *Iſabelle*.

Tim. Is't a match then?

Iſa. For once I am content it ſhall; but 'tis to redeem you from thoſe Raſcals *Burr* and *Failer*——that way Sir *Timorous*, for fear of Spies; I'll meet you at the Garden Door—— [*Exit* Timorous.

Sola. I have led all Women the way, if they dare but follow me; and now march off, if I can ſcape but ſpying, with my Drums beating, and my Colours flying. [*Exit* Iſabelle.

Burr. So their wooing's at an end; thanks to my Wit.

Enter Failer.

Fail. Oh *Burr*! Whither is it Sir *Timorous* and Madam *Iſabelle* are gone together?

Burr. Adore my Wit, Boy; they are parted never to meet again.

Fail. I ſaw 'um meet juſt now at the Garden Door: So ho, ho, ho, who's within there: Help here, quickly, quickly.

Enter Nonſuch *and two Servants.*

Non. What's the matter?

Fail. Your Niece *Iſabelle* has ſtollen away Sir *Timorous.*

Non. Which way took they?

Fail. Follow me, I'll ſhew you.

Non. Break your Necks after him, you idle Varlets. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Loveby: Loveby's *Collar unbutton'd, Band careleſly on, Hat on the Table, as new riſing from ſleep.*

Lov. Boy! How long have I ſlept Boy?

Enter Boy.

Boy. Two hours and a half, Sir.

Lov. What's't a Clock, Sirrah?

Boy. Near four, Sir.

Lov. Why there's it: I have promis'd my Lady *Conſtance* an hundred Pounds e'r Night; I had four hours to perform it in when I engag'd to do it: and I have ſlept out more than two of them: all my hope to get this Money lies within the compaſs of that Hat there———Before I lay down I made bold a little to Prick my Finger, and Write a Note in the Blood of it, to this ſame Friend of mine in to'ther World, that uſes to ſupply me: The Devil has now had above two hours to perform it in; all which time I have ſlept to give him the better Opportunity: Time enough for a Gentleman of his agility to fetch it from the *Eaſt-Indies*, out of one of his Temples where they Worſhip him; or if he were lazy, and not minded to go ſo far; 'twere but ſtepping over Sea, and borrowing ſo much Money, out of his own Banck at *Amſterdam*! Hang't, what's an hundred Pounds between him and me———Now does my Heart go Pit a Pat, for fear I ſhould not find the Money there: I would fain lift it up to ſee, and yet I am ſo fraid of miſſing: Yet a Plague, why ſhould I fear he'll fail me; the Name of Friend's a Sacred thing; ſure he'll conſider that:———Methinks this Hat looks as if it ſhould have ſomething under it: If one could ſee the Yellow Boys peeping underneath the Brims now: Ha! (*Looks under round about*) In my Conſcience I think I do: Stand out oth'way, Sirrah, and be ready to gather up the Pieces that will fluſh out of the Hat as I take it up.

Boy. What is my Maſter mad trow.

[Loveby *Snatches up the Hat, looks in it haſtily, and ſees nothing but the Paper.*

Lov. Now the Devil take the Devil: Ah plague! Was ever Man ſerv'd ſo as I am: (*Throws his Hat upon the Ground.*) To break the Bonds of Amity for 100 Pieces: Well, it ſhall be more out of thy way than thou imagin'ſt, Devil: I'll turn Parſon, and be at open defiance with thee; I'll lay the Wickedneſs of all People upon thee though thou art never ſo innocent; I'll convert thy Bawds and Whores; I'll Hector thy Gameſters, that they ſhall not dare to ſwear, curſe or bubble; Nay, I'll ſet thee out ſo, that thy very Uſurers and Aldermen ſhall fear to have to do with thee. [*A Noiſe within of* Iſabelle *and* Frances

Enter Frances, *thruſting back* Iſabelle *and* Timorous.

Fran. How now what's the matter?

Iſa. Nay, ſweet Miſtreſs, be not ſo hard-hearted: All I deſire of you is but harbour for a minute: You cannot in humanity deny that ſmall ſuccour to a Gentlewoman.

Franc. A Gentlewoman! I thought ſo, my Houſe affords no harbour for Gentlewomen: You are a Company of proud Harlotries; I'll teach you to take place of Tradeſmen's Wives with a wannion to you.

Lov. How's this, Madam *Iſabelle.*

Iſa. Mr. *Loveby*! How happy am I to meet with you in my diſtreſs!

Lov. What's the matter Madam?

Iſa. I'll tell you, if this Gentlewoman will give me leave.

Franc. No Gentlewoman, I will not give you leave; they are ſuch as we maintain your Pride, as they ſay. [Iſabelle *and* Loveby *Whiſpers.*] Our Husbands truſt you, and you muſt go before their Wives. I am ſure my Goodman never goes to any of your Lodgings but he comes home the worſe for it, as they ſay.

Lov. Is that all! Prethee good Landlady, for my ſake entertain my Friends.

Franc. If the Gentleman's Worſhip had come alone, it may be I might have entertain'd him; but for you Minion!

Enter Nonſuch, Failer, Burr, *and Officers: Cry within here, here,*

Fail. My Lord, arreſt Sir *Timorous* upon a promiſe of Marriage to your Daughter, and we'll Witneſs it.

Tim.

Tim. Why, what a ſtrange thing of you's this, Madam *Iſabelle*, to bring a Man into trouble thus!

Fail. You are not yet Married to her;

Tim. Not that I remember.

Iſa. Well *Failer*, I ſhall find a time to reward your diligence.

Lov. If the Knight would have own'd his action, I ſhould have taught ſome of you more manners, than to come with Officers into my Lodging.

Franc. I'm glad with all my Heart this Minx is prevented of her deſign: The Gentleman had got a great catch of her, as they ſay. His old Father in the Country would have given him but little thank for't, to ſee him bring down a fine-bred Woman, with a Lute, and a Dreſſing-Box, and a handful of Money to her Portion.

Iſa. Good Miſtreſs Whatdeelack! I know your quarrel to the Ladies, do they take up the Gallants from the Tradeſmen's Wives? Lord, what a grievous thing it is for a She-Citizen to be forc'd to have Children by her own Husband!

Franc. Come, come, you're a ſlanderous Huſwife, and I ſkorn your harlottry trick that I do, ſo I do.

Iſa. Steeple-Hat your Husband never gets a good look when he comes home, except he brings a Gentleman to Dinner; who if he caſts an amorous Eye towards you; then, truſt him good Husband, ſweet Husband truſt him for my ſake: Verily the Gentleman's an honeſt Man, I read it in his countenance: And if you ſhould not be at home to receive the Money, I know he will pay the debt to me, Is't not ſo Miſtreſs?

Enter Bibber *in Slippers, with a skein of Silk about his Nick.*

Franc. Will you ſee me wrong'd thus, under my own roof, as they ſay, *William*?

Iſa. Nay, 'tis very true Miſtreſs: You let the Men with old complements take up new Cloaths: I do not mean your Wives Cloaths Mr. Merchant-Taylor.

Bib. Good ifaith! a notable ſmart Gentlewoman!

Iſa. Look to your Wife. Sir, or in time ſhe may undo your Trade: For ſhe'll get all your Men-Cuſtomers to her ſelf.

Bib. And I ſhould be hang'd, I can forbear no longer.

[*He plucks out his Meaſure, and runs to* Iſabelle *to take Meaſure of her.*

Iſa. How now! What means Prince *Pericles* by this? [Bibber *on his Knees.*

Bib. I muſt beg your Ladiſhip ev'n to have the honour to truſt you but for your Gown, for the ſake of that laſt Jeſt. Flowr'd Satten, wrought Tabby, Silver upon any grounds: I ſhall run mad if I may not truſt your Ladiſhip.

Franc. I think you are mad already, as they ſay, *William*: You ſhall not truſt her—— [*Plucks him back.*

Bib. Let me alone *Frances*; I am a Lion when I am anger'd.

Iſa. Pray do not pull your Lion by the tail ſo Miſtreſs——In theſe Cloaths that he now takes meaſure of me for, will I marry Sir *Timorous*, mark that, and tremble, *Failer.*

Fail. Never threaten me, Madam, you're a Perſon I deſpiſe,

Iſa. I vow to gad I'll be even with you, Sir. [*Exit* Iſabelle.

Non. to the Bailiffs.]——And when you have arreſted him, beſure you ſearch him for my Gold.

Bailiffs to *Loveby.*] We arreſt you, Sir, at my Lord *Nonſuch* his Suit.

Lov. Me you Raſcals!

Non. Search him for my Gold; you know the marks on't.

Lov. If they can find any mark'd or unmark'd Gold about me; they'll find more than I can, You expect I ſhould reſiſt now; no, no, I'll hamper you for this——

Bail. There's nothing to be found about him.

Fail. 'Tis no matter, to Priſon with him; there all his Debts will come upon him.

Lov. What hurried to durance like a Stinkard!

Bib. Now as I live a pleaſant Gentleman; I could find in my Heart to Bail him; but I'll overcome my ſelf, and ſteal away. [*Is going.*

Bail. Come, Sir, we muſt provide you of another Lodging; but I believe you'll ſcarce like it.

Lov. If I do not, I ask no favour; pray turn me out of Doors.

Bib. Turn him out of Door! What a Jeſt was there? Now and I ſhould be hang'd I cannot forbear Bailing him: Stay Officers! I Bail him Body and Soul for that Jeſt.

Fail. Let us be gone in time, *Burr.* [*Exeunt* Burr, Failer, Timorous.

Franc. You ſhall not Bail him.

Bib. I know I am a Rogue to do it; but his Wit has prevail'd upon me, and a Man muſt not go againſt his Conſcience. There Officers——

Lov. to *Non.*] Old Man, if it were not for thy Daughter——

Non. Well, well; take your courſe, Sir. [*Exit* Nonſuch *and* Bailiffs.

Lov. Come *Will*; I'll thank thee at the Tavern. *Frances*, remember this the next time you come up to make my Bed.

Franc. Do your worſt, I fear you not, Sir. This is twice to Day, *William*; to truſt a Gentlewoman, and Bail a Ragamuffin: I am ſure he call'd you Cuckold but Yeſterday, and ſaid he would make you one.

Lov. Look you *Frances*, I am a Man of Honour, and if I ſaid it, I'll not break my word with you.

Bib. There he was with you again, *Frances*: An excellent good Jeſt Ifaith la.

Franc. I'll not endure it, that I won't, ſo I won't: I'll go to the Juſtice's Worſhip and fetch a Warrant for him.

Lov. But Landlady, the word Cuckold will bear no Action in the Law, except you could prove your Husband prejudic'd by it. Have any of his Cuſtomers forſook him for't? or, any Mercer refus'd to truſt him the leſs, for my calling him ſo.

Franc. Nay, I know not for the Mercers; perhaps the Citizens may take it for no ſlander among one another, as they ſay; but for the Gentlemen——

Lov. Will, Have they forſaken thee upon it?

Bib. No, I aſſure you, Sir.

Lov. No, I warrant 'um: A Cuckold has the ſignification of an honeſt well-meaning Citizen; one that is not given to jealouſies or ſuſpitions; a juſt Perſon to his Wife, *&c.* one that, to ſpeak the worſt of him, does but to her, what he would be content ſhould be done to her by other Men.

Franc. But that another Man ſhould be the Father of his Children, as they ſay; I don't think that a Civil thing Husband.

Lov. Not Civil, Landlady! Why all things are Civil that are made ſo by Cuſtom.

Bib. Why may not he get as fine Children as I, or any Man?

Franc. But if thoſe Children, that are none of yours, ſhould call you Father, *William*!

Bib. If they call me Father, and are none of mine; I am the more beholding to 'um.

Franc. Nay, if that be your humour, Husband, I am glad I know it, that I may pleaſe you the better another time, as they ſay. [*Exit* Frances.

Bib. Nay, but *Frances*, *Frances*; 'tis ſuch another Woman. [*Exit* Bibber.

Lov. 'Tis ſuch another Man: —— my Coat and Sword, *Boy*, I muſt go to Juſtice *Trice*'s; bring the Women, and come after me. [*Exit* Loveby.

ACT IV.

Table ſet with Cards *upon it.*

Trice *Walking: Enter* Servant.

Serv. SIR, ſome Company is without upon Juſtice buſineſs.

Trice. Sawcy Raſcal, to diſturb my Meditations. [*Exit* Serv.

——I, it ſhall be he: *Jack Loveby*, What think'ſt thou of a Game of Picquet, we two, hand to fiſt! You and I will play one ſingle Game for ten Pieces: 'tis deep ſtake *Jack*; but, 'tis all one between us two: You ſhall Deal *Jack*: Who, I, Mr. Juſtice, that's a good one, you muſt give me uſe for your hand then; that's ſix i'th' hundred? Come, lift, lift; mines a ten; Mr. Juſtice: ——Mines a King, oh ho, *Jack*, you Deal. I have the advantage of this I'faith, if I can keep it.

He Deals 12 a Piece; 2 by 2.

And looks on his own Cards.

I take ſeven, and look on this——Now for you *Jack Loveby*.

Enter Loveby *behind.*

Lov. How's this? Am I the Man he fights with?

Trice.

Trice. I'll do you right *Jack*; as I am an honeſt Man you muſt diſcard this, there's no other way: If you were my own Brother I could do no better for you ——Zounds, the Rogue has a Quint-Major, and three Aces younger hand—— [*Looks on t'other Cards.*

Stay; What am I for the Point? but bare Forty, and he Fifty one: Fifteen and Five for the Point: 20, and 3 by Aces, 23, well, I am to play firſt: 1. 23. 2. 23. 3. 23. 4. 23———Pox on't, now I muſt play into his hand: 5——now you take it *Jack*, 5. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. and the Cards Forty.

Lov. Hitherto it goes well on my ſide——

Trice. Now I deal: How many do you take *Jack*? All? Then I am gone: What a riſe is here! 14 by Aces, and a Sixieme Major: I am gone, without looking into my Cards——I, I *(Takes up an Ace and bites it.)* Thought ſo: If ever Man Play'd with ſuch curs'd Fortune, I'll be hang'd, and all for want of this damn'd Ace——There's your ten Pieces, with a Pox to you, for a Rooking beggarly Raſcal as you are.

Loveby *Enters.*

Lov. What occaſion have I given you for theſe words, Sir? Rook and Raſcal! I am no more Raſcal than your ſelf, Sir.

Trice. How's this; how's this!

Lov. And though for this time I put it up, becauſe I am a Winner. [*Snatches the Gold.*

Trice. What a Devil do'ſt thou put up? Not my Gold I hope *Jack*?

Lov. By your favour but I do; and 'twas won fairly; a Sixieme, and Fourteen by Aces by your own confeſſion———What a Pox we don't make Childrens Play I hope?

Trice. Well, remember this, *Jack*: from this hour I forſwear playing with you when I am alone; What, Will you bate me nothing on't?

Lov. Not a Farthing, *Juſtice*: I'll be Judged by you, if I had loſt you would have taken every piece on't: What I Win, I Win———And there's an end.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, theſe People ſtay without, and will not be anſwer'd.

Trice. Well, What's their buſineſs?

Serv. Nay, no great matter: Only a Fellow for getting a Wench with Child.

Trice. No great matter ſaiſt thou; 'Faith but it is: Is he a Poor Fellow, or a Gentleman?

Serv. A very Poor Fellow, Sir.

Trice. Hang him, Rogue, make his Mittimus immediately; muſt ſuch as he preſume to get Children?

Lov. Well conſider'd: A Poor lowſie Raſcal, to intrench upon the Game of Gentlemen! he might have paſs'd his time at Nine-Pins, or Shovel-Board, that had been fit ſport for ſuch as he; Juſtice, have no Mercy on him.

Trice. No, by the Sword of Juſtice will I not.

Lov. Swear'ſt thou, ungracious Boy? That's too much on t'other hand for a Gentleman. I Swear not, I Drink not, I Curſe not, I Cheat not; they are unneceſſary Vices: I ſave ſo much out of thoſe Sins, and take it out in that one neceſſary Vice of Wenching.

Enter Loveby's Boy.

Boy. Sir, the Parties are without according to your order.

Lov. 'Tis well; bring u'm in *Boy.*

Enter Lady Du Lake, *and two or three Whores.*

Juſtice, I recommend this Ancient Gentlewoman, with theſe vertuous Ladies, to thy Patronage; for her part, ſhe is a Perſon of exemplary Life and Behaviour; of ſingular Conduct to break through, and patience to bear the aſſaults of Fortune: A general Benefactreſs of Mankind, and in fine a promoter of that great Work of Nature, Love.

Trice. Or, as the Vulgar Tranſlation hath it, a very ſufficient, and ſingular good-Bawd: Is't not ſo *Boy?*

Lov. I Boy: Now for ſuch a Petty-Fogging Fellow as thy Clerk to perſecute this Lady; prithee think on't: 'Tis a grievance of the Free-born-Subject.

L. *Dulake.* To ſee the ingratitude of this Generation! I that have ſpent my Youth, ſet at nought my Fortune, and what is more dear to me, my Honour, in the ſervice of Gentlemen; ſhould now in my old Age be left to want and Beggary, as if I were the vileſt, and moſt unworthy Creature upon God's Earth. [*Crying.*

Lov. Nay, good Mother, do not take it ſo bitterly.

L. *Dulake.* I confeſs the unkindneſs of it troubles me.

Lov.

Lov. Thou ſhalt not want ſo long as I live: Look, here's five Pieces, of Cordial Gold to comfort thy Heart with, I won it ev'n now of Mr. Juſtice; and I dare ſay he thinks it will beſtow'd.

Trice. My Money's gone to very Pious uſes.

L. *Dulake,* (Laying her hand on *Loveby*'s Head.) Son *Loveby,* I knew thy Father well; and thy Grandfather before him; Fathers they were both to me; and I could Weep for Joy to ſee how thou tak'ſt after them. (*Weeping again.*) I wiſh it lay in my Power too, to gratifie this worthy Juſtice in my Vocation.

Trice. 'Faith I doubt I am paſt that noble Sin.

Lov. Prithee good Magiſtrate drink to her, and wipe Sorrow from her Eyes.

Trice. Right Reverend, my Service to you in Canary.

[*She Drinks after him) and ſtays at half-Glaſs.*

L. *Dulake.* 'Tis a great way to the Bottom; but Heaven is All-ſufficient to give me ſtrength for it: —— (*Drinks it up.*) Why God's Bleſſing on your Heart, Son *Trice.* I hope 'tis no offence to call you Son: Hem, hem! Son *Loveby,* I think my Son *Trice* and I are much of the ſame Years: let me ſee, Son, if Nature be utterly extinct in you: Are you tickliſh, Son *Trice*? [*Tickles him.*

Trice. Are you Tickliſh Mother *Dulake.* [*Tickles her ſides.*

[*She falls off her Chair; he falls off his to her; they roll one over the other.*

Lov. I would have all *London* now ſhow me ſuch another ſight of kindneſs in Old Age: [*They help each other up.*

Come, a Dance, a dance; call for your Clerk, Juſtice, he ſhall make one in ſign of Amity: [*Strike up Fidlers.*

[*They Dance a round Dance, and Sing the Tune.*

Enter Iſabelle *and* Conſtance.

Iſa. Are you at that Sport, I'faith? Have among you blind Harpers.

[*She falls into the Dance.*

[*At the Dance's ending,* Loveby *ſees* Conſtance.

Trice. Is ſhe come! A Pox of all honeſt Women at ſuch a time!

Lov. If ſhe knows who theſe are, by this Light *I* am undone.

Con. Oh Servant, I come to mind you of your Promiſe; come, produce my hundred Pounds; the times out I ſet you.

Love. Not till dark Night upon my Reputation: I have not yet ſpoke with the Gentleman in the black Pantaloons; you know he ſeldom Walks abroad by Day-Light: Dear Madam, let me wait you to your Coach, and if I bring it not within this hour, diſcard me utterly.

Con. You muſt give me leave to Salute the Company: What are they?

Lov. Perſons of Quality of my Acquaintance: But, I'll make your excuſe to u'm.

Con. Nay, if they are Perſons of Quality, I ſhall be rude to part from 'um ſo abruptly.

Lov. Why ſo! The Devil ow'd me a ſhame; and now he has paid me. I muſt preſent 'um what e'er come on't. (*Aſide.*) —— This, Madam, is my Lady *Du Lake*——The Lady *Spring-Well*——The Lady *Hoyden.* (*She and* Iſabelle *Salute 'um.*

Iſa. What a Whiff was there came from my Lady *Hoyden*! And, what a Garlick Breath my Lady *Spring-Well* had?

Trice. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Lov. Do not betray me, Juſtice; if you do——

Iſa. Oh, Are you thereabouts, Sir; then I ſmell a Rat Ifaith; but I'll ſay nothing.

Con. Ladies, I am an humble Servant to you all: And account it my happineſs to have met with ſo good Company, at my Couſin *Trices.*

Trice. Ha, ha, ha.

L *Dulake.* Are theſe two Ladies of your Acquaintance Son *Loveby?*

Lov. Son quoth a! A Pox of our Relation—— [*Aſide.*

L. *Dulake.* I ſhall be glad to be better known to your Ladiſhips.

Con. You too much honour your Servants, Madam.

Iſa. How *Loveby* fidges up and down: In what pain he is! Well, if theſe be not they they call Whores, I'll be hanged, though I never ſaw one before:—[*Aſide.*

Lov. Will your Ladiſhip pleaſe to go, Madam?

Con. I muſt beg the favour of theſe Ladies firſt, that I may know their Lodging, and wait of 'em.

L. *Dulake.* It will be our Duty to pay our Reſpects firſt to your Ladiſhip.

Con. I beg your Ladiſhip's Pardon, Madam——

L. *Dulake.*

L. *Dulake.* Your Ladiſhip ſhall excuſe us, Madam——

Iſa. Trice. Ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Ah devil grin you—— [*Aſide.*

Trice. I muſt go out, and Laugh my Belly-ful. [*Exit* Trice.

Con. But in earneſt, Madam, I muſt have no denial; I beſeech your Ladiſhip inſtruct me where I may tender my Devoires?

L. *Dulake.* Since your Ladiſhip Commands me, Madam, I dare diſobey no longer. My Lodgings are in St. *Luknor*'s Lane at the Cat and Fiddle.

Con. Whereabouts is that Lane, Servant?

Lov. Faith, Madam, I know not that part o'th' Town——Lord, how I ſweat for fear—— [*Aſide.*

Con. And yours, Madam, where, I beſeech your Ladiſhip.

2d. Wh. In *Dog and Bitch Yard*, and't pleaſe your Ladiſhip.

3d. Wh. And mine in *Sodom*, ſo like your Ladiſhip.

Con. How *Loveby*! I did not think you would have us'd me thus?

Lov. I beſeech your Ladiſhip but hear my Juſtification as I lead you.

Con. By no means, Sir; that were ſuch a rudeneſs to leave Perſons of Quality, to wait upon me: Unhand me, Sir.

Iſa. Ha, ha, ha—— [*Exeunt* Conſtance, Iſabelle.

Lov. I am ruin'd! For ever ruin'd: Plague had you no Places in the Town to name but *Sodom*, and *Luknor*'s-lane for Lodgings!

L. *Dulake.* If any prejudice ariſe from it, upon my honour Son 'twas by miſtake, and not intended you: I thought ſhe deſir'd to have been admitted of the Quality.

Lov. I was curſt when I had firſt to do with you— [*Kicks 'em.*

L. *Dulake.* Well, I thank Heaven, that has indued me with ſuch patience.

[*Exeunt all but* Loveby *and his* Boy.

Lov. I have made a fair hand on't to day——both loſt my Miſtreſs, and hear no News from my Friend below: The World frowns upon me, and the Devil and my Miſtreſs have forſaken me: My Godfathers and Godmothers have promiſed well for me: Inſtead of renouncing them, they have renounc'd me.

Boy. Sir, I ſaw my Lady *Conſtance* ſmile as ſhe went out: I am confident ſhe's angry but from the Teeth outwards; you might eaſily make fair Weather with her, if you could get the Money you promis'd her, but there's the Devil——

Lov. Where is he Boy? ſhew me him quickly.

Boy. Marry God bleſs us! I mean Sir, there's the difficulty.

Lov. Damn'd Rogue to put me in hope ſo——

Enter Bibber *at the other end.*

Lov. Uds ſo, look where *Bibber* is: Now I think on't, he offer'd me a Bag of forty Pounds, and the Leaſe of his Houſe Yeſterday: but that's his Pocky humour, when I have Money and do not ask him, he will offer it; but when I ask him he will not lend a farthing——Turn this way, Sirrah, and make as though we did not ſee him——

Bib. Our Gentleman I think a talking with his Boy there——

Lov. You underſtand me——

Boy. I warrant you Sir.

Lov. No News yet! What an unlucky Raſcal 'tis! If the Rogue ſhould hereafter be reduc'd to the Raiment of his own Shreds, I ſhould not pity him——

Bib. How's this!

Lov. Now is this Raſcal hunting after Jeſts, to make himſelf the greateſt to all that know him.

Bib. This muſt be me.

Boy. I can hear neither Tale nor Tydings of him: I have ſearch'd him in his haunts; among his Creditors; and in all Companies where they are like to break the leaſt Jeſt. I have viſited the Coffee-Houſes for him; but among all the News there, I heard none of him. [Bid. *Good ifaith.*

Lov. Where's the Warrant, I'll put in my own Name, ſince I cannot find him.

Boy. Sir, I gave it a Scrivener at next Door becauſe *I* could not write, to fill up the blank place with Mr. *Bibber*'s Name.

Lov. What an unlucky Vermin 'tis; now for an 100 *l.* could *I* have gratified him with a Waiters Place at Cuſtom-Houſe, that had been worth to him an 100 *l.* a year upon the Nail.

Bib. Could you ſo, could you ſo Sir? Give me your hand, and *I* thank you Heartily Mr. *Loveby*.

Lov. Art there, honeſt *Will*? Faith 'tis not worth thy thanks till it be done: *I* wiſh *I* had had the Money for thee. *Bib.*

Bib. How much is't, Sir?

Lov. An hundred Pounds would do it.

Bib. Let me ſee, forty I have already by me; take that in part Sir; ——And that, and the Leaſe of my Houſe would over-do it.

Lov. By all means thy Leaſe *Will*: Near ſcruple at that; hang a piece of Parchment, and two bits of ſoft Wax: Thou ſhalt do't, thou ſhalt Boy.

Bib. Why then I will, Sir: ——But ſtay, ſtay; now I think on't, *Frances* has an 120 pieces of old Grandam and Aunt Gold left her, that ſhe would never let me touch: if we could get that Mr. *Loveby*——But ſhe'll never part with't.

Lov. 'Tis but ſaying the place is for her; a Waiting-Woman's place in the Cuſtom-Houſe: Boy, go and tell her on't immediately. [*Exit* Boy.

Bib. Hold a little; ſhe has been very deſirous to get a place in Court, that ſhe might take place as the Queen's Servant.

Lov. She ſhall have a Dreſſers place, if thou'lt keep Counſel. The worſt on't is, I have never a Warrant ready.

Bib. 'Tis all one for that, Sir; ſhe can neither write nor read; 'tis but my telling her 'tis a Warrant and all's well. I can but laugh to think how ſhe'll be chous'd.

Lov. And you too: *Mum.* She's here *Will.*

Enter Frances.

Franc. A Waiting-Woman's place in the Cuſtom-Houſe! There's news for me! Thank you kind Mr. *Loveby*; you have been inſtrumental I hear of my preferment.

Lov. No, 'tis a Dreſſers place at Court, Landlady.

Franc. O Gemini! that's better news.

Bib. I, but you muſt make haſt and fetch an hundred Pieces: I can aſſure you 500 are bidden for it; and the Courtiers are ſuch ſlippery youths, they are ever for the faireſt Chapman.

Franc. I'll fetch it preſently; oh how my Heart quops now, as they ſay: I'll fetch it preſently: Sweet Mr. *Loveby*, if the buſineſs can be done, it ſhall be a good thing in your Worſhip's way I promiſe you: O the Father! that it could be done: O Sweet Father! [Loveby *plucks out a Paper.*

Lov. Here Mrs. *Bibber*, pray put in Madam *Bibber*'s Name into the Warrant.

Bib. Madam *Bibber*, there's joy. I muſt call you Wife no more, 'tis Madam *Bibber* now.

Franc. Pray read it Mr. *Bibber.*

Bib. An Order for the admiſſion of the Illuſtrious Lady Madam *Bibber* into her Majeſtie's Service.

Franc. Pray give me the Paper, I'll have no Body touch it but my ſelf; I am ſure my Money pays for it as they ſay. Theſe are the fineſt words; Madam *Bibber*; pray Chicken ſhew me where Madam is written that I may kiſs it all over. I ſhall make bold now to bear up to theſe flirting Gentlewomen, that ſweep it up and down with their long Tails. I thought my ſelf as good as they when I was, as I was; but now I am, as I am.

Lov. Good Landlady diſpatch, and bring the Money——

Franc. Truely in the place of a Dreſſer, I dare be bold to ſay, as they ſay; I ſhall give their Majeſties Worſhips good content: I'll go fetch it—— [*Exit* Frances.

Bib. We muſt keep the poor Soul in ignorance as long as we can, Sir; for, when ſhe has once ſmoak'd it, I have no other way but to retreat into the Body of my *Janizaries* my Journey-Men; and never come out into her preſence more: Where will you be at Nine a Clock, Sir, that we may rejoice over our good Fortune.

Lov. Call me at my Lord *Nonſuch* his Houſe, and I'll go with you.

Bib. We'll have the Fiddles and Triumph Iſaith. [*Exit* Bib.

Lov. Lord, how eager this Vermin was to cheat himſelf: Well, I'll after, I long to finger theſe Jacobus's: Perhaps they may make my Peace again with my Miſtriſs. [*Exit* Loveby.

Enter Failer, Nonſuch.

[Conſtance *and* Iſabelle *liſtning.*

Fail. I vow to gad my Lord, Sir *Timorous* is the moſt dejected Perſon in the World, and ſo full of regret for what is paſt. 'Twas his misfortune to be drawn in by ſuch a Perſon as Madam *Iſabelle.*

Non. 'Tis well his Eſtate pleads for him; he ſhould ne'er ſet Foot more within my Doors elſe.

Fail.

Fail. All be ſecurity for him for time to come: Leave it to me to get the Licence: All I deſire is your Daughter may be ready to morrow Morning.

Non. Well, let me alone with her. [*Exeunt* Failer, Nonſuch.

Iſa. You heard the dreadful ſound to Morrow Couſin.

Con. I would not throw my ſelf away upon this Fool, if I could help it.

Iſa. Better marry a Tertian Ague than a Fool, that's certain; there's one good Day and Night in that.

Con. And yet thou art mad of him thy ſelf.

Iſa. Nay, the Fool is a handſome Fool, that's ſomewhat; but 'tis not that; 'tis a kind of fancy I have taken to a Glaſs-Coach, and ſix *Flanders* Mares; rich Liveries, and a good Fortune.

Con. Prithee do not mind me of 'em; for though I want 'em not, yet I find all Women are caught with Gayeties: One grain more would turn the Ballance on his ſide; I am ſo vexed at the Wild courſes of this *Loveby*.

Iſa. Vex'd, Why vex'd? the worſt you can ſay of him, is, he loves Women: And ſuch make the kindeſt Husbands I am told. If you had a Summ of Money to put out; you would not look ſo much whether the Man were an honeſt Man, (for the Law would make him that) as if he were a good ſufficient Pay-maſter.

Enter Setſtone.

Con. As I live thou art a mad Girl.

Set. She muſt be us'd as Mad-folks are then; had into the Dark and Cur'd.

Con. But, all this is no comfort to the word To morrow.

Iſa. Well, What ſay you, if I put you to Night into the Arms of *Loveby*?

Con. My Condition's deſparate, and paſt thy Phyſick.

Iſa. When Phyſicks paſt, what remains but to ſend for the Divine? Here's little *Nicodemus* your Father's Chaplain; I have ſpoke with him already; for a brace of Angels he ſhall make all ſure betwixt you without a Licenſe. I, and prove ten at Night a more Canonical hour than ten i'th' Morning.

Con. I ſee not which way thou canſt perform it; but if thou do'ſt I have many Admirations in ſtore for thee. [*Whiſpers.*

Iſa. Step in, and get a Cuſhion underneath your Apron.

Con. O, I muſt be with Child it ſeems!

Iſa. And *Loveby* ſhall bring you to Bed to Night, if the Devil be not in the Dice: Away, make haſt—— [*Exit* Conſtance.

Set. Be not you far off; I ſhall have need of you too: I hear my Uncle coming—Methinks I long to be reveng'd of this wicked Elder for hindering of my Marriage to Day: Hark you *Setſtone*———

Set. 'Tis impoſſible, Madam: 'Twill never take.

Iſa. I warrant you: Do not I know him? He has not Brains enough, if they were butter'd, to feed a Black-Bird——Nay, no replies——Out of what I have ſaid, you may inſtruct my Couſin too—— [*Exit* Setſtone.

Enter Nonſuch.

Iſa. Oh, Are you there, Sir? Faith it was kindly done of you to hinder me of a good Husband this Afternoon: And but for one thing, I would reſolve to leave your Houſe.

Non. I'm glad there's any thing will ſtay thee.

Iſa. If I ſtay 'tis for love of my Couſin *Conſtance*, not of you: I ſhould be loath to leave her in this ſad Condition!

Non. What Condition?

Iſa. Nay, I know not; ſhe has not worn her Buſk this Fortnight. I think ſhe's grown fat o'th' ſudden.

Non. O Devil, Devil! What a fright am I in?

Iſa. She has Qualms too every Morning: Raving mightily for Green-fruit; and Swoons at the ſight of hot meat.

Non. She's with Child! I am undone: I am undone!

Iſa. I underſtand nothing of ſuch matters: She's but in the next Room; beſt call her, and examine her about it.

Non. Why *Conſtance*, *Conſtance*?

Enter Conſtance, *as with Child.*

Iſa. Now for a broad-ſide; turn your Plough to him Couſin. [*To her.*

Non. Now Gentlewoman! Is this poſſible?

Con. I do not reach your meaning, Sir.

Non. Where have you been of late?

Con. I ſeldom ſtir without you, Sir: theſe Walls moſt commonly confine me.

Non. Theſe Walls can get no Children; nor theſe Hangings; though there be Men wrought in 'em.

Iſa. Yet, by your favour Nuncle, Children may be wrought behind the Hangings.

Non. O *Conſtance*, *Conſtance*! How have my Gray Hairs deſerv'd this of thee? Who got that Belly there?

Con. You, I hope, Sir.

Non. Tell me the truth; for I will know it; come, the Story.

Con. The Story's quickly told, Sir, I'm with Child.

Non. And whoſe the Father?

Con. I do not know, Sir.

Non. Not know! Went there ſo many to't?

Con. So far from that, that there went none at all, to my beſt knowledge, Sir.

Non. Waſt got by Miracle? Who was the Father?

Con. Who got your Money, Sir, that you have loſt?

Non. Nay, Heaven knows who got that.

Con. And, Heaven knows who got this; for, on my Conſcience, he that had your Money, was the Father on't.

Non. The Devil it was as ſoon.

Con. That's all I fear, Sir.

Iſa. 'Tis ſtrange: And yet 'twere hard, Sir, to ſuſpect my Couſin's Vertue, ſince we know the Houſe is haunted.

Non. 'Tis true, that nothing can be laid, though under Lock and Key, but it miſcarries.

Iſa. 'Tis not to be believed what theſe Villanous Spirit can do: They go inviſible.

Con. Firſt they ſtole away my Prayer-Book; and a little after that a ſmall Treatiſe I had againſt Temptation; and when they were gone, you know Sir——

Iſa. If there be ſuch doings, pray Heaven we are not all with Child: 'Tis certain that none live within theſe Walls, but they have Power of; I have fear'd *Toby* the Coachman any time this Fortnight.

Non. Out impudence! A Man with Child! Why 'tis unnatural.

Iſa. I, ſo is he that got it.

Non. Thou art not in earneſt.

Iſa. I would I were not; hark, I hear him groan hither: Come in Poor *Toby*.

Enter Toby *Coachman, with an Urinal.*

Non. How now! What have you there, Sirrah?

Tob. And't pleaſe your Worſhip 'tis my Water: I had a ſpice oth' new Diſeaſe here i'th' Houſe, and ſo carried it to Maſter Doctor.

Non. Well; And what did he ſay to you?

Tob. He told me very ſad News, and pleaſe you: I am ſomewhat baſhful to ſpeak on't.

Iſa. Out with it Man.

Tob. Why truly he told me the party that ow'd the Water was with Child.

Iſa. I told you ſo Uncle.

Non. To my beſt remembrance I never heard of ſuch a thing before.

Tob. I never ſtretch out my ſelf to ſnap my Whip, but it goes to th' Heart of me.

Iſa. Alas poor *Toby*.

Non. Be gone, and put off your Livery, Sirrah: You ſhall not ſtay a minute in my Service.

Tob. I beſeech your good Worſhip be good to me; 'twas the firſt fault I ever committed in this kind: I have three Poor Children by my Wife, and if you leave me to the wide World, with a new charge upon my ſelf.

Non. Be gone, I will not hear a word.

Tob. If I muſt go, I'll not go alone: *Ambroſe Tinis* the Cook is as bad as I am.

Non. I think you'll make me mad: Call the Raſcal hither: I muſt acount with him upon another ſcore now I think on't.

Enter Ambroſe Tinis.

Non. Sirrah, what made you ſend a Pheaſant with one Wing to the Table Yeſterday?

Amb. I beſeech your Worſhip to pardon me, I long'd for't.

Iſa. I fear'd as much.

Amb. And I beſeech your Worſhip let me have a Boy to help me in the Kitchin; for I find my ſelf unable to go through with the Work: Beſides the Doctor has warn'd me of ſtooping to the Fire, for fear of a miſchance.

Non.

Non. Why, are you with Child, Sirrah?

Amb. So he tells me: But if I were put to my Oath, I know not that ever I deſerv'd for't:

Non. Still worſe and worſe: And here comes *Setſtone* groaning.

Enter Setſtone.

Set. O, Sir, I have been ſo troubled with ſwooning fits; and have ſo long'd for Cherries.

Non. He's Poopt too.

Iſa. Well, this is not the worſt yet: I ſuſpect ſomething more than I will ſpeak on.

Non. What doſt thou ſuſpect; ha!

Iſa. Is not your Lordſhip with Child too?

Non. Who, I with Child, Marry Heaven forbid: What doſt thou ſee by me to ground it on?

Iſa. You'r very round of late; that's all, Sir.

Non. Round, that's only fat I hope: I have had a very good Stomach of late I'm ſure.

Iſa. Alas, and well you may: You Eat for two, Sir.

Non. Setſtone look upon me, and tell me true: Do you obſerve any alteration in me?

Set. I would not diſhearten your Ladiſhip:——Your Lordſhip I would ſay: But I have obſerv'd of late, your Colour goes and comes extremely: Methinks your Lordſhip looks very ſharp, and bleak i'th' face, and mighty puff i'th' Body.

Non. O the Devil! Wretched Men that we are all: Nothing grieves me, but that in my old Age, when others are paſt Child-bearing, I ſhould come to be a diſgrace to my family.

Con. How do you, Sir? Your Eyes look wondrous dim: Is not there a miſt before 'em?

Iſa. Do you not feel a Kicking in your Belly? When do you look Nuncle?

Non. Uh, uh! Methinks I am very ſick o'th' ſudden?

Iſa. What ſtore of old Shirts have you againſt the good time? Shall I give you a Shift Nuncle?

Non. Here's like to be a fine charge towards: We ſhall all be brought to Bed together: Well, if I be with Devil I will have ſuch Goſſips: An Uſurer and his Scrivener ſhall be Godfathers.

Iſa. I'll help you Nuncle: and *Saundy*'s two Grannies ſhall be Godmothers: The Child ſhall be Chriſtned by the Directory, and the Goſſips Gift ſhall be the gude Scotch Kivenant.

Con. Set. Non. Tob. Amb. Uh, uh, uh!

Iſa. What rare Muſick's here!

Non. When e'er it comes from me 'twill kill me, that's certain:

Set. Beſt take a Vomit.

Iſa. And't comes upward the Horns will Choak him.

Non. Maſs and ſo they will.

Iſa. Your only way is to make ſure o'th' Man-midwife.

Non. But my Child's diſhonour troubles me the moſt: If I could but ſee her well Married, before I underwent the Labour and Peril of Child-bearing! What would you adviſe Niece!

Iſa. That which I am very loath to do: Send for honeſt *Jack Loveby*, and let him know the truth on't: He's a Fellow without a Fortune and will be glad to leap at the Occaſion.

Non. But why *Loveby* of all the World? 'tis but ſtaying till to morrow, and then Sir *Timorous* will Marry her.

Con. Uh! I ſwell ſo faſt, I cannot hide it till to morrow.

Iſa. Why there's it now!

Non. I'll ſend for the old Alderman *Getwell* immediately: He'll Father the Devil's Baſtard I warrant you.

Iſa. Fie Nuncle! My Couſin's ſomewhat too good yet for an Alderman; if it were her third Child ſhe might hearken to you.

Non. Well, ſince it muſt be ſo, *Setſtone* go you to *Loveby*, make my excuſe to him for the Arreſt, and let him know what Fortune may attend him.

Iſa. Mr. *Setſtone*, pray acquaint him with my Couſin's affection to him; and prepare him to Father the Cuſhion underneath her Peticoat. [*Aſide to* Set.

Set. I'll bring him immediately. [*Exit* Setſtone.

Iſa. When he comes Nuncle, pray cover your great Belly with your Hat, that he may not ſee it.

Non. It goes againſt my Heart to Marry her to this *Loveby*; but what muſt be, muſt be.

Enter Loveby.

Con. O, Mr. *Loveby!* The welcom'ſt Man alive: You met *Setſtone* I hope, that you came ſo Opportunely.

Lov. No faith, Madam, I came of my own accord.

Iſa. 'Tis unlucky he's not prepar'd.

Lov. Look you, Madam, I have brought the 100 *l.* the Devil was as punctual as three a Clock at a Play-Houſe: Here, 'tis right I warrant it without telling; I took it upon his Word—— [*Gives it.*

Con. Your kindneſs ſhall be requited Servant: But I ſent for you upon another buſineſs: Pray Couſin tell't him, for I am aſham'd to do't.

Lov. Ha! 'tis not that great Belly I hope! Is't come to that?

Iſa. Hark you Mr. *Loveby*——A word with you.

Lov. A word with you, Madam: Whither is your Couſin bound?

Iſa. Bound, Sir?

Lov. I, bound; look you ſhe's under ſail, with a luſty fore-Wind.

Non. I ſent for you, Sir, but to be plain with you 'twas more out of neceſſity than Love.

Lov. I wonder my Lord at your invincible ill Nature: You forget the Arreſt that I paſſed by: But this 'tis to be Civil to unthankful Perſons; 'tis feeding an ill-natur'd Dog, that Snarls while he takes the Victuals from your hand.

Non. All Friends, all Friends; no ripping up old Stories; you ſhall have my Daughter.

Lov. Faith I ſee your Lordſhip would let Lodgings ready furniſh'd, but I am for an empty Tenement.

Non. I had almoſt forgot my own great Belly; if he ſhould diſcover that too! [*Claps his Hat before it.*

Iſa. to *Loveby.*] You will not hear me, Sir: 'Tis all Roguery as I live.

Lov. Flat Roguery I'll Swear; if I had been Father on't; nay, if I had but laid my Breeches upon the Bed, I would have Married her: but I ſee we are not ordain'd for one another—— [*Is going.*

Non. I beſeech you, Sir.

Lov. Pray cover, my Lord.

Iſa. He does his great Belly, Methink——

Non. I'll make it up in Money to you.

Lov. That cannot tempt me; I have a Friend that ſhall be nameleſs, that will not ſee me want——And ſo your Servant. [*Exit* Loveby.

Iſa. I'll after and bring him back——

Non. You ſhall not ſtir after him; does he ſcorn my Daughter.

Iſa. Lord how fretful you are: This breeding makes you ſo peeviſh Nuncle.

Non. 'Tis no matter, ſhe ſhall ſtraight be Married to Sir *Timorous.*

Con. I am ruin'd Couſin.

Iſa. I warrant you: ——My Lord I wiſh her well Married to Sir *Timorous*; but *Loveby* will certainly infect him with the News of her great Belly.

Non. I'll diſpatch it e'er he can ſpeak with him.

Iſa. When e'er he come, he'll ſee what a *bona roba* ſhe is grown.

Non. Therefore it ſhall be done i'th' Evening.

Iſa. It ſhall my Lord.

Con. Shall it?

Iſa. Let me alone Couſin——And to this effect ſhe ſhall write to him, that *to conform to your will, and his modeſty, ſhe deſires him to come hither alone this Evening.*

Non. Excellent Wench! I'll get my Chaplain ready. [*Exit* Non.

Con. How can you hope to deceive my Father?

Iſa. If I do not I have hard luck.

Con. You go ſo ſtrange a way about, your Bowl muſt be well biaſſed to come in.

Iſa. So plain a ground there's not the leaſt rub in't, I'll meet Sir *Timorous* in the dark, and in your Room Marry him.

Con. You'll be ſure to provide for one.

Iſa. You miſtake me Couſin: Oh! Here's *Setſtone* again.

Enter

Enter Setſtone.

Mr. Jeweller, you muſt again into your Devil's ſhape, and ſpeak with *Loveby*: But pray be careful not to be diſcover'd.

Set. I warrant you, Madam; I have couzen'd Wiſer Men than he in my own ſhape; and if I cannot continue it in a worſe, let the Devil I make bold with, ev'n make as bold with me.

Iſa. You muſt guide him by back ways, to my Uncles Houſe, and ſo to my Couſin's Chamber, that he may not know where he is when he comes there: The reſt I'll tell you as we go along. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Timorous; *after him* Burr *and* Failer.

Tim. Here here, read this Note; there's news for us.

Fail. Let me ſee't. [*Reads.*

Sir Timorous.

Be at the Garden Door at Nine this Evening, there I'll receive you with my Daughter, to gratifie your modeſty I deſign'd this way, after I had better conſider'd on it: And pray leave your Caterpillars, Burr *and* Failer *behind you.* [Yours *Nonſuch.*

There is ſome trick in this, what e'er it be: But this word Caterpillars: You ſee *Burr*, Sir *Timorous*, is like to be lur'd from us—— [*To him aſide.*

Burr. Is there no prevention?

Fail. One way there is: Sir *Timorous* pray Walk a turn while *Burr* and I confer a little upon this matter——Look you *Burr*, there is but one remedy in Nature I vow to gad: And that is for you to have a new Sir *Timorous*, exceeding this Perſon in Bounty to you. Obſerve then, in Sir *Timorous* his place will I go, and igad I'll Marry my Lady *Conſtance*: and then from the Bowels of Friendſhip Bleſs thee with a thouſand Pounds, beſides Lodging and Diet for thy Life, Boy——

Burr. Umh —— Very well thought on——No, Sir, you ſhall truſt to my Bounty; I'll go in his place, murmur or repine, ſpeak the leaſt word, or give thy Lips the leaſt motion; and I'll beat thee till thou art not in Condition to go.

Fail. I vow to gad this is extreme injuſtice: Was it not my invention?

Burr. Why doſt thou think thou art worthy to make uſe of thy own invention?——Speak another word dee ſee——Come help me quickly to ſtrip Sir *Timorous*: His Coat may conduce to the deceipt——Sir *Timorous* by your leave—— [*Falls on him.*

Tim. O Lord! What's the matter?——Murder——Murder.

Burr. Dee open; I have ſomething in my Pocket that will ſerve for a gag now I think on't. [*Gags and Binds him.*

So lie there Knight. Come, Sir, and help to make me Sir *Timorous*; and when I am Married, remember to increaſe your manner with my Fortune——Yet we'll always drink together. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Conſtance, Iſabelle, Nonſuch.

Con. THIS is juſt the Knights hour; and Lovers ſeldom come after their time.

Non. Good Night Daughter, I'll to Bed; and give you joy to morrow Morning. [*Exit* Non.

Iſa. I'm glad he's gone: What, your train takes?

Con. Yes, yes; *Loveby* will come: *Setſtone* has been with him in diſguiſe; and promis'd him Golden Mountains if he will not be wanting to his own Fortune.

Iſa. Is your Habit provided too?

Con. All is ready.

Iſa. Away then; for this is the place where we muſt part like Knights Errant, that take ſeveral paths to their Adventures.

Con. 'Tis time; for I hear ſome Body come along the Alley; without queſtion 'tis *Timorous*. Farewel, the Captains ſtays for me in my Chamber.

Iſa. And I'll Poſt after you to Matrimony; I have laid a freſh Parſon at the next Stage that ſhall carry me Tantivy. [*Exit* Conſtance.

Enter Burr *with* Timorous *his Coat on.*

Burr. My Lady *Conſtance*!

Iſa. The ſame: Sir *Timorous*!

Burr.

Burr. The ſame.

Iſa. Sir *Timorous* takes me for my Couſin. [*Aſide.*

Burr. My Lady *Conſtance* miſtakes me for the Knight. [*Aſide.*

Iſa. Here, Sir; through the dark Walk; 'tis but a little way about:——He's my own beyond Redemption—— [*Aſide.*

Burr. The Indies are mine; And a handſome Lady into the Bargain—[*Exeunt.*

Enter Failer, *dogging them as they go off.*

Fail. He ſhall be hang'd e'er he ſhall get her. Thus far I have dogg'd 'em, and this way I am ſure they muſt paſs e'er they come to the houſe: The Rogue had got the old Dog-trick of a Stateſman; to fiſh things out of wiſer Heads than his own, and never ſo much as take notice of him that gave the Counſel——

Enter Iſabelle *and* Burr *again.*

Now if I can but give her the hint without his knowledge! ——Madam —— My Lady *Conſtance*——

Iſa. Whoſe Voice is that?

Fail. A word in private, or you are undone:——Pray ſtep aſide.

Burr. Where are you, Madam?

Iſa. Immediately, Sir *Timorous.*

Fail. You are miſtaken, Madam: 'tis not Sir *Timorous*; but *Burr* in his Cloaths: He has ſtript the Knight; gag'd him, and lock'd him up.

Iſa. Failer?

Fail. The ſame: I could not but prevent your Unhappineſs, though I hazard my Perſon in the diſcovery I vow to gad, Madam.

Burr. Whoſe that talks to you my Lady *Conſtance.*

Iſa. A Maid of my Acquaintance that's come to take her leave of me before I Marry; the Poor Soul does ſo pity me.

Burr. How will that Maid lie thinking of you and me to Night!

Iſa. Has he the Key about him? [*To* Failer.

Fail. I think ſo, Madam.

Iſa. Could not you poſſibly pick his Pocket, and give me the Key; then let me alone to releaſe Sir *Timorous*; and you ſhall be Witneſs of the Wedding.

Fail. Igad you want your Couſin *Iſabelle*'s Wit to bring that to paſs, Madam.

Iſa. I warrant you my own Wit will ſerve to Fool *Burr*—— And you too, or I am much deceiv'd—— [*Aſide.*

Fail. I am a little apprehenſive of the Raſcal's Fingers ſince I felt 'em laſt; and yet my fear has not Power to reſiſt the ſweet temptation of revenge; I vow to gad I'll try, Madam——.

Iſa. Never fear; let me alone to keep him buſie——

Burr. Come, Madam, and let me take off thoſe taſtleſs Kiſſes the Maid gave you; May we not join Lips before we are Married?

Iſa. No, fie, Sir *Timorous.*

[*They ſtruggle a little, and in that time* Failer *picks his Pocket of the Key.*

Fail. I have it——Here 'tis——Now ſhift for your ſelf as I'll do: I'll wait you in the Alley. [*Exit* Fail.

Iſa. Sir *Timorous*, pray go into my Chamber; and make no noiſe till I return: I'll but fetch the little Man of God, and follow you in a twinckling.

Burr. There's no light I hope——

Iſa. Not a ſpark

Burr. For to light me to the Mark—— [*Exit* Burr.

Iſa. What a ſcowring have I ſcapt to Night! Fortune, 'tis thou haſt been ingenious for me! Allons *Iſabelle!* Courage! Now to deliver my Knight from the Enchanted Caſtle. [*Exit* Iſabelle.

Enter Loveby *led by* Setſtone *antickly Habited; with a Torch in one hand, and a Wand in the other.*

Lov. What art thou that haſt led me this long hour
Through Lanes and Alleys, and blind Paſſages?

Se. I am thy *Genius*; and Conduct thee to
Wealth, Fame, and Honour; what thou com'ſt to do
Do boldly: Fear not; with this rod I Charm thee;
And neither Elf nor Goblin now can Harm thee.

Lov. Well, march on; if thou art my *Genius*, thou art bound to be Anſwerable for me: I'll have thee hang'd if I miſcarry.

Set. Fear not my Son.

Lov.

Lov. Fear not quoth a! Then prithee put on a more Familiar ſhape:——One of us two ſtinks extremely: Prithee do not come ſo near me: I do not love to have my Face bleach'd like a Tiffany with thy Brimſtone——

Set. Fear not, but follow me——

Lov. 'Faith I have no great mind to't: I am ſomewhat godly at preſent; but ſtay a Month longer and I'll be proud, and fitter for thee: In the mean time prithee ſtay thy Stomach with ſome *Dutchman*: An *Hollander* with Butter will fry rarely in Hell.

Set. Mortal, 'tis now too late for a retreat: Go on and live: ſtep back and thou art mine.

Lov. So I am however; firſt or laſt, but for once I'll truſt thee——

The Scene opens, and diſcovers Conſtance; *and a Parſon by her, ſhe habited like Fortune.*

Enter again.

Set. Take here the mighty Queen of good and ill;
Fortune: Firſt Marry, then enjoy thy fill
Of lawful Pleaſures; but depart e'er Morn:
Slip from her Bed, or elſe thou ſhalt be torn
Piece-meal by Fiends; thy bloud carows'd in Bowls,
And thy four quarters blown to th' top of *Pouls*.

Lov. By your favour I'll never venture it: Is marrying the buſineſs; I'll none I thank you—— [*Here* Conſtance *Whiſpers* Setſtone.

Set. Fortune will turn her back if twice deny'd.

Lov. Why ſhe may turn her Girdle too on t'other ſide.
This is the Devil; I will not venture on her.

Set. Fear not; ſhe ſwears thou ſhalt receive no harm.

Lov. I, if a Man durſt truſt her; but the Devil is got into ſuch an ill name for lying.

Set. When e'er you are not pleas'd, it ſhall be lawful to ſue out your Divorce.

Lov. I; but where ſhall I get a Lawyer? There you are aforehand with me: You have retain'd moſt of them already——For the favours I have receiv'd, I am very much her Servant, but in the way of Matrimony, Mr. Parſon there can tell you 'tis an Ordinance; and muſt not be enter'd into without mature deliberation: Beſides, Marriages you know are made in Heaven; and that I am ſure this was not.

Set. She bids you then, at leaſt, reſtore that Gold, which ſhe, too laviſhly, pour'd out on you unthankful Man——

Lov. 'Faith I have it not at preſent; 'tis all gone, as I am a Sinner; but, 'tis gone wickedly; all ſpent in the Devil her Father's Service.

Set. Where is the grateful ſence of all your favours? Come, Fiends, with Fleſh-hooks tear the Wretch in pieces, and bear his Soul upon your leathern Wings, below the Fountain of the dark Abyſs.

Lov. What, Are you a Conjuring? If your good at that ſport, I can Conjure as well as you—— [*Draws his Sword.*

Con. Hold; for Heaven's ſake hold, I am no Spirit: Touch but my hand; Ghoſts have no Fleſh and Blood. [*Diſcovering.*

Lov. My Lady *Conſtance*! I began to ſuſpect it might be a trick; but never could imagine you the Author: it ſeems you are deſirous I ſhould Father this *Hans en Kelder heere.*

Con. I know not how without a bluſh to tell you it was a cheat I practis'd for your Love.

Set. A meer Tympany, Sir, rais'd by a Cuſhion; you ſee 'tis gone already.

Con. *Setſtone* was ſent to have acquainted you; but by the way unfortunately miſs'd you.

Lov. 'Twas you then that ſupply'd me all this while with Money; pretty Familiar, I hope to make thee amends e'er I ſleep to Night: Come Parſon, prethee make haſt and join us. I long to be out of her debt poor Rogue.

[*The Parſon takes them to the ſide of the Stage: They turn their backs to the Audience, while he mumbles to them.*

Set. I'll be the Clark; *Amen*, give you joy Mr. Bridegroom, and Mrs. Bride.

Lov. Conſt. Thanks honeſt *Setſtone*. [Bib. Franc. *And Muſick without, they Play.*

Muſick God give your Worſhip a good even Mr. *Loveby*.

Con. Hark! What noiſe is that? Is this Muſick of your providing, *Setſtone*.

Set. Alas,

Set. Alas, Madam, I know nothing of it.

Lov. We are betray'd to your Father; but the beſt on't is, he comes too late to hinder us——Fear not, Madam, I'll bear you through 'em all——

[*As they ruſh out*; Bibber, Frances, *and Muſick are entring in:* Bibber *and* Frances *are beaten down.* [*Exeunt* Loveby, Conſtance, Setſtone, Parſon.

All Cry out. Oh the Devil! The Devil: The Devil!

Bib. Lord Bleſs us, Where are you *Frances?*

Franc. Here *William*! This is a Judgment, as they ſay, upon you *William*; for truſting Wit: And calling Gentlemen to the Tavern, *William.*

Bib. No; 'twas a Judgment upon you, for deſiring Preferment at Court, *Frances.* Let's call up the Watch, and Juſtice *Trice*, to have the Houſe ſearch'd.

Franc. I, I; there's more Devils there I warrant you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Loveby, Conſtance, Setſtone, *again.*

Lov. It was certainly *Will. Bibber* and his Wife with Muſick: For now I remember my ſelf I 'pointed him this hour at your Father's Houſe: But we frighted them worſe than they frighted us.

Con. Our Parſon run away too:——When they cry'd out the Devil!

Lov. He was the wiſer: For if the Devil had come indeed, he has Preach'd ſo long againſt him it would have gone hard with him.

Set. Indeed I have always obſerv'd Parſons to be more fearful of the Devil than other People.

Lov. Oh the Devil's the Spirit, and the Parſon's the Fleſh: And betwixt thoſe two there muſt be War: Yet to do 'em both right, I think in my Conſcience they quarrel only like Lawyers, for their Fees; and meet good Friends in private to laugh at their Clients.

Con. I ſaw him turn in at my Couſin *Iſabelle*'s Chamber Door, which was wide open; I believe ſhe's return'd: We'll fetch a light from the Gallery, and give her joy——

Lov. Why is ſhe Married, Madam?

Con. I'll tell you as we go—— [*Exeunt.*

The SCENE *Changes*; Burr *and the Parſon Enter, meeting in the Dark.*

Burr. My Lady *Conſtance* are you come again? That's well: I have waited ſufficiently for you in the Dark.

Par. Help, help, help good Chriſtian People! The Devil, the Devil's here.

Bur. 'Tis I, Madam; What do you mean?

Par. Avoid Sathan! Avoid, avoid.

Bur. What have I here, the hairy Woman?

Enter Loveby, Conſtance *with the Light.*

Bur. Ha! Yonder's my Lady *Conſtance!* Who have I got, a Stone-Prieſt by this good Light. How's this, *Loveby* too!

Lov. Burr, a beating my Reverend Clergy: What make you here at this unſeaſonable hour! I'll know your buſineſs— [*Draws.*

Bur. Will you, Sir?—— [*They Fight.*

Con. Set. Parſon. Help, Murder, Murder.

Enter at one Door, Trice *Drunk: With the Watch:* Bibber *and* Frances *following. At the other* Nonſuch, *and* Servants, *and* Failer.

Non. Murder, Murder! Beat down their Weapons: Will you Murder Sir *Timorous*, Mr. *Loveby*—— [*They diſarm both.*

Sir *Timorous!* Ha, *Burr!* Thieves; Thieves! Sit down good Mr. Juſtice, and take their Examination: Now I ſhall know how my Money went.

Trice. They ſhall have Juſtice I warrant 'em. [*Goes to ſit and miſſes the Chair.*

Bib. The Juſtice is almoſt dead Drunk, my Lord.

Franc. But and't pleaſe your Worſhip, my Lord, this is not the worſt ſight that we have ſeen here to Night in your Worſhip's-Houſe, we met three or four hugeous ugly Devils, with Eyes like Sawcers, that threw down my Husband, that threw down me, that made my Heart ſo panck ever ſince, as they ſay.

Non. The Devil again in my Houſe!

Lov. Nay, here he was, that's certain; he brought me hither, I know not how my ſelf, and Married me; Mr. *Setſtone* there can juſtifie it: But the beſt is, I have a Charm about me that will lay him yet e'er Midnight.

Fail. And I vow to gad, my Lord, I know as little how I came hither as any Man.

Bur. Nor I.

Trice.

Trice. Nor I.

Lov. No I dare ſwear do'ſt thou not Mr. Juſtice.

Tric. But I wonder how the Devil durſt come into our Ward, when he knows I have been at the Duties of——My Family——This Evening.

Enter one of the Watch, with Timorous, *and* Iſabelle.

Watch. And pleaſe your Worſhip I met this Couple in the Street late, and ſo ſeeing them to be Man and Woman, I brought 'em along with me, upon ſuſpition of Felony together.

Franc. This is the proud minx that ſought ſhelter in my Houſe this Afternoon, Mr. Juſtice.

Fail. Sir *Timorous* and Madam *Iſabelle!* I vow to gad we are undone *Burr*——

Iſa. Do not you know me, Mr. Juſtice?

Lov. Juſtice is blind, he knows no Body.

Iſa. My name is *Iſabelle.*

Franc. No, thy name is *Jezabelle*: I warrant you there's none but Rogues and Papiſts would be abroad at this time of Night.

Bib. Hold *Frances*——

Trice. She's drunk I warrant her as any Beaſt: I wonder Woman you do not conſider what a crying ſin Drunkenneſs is? Whom do you learn it from in our Pariſh? I'm ſure you never ſee me worſe.

Iſa. Burr and *Failer*; acknowledge your ſelves a Couple of recreant Knights: Sir *Timorous* is mine: I have won him in fair Field from you.

Con. Give you joy Couſin——Give you joy!

Lov. Married!

Iſa. And in *Diana*'s Grove Boy.

Lov. Why 'tis fine by Heaven: 'tis wondrous fine, as the Poet goes on ſweetly.

Tim. I am ſure they had gag'd me, and bound me, and ſtript me almoſt ſtark naked, and lockt me up as faſt as a Butterfly, till ſhe came and made me a Man again; and therefore I have reaſon to Love her the longeſt Day I have to live.

Iſa. I, and the longeſt Night too, or you are too blame. And you have one argument I love you, if the proverb be true, for I took you almoſt in your bare Shirt.

Burr. So much for us *Failer*!

Con. Well my Lord, it had as good at firſt as at laſt: I muſt beg your Lordſhip's Bleſſing for this Gentleman and my ſelf. [*Both Kneel.*

Non. Why you are not Married to him I hope! He's Married to the Devil.

Lov. 'Twas a White Devil of your Lordſhip's getting then; Mr. *Setſtone*, and the Reverend here can Witneſs it.

Set. Far. We muſt ſpeak truth my Lord.

Non. Would I had another Child for your ſake, you ſhould ne'er ſee penny of my Money.

Lov. Thank you my Lord; but methinks 'tis much better as 'tis.

Iſa. Come Nuncle 'tis in vain to hold out now 'tis paſt remedy: 'Tis like the laſt Act of a Play when People muſt marry; and if Fathers will not conſent then, they ſhould throw Oranges at 'em from the Galleries: Why ſhould you ſtand off to keep us from a Dance?

Non. But there's one thing ſtill that troubles me, that's her great Belly, and my own too.

Con. Nay for mine my Lord, 'tis vaniſhed already: 'Twas but a trick to catch the old one.

Lov. But I'll do my beſt, ſhe ſhall not be long without another.

Iſa. But as for your great Belly Nuncle, I know no way to rid you on't but by taking out your Guts.

Lov. 'Tis ſuch a pretty ſmart Raſcal; 'tis well I am pleas'd with my own choice; but I could have got ſuch Hectors and Poets and Gameſters out of thee.

Con. No, no; two Wits could never have liv'd well together; want would have ſo ſharpned you upon one another.

Iſa. A Wit ſhould naturally be join'd to a Fortune; by the ſame reaſon your Vintners feed their hungry Wines.

Con. And if Sir *Timorous* and I had married; we two Fortunes muſt have built Hoſpitals with our money, we could never have ſpent it elſe.

Lov. Or what think you of paying Courtiers debts with it.

Iſa. Well, to ſhew I am in Charity with my Enemies, I'll make a motion: While we are in Town let us hire a large Houſe, and live together: *Burr* and *Failer*——

Fail. Shall be utterly diſcarded; I knew 'twould come to that I vow to gad.

Iſa. Shall be our Gueſts.

[Burr *and* Failet *throw up their Caps, and cry* Vivi, Madam Iſabelle.

Lov. And *Bibber* ſhall make our Wedding Cloaths without truſting.

Bib. No, henceforward I'll truſt none but landed Men; and ſuch as have Houſes and Apple-Trees in the Country: Now I have got a Place in the Cuſtom-houſe.

Franc. Nothing vexes me, but that this flirting Gentlewoman ſhould go before me; but I'll to the Heralds Office, and ſee whether the Queen's Majeſties Dreſſer ſhould not take place of any Knight's Wife in Chriſtendom.

Bib. Now all will out——No more good *Frances.*

Franc. I will ſpeak, that I will, ſo I will: What! Shall I be a Dreſſer to the Queen's Majeſty, and no Body muſt know on't; I'll ſend Mr. Church-Warden word on't; and Gentlemen, when you come to St. *Bride*'s Church (if ever you come to Church Gentlemen) you ſhall ſee me in the Pew that's next the Pulpit; thank Mr. *Loveby*'s Worſhip for't.

Lov. Spare your thanks good Landlady, for the truth is we came too late; the Place is gone; and ſo is yours *Will*; but you ſhall have 200 *l.* for One, if that will ſatisfie you.

Franc. This is better News as they ſay.

Lov. Chear up thy Wife *Will*: Where are thy Fiddles? A dance ſhould do it:

Bib. I'll run and call 'em.

Iſa. I have found out that will comfort her: Henceforward I Chriſten her by the name of *Madam Bibber.*

All. A Madam *Bibber*, A Madam *Bibber.*

Franc. Why, I thank you ſweet Gentlemen and Ladies, this is a Cordial to my drooping Spirits: I confeſs I was a little Eclips'd; but I'll chear up with abundance of love, as they ſay. Strike up Fiddles——

Lov. That's a good Wench. [*Dance.*

Trice. This Muſick, and a little nod has recover'd me; I'll in and provide for the Sack-Poſſet.

Non. To Bed, to Bed; 'tis late: Son *Loveby* get me a Boy to Night, and I'll ſettle three thouſand a Year upon him the firſt day he calls me Grandfire.

Lov. I'll do my beſt.

To make the Bargain ſure before I ſleep.
Where Love and Money ſtrike, the blow goes deep.

EPILOGUE to the *WILD GALLANT*, as it was firſt Acted.

THE Wild Gallant *has quite play'd out his Game;*
He's marry'd now, and that will make him tame;
Or if you think Marriage will not reclaim him,
The Criticks ſwear they'll damn him, but they'll tame him.
Yet though our Poet's threatned moſt by theſe,
They are the only People he can pleaſe:
For he to humour them, has ſhown to day,
That which they only like, a wretched Play:
But though his Play be ill, here have been ſhown
The greateſt Wits and Beauties of the Town.
And his Occaſion having brought you here,
You are too grateful to become ſevere.
There is not any Perſon here ſo mean,
But he may freely judge each Act and Scene:
But if you bid him chooſe his Judges then,
He boldly names true Engliſh Gentlemen:
For he ne'er thought a handſome Garb or Dreſs,
So great a Crime to make their Judgement leſs:
And with theſe Gallants he theſe Ladies joins,
To judge that Language their Converſe refines.
But if their Cenſures ſhould condemn his Play,
Far from Diſputing, he does only pray,
He may Leander's *Deſtiny obtain:*
Now ſpare him, drown him when he comes again.

EPILOGUE to the *WILD GALLANT* Reviv'd.

OF all Dramatick Writing, Comick Wit,
As 'tis the beſt, ſo 'tis moſt hard to hit.
For it lies all in level to the Eye,
Where all may judge, and each defect may ſpy.
Humour is that which every day we meet,
And therefore known as every publick ſtreet;
In which, if e'er the Poet go aſtray,
You all can point, 'twas there he loſt his way.
But, What's ſo common, to make pleaſant too,
Is more than any Wit can always do.
For 'tis, like Turks, *with* Hen *and* Rice, *to treat;*
To make regalio's out of common meat.
But, in your Diet you grow Salvages:
Nothing but Humane fleſh your taſte can pleaſe:
And, as their Feaſts with ſlaughter'd Slaves began,
So you, at each new Play, muſt have a Man.
Hither you come, as to ſee Prizes fought;
If no Blood's drawn, you cry the Prize is naught.
But Fools grow weary now; and when they ſee
A Poet Eying round the Company,
Straight each Man for himſelf begins to doubt;
They ſhrink, like Seamen when a Preſs comes out.
Few of 'em will be found for Publick uſe,
Except you charge an Oph upon each Houſe,
Like the Train'd-Bands, and every Man ingage
For a ſufficient Fool to ſerve the Stage.
And, when with much ado you get him there,
Where he in all his glory ſhou'd appear,
Your Poets make him ſuch rare things to ſay,
That he's more Wit than any Man Pith' Play.
But of ſo ill a mingle with the reſt,
As when a Parrat's taught to break a jeaſt.
Thus aiming to be fine, they make a ſhow
As tawdry Squires in Country Churches do.
Things well conſider'd, 'tis ſo hard to make
A Comedy, which ſhould the knowing take:
That our dull Poet, in deſpair to pleaſe,
Does humbly beg by me his writ of eaſe.
'Tis a Land-tax which he's too poor to pay;
You, therefore muſt ſome other impoſt lay.
Would you but change for ſerious Plot and Verſe.
This motley Garniture of Fool and Farce,
Nor ſcorn a Mode, becauſe 'tis taught at home,
Which does, like Veſts, our Gravity become;
Our Poet yields you ſhould this Play refuſe,
As Tradeſmen, by the change of faſhions, loſe
With ſome content their fripperies of France,
In hope it may their ſtaple Trade advance.

THE

The RIVAL LADIES.

To the Right Honourable

Roger Earl of *ORRERY.*

MY LORD,

THIS worthleſs Preſent was deſign'd you, long before it was a Play; when it was only a confus'd Maſs of Thoughts, tumbling over one another in the Dark: When the Fancy was yet in its firſt Work, moving the Sleeping Images of things towards the Light, there to be diſtinguiſh'd, and then either choſen or rejected by the Judgment: It was yours, my Lord, before I could call it mine. And, I confeſs, in that firſt Tumult of my Thoughts, there appear'd a diſorderly kind of Beauty in ſome of them, which gave me hope, ſomething worthy my Lord of *Orrery* might be drawn from them: But I was then in that eagerneſs of imagination, which by over-pleaſing Fanciful Men, flatters them into the Danger of Writing; ſo that when I had Molded it to that Shape it now bears, I look'd with ſuch Diſguſt upon it, that the Cenſures of our ſevereſt Criticks are Charitable to what I thought (and ſtill think) of it my ſelf: 'Tis ſo far from me to believe this perfect, that I am apt to conclude our beſt Plays are ſcarcely ſo; for the Stage being the Repreſentation of the World, and the Actions in it, how can it be imagin'd, that the Picture of humane Life can be more Exact than Life it ſelf is; He may be allowed ſometimes to Err, who undertakes to move ſo many Characters and Humours as are requiſit in a Play, in thoſe narrow Channels which are proper to each of them: To conduct his imaginary Perſons, through ſo many various Intrigues and Chances, as the Labouring Audience ſhall think them loſt under every Billow; and then at length to Work them ſo naturally out of their Diſtreſſes, that when the whole Plot is laid open, the Spectators may reſt ſatisfied, that every cauſe was powerful enough to produce the effect it had; and that the whole Chain of them was with ſuch due order link'd together, that the firſt Accident would naturally beget the ſecond, till they all render'd the Concluſion neceſſary.

Theſe difficulties, my Lord, may reaſonably excuſe the Errors of my undertaking; but for this confidence of my Dedication, I have an Argument which is too Advantagious for me, not to publiſh it to the World. 'Tis the kindneſs your Lordſhip has continually ſhown to all my Writings. You have been pleas'd, my Lord, they ſhould ſometimes croſs the *Iriſh* Seas to Kiſs your Hands; which Paſſage (contrary to the Experience of others) I have found the leaſt dangerous in the World. Your favour has ſhone upon me at a remote diſtance, without the leaſt knowledge of my Perſon; and (like the Influence of the Heavenly Bodies) you have done good without knowing to whom you did it. 'Tis this Virtue in your Lordſhip, which imboldens me to this attempt: For did I not conſider you as my Patron, I have little reaſon to deſire you for my Judge; and ſhould appear with as much awe before you in the Reading, as I had when the full Theater ſat upon the Action. For who could ſo ſeverely judge of faults as he, who has given Teſtimony he commits none; your Excellent Poems having afforded that knowledge of it to the World, that your Enemies are ready to upbraid you with it, as a Crime for a Man of buſineſs to Write ſo well. Neither durſt I have juſtified your Lordſhip in it, if examples of it had not been in the World before you, if *Xenophon* had not written a Romance, and a certain *Roman*, call'd *Auguſtus Cæſar*, a Tragedy, and Epigrams. But their Writing was the Entertainment of their Pleaſure; Yours is only a Diverſion of your Pain. The *Muſes* have ſeldom employed your Thoughts, but when ſome violent Fit of the Gout has ſnatch'd you from affairs of State: And, like the Prieſteſs of *Apollo*, you never come to deliver his Oracles but Unwillingly, and in torment. So that we are oblig'd to your Lordſhips miſery for our Delight: You treat us with the Cruel pleaſure of a *Turkiſh* Triumph, where thoſe who cut and Wound their Bodies, ſing Songs of Victory as they paſs, and divert others with their own Sufferings. Other Men indure their Diſeaſes, your Lordſhip only can enjoy them. Plotting and Writing in this kind, are certainly more troubleſome employments than many which ſignifie more, and are of greater moment

in the World: The Fancy, Memory, and Judgment, are then extended (like ſo many Limbs) upon the Rack; all of them Reaching with their utmoſt ſtreſs at Nature; a thing ſo almoſt Infinite, and Boundleſs, as can never fully be Comprehended, but where the Images of all things are always preſent. Yet I wonder not, your Lordſhip ſucceeds ſo well in this attempt; the Knowledge of Men is your daily practice in the World; to Work and bend their ſtubborn Minds, which go not all after the ſame Grain, but each of them ſo particular a way, that the ſame common Humours, in ſeveral Perſons, muſt be wrought upon by ſeveral means. Thus, my Lord, your Sickneſs is but the imitation of your Health; the Poet but ſubordinate to the States-Man in you; you ſtill govern Men with the ſame Addreſs, and manage Buſineſs with the ſame Prudence, allowing it here (as in the World) the due Increaſe and Growth, till it come to the juſt heighth; and then turning it when it is fully Ripe, and Nature calls out, as it, were to be deliver'd. With this only advantage of eaſe to you in your Poetry, that you have Fortune here at your command: With which, Wiſdom does often unſucceſsfully ſtruggle in the World. Here is no chance which you have not fore-ſeen; all your Heroes are more than your Subjects; they are your Creatures; and though they ſeem to move freely, in all the Sallies of their Paſſions, yet you make Deſtinies for them which they cannot ſhun. They are mov'd (if I may dare to ſay ſo) like the Rational Creatures of the Almighty Poet, who walk at Liberty, in their own Opinion, becauſe their Fetters are Invincible when indeed the Priſon of their Will, is the more ſure for being large: And inſtead of an abſolute Power over their Actions, they have only a wretched Deſire of doing that, which they cannot chooſe but do.

I have dwelt, my Lord, thus long upon your Writing, not becauſe you deſerve not greater and more noble Commendations, but becauſe I am not equally able to expreſs them in other Subjects. Like an ill Swimmer, I have willingly ſtaid long in my own Depth: and though I am eager of performing more, yet am loath to Venture out beyond my Knowledge. For beyond your Poetry, my Lord, all is Ocean to me. To Speak of you as a Soldier, or a States-Man, were only to betray my own ignorance: And I could hope no better ſucceſs from it, than that miſerable *Rhetorician* had, who ſolemnly Declaim'd before *Hannibal*, of the conduct of Arms, and the Art of War. I can only ſay in general, that the Souls of other Men ſhine out at little Cranies; they underſtand ſome one thing, perhaps to Admiration, while they are Darkned on all the other Parts: But your Lordſhip's Soul is an intire Globe of Light, breaking out on every Side; and if I have only diſcover'd one Beam of it, 'tis not that the light falls unequally, but becauſe the Body which receives it, is of unequal Parts.

The acknowledgement of which is a fair occaſion offer'd me, to retire from the conſideration of your Lordſhip, to that of my Self: I here preſent you, my Lord, with that in Print which you had the goodneſs not to diſlike upon the Stage; and account it happy to have met you here in *England*: It being at beſt, like ſmall Wines, to be Drunk out upon the place, and has not Body enough to indure the Sea. I know not whether I have been ſo careful of the Plot and Language as I ought; but for the latter I have indeavor'd to write Engliſh, as near as I could diſtinguiſh it from the Tongue of *Pedants*, and that of affected Travellers: Only I am ſorry, that (Speaking ſo noble a Language as we do) we have not a more certain Meaſure of it, as they have in *France*, where they have an Academy erected for that purpoſe, and Indow'd with large Privileges by the preſent King. I wiſh we might at length leave to borrow Words from other Nations, which is now a Wantonneſs in us, not a Neceſſity; but ſo long as ſome affect to Speak them; there will not want others who will have the boldneſs to VVrite them.

But I fear leaſt defending the receiv'd words, I ſhall be accus'd for following the New way, I mean, of VVriting Scenes in Verſe: Though, to Speak properly, 'tis not ſo much a new way amongſt us, as an old way new reviv'd; For many Years before *Shakeſpear*'s Plays, was the Tragedy of Queen *Gorboduc* in *Engliſh* Verſe, written by that famous Lord *Buckhurſt*, afterwards Earl of *Dorſet*, and Progenitor to that Excellent Perſon, who (as he inherits his Soul and Title) I wiſh may Inherit his good Fortune. But ſuppoſing our Country-men had not receiv'd this Writing till of late! Shall we Oppoſe our ſelves to the moſt Poliſh'd and Civiliz'd Nations of *Europe*; Shall we with the ſame Singularity oppoſe the VVorld in this, as moſt of us do in pronouncing *Latin*; Or do we deſire that the Brand which *Barclay* has, (I hope) unjuſtly laid upon the *Engliſh* ſhould ſtill continue: *Angli ſuos ac ſua omnia impenſe mirantur; cæteras nationes deſpectui habent.* All the *Spaniſh* and *Italian* Tragedies I have yet ſeen, are writ in Rhyme: For the *French*,

I do not name them, becauſe it is the Fate of our Country-men to admit little of theirs among us, but the Baſeſt of their Men, the Extravagances of their Faſhions, and the Frippery of their Merchandiſe. *Shakeſpear* (who with ſome Errors not to be avoided in that Age, had undoubtedly a larger Soul of Poeſie, than ever any of our Nation) was the firſt, who to ſhun the pains of continual Rhyming, invented that kind of VVriting, which we call blank Verſe, but the *French* more properly, *Proſſe Meſuree:* Into which the *Engliſh* Tongue ſo naturally Slides, that in VVriting Proſe 'tis hardly to be avoided. And therefore, I admire ſome Men ſhould perpetually ſtumble in a way ſo eaſie. And inverting the order of their VVords, conſtantly cloſe their lines with Verbs; which though commended ſometimes in VVriting Latin, yet we were Whipt at *Weſtminſter* if we us'd it twice together. I know ſome, who if they were to VVrite in Blank Verſe, Sir, *I ask your Pardon*, would think it Sounded more Heroically to write, Sir, *I your Pardon ask*. I ſhould judge him to have little command of *Engliſh*, whom the neceſſity of a Rhyme ſhould force often upon this Rock: Though ſometimes it cannot eaſily be avoided: And indeed this is the only inconvenience with which Rhyme can be charged. This is that which makes them ſay, Rhyme is not natural, it being only ſo, when the Poet either makes a vicious choice of VVords, or places them for Rhyme ſake ſo unnaturally, as no Man would in ordinary Speaking: But when 'tis ſo judiciouſly ordered, that the firſt VVord in the Verſe ſeems to beget the ſecond, and that the next, till that becomes the laſt Word in the Line, which in the negligence of Proſe would be ſo; it muſt then be granted, Rhyme has all the advantages of Proſe, beſides its own. But the Excellence and Dignity of it, were never fully known till Mr. *Waller* taught it; he firſt made Writing eaſily an Art: Firſt ſhew'd us to conclude the Senſe, moſt commonly, in Diſtichs; which in the Verſe of thoſe before him, runs on for ſo many Lines together, that the Reader is out of Breath to overtake it. This ſweetneſs of Mr. *Waller*'s *Lyrick* Poeſie was afterwards follow'd in the Epick by Sir *John Denham*, in his *Cooper's-Hill*: A Poem which your Lordſhip knows for the Majeſty of the Style, is, and ever will be the exact Standard of good Writing. But if we owe the Invention of it to Mr. *Waller*, we are acknowledging for the Nobleſt uſe of it to Sir *William D'avenant*; who at once brought it upon the Stage, and made it perfect, in the Siege of *Rhodes*.

The advantages which Rhyme has over Blank Verſe, are ſo many, that it were loſt time to name them: Sir *Philip Sidney*, in his defence of Poeſie gives us one, which, in my Opinion, is not the leaſt conſiderable; I mean the help it brings to Memory: Which Rhyme ſo Knits up by the Affinity of Sounds, that by remembring the laſt Word in one Line we often call to mind both the Verſes. Then in the quickneſs of Reparties, (which in Diſcourſive Scenes fall very often) it has ſo particular a Grace, and is ſo aptly Suited to them, that the ſuddain Smartneſs of the Anſwer, and the Sweetneſs of the Rhyme, ſet off the Beauty of each other. But that benefit which I conſider moſt in it, becauſe I have not ſeldom found it, is, that it Bounds and Circumſcribes the Fancy. For Imagination in a Poet is a faculty ſo Wild and Lawleſs, that like an High-ranging Spaniel it muſt have Cloggs tied to it, leaſt it out-run the Judgment. The great eaſineſs of Blank Verſe, renders the Poet too Luxuriant; He is tempted to ſay many things, which might better be Omitted, or at leaſt ſhut up in fewer Words: But when the difficulty of Artful Rhyming is interpos'd, where the Poet commonly confines his Sence to his Couplet, and muſt contrive that Sence into ſuch Words, that the Rhyme ſhall naturally follow them, not they the Rhyme; the Fancy then gives leiſure to the Judgment to come in; which ſeeing ſo heavy a Tax impos'd, is ready to cut off all unneceſſary Expences. This laſt Conſideration has already anſwer'd an Objection which ſome have made; that Rhyme is only an Embroidery of Sence, to make that which is ordinary in it ſelf paſs for excellent with leſs Examination. But certainly, that which moſt regulates the Fancy, and gives the Judgment its buſieſt Employment, is like to bring forth the richeſt and cleareſt Thoughts. The Poet examines that moſt which he produceth with the greateſt Leiſure, and which, he knows, muſt paſs the ſevereſt Teſt of the Audience, becauſe they are apteſt to have it ever in their Memory: As the Stomach makes the beſt Concoction when it ſtrictly embraces the Nouriſhment, and takes account of every little Particle as it paſſes through. But as the beſt Medicines may loſe their Vertue by being ill applied, ſo is it with Verſe, if a fit Subject be not choſen for it. Neither muſt the Argument alone, but the Characters, and Perſons be great and noble; Otherwiſe, (as *Scaliger* ſays of *Claudian*) the Poet will be, *Ignobiliore materia depreſſus*. The Scenes, which in my Opinion, moſt commend it, are thoſe of Argumentation and Diſcourſe,

on

on the reſult of which, the doing or not doing ſome conſiderable action ſhould depend.

But, my Lord, though I have more to ſay upon this Subject, yet I muſt remember 'tis your Lordſhip to whom I ſpeak; who have much better commended this way by your Writing in it, than I can do by Writing for it. Where my Reaſons cannot prevail, I am ſure your Lordſhip's Example muſt. Your Rhetorick has gain'd my cauſe; at leaſt the greateſt part of my Deſign has already ſucceeded to my wiſh, which was to intereſt ſo noble a Perſon in the Quarrel, and withal to teſtifie to the World how happy I eſteem my Self in the honour of being,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt Humble,

and moſt Obedient Servant.

John Dryden.

PROLOGUE *to the* RIVAL-LADIES.

'TIS much Deſir'd, you Judges of the Town
Would paſs a vote to put all Prologues *down;*
For who can ſhow me, ſince they firſt were Writ,
They e'er Converted one hard-hearted Wit;
Yet the World's mended well; in former Days
Good Prologues *were as ſcarce, as now good* Plays.
For the reforming Poets of our Age,
In this firſt Charge, ſpend their Poetick rage:
Expect no more when once the Prologue's *done;*
The Wit is ended e'er Play's *begun.*
You now have Habits, Dances, Scenes, and Rhymes;
High Language often; I, and Senſe, ſometimes:
As for a clear Contrivance doubt it not;
They blow out Candles to give Light to th' Plot.
And for Surprize, two Bloody-minded Men
Fight till they Dye, then riſe and Dance again:
Such deep Intrigues you'r welcome to this Day:
But blame your Selves, not him who Writ the Play;
Though his Plot's Dull, as can be well deſir'd,
Wit ſtiff as any you have e'er admir'd:
He's bound to pleaſe, not to Write well, and knows
There is a mode in Plays as well as Cloaths:
Therefore kind Judges———

A Second PROLOGUE

Enters.

2——Hold; Would you admit
For Judges all you ſee within the Pit.
1. Whom would be then Except, or on what Score?
2. All, who (like him) have Writ ill Plays before;
For they, like Thieves condemn'd, are Hang-men made,
To execute the Members of their Trade.
All that are Writing now he would diſown:
But then he muſt Except, ev'n all the Town.
All Choſ'rick, loſing Gameſters, who in ſpight
Will damn to Day, becauſe they loſt laſt Night:
All Servants whom their Miſtreſs's ſcorn upbraids;
All Maudlin Lovers, and all Slighted Maids:
All who are out of humour, or Severe;
All, that want Wit, or hope to find it here.

Perſonæ Dramatis.

DON *Gonſalvo de Peralta*, A young Gentleman, newly arriv'd from the *Indies*. } In love with *Julia*.
Don *Rhodorigo de Sylva*; In love with the ſame Lady.
Don *Manuel de Torres*. Brother to *Julia*.
Julia, Elder Siſter to Don *Manuel*; Promis'd to *Rhodorigo*.
Honoria, younger Siſter to Don *Manuel*, diſguis'd in the Habit of a Man, and going by the Name of *Hippolito*. } In love with *Gonſalvo*.
Angellina, Siſter to Don *Rhodorigo*, in Man's Habit. } Likewiſe in Love with *Gonſalva*, and going by the Name of *Amideo*.
Servants. } Sea-men.
Robbers. } Maſquers.

The Scene, *Alicant*.

THE RIVAL LADIES.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The SCENE, *A Wood.*

Enter Gonſalvo, Servant.

Gonſ. NAY, 'twas a ſtrange as well as cruel ſtorm,
To take us almoſt in the Port of *Sevil*,
And drive us up as far as *Barcellona*;
The whole Plate-Fleet was ſcatter'd, ſome part wrack'd;
There one might ſee the Sailors diligent
To caſt o'er board the Maſters envy'd Wealth,
While he, all Pale, and Dying, ſtood in doubt
Whether to eaſe the burthen of the Ship
By drowning of his Ingots, or himſelf.
Serv. Fortune is a Woman every where,
But moſt upon the Sea.
Gonſ. Had that been all
I ſhould not have complain'd; but e'er we could
Repair our ſhip, to drive us back again
Was ſuch a Cruelty——
Serv. Yet that ſhort time you ſtaid at *Barcellona*
You Husbanded ſo well, I think you left
A Miſtreſs there.
Gonſ. I made ſome ſmall Eſſays
Of Love, what might have been I cannot tell:
But ſo leave that, upon what part of *Spain*
Are we now caſt?
Serv. Sir, I take that City to be *Alicant*.
Gonſ. Some days muſt of neceſſity be ſpent
In looking to our Ship; then back again
For *Sevil*.
Serv. There you'r ſure you ſhall be welcome.
Gonſ. I, if my Brother *Rodorick* be return'd
From *Flanders*; but 'tis now three Years ſince I
Have heard from him, and ſince I ſaw him twelve.
Serv. Your growth, and your long abſence in the *Indies*
Have alter'd you ſo much, he'll ſcarcely know you.
Gonſ. I'm ſure I ſhould not him, and leſs my Siſter;
Who, when I with my Uncle went this Voyage,
Was then one of thoſe little prating Girls
Of whom fond Parents tell ſuch tedious Stories
Well, go you back.
Serv. I go, Sir.
Gonſ. And take care
None of the Sea-men ſlip aſhore.
Serv. I ſhall, Sir; [*Exit* Servant.
Gonſ. I'll walk a little while among theſe Trees,
Now the freſh ev'ning Air blows from the Hills,
And breaths the ſweetneſs of the Orange Flowers
Upon me, from the Gardens near the City. [*Robbers within.*
1. *Rob.* I ſay, make ſure, and kill him;
Hip. For Heaven's dear ſake have pity on my Youth. [*Within.*

Gonſ.

Gonſ. Some violence is offer'd in the Wood
By Robbers to a Traveller: Who e'er
Thou art, humanity obliges me
To give thee ſuccour.
Hip. Help! Ah cruel Men! [*Within.*
Gonſ. This way I think the voice came, 'tis not far. [*Exit.*
[*The Scene draws and diſcovers* Hippolito *bound to a Tree, and two Robbers by him with drawn Swords.*
2. *Rob.* Strip him, and let him go:
1. *Rob.* Diſpatch him quite; off with his Doublet quickly.
Hip. Ah me Unfortuuate!
Enter Gonſalvo *ſeizes the Sword of one of them, runs him through; then after a little reſiſtance diſarms the other.*
2. *Rob.* If you have Mercy in you ſpare my Life;
I never was conſenting to a Deed
So black as Murder, though my Fellow urg'd me:
I only meant to Rob, and I am puniſht
Enough, in miſſing of my Wicked aim.
Gonſ. Do they Rob Angels there? This ſweet Youth has
A Face ſo like one which I lately ſaw
It makes your Crime of Kin to Sacrilege:
But live; and henceforth
Take noble courſes to maintain your life:
Here's ſomething that will reſcue you from want,
Till you can find employment. [*Gives him Gold, and unbinds* Hippolito.
Hip. What ſtrange adventure's this! How little hop'd I,
When thus diſguis'd I ſtole from *Barcellona*,
To be reliev'd by grave *Gonſalvo* here? [*Aſide.*
2. *Rob.* That life you have preſerv'd ſhall ſtill be yours;
And that you may perceive how much my Nature
Is wrought upon by this your generous Act;
That goodneſs you have ſhown to me, I'll uſe
To others for your ſake, if you dare truſt me
A moment from your ſight.
Gonſ. Nay, take your Sword,
I will not ſo much cruſh a Budding virtue
As to ſuſpect. [*Gives him his Sword. Exit* Robber.
——Sweet Youth, you ſhall not leave me
Till I have ſeen you ſafe.
Hip. You need not doubt it:
Alas! I find I cannot if I would; [*Aſide.*
I am but free to be a greater Slave:
How much am I oblig'd, Sir, to your Valour?
Gonſ. Rather to your own ſweetneſs, pretty Youth;
You muſt have been ſome way preſerv'd, though I
Had not been near; my Aid did but prevent
Some miracle more ſlowly ſetting out
To ſave ſuch Excellence.
Hip. How much more gladly could I hear thoſe words,
If he that ſpoke them knew he ſpoke to me; [*Aſide.*
Enter the Robber *again with Don* Manuel, *and* Julia *bound.*
My Brother and my Siſter Pris'ners too!
They cannot ſure diſcover me through this
Diſguiſe; however I'll not venture it. [*Steps behind the Trees.*
2. *Rob.* This Gentleman and Lady [*To* Gonſalvo *privately.*
My Fellows bound. [*Exit* Robber.
Man. We muſt prepare to die;
This is the Captain of the Picarons.
Jul. Methinks he looks like one; I have a ſtrange
Averſion to that Man; He's fatal to me.
Gonſ. I ne'er ſaw Excellence in Woman-kind [*Stares on her.*
Till now, and yet diſcern it at the firſt:
Perfection is diſcover'd in a moment.
He that ne'er ſaw the Sun before, yet knows him.

Jul.

Jul. How the Villain ſtares upon me!
Gonſ. Wonder prepares my Soul, and then Love enters:
But Wonder is ſo cloſe purſu'd by Love,
That like a Fire, it warms as ſoon as born.
Man. If we muſt die, what need theſe Circumſtances?
Jul. Heav'n defend me from him.
Gonſ. Why Madam, can you doubt a rudeneſs from me?
Your very Fears and Griefs create an awe.
Such Majeſty they bear; methinks I ſee
Your Soul retir'd within her inmoſt Chamber,
Like a fair Mourner ſit in State, with all
The ſilence Pomp of Sorrow round about her.
Man. Your Language does expreſs a Man bred up
To worthier ways than thoſe that follow now.
Gonſ. What does he mean? [*Aſide.*
Man. If (as it ſeems) you Love; Love is a Paſſion
Which kindles honour into noble Acts:
Reſtore my Siſter's liberty; oblige her;
And ſee what Gratitude will Work.
Gonſ. All this is ſtranger yet.
Man. What e'er a Brother's Power
To morrow can do for you, claim it boldly.
Gonſ. I know not why you think your ſelves my Pris'ners;
This Ladies freedom is a thing too precious
To be diſpos'd by any but her ſelf:
But value this ſmall ſervice as you pleaſe,
Which you reward too prodigally, by
Permitting me to pay her more.
Jul. Love from an Out-law! From a Villian love!
If I have that Pow'r on thee thou pretend'ſt,
Go and purſue thy Miſchiefs, but preſume not
To follow me:——Come Brother. [*Exeunt* Julia, Manuel.
Gonſ. Thoſe foul names of Out-law, and of Villain,
I never did deſerve: They raiſe my wonder. [*Walks.*
Dull that I was, not to find this before!
She took me for the Captain of the Robbers:
It muſt be ſo; I'll tell her her miſtake. [*Goes out haſtily, and returns immediately.*
She's gone, ſhe's gone, and who or whence ſhe is
I cannot tell; methinks ſhe ſhould have left
A track ſo bright I might have follow'd her;
Like ſetting Suns that vaniſh in a Glory.
O Villain that I am! O hated Villain!
Enter Hippolito *again.*
Hip. I cannot ſuffer you to wrong your ſelf
So much; for though I do not know your Perſon,
Your actions are too Fair, too Noble, Sir,
To merit that foul Name.
Gonſ. Prithee do not flatter me, I am a Villain;
That admirable Lady ſaid I was.
Hip. I fear you love her, Sir.
Gonſ. No, no; not love her:
Love is the name of ſome more gentle Paſſion;
Mine is a fury grown up in a moment
To an extremity, and laſting in it:
An heap of Powder ſet on Fire, and burning
As long as any ordinary Fuel.
Hip. How could he love ſo ſoon? And yet alas!
What cauſe have I to ask that queſtion?
Who lov'd him the firſt Minute that I ſaw him:
I cannot leave him thus, though I perceive
His Heart ingag'd another way. [*Aſide.*
Sir, can you have ſuch pity on my youth, [*To him.*
On my forſaken, and my helpleſs youth,
To take me to your ſervice?

Gonſ. Would'ſt thou ſerve
A Mad-man, how can he take care of thee
Whom Fortune and his Reaſon have abandon'd?
A Man that ſaw, and lov'd and diſoblig'd,
Is Baniſh'd, and is Mad, all in a moment.
Hip. Yet you alone have title to my ſervice;
You make me Yours by your preſerving me:
And that's the title Heav'n has to Mankind.
Gonſ. Prithee no more.
Hip. I know your Miſtreſs too.
Gonſ. Ha! Doſt thou know the Perſon I adore?
Anſwer me quickly; Speak, and I'll receive thee:
Haſt thou no Tongue?
Hip. Why, Did I ſay I knew her?
All I can hope for, if I have my wiſh
To live with him, is but to be unhappy. [*Aſide.*
Gonſ. Thou falſe and lying Boy, to ſay thou knewſt her;
Prethee ſay ſomething, though thou Cozen'ſt me.
Hip. Since you will know, her name is *Julia*, Sir,
And that Young Gentleman you ſaw, her Brother,
Don *Manuel de Torres.*
Gonſ. Say I ſhould take thee, Boy, and ſhould employ thee
To that fair Lady, wouldſt thou ſerve me faithfully?
Hip. You ask me an hard queſtion; I can die
For you, perhaps I cannot woo ſo well.
Gonſ. I knew thou wouldſt not do't.
Hip. I ſwear I would:
But, Sir, I grieve to be the Meſſenger
Of more unhappy News; ſhe muſt be Married
This day to one Don *Rodorick de Sylva*,
Betwixt whom and her Brother there has been
A long, (and it was thought a mortal) quarrel,
But now it muſt for ever end in Peace:
For hap'ning both to love each other's Siſters,
They have concluded it in a croſs Marriage;
Which, in the Palace of Don *Rodorick*,
They went to Celebrate from their Country-houſe,
When, taken by the Thieves, you reſcu'd them.
Gonſ. Methinks I am grown patient on a ſuddain:
And all my Rage is gone: Like loſing Gameſters
Who fret and ſtorm, and ſwear at little loſſes:
But, when they ſee, all hope of fortune vaniſh'd,
Submit and gain a temper by their Ruin.
Hip. Would you could caſt his Love, which troubles you
Out of your mind.
Gonſ. I cannot Boy; but ſince
Her Brother, with intent to Cozen me,
Made me the promiſe of his beſt aſſiſtance;
I'll take ſome courſe to be reveng'd of him. [*Is going out.*
But ſtay, I charge thee, Boy, diſcover not
To any who I am;
Hip. Alas I cannot, Sir, I know you not.
Gonſ. Why, there's it; I am mad again; Oh Love!
Hip. Oh Love! [*Exeunt ambo.*

SCENE II.

Enter two Servants of Don Rodorick's, *placing Chairs, and talking as they place them.*

1. *Serv.* Make ready quickly there; Don *Manuel*
And his fair Siſter, that muſt be our Lady,
Are coming in.

2. They

2. They have been long expected;
'Tis Evening now, and the Canonick Hours
For Marriage are paſt.
1. The nearer Bed-time
The better ſtill; my Lord, will not defer it:
He ſwears the Clergy are no fit Judges
Of our Neceſſities.
2. Where is my Lord?
1. Gone out to meet his Bride.
2. I wonder that my Lady *Angellina*
Went not with him, She's to be Married too.
1. I do not think ſhe fancies much the Man;
Only, to make the Reconcilement perfect
Betwixt the Families, ſhe's Paſſive in it;
The choice being but her Brothers, not her Own.
2. Troth, wer't my caſe, I care not who choſe for me:
1. Nor I; 'twould ſave the Proceſs of a tedious Paſſion,
A long Law-ſuit of Love, which quite conſumes
An honeſt Lover e'er he gets Poſſeſſion:
I would come Plump, and freſh, and all my ſelf,
Serv'd up to my Bride's-Bed like a fat Fowl,
Before the Froſt of Love had nipt me through.
I look on Wives as on good dull Companions,
For Elder Brothers to ſleep out their time with;
All we can hope for in the Marriage-Bed,
Is but to take our Reſt; and what care I
Who lays my Pillow for me.

Enter a Poet *with Verſes.*

2. Now, what's your buſineſs Friend?
Poet. An *Epithalamium* to the Noble Bridegrooms.
1. Let me ſee; what's here? As I live [*Takes it.*
Nothing but down-right Bawdry: Sirrah, Raſcal,
Is this an Age for Ribaldry in Verſe?
When every Gentleman in Town ſpeaks it
With ſo much better grace, than thou canſt write it;
I'll beat thee with a ſtaff of thy own Rhymes.
Poet. Nay, good Sir? [*Runs off, and Exit.*
2. Peace, They are here.

Enter Don Rodorick, *Don* Manuel, Julia, *and Company.*

1. My Lord looks ſullenly, and fain would hide it.
2. Howe'er he Weds Don *Manuel*'s Siſter, yet
I fear he's hardly reconcil'd to him.
Jul. I tremble at it ſtill.
Rod. I muſt confeſs
Your danger great: But, Madam, ſince 'tis paſt
To ſpeak of it were to renew your Fears.
My Noble Brother, welcome to my Breaſt.
Some call my Siſter; ſay, Don *Manuel*
Her Bridegroom waits.
Man. Tell her, in both the Houſes
There now remains no Enemy but ſhe.
Rod. In the mean time lets Dance; Madam, I hope
You'll grace me with your Hand:——

Enter Leonora, *Woman to* Angellina; *takes the two Men aſide.*

Leon. O Sir, my Lady *Angellina!*
Rod. Why comes ſhe not?
Leon. Is fall'n extremely Sick.
Both. How.
Leon. Nay, trouble not your ſelves too much,
Theſe Fits are uſual with her; and not dangerous.
Rod. O rarely counterfeited. [*Aſide.*
Man. May not I ſee her?
Leon. She does by me, deny her ſelf that honour.
[*As ſhe ſpeaks ſteals a Note into his hand.*

I ſhall return, I hope, with better news;
In the mean time ſhe prays, you'll not diſturb
The Company. [*Exit* Leonora.
Rod. This troubles me exceedingly.
Man. A Note put privately into my hand
By *Angelina*'s Woman? She's my Creature:
There's ſomething in't; I'll read it my ſelf—— [*Aſide.*
Rod. Brother, what Paper's that?
Man. Some begging Verſes
Deliver'd me this Morning on my Wedding.
Rod. Pray let me ſee 'em:
Man. I have many Copies,
Pleaſe you to entertain your ſelf with theſe. [*Gives him another Paper.*
Sir, [Manuel *Reads.*
My Lady feigns this ſickneſs to delude you:
Her Brother hates you ſtill; and the Plot is,
That he ſhall marry firſt your Siſter,
And then deny you his—— [*Yours* Leonora——

Poſtſcript.

Since I writ this, I have ſo wrought upon her,
(Who of her ſelf is timerous enough)
That ſhe believes her Brother will betray her,
Or elſe be forc'd to give her up to you;
Therefore, unknown to him, ſhe means to flie:
Come to the Garden Door at Seven this Evening,
And there you may ſurprize her; mean time I
Will keep her ignorant of all things, that
Her fear may ſtill Increaſe.

Enter Leonora *again.*

Rod. How now? How does your Lady?
Leon. So ill, ſhe cannot poſſibly wait on you.
Man. Kind Heav'n give me her Sickneſs.
Rod. Thoſe are Wiſhes:
What's to be done?
Man. We muſt defer our Marriages.
Rod. Leonora, now! [*Aſide to her.*
Leon. My Lady, Sir, has abſolutely charged
Her Brother's ſhould go forward.
Rod. Abſolutely!
Leon. Expreſly, Sir, becauſe ſhe ſays there are
So many honourable Perſons here,
Whom to defraud of their intended Mirth,
And of each others Company, where rude:
So hoping your excuſe. [*Exit* Leonora.
Rod. That privilege of Pow'r which Brothers have
In *Spain*, I never us'd: Therefore ſubmit
My Will to hers, but with much ſorrow, Sir;
My Happineſs ſhould go before, not wait
On yours: Lead on.
Man. Stay, Sir, though your fair Siſter in reſpect
To this Aſſembly ſeems to be content
Your Marriage ſhould proceed, we muſt not want
So much good Manners as to ſuffer it.
Rod. So much good Manners, Brother?
Man—————— I have ſaid it.
Should we to ſhow our ſorrow for her Sickneſs,
Provoke our eaſie Souls to careleſs Mirth,
As if our drunken Revels were deſign'd
For joy of what ſhe ſuffers?
Rod. 'Twill be over
In a few Days.
Man. Your ſtay will be the leſs.
Rod. All things are now in readineſs, and muſt not
Be put off, for a peeviſh Humour thus.

Man.

Man. They muſt; or I ſhall think you mean not fairly:
Rod. Explain your ſelf.
Man. That you would Marry firſt,
And afterwards refuſe me *Angellina.*
Rod——Think ſo.
Man. You are
Rod. Speak ſoftly.
Man. A foul Villain.
Rod. Then——
Man. Speak ſoftly.
Rod. I'll find a time to tell you, you are one.
Man. 'Tis well.
Ladies, you wonder at our Whiſpers, [*To the Company.*
But more will wonder when you know the cauſe;
The Beauteous *Angellina* is fall'n ill;
And ſince ſhe cannot with her preſence Grace
This Days Solemnity, the Noble *Rodorick*
Thinks fit it be deferr'd, till ſhe recover;
Then, we both hope to have your Companies.
Lad. Wiſhing her Health, we take our leaves. [*Exeunt Company.*
Rod. Your Siſter yet will Marry me.
Man. She will not: Come hither *Julia.*
Jul. What ſtrange afflicting News is this you tell us:
Man. 'Twas all this falſe Man's Plot, that when he had
Poſſeſt you, he might Cheat me of his Siſter.
Jul. Is this true, *Rodorick*? Alas, his ſilence
Does but too much confeſs it: How I bluſh
To own that Love I cannot yet take from thee!
Yet for my ſake be Friends.
Man. 'Tis now too late:
I am by honour hinder'd.
Rod. I by hate.
Jul. What ſhall I do?
Man. Leave him, and come away;
Thy Virtue bids thee.
Jul. But Love bids me ſtay.
Man. Her Love's ſo like my own, that I ſhould blame
The Brother's Paſſion in the Siſter's Flame.
Rodorick, we ſhall meet——He little thinks
I am as ſure this Night of *Angellina*,
As he of *Julia.* [*Aſide.*] [*Exit* Manuel.
Rod. Madam, To what an Extaſie of Joy
Your Goodneſs raiſes me! This was an Act
Of kindneſs which no Service e'er can pay.
Jul. Yes, *Rodorick*, 'tis in your Pow'r to quit
The Debt you owe me.
Rod. Do but Name the way.
Jul. Then briefly thus, 'tis to be juſt to me
As I have been to you.
Rod. You cannot doubt it.
Jul. You know I have adventur'd for your ſake.
A Brother's Anger, and the World's Opinion:
I value neither; for a ſetled virtue
Makes it ſelf Judge, and ſatisfy'd within,
Smiles at that common Enemy, the World.
I am no more afraid of flying Cenſures,
Than Heav'n of being fir'd with mounting Sparkles.
Rod. But wherein muſt my Gratitude conſiſt?
Jul. Anſwer your ſelf, by thinking what is fit
For me to do.
Rod. By Marriage to confirm
Our mutual Love.
Jul. Ingrateful *Rodorick!*
Canſt thou Name Marriage, while thou entertain'ſt
A hatred ſounjuſt againſt my Brother?

Rod.

Rod. But, unkind *Julia*, you know the Cauſes
Of Love and Hate are hid deep in our Stars,
And none but Heav'n can give account of both.
Jul. Too well, I know it; for my Love to thee
Is born by Inclination, not by Judgment:
And makes my Virtue ſhrink within my Heart,
As loath to leave it, and as loath to mingle.
Rod. What would you have me do?
Jul. Since I muſt tell thee,
Lead me to ſome near Monaſtery:
(Till Heav'n find out ſome way to make us Happy)
I ſhall be kept in ſafety from my Brother:
Rod. But more from me; What hopes can *Rodorick* have,
That ſhe who leaves him freely, and unforc'd,
Should ever of her own accord return?
Jul. Thou haſt too great aſſurance of my Faith,
That in deſpight of my own ſelf I love thee;
Be Friends with *Manuel*, I am thine, till when
My honour's;——Lead me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Scene is, *The Repreſentation of a Street diſcover'd by Twilight.*

Enter Don Manuel, *Solus.*

Man. This is the time and place where I expect
My fugitive Miſtreſs; if I meet with her
I may forget the wrongs her Brother did me:
If otherwiſe, his Blood ſhall expiate them.
I hope her Woman keeps her Ignorant
How all things paſs'd according to her promiſe.

A Door opens——*Enter* Angellina *in Boy's Cloaths.* Leonora *behind at the Door.*
Leon. I had forgot to tell him of this Habit
She has put on; but ſure he'll know her in it. [*Aſide.*
Man. Who goes there?
Ang. 'Tis Don *Manuel*'s Voice; I muſt run back:
The Door ſhut on me? *Leonora*, Where?
Does ſhe not follow me?——I am betray'd.
Man. What are you?
Ang. A poor Boy.
Man. Do you belong to *Rodorick*?
Ang. Yes, I do.
Man. Here's Money for you, tell me where's his Sifter:
Ang. Now I met her coming down the Stairs,
Which lead into the Garden.
Man. 'Tis well, leave me
In ſilence.
Ang. With all my Heart; was ever ſuch a ſcape! [*Exit running.*
Man. She cannot now be long; ſure by the Moon-ſhine
I ſhall diſcover her:

Enter Rodorick, *and* Julia.

This muſt be ſhe; I'll ſeize her.
Jul. Help me, *Rodorick*;
Rod. Unhand the Lady, Villain.
Man. Rodorick!
I'm glad we meet alone; now is the time
To end our difference.
Rod. I cannot ſtay.
Man. You muſt.
Rod. I will not:
Man. 'Tis baſe to injure any Man; but yet
'Tis far more baſe, once done not to defend it.

Rod.

Rod. Is this an Hour for valiant Men to Fight?
They love the Sun ſhould Witneſs what they do;
Cowards have Courage when they ſee not Death:
And fearful Hares, that ſculk in Forms all day,
Yet fight their feeble Quarrels by the Moon-Light.
Man. No, Light and Darkneſs are but poor diſtinctions,
Of ſuch, whoſe Courage comes by fits and ſtarts.
Rod. Thou urgeſt me above my patience:
This minute of my life was not my own,
But hers I love beyond it: [*They draw, and Fight.*
Jul. Help, Help; none hear me!
Heav'n I think is deaf too:
O *Rodorick*! O Brother!——

Enter Gonſalvo, *and* Hippolito.

Jul. Who e'er you are, if you have honour part 'em——[Manuel *ſtumbles and falls.*
Gonſ. Hold, Sir, you are too cruel; he that kills
At ſuch advantage fears to fight again: [*Holds* Rodorick.
Man. Cavalier, I may live to thank you for this favour. [*Riſes.*
Rod. I will not quit you ſo.
Man. I'll breath, and then——
Jul. Is there no way to ſave their Lives?
Hip. Run out of ſight,
If 'tis concerning you they Quarrel. [Julia *retires to a Corner.*
Hip. Help, help, as you are Cavaliers; the Lady
From whom you thus contend, is ſeiz'd by ſome
Night-robbing Villains.
All. Which way took they?
Hip. 'Twas ſo dark I could not ſee diſtinctly.
Rod. Let us divide; I this way. [*Exit.*
Gonſ. Down yonder Street I'll take.
Man. And I down that. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*
Hip. Now, Madam, may we not lay by our fear?
They are all gone.
Jul. 'Tis true, but we are here,
Expos'd to darkneſs without guide or aid,
But of our ſelves.
Hip. And of our ſelves afraid.
Jul. Theſe dangers while 'twas Light I could deſpiſe,
Then I was bold; but watch'd by many Eyes:
Ah! Could not Heav'n for Lovers find a way,
That prying People ſtill might ſleep by day.

Enter Angellina.

Hip. Methinks I'm certain I diſcover ſome.
Jul. This was your ſpeaking of 'em made 'em come.
Hip. There is but one, perhaps he may go by.
Ang. Where had I courage for this bold diſguiſe,
Which more my Nature than my Sex belies?
Alas! I am betray'd to darkneſs here;
Darkneſs which Virtue hates; and Maids moſt fear:
Silence and Solitude dwell every where;
Dogs ceaſe to bark; the Waves more faintly roar,
And rowl themſelves aſleep upon the Shore:
No noiſe but what my Foot-ſteps make, and they
Sound dreadfully, and louder than by day:
They double too, and every ſtep I take
Sounds thick methinks, and more than one could make.
Ha! Who are theſe?
I wiſh'd for Company, and now I fear.
Who are you gentle People that go there?
Jul. His voice is ſoft as is the upper Air,
Or dying Lovers words: O pity us.
Ang. O pity me! Take freely as your own
My Gold, my Jewels; ſpare my life alone.
Hip. Alas he fears as much as we.

Jul. What ſay you,
Sir, Will you join with us.
Amid. Yes Madam, but
If you would take my Sword, you'll uſe it better.
Hip. I, but you are a Man.
Amid. Why, ſo are you.
Hip. Truly my fear had made me quite forget it.
Enter Gonſalvo.
Gonſ. Hippolito! How barbarous was I
To leave my Boy! *Hippolito*!
Hip. Here, here.
Now, Madam, fear not, you are ſafe.
Jul. What is become, Sir, of thoſe Gentlemen?
Gonſ. Madam, They all went ſeveral ways; not like
To meet.
Jul. What will become of me!
Gonſ. 'Tis late,
And I a ſtranger in the Town: yet all
Your dangers ſhall be mine.
Jul. You'r noble, Sir.
Gonſ. I'll Pawn the hopes of all my Love, to ſee
You ſafe.
Jul. Whoe'er your Miſtreſs be, ſhe has
My Curſes if ſhe prove not kind.
Ang. And mine.
Hip. My Siſter will repent her when ſhe knows
For whom ſhe makes that wiſh; but I'll ſay nothing
Till day diſcovers it: a door opens, [*Aſide.*
I hope it is ſome Inn. [*A door opens, at which a* Servant *appears.*
Ang. Friend, can you Lodge us here?
Serv. Yes, Friend, we can.
Jul. How ſhall we be diſpos'd?
Serv. As Nature would;
The Gentleman and you: I have a rule,
That when a Man and Woman ask for Lodging
They are ever Husband and Wife.
Jul. Rude and Unmanner'd.
Gonſ. Sir, this Lady muſt be lodged apart.
Serv. Then the two Boys that are good for nothing
But one another, they ſhall go to gether.
Ang. Lie with a Man? Sweet Heav'n defend me!
Hip. Alas, Friend, I ever lie alone.
Serv. Then to ſave trouble, Sir, becauſe 'tis late
One of the Youths ſhall be diſpos'd with you.
Ang. Who I! Not for the World.
Hip. Neither of us; for though I would not lodge with you
My ſelf; I never can indure he ſhould.
Ang. Why then, to end the difference, if you pleaſe
I and that Lady will be Bed-Fellows.
Hip. No, ſhe and I will lodge together rather.
Serv. You are ſweet Youths indeed; not for the World
You would not lodge with Men! None but the Lady
Would ſerve your turn.
Ang. Alas I had forgot I am a Boy;
I am ſo lately one. [*Aſide.*
Serv. Well, well; all ſhall be lodg'd apart.
Gonſ. to *Hip.*] I did not think you harbour'd wanton Thoughts:
So Young, ſo Bad!
Hip. I can make no defence
But muſt be ſham'd by my own Innocence. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT

ACT II.

The SCENE *is a Chamber.*

Enter Gonſalvo, Hippolito, Amideo, *at a diſtance.*

Gonſ. *Hippolito*, What is this pretty Youth
That follows us?
Hip. I know not much of him
Handſome you ſee, and of a graceful Faſhion;
Of Noble Blood, he ſays, and I believe him;
But in ſome diſtreſs; he'll tell no more,
And I cou'd cry for that which he has told,
So much I pity him.
Gonſ. My pretty Youth;
Would I could do thee any ſervice.
Ang. Sir,
The greateſt you can do me, is accepting mine.
Hip. How's this? Methinks already I begin
To hate this Boy, whom but ev'n now I moan'd.
You ſerve my Maſter? Do you think I cannot
Perform all Duties of a Servant better
And with more care than you?
Ang. Better you may,
But never with more care:
Heav'n which is ſerv'd with Angels, yet admits
Poor Man to pay his Duty, and receives it.
Hip. Mark but, my Lord, how ill behav'd a Youth,
How very ugly, what a Dwarf he is.
Ang. My Lord, I yet am young enough to grow,
And 'tis the commendation of a Boy
That he is little. [*Cries.*
Gonſ. Prithee do not Cry;
Hippolito, 'twas but juſt now you prais'd him,
And are you chang'd ſo ſoon?
Hip. On better view.
Gonſ. What is your Name, ſweet-heart.
Hip. Sweet-heart! ſince I
Have ſerv'd you, you ne'er call'd me ſo.
Ang. O, ever,
Ever call me by that kind name, I'll own
No other, becauſe I would ſtill have that.
Hip. He told me, Sir, his name was *Amideo*,
Pray call him by't.
Gonſ. Come, I'll employ you both;
Reach me my Belt, and help to put it on.
Amid. I run my Lord.
Hip. You run? It is my Office.
[*They both take it up, and ſtrive for it*, Hippolito *gets it, and puts it on.*
Amid. Look you, my Lord, he puts it on ſo awkardly; [*Crying.*
The Sword does not ſit right.
Hip. Why, where's the fault?
Amid. I know not that; but I am ſure 'tis wrong.
Gonſ. The fault is plain, 'tis put on the wrong Shoulder.
Hip. That cannot be, I lookt on *Amideo*'s,
And hung it on that Shoulder his is on.
Amid. Then I doubt mine is ſo.
Gonſ. It is indeed:
You'r both good Boys, and both will learn in time:
Hippolito, go you and bring me word,
Whether that Lady we brought in laſt Night
Be willing to receive a Viſit from me.

Hip. Now *Amideo*, ſince you are ſo forward
To do all Service, you ſhall to the Lady.
Amid. No, I'll ſtay with my Maſter, he bid you.
Hip. It mads me to the Heart to leave him here:
But I will be reveng'd. [*Aſide.*
My Lord, I beg
You would not truſt this Boy with any thing
Till my return; pray know him better firſt. [*Exit* Hippolito.
Gonſ. 'Twas my Unhappineſs to meet this Lady
Laſt Night; becauſe it ruin'd my deſign
Of Walking by the Houſe of *Rodorick*:
Who knows but through ſome Window I had ſpy'd
Fair *Julia*'s ſhadow paſſing by the Glaſs;
Or if ſome others, I would think it hers;
Or if not any, yet to ſee the place
Where *Julia* lives: O Heav'n, how ſmall a Bleſſing
Will ſerve to make deſpairing Lovers happy!
Amid. Unhappy *Angellina*, thou art loſt:
Thy Lord loves *Julia*. [*Aſide.*
Enter Hippolito, *and* Julia.
Jul.——Where is thy Maſter?
I long to give him my acknowledgements
For my own ſafety, and my Brothers both.
Ha! Is it he? [*Looks.*
Gonſ. Can it be *Julia*?
Could Night ſo far diſguiſe her from my knowledge!
Jul. I would not think thee him I ſee thou art:
Prithee diſown thy ſelf in pity to me:
Why ſhould I be oblig'd by one I hate?
Gonſ. I could ſay ſomething in my own defence;
But it were half a Crime to plead my cauſe
When you would have me Guilty.
Amid. How I fear
The ſweetneſs of thoſe Words will move her pity:
I'm ſure they ſhould do mine.
Gonſ. You took me for a Robber, but ſo far
I am from that——
Jul. O prithee be one ſtill,
That I may know ſome cauſe for my Averſion.
Gonſ. I freed you from them, and more gladly did it;
Jul. Be what thou wilt, 'tis now too late to tell me:
The blackneſs of that Image I firſt fancy'd,
Has ſo infected me, I ſtill muſt hate thee.
Hip. Though (if ſhe loves him) all my hopes are ruin'd,
It makes me mad to ſee her thus unkind. [*Aſide.*
Madam, what ſee you in this Gentleman,
Deſerves your ſcorn, or hatred; Love him, or
Expect juſt Heav'n ſhould ſtrangely puniſh you.
Gonſ. No more: What e'er ſhe does is beſt; and if
You would be mine, you muſt like me ſubmit
Without diſpute.
Hip. How can I love you, Sir, and ſuffer this?
She has forgot that which laſt Night you did
In her defence.
Jul. O call that Night again;
Pitch her with all her darkneſs round; then ſet me
In ſome far Deſart, hemm'd with Mountatin-Wolves
To howl about me: This I would indure,
And more, to Cancel my Obligements to him.
Gonſ. You owe me nothing, Madam, if you do,
I make it void; and only ask your leave
To love you ſtill; for to be lov'd again
I never hope.

Jul.

Jul. If that will clear my Debt, enjoy thy wiſh
Love me, and long, and deſperately love me.
I hope thou wilt, that I may Plague thee more:
Mean time take from me that deteſted object;
Conveigh thy much loath'd Perſon from my ſight.
Gonſ. Madam, you are obey'd.
Hippolito, and *Amideo*, wait
Upon fair *Julia*; look upon her for me
With dying Eyes, but do not ſpeak one word
In my behalf; for to diſquiet her,
Ev'n Happineſs it ſelf were bought too dear.
[*Goes farther off towards the end of the Stage.*
My Paſſion ſwells too high:
And like a Veſſel ſtrugling in a Storm,
Requires more hands than one to Steer her upright;
I'll find her Brother out. [*Exit* Gonſalvo.
Jul. That Boy, I ſee he truſts above the other:
He has a ſtrange reſemblance with a Face.
That I have ſeen, but when, or where, I know not.
I'll watch till they are parted; then perhaps
I may corrupt that little one to free me. [*Aſide.*] [*Exit* Julia.
Amid. Sweet *Hippolito*, let me ſpeak with you;
Hip. What would you with me?
Amid. Nay, you are ſo fierce;
By all that's good I love and honour you,
And would you do but one poor thing I'll ask you,
In all things elſe you ever ſhall command me.
Look you, *Hippolito*, here's Gold, and Jewels,
Theſe may be yours.
Hip. To what end doſt thou ſhow
Theſe trifles to me? Or how cam'ſt thou by them?
Not honeſtly, I fear.
Amid. I ſwear I did:
And you ſhall have 'em; but you always preſs
Before me in my Maſter's ſervice ſo:——
Hip. And always will.
Amid. But dear *Hippolito*,
Why will you not give way, that I may be
Firſt in his favour, and be ſtill imploy'd?
Why do you frown? 'Tis not for gain I ask it;
What ever he ſhall give me ſhall be yours,
Except it be ſome toy, you would not care for,
Which I ſhould keep for his dear ſake that gave it.
Hip. If thou wouldſt offer both the *Indies* to me,
The *Eaſtern* Quarries, and the *Weſtern* Mines,
They ſhould not buy one look, one gentle ſmile
Of his from me: Aſſure thy Soul they ſhould not,
I hate thee ſo.
Amid. Henceforth I'll hate you worſe.
But yet there is a Woman whom he loves,
A certain *Julia*, who will ſteal his Heart
From both of us; we'll join at leaſt againſt
The common Enemy.
Hip. Why does he fear my Lord ſhould love a Woman?
The Paſſion of this Boy is ſo like mine
That it amazes me.

Enter a Servant.

Piet. Young Gentleman,
Your Maſter calls for you.
Hip. I'll think upon't—— [*Exit* Hippolito, *cum* Pietro.

Enter Julia *to* Amideo.

Jul. Now is the time, he is alone.
Amid. Here comes
The Saint my Lord adores; Love, pardon me

The fault I muſt commit.
Jul. Fair Youth, I am
A Suitor to you.
Amid. So am I to you.
Jul. You ſee me here a Pris'ner.
Amid. My requeſt
Is, I may ſet you free; make haſte ſweet, Madam:
Which way would you go?
Jul. To the next
Religious Houſe.
Amid. Here through the Garden, Madam;
How I commend your holy Reſolution! [*Exeunt ambo.*

Enter Don Manuel *in the Street, and a* Servant *with him.*

Man. Angellina fled to a Monaſtery ſay you?
Serv. So 'tis giv'n out: I could not ſee her Woman:
But for your Sifter, what you heard is true:
I ſaw her at the Inn:
They told me ſhe was brought in laſt Night,
By a young Cavalier they ſhow'd me there.
Man. This muſt be he that reſcu'd me:
What would I give to ſee him.
Serv. Fortune is
Obedient to your wiſhes; He was coming
To find out you; I waited on him to
The turning of the Street; and ſtept before
To tell you of it.
Man. You o'er-joy me.
Serv. This, Sir, is he.

Enter Gonſalvo.

[*Don* Manuel *is running to Embrace him, and ſtops.*

Man.——————The Captain of the Robbers!
Gonſ. As ſuch indeed you promis'd me your Sifter.
Man. I promis'd all the int'reſt I ſhould have,
Becauſe I thought before you came to claim it,
A Husbands right would take my Title from me.
Gonſ. I come to ſee if any Manly Vertue
Can dwell with falſhood: Draw, thou'ſt injur'd me.
Man. You ſay already I have done you wrong,
And yet would have me right you by a greater.
Gonſ. Poor abject thing!
Man. Who doubts another's Courage
Wants it himſelf; but I who know my own,
Will not receive a Law from you to Fight,
Or to forbear: For then I grant your Courage
To maſter mine, when I am forc'd to do
What of my ſelf I would not.
Gonſ. Your reaſon?
Man. You ſav'd my Life.
Gonſ. I'll quit that debt to be
In a Capacity of forcing you
To keep your promiſe with me; for I come
To learn, your Sifter is not yet diſpos'd.
Man. I've loſt all Privilege to defend my Life;
And if you take it now, 'tis no New Conqueſt;
Like Fiſh, firſt taken in a River, then
Beſtow'd in Ponds to catch a ſecond time.
Gonſ. Mark but how partially you plead your cauſe,
Pretending breach of honour if you fight;
Yet think it none to violate your Word.
Man. I cannot give my Sifter to a Robber.
Gonſ. You ſhall not; I am none, but born of Blood
As noble as your ſelf; my Fortunes, equal
At leaſt with yours; my Reputation, yet
I think unſtain'd.

Man.

Man. I wiſh, Sir, it may prove ſo;
I never had ſo ſtrong an Inclination
To believe any Man as you:———But yet———
Gonſ. All things ſhall be ſo clear, there ſhall be left
No Room for any ſcruple: I was born
In *Sevil*, of the beſt Houſe in that City;
My name *Gonſalvo de Peralta:* Being
A younger Brother, 'twas my Uncle's care
To take me with him in a Voyage to
The *Indies*, where ſince dying, he has left me
A fortune not contemptible; returning
From thence all my Wealth in the Plate-Fleet,
A furious ſtorm almoſt within the Port
Of *Sevil*, took us, ſcatter'd all the Navy:
My Ship, by the unruly Tempeſt born
Quite through the *Streights*, as far as *Barcellona*;
There firſt caſt Anchor; there I ſtept Aſhore:
Three days I ſtaid, in which ſmall time I made
A little Love, which vaniſh'd as it came.
Man. But were you not ingag'd to her you Courted?
Gonſ. Upon my honour, no; what might have been
I cannot tell: But e'er I could repair
My beaten Ship, or take freſh Water in,
One Night, when there by chance I lay Aboard,
A Wind tore up my Anchor from the bottom,
And with that violence it brought me thither;
Has thrown me in this Port:——
Man. But yet our meeting in the Wood was ſtrange.
Gonſ. For that I'll ſatisfie you as we Walk.

Enter Hippolito.

Hip. O Sir, how glad am I to find you——— [*Whiſper.*
Man. That Boy I have ſeen ſome where, or one like him,
But where, I cannot call to mind:———
Hip. I found it out, and got before 'em———
And here they are——

Enter Amideo, *and* Julia.

Man. My Siſter! As I could have wiſh'd it.
Amid. O! We are caught?
Jul. I did expect as much:
Fortune has not forgot that I am *Julia.*
Man. Siſter, I'm glad you'r happily return'd;
'Twas kindly done of you thus to prevent
The trouble of my ſearch.
Jul. I would not have you
Miſtake my Love to *Rodorick* ſo much,
To think I meant to fall into your hands,
My purpoſe is for the next Nunnery;
There I'll pray for you: So farewel.
Man. Stay, *Julia* you muſt go with me.
Jul. Lead, lead;
You think I am your Priſ'ner now:———
Gonſ. If you will needs to a Religious Houſe.
Leave that fair Face behind; a worſe will ſerve
To ſpoil with Watching, and with Faſting there.
Man. Prithee no more of this; the only way
To make her happy is to force it on her.
Julia, prepare your ſelf ſtrait to be married.
Jul. To whom.
Man. You ſee your Bridegroom: and you know
My Father's Will, who with his dying breath
Commanded, you ſhould pay as ſtrict Obedience
To me as formerly to him: if not,
Your Dowry is at my diſpoſe.

Jul. O would
The loſs of that diſpence with Duty in me,
How gladly would I ſuffer it! And yet
If I durſt queſtion it, methinks 'tis hard!
What right have Parents over Children, more
Than Birds have o'er their young; yet they impoſe
No rich Plum'd Miſtreſs on their Father'd Sons;
But leave their Love, more open yet and free
Than all the Fields of Air, their ſpacious Birth-right.
[Gonſalvo *ſeems to beg* Manuel *not to be harſh.*
Man. Nay, good *Gonſalvo* trouble not your ſelf,
There is no other way, when 'tis once done
She'll thank me for't.
Jul. I ne'er expected other uſage from you;
A kind Brother you have been to me,
And to my Siſter: You have ſent they ſay
To *Barcellona*, that my Aunt ſhould force her
To marry the old *Don* you brought her.
Hip. Who could! That once had ſeen *Gonſalvo*'s Face?
Alas ſhe little thinks I am ſo near!—— [*Aſide.*
Man. Mind not what ſhe ſays;——
A word with you—— [*To* Gonſalvo.
Amid. Don *Manuel* Eyes me ſtrangely; the beſt is
He never ſaw me yet but at a diſtance:
My Brother's jealouſie (who ne'er intended
I ſhould be his) reſtrain'd our near Converſe. [*Aſide.*
Jul. My pretty Youth, I am inforc'd to truſt thee [*To* Amid.
With my moſt near concerns; Friend I have none,
If thou deny'ſt to help me.
Amid. Any thing
To break your Marriage with my Maſter.
Jul. Go to *Rodorick*, and tell him my Condition:
But tell it as from thy ſelf, not me.
Amid. That you are forc'd to Marry.
Jul. But do not ask him
To ſuccour me; if of himſelf he will not:
I ſcorn a Love that muſt be taught its Duty.
Man. What Youth is that? I mean the little one?
Gonſ. I took him up laſt Night.
Man. A ſweet-fac'd Boy,
I like him ſtrangely: Would you part with him?
Amid. Alas, Sir, I am good for no Body
But for my Maſter.
Hip. Sir, I'll do your Errand.
Another time for letting *Julia* go. [*To* Amideo.
Man. Come, Sir;
Gonſ. I beg your Pardon for a moment,
I'll but diſpatch ſome buſineſs in my Ship,
And wait upon you preſently.
Man. We'll go before.
I'll make ſure *Rodorick* ſhall never have her;
And 'tis at leaſt ſome Pleaſure to deſtroy
His Happineſs, who ruin'd firſt my Joy.
[*Exeunt all but* Gonſalvo; *who before he goes, Whiſpers* Hippolito.
Gonſ. Againſt her will fair *Julia* to poſſeſs,
Is not t'enjoy but Raviſh Happineſs:
Yet Women pardon force, becauſe they find
The violence of Love is ſtill moſt kind:
Juſt like the Plots of well built Comedies,
Which then pleaſe moſt, when moſt they do ſurprize.
But yet conſtraint Love's nobleſt end deſtroys,
Whoſe higheſt Joy is in another's Joys:
Where Paſſion Rules, how weak does Reaſon prove!
I yield my Cauſe, but cannot yield my Love. [*Exit.*

A C T

ACT III.

The SCENE *a great Room in Don* Manuel's *Houſe.*

Hippolito *Solus.*

MY Maſter bid me ſpeak for him to *Julia*:
Hard fate that I am made a confident
Againſt my ſelf;——
Yet though unwillingly I took the Office,
I would perform it well: But how can I
Prove lucky to his Love, who to my own
Am ſo unfortunate! He truſts his Paſſion
Like him that ventures all his Stock at once
On an unlucky hand:

Enter Amideo.

Amid. Where is the Lady *Julia*?
Hip. What new Treaſon
Againſt my Maſter's Love have you contriv'd
With her?
Amid. I ſhall not render you account.

Enter Julia.

Jul. I ſent for him; yet if he comes there's danger;
Yet if he does not, I for ever loſe him.
What can I wiſh? And yet I wiſh him here!
Only to take the care of me from me.
Weary with ſitting out a loſing hand,
'Twill be ſome eaſe to ſee another play it.
Yeſterday I refus'd to Marry him,
To day I run into his Arms unask'd;
Like a mild Prince incroach'd upon by Rebels,
Love yielded much, till Honour ask'd for all. [*Sees* Hippolito.
How now, where's *Rodorick*? (ſees *Amideo*)——I mean *Gonſalvo*?
Hip. You would do well to meet him:——
Amid. Meet him! You ſhall not do't: I'll throw my ſelf
Like a young fawning Spaniel in your way
So often, you ſhall never move a ſtep
But you ſhall tread on me.
Jul. You need not beg me:
I would as ſoon meet a Siren, as ſee him.
Hip. *His ſweetneſs for thoſe frowns no ſubject finds:*
Seas are the Field of Combat for the Winds:
But when they ſweep along ſome flowry Coaſt,
Their Wings move mildly, and their Rage is loſt.
Jul. *'Tis that which makes me more Unfortunate:*
Becauſe his ſweetneſs muſt upbraid my hate.
The Wounds of Fortune touch me not ſo near;
I can my Fate, but not his Virtue bear.
For my diſdain with my eſteem is rais'd;
He moſt is hated when he moſt is prais'd:
Such an eſteem, as like a Storm appears,
Which riſes but to Ship-wrack what it bears.
Hip. *Infection dwells upon my kindneſs ſure,*
Since it deſtroys ev'n thoſe whom it would Cure. [*Cries, and Exit* Hippolito.
Amid. Still weep *Hippolito*; to me thy Tears
Are Soveraign, as thoſe drops the Balm-Tree ſweats——
——But, Madam, are you ſure you ſhou'd not love him!
I ſtill fear——
Jul. Thy fear will never let thee be a Man.
Amid. Indeed I think it won't.
Jul. We are now
Alone; What News from *Rodorick*?

Amid.

Amid. Madam, he begs you not to fear; he has
A way, which when you think all deſperate
Will ſet you free.
Jul. If not, I will not live
A moment after it.
Amid. Why! There's ſome comfort.
Jul. I ſtrongly wiſh, for what I faintly hope:
Like the Day-Dreams of Melancholy Men,
I think, and think on things impoſſible,
Yet love to wander in that Golden maze.
Enter Don Manuel, Hippolito, *and Company.*
Amid. Madam, your Brother's here.
Man. Where is the Bridegroom?
Hip. Not yet return'd, Sir, from the Ship.
Man. Siſter, all this good Company is met
To give you Joy.
Jul. While I am compaſs'd round
With Mirth, my Soul lies hid in ſhades of Grief:
Whence, like the Bird of Night, with half ſhut Eyes
She Peeps, and ſickens at the ſight of day. [*Aſide.*
Enter Servant.
Serv. Sir, ſome Gentlemen, and Ladies are without,
Who to do honour to this Wedding come
To preſent a Maſque.
Man. 'Tis well; deſire 'em
They would leave out the Words, and fall to dancing;
The Poetry of the Foot takes moſt of late.
Serv. The Poet, Sir, will take that very ill,
He's at the Door, with th' Argument o'th' Maſque
In Verſe.
Man. Which of the Wits is it that made it?
Serv. None of the Wits, Sir; 'tis one of the Poets.
Man. What Subject has he choſe.
Serv. The Rape of *Proſerpine.*
Enter Gonſalvo.
Man. Welcome, welcome you have been long expected.
Gonſ. I ſtaid to ſee th' unlading of ſome Rarities
Which are within:——
Madam, your pardon that I was ſo long abſent.
Jul. You need not ask it for your abſence, Sir.
Gonſ. Still cruel, *Julia*:——
Jul. The danger's here, and *Rodorick* not here:
I am not griev'd to die; but I am griev'd
To think him falſe. [*Aſide.*
Man, Bid 'em begin. [*The Muſick Plays.*
A *Cupid* deſcends in ſwift Motion, and ſpeaks theſe Verſes.
Cup. *Thy Conqueſts* Proſerpine, *have ſtretch'd too far,*
Amidſt Heav'n's peace thy Beauty makes a War:
For when, laſt Night, I to Jove's *Palace went,*
(The brighteſt part of all the Firmament)
Inſtead of all thoſe Gods, whoſe thick reſort
Fill'd up the preſence of the Thund'rer's Court;
There Jove *and* Juno *all forſaken ſate,*
Penſive, like Kings in their declining State:
Tet (wanting Pow'r) they would perſerve the ſhow,
By hearing Pray'rs from ſome few Men below:
Mortals to Jove *may their Devotions pay;*
The Gods themſelves to Proſerpine *do pray.*
To Sicily *the Rival Pow'rs reſort;*
'Tis Heav'n where ever Ceres *keeps her Court.*
Phœbus *and* Mercury *are both at ſtrife,*
The Courtlieſt of our Gods who want a Wife:
But Venus, *what e'er kindneſs ſhe pretends.*
Tet, (like all Females, envious of their Friends,)

Has,

Hus, by my Aid, contriv'd a black deſign,
The God of Hell ſhould Raviſh Proſerpine:
Beauties, beware, Venus *will never bear*
Another Venus *ſhining in her Sphere.*
[After *Cupid*'s Speech, *Venus* and *Ceres* deſcend in the ſlow Machines; *Ceres* drawn by Dragons, *Venus* by Swans.
[After them *Phœbus* and *Mercury* deſcend in ſwift Motion.
Then *Cupid* turns to *Julia* and ſpeaks.
Cup. *The Rival Deities are come to wooe*
A Proſerpine, *who muſt be found below:*
Would you, fair Nymph, become this happy hour,
In name a Goddeſs as you are in Pow'r,
Then to this change the King of Shades will owe
A fairer Proſerpine, *than Heaven can ſhow.*
[Julia, *firſt Whiſper'd by* Amideo, *goes into the Dance, perform'd by* Cupid, Phœbus, Mercury, Ceres, Venus, Julia.
[Towards the end of the Dance, *Rodorick* in the Habit of *Pluto*, riſes from below in a black Chariot all flaming, and drawn by black Horſes; he raviſhes *Julia*, who perſonated *Proſerpine*, and as he is Carrying her away, his Vizard falls off. *Hippolito* firſt diſovers him.
Hip. A Rape, A Rape; 'tis *Rodorick*, 'tis *Rodorick.*
Rod. Then I muſt have Recourſe to this:—— [*Draws.*
Jul. Oh Heavens.
[*Don* Manuel *and* Gonſalvo *draw, and a Servant; the two that Acted* Phœbus *and* Mercury *return to aſſiſt* Rodorick, *and are beat back by* Manuel *and a Servant, while* Gonſalvo *attacks* Rodorick
Gonſ. Unlooſe thy hold, foul Villain;
Rod. No, I'll graſp her
Ev'n after Death.
Jul. Spare him, or I'll die with him:
Gonſ. Muſt Raviſhers and Villains live, while I
In vain implore her Mercy?—— [*Thruſts at him, and hurts* Julia *in the Arm.*
Jul. Oh, I am Murther'd!
Gonſ. Wretched that I am
What have I done? To what ſtrange Puniſhment
Will you Condemn this Guilty hand? And yet
My Eyes were Guilty firſt: For they could look
On nothing elſe but you; and my unlucky hand
Too cloſely follow'd them!——
Enter Manuel *again.*
Man. The Pow'rs above are juſt that thou ſtill liv'ſt
For me to kill.
Rod. You'll find no eaſie task on't
Alone; come both together, I defie you:
Curſe on this diſguiſe, that has betray'd me
Thus cheaply to my Death——
Man. Under a Devil's ſhape thou couldſt not be
Diſguis'd——
Jul. Then muſt he die?
Yet I'll not bid my *Rodorick* farewel;
For they take leave, who mean to be long abſent.
Gonſ. Hold Sir; I have had Blood enough already,
And muſt not Murder *Julia* again
In him ſhe loves: Live, Sir, and thank this Lady.
Rod. Take my Life, and ſpare my Thanks.
Man. Though you
Forgive him, let me take my juſt Revenge.
Gonſ. Leave that diſtinction to our dull Divines;
That ill I ſuffer to be done, I do.
Hip. My heart bleeds Tears for him; to ſee his Virtue
O'rcome ſo fatally againſt ſuch Odds
Of Fortune and of Love!——
Man. Permit his Death, and *Julia* will be yours:
Jul. Permit it not, and *Julia* will thank you,

Gonſ. Whoe'r could think that one kind word from *Julia*
Should be prefer'd to *Julia* her ſelf!
Could any Man think it a greater good
To ſave a Rival, than poſſeſs a Miſtreſs:
Yet this I do; theſe are thy riddles Love.
What Fortune gives me I my ſelf deſtroy;
And feed my Virtue, but to ſtarve my Joy.
Honour ſits on me like ſome heavy Armour,
And with its ſtiff defence incumbers me:
And yet when I would put it off it ſticks.
Like *Hercules* his Shirt; heats me at once,
And Poyſons me!——
Man. I find my ſelf grow calm by thy example;
My panting Heart heaves leſs and lets each Pulſe;
And all the boiling Spirits ſcatter from it.
Since thou deſir'ſt he ſhould not die, he ſhall not
Till I on nobler Terms can take his Life.
Rod. The next turn may be yours: Remember, *Julia*,
I ow'd this danger to your wilfulneſs;
Once you might eaſily have been mine, and would not. [*Exit* Rodorick.
Man. Lead out my Siſter, Friend, her hurt's ſo ſmall
'Twill ſcarce diſturb the Ceremony:
Ladies once more your Pardons. [*Leads out the Company*, Exeunt.
[*Manent* Julia, Gonſalvo, Amideo: Gonſalvo *offers his hand*, Julia *pulls back hers.*
Jul. This hand would riſe in Bliſters ſhould'ſt thou touch it:
My *Rodorick*'s diſpleas'd with me, and thou
Unlucky Man the cauſe; dare not ſo much
As once to follow me—— [*Exit* Julia.
Gonſ. Not follow her! Alas ſhe need not bid me!
O how could I preſume to take that hand
To which mine prov'd ſo fatal!
Nay, if I might, ſhould I not fear to touch it?
A Murd'rers touch would make it bleed afreſh.
Amid. I think, Sir, I could kill her for your ſake.
Gonſ. Repent that word, or I ſhall hate thee ſtrangely:
Harſh words from her, like blows from angry Kings,
Though they are meant Affronts, are conſtrued Favours
Hip. Her Inclinations and Averſions
Are both alike unjuſt; and both, I hope,
Too violent to laſt, chear up your ſelf; [*Aſide.*
For if I live (I hope I ſhall not long)
She ſhall be yours.
Amid. 'Twere much more Noble in him
To make a Conqueſt of himſelf than her.
She ne'er can merit him, and hadſt not thou
A mean low Soul, thou wouldſt not name her to him.
Hip. Poor Child, who wouldſt be Wiſe above thy Years,
Why doſt thou talk like a Philoſopher,
Of Conquering Love, who art not yet grown up
To try the force of any Manly Paſſion?
The ſweetneſs of thy Mother's Milk is yet
Within thy Veins, not ſowr'd and turn'd by Love.
Gonſ. Thou haſt not Field enough in thy young Breaſt,
To entertain ſuch ſtorms to ſtruggle in.
Amid. Young as I am, I know the pow'r of Love,
Its leſs Diſquiets, and its greater Cares,
And all that's in it, but the Happineſs.
Truſt a Boys word, Sir, if you pleaſe, and take
My Innocence for Wiſdom; Leave this Lady;
Ceaſe to perſuade your ſelf you are in Love,
And you will ſoon be freed: Not that I wiſh
A thing ſo noble as your Paſſion, loſt
To all the Sex; beſtow it on ſome other;
You'll find many as Fair, though none ſo Cruel.
Would I could be a Lady for your ſake. *Hip.*

Hip. If I could be a Woman with a wiſh,
You ſhould not be without a Rival long,
Amid. A Cedar of your Stature would not cauſe
Much jealouſie.
Hip. More than a Shrub of yours.
Gonſ. How eagerly theſe Boys fall out for nothing!
Tell me *Hippolito*, wert thou a Woman,
Who would'ſt thou be?
Hip. I would be *Julia*, Sir,
Becauſe you Love her.
Amid. I would not be ſhe,
ecauſe ſhe Loves not you.
Hip. True, *Amideo*:
And therefore I would wiſh my ſelf a Lady,
Who I am ſure does infinitely love him.
Amid. I hope that Lady has a Name:——
Hip. She has;
And ſhe is call'd *Honoria*, Siſter to
This *Julia*, and bred up at *Barcellona*.
Who loves him with a Flame ſo pure and ſo Noble,
That did ſhe know his Love to *Julia*,
She would beg *Julia* to make him happy.
Gonſ. This ſtartles me!
Amid. Oh Sir, believe him not;
They Love not truly, who on any terms
Can part with what they love.
Gonſ. I ſaw a Lady
At *Barcellona* of what name I know not,
Who next to *Julia* was the faireſt Creature
My Eyes did e'er behold: But how cam'ſt thou
To know her?
Hip. Sir, ſome other time I'll tell you.
Amid. It could not be *Honoria* whom you ſaw,
For, Sir, ſhe has a Face ſo very ugly,
That if ſhe were a Saint for Holineſs,
Yet no Man would ſeek Virtue there.
Hip. This is the lying'ſt Boy, Sir, I am ſure
He never ſaw *Honoria*; for her Face
'Tis not ſo bad to fright any Man;
None of the Wits have Libell'd it.
Amid. Don *Rodorick*'s Siſter, *Angellina*, does
So far exceed her in the Ornaments
Of Wit and Beauty, though now hid from ſight,
That like the Sun (ev'n while Eclips'd) ſhe caſts
A yellowneſs upon all other Faces.
Hip. I'll not ſay much of her; but only this,
Don *Manuel* ſaw not with his Eyes, if e'er
He lov'd that *Flanders* ſhape, that lump of Earth
And Flegm together.
Amid. You have often ſeen her
It ſeems by your Deſcription of her Perſon:
But I'll maintain on any *Spaniſh* ground,
Whate'er ſhe be, yet ſhe is far more worthy
To have my Lord her Servant, than *Honoria*.
Hip. And I'll maintain *Honoria*'s right againſt her
In any part of all the World.
Gonſ. You go
Too far, to quarrel on ſo ſlight a ground.
Hip. O pardon me, my Lord, it is not ſlight:
I muſt confeſs I am ſo much concern'd
I ſhall not bear it long.
Amid. Nor I, aſſure you.
Gonſ. I will believe what both of you have ſaid,
That *Honoria* and *Angellina*
Both equally are fair.

Amid. Why did you Name
Honoria firſt?
Gonſ. And ſince you take their parts ſo eagerly,
Henceforth I'll can you by thoſe Ladies Names:
You, my *Hippolito*, ſhall be *Honoria*;
And you my *Amideo*, *Angellina*.
Amid. Then all my Services, I wiſh may make
You kind to *Angellina*, for my ſake.
Hip. Put all my Merits on *Honoria*'s ſcore,
And think no Maid could ever love you more. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Manuel, *Solus.*

THUS I provide for others Happineſs,
And loſe my own: 'Tis true, I cannot blame
Thy hatred, *Angellina*, but thy ſilence.
Thy Brother's hatred made thine juſt; but yet
'Twas cruel in thee not to tell me ſo.
Conqueſt is noble when an Heart ſtands out;
But mine which yielded, how could'ſt thou betray?
That Heart of which thou could'ſt not be depriv'd,
By any force of Pow'r beſide thine own;
Like Empires to that fatal height arriv'd,
They muſt be ruin'd by themſelves alone.
My guarded Freedom cannot be a prize
To any ſcornful Face a ſecond time.
For thy Idea like a Ghoſt would riſe,
And fright my Thoughts from ſuch another Crime.
Enter a Servant *with a Letter.*
Man. From whom?
2. *Serv.* Sir, the Contents will ſoon reſolve you. [*He Reads.*
Man. Tell *Rodorick* he has prevented me
In my Deſign of ſending to him firſt.
I'll meet him ſingle at the time and place;
But for my Friend tell him he muſt excuſe me:
I'll hazard no Man in my Quarrel, but
My ſelf alone: ——Who's within there? [*Exit* Meſs.
Enter a Servant.
Go call my Siſter and *Gonſalvo* hither. [*Exit* Servant.
'Twas puſh'd ſo far, that like two Armies, we
Were drawn ſo cloſely up we could not part
Without ingagement: ——But they muſt not know it.
Enter Julia, Gonſalvo, Amideo.
I have ſome buſineſs calls me hence, and know not
When I ſhall return: But e'er I go,
That pow'r I have by my dead Father's Will
Over my Siſter I bequeath to you: [*To* Gonſalvo.
She and her Fortunes both be firmly yours;
And this when I revoke, let Cowardiſe
Blaſt all my youth, and Treaſon taint my Age.
Gonſ. Sir,——
Man. Nay, good, no thanks, I cannot ſtay.—— [*Exit* Manuel.
Gonſ. There's ſomething more than ordinary in this:
Go *Amideo*, quickly follow him,
And bring me word which way he takes.
Amid. I go, Sir. [*Exit* Amideo.
Gonſ. Madam, *When you implore the Pow'rs Divine,* [Julia *Kneels.*
You have no Pray'rs in which I will not join,
Though made againſt my ſelf. [Kneels with her.

Jul. ——————————*In vain I ſue,*
Unleſs my vows may be convey'd by you.
Gonſ. *Convey'd by me!* ——*My ill ſucceſs in Love*
Shews me too ſure I have few Friends above.
How can you fear your juſt deſires to want?
When the Gods prays, they both requeſt and grant.
Jul. *Heav'n has reſign'd my Fortune to your hand*
If you, like Heav'n, th' afflicted underſtand.
Gonſ. *The Language of th' afflicted is not new;*
Too well I learnt it when I firſt ſaw you.
Jul. *In ſpight of me, you now command my Fate;*
And yet the vanquiſh'd ſeeks the Victor's hate:
Ev'n in this low ſubmiſſion, I declare,
That had I Pow'r, I would renew the War.
I'm forc'd to ſtoop, and 'twere too great a blow
To bend my Pride, and to deny me too.
Gonſ. *You have my Heart; diſpoſe it to your will;*
If not, you know the way to uſe it ill.
Jul. *Cruel to me, though kind to your deſert,*
By Brother gives my Perſon, not my Heart:
And I have left no other means to ſue,
But to you only to be freed from you.
Gonſ. *From ſuch a Suit how can you hope ſucceſs,*
Which giv'n, deſtroys the givers happineſs?
Jul. *You think it equal you ſhould not reſign*
That pow'r you have; yet will not leave me mine:
Yet on my will I have the pow'r alone,
And ſince you cannot move it, move your own.
Your Worth and Virtue my eſteem may win,
But Women's Paſſions from themſelves begin;
Merit may be, but Force ſtill is in vain.
Gonſ. *I would but love you, not your Love conſtrain;*
And though your Brother left me to command,
He plac'd his Thunder in a gentle hand.
Jul. *Your Favour from conſtraint has ſet me free*
But that ſecures not my Felicity;
Slaves, who, before, did cruel Maſters ſerve,
May flie to Deſarts, and in Freedom ſtarve.
The nobleſt part of Liberty they looſe,
Who can but ſhun, and want the Pow'r to chooſe.
Gonſ. *O whither would your fatal Reaſons move!*
You Court my kindneſs to deſtroy my Love.
Jul. *You have the Pow'r to make my happineſs,*
By giving that which you can ne'er poſſeſs:
Gonſ. *Give you to* Rodorick? *There wanted yet*
That Curſe to make my Miſeries compleat.
Jul. *Departing Miſers bear a Nobler mind;*
They, when they can enjoy no more, are kind:
You, when your Love is dying in deſpair,
Yet want the Charity to make an Heir.
Gonſ. *Though hope be dying, yet it is not dead;*
And dying People with ſmall food are fed.
Jul. *The greateſt kindneſs dying Friends can have,*
Is to diſpatch them when we cannot ſave.
Gonſ. *Thoſe dying People, could they ſpeak at all;*
That pity of their Friends would Murther call.
For Men with Horrour diſſolution meet;
The Minutes, ev'n of painful Life are ſweet.
Jul. *But I'm by Pow'rful inclination led;*
And Streams turn ſeldom to their Fountain head.
Gonſ. *No, 'tis a Trade which carries you away;*
And Tides may turn though they can never ſtay.
Jul. *Can you pretend to Love, and ſee my Grief*
Caus'd by your ſelf, yet give me no relief?

Gonſ. *Where's my Reward?*
Jul. *The honour of the Flame.*
Gonſ. *I looſe the ſubſtance then, to gain the Name.*
Jul. *I do too much a Miſtreſs Pow'r betray;*
Muſt Slaves be won by Courtſhip to obey?
Thy diſobedience does to Treaſon riſe,
Which thou, like Rebels, wouldſt with Love diſguiſe.
I'll kill my ſelf, and if thou canſt deny
To ſee me happy, thou ſhalt ſee me die.
Gonſ. *O ſtay! I can with leſs Regret bequeath*
My love to Rodorick, *than you to Death:*
And yet———
Jul. *What new Objections can you find?*
Gonſ. *But are you ſure you never ſhall be kind?*
Jul. *Never.*
Gonſ. *What never!*
Jul. *Never to remove.*
Gonſ. *Oh fatal Never to Souls damn'd in Love!*
Jul. *Lead me to* Rodorick.
Gonſ. *If it muſt be ſo!*
Jul. *Here, take my Hand, ſwear on it thou wilt go.* [He Kiſſes her Hand.
Gonſ. *Oh balmy ſweetneſs! But 'tis loſt to me,*
Like Food upon a Wretch condemn'd to die:
Another, and I vow to go:——*One more;*
If I ſwear often I ſhall be forſwore.
Others againſt their wills may haſte their Fate;
I only toil to be unfortunate:
More my own Foe than all my Stars could prove;
They give her Perſon, but I give her Love.
I muſt not truſt my ſelf.———*Hippolito.*
Enter Hippolito.
Hip. My Lord!
Gonſ. Quickly go find Don *Rodorick* out:
Tell him the Lady *Julia* will be walking
On the broad Rock that lies beſide the Port,
And there expects to ſee him inſtantly.
In the mean time I'll call for *Amideo.*
Jul. You'll keep your promiſe to Don *Rodorick.*
Gonſ. Madam, *Since you bring Death I welcome it;*
But to his Fortune not his Love ſubmit——— [*Exit* Gonſalvo.
Hip. *I dare not ask what I too fain would hear:*
But, like a tender Mother, hope and fear;
My equal Twins, my equal care I make; [*Aſide.*
And keep Hope quiet leſt that Fear ſhould wake. [*Exit* Hippolito.
Jul. So, now I'm firmly at my own diſpoſe;
And all the Lets, my Virtue caus'd, remov'd:
Now *Rodorick* I come——
Enter Gonſalvo *again.*
Gonſ. Madam, My Boy's not yet return'd.
Jul. No matter, we'll not ſtay for him.
Gonſ. Pray make not too much haſt. [*Exeunt* Julia, Gonſalvo.

SCENE II.

Enter Don Rodorick, *and* Servant.

Rod. Have you beſpoke a Veſſel as I bid you?
Serv. I have done better; for I have employ'd
Some, whom I know this day to ſeize a Ship;
Which they have done; clapping the Men within her
All under Hatches, with ſuch ſpeed and ſilence,
That though ſhe rides at Anchor in the Port
Among the reſt, the Change is not diſcover'd.

Rod.

Rod. Let my beſt Goods and Jewels be embarked
With ſecrecy: We'll put to Sea this Night.
Have you yet found my Siſter, or her Woman?
Serv. Neither Sir; but in all probability
She is with *Manuel.*
Rod. Would God the meaneſt Man in *Alicant*
Had *Angellina* rather than Don *Manuel.*
I never can forgive, much leſs forget
How he (the younger Soldier) was prefer'd
To that Command of Horſe which was my due;
Serv. And after that, by force diſſeiz'd you of
Your Quarters——
Rod. Should I meet him ſev'n years hence
At th' Altar, I would kill him there: ——I had
Forgot to tell you the deſign we had;
To carry *Julia* by force away
Will now be needleſs; ſhe'll come to the Rock
To ſee me, you unſeen ſhall ſtand behind,
And carry her into the Veſſel.
Serv. Shall I not help you to diſpatch Don *Manuel*?
Rod. I neither doubt my Valour, nor my Fortune:
But if I die, revenge me: preſently
About your buſineſs; I muſt to the Rock
For fear I come too late. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE III.

Through a Rock is diſcover'd a Navy of Ships riding at a diſtance.

Enter Amideo.

Amid. Thus far unſeen by *Manuel*, I have trac'd him:
He can be gone no farther than the Walk
Behind the Rock; I'll back and tell my Maſter.
Enter Hippolito *at the other end.*
Hip. This is the place where *Rodorick* muſt expect
His *Julia*: ——How! *Amideo* here!
Amid. Hippolito!
Hip. This were ſo fit a time
For my Revenge; had I the Courage, now:
My heart ſwells at him, and my breath grows ſhort,
But whether Fear or Anger choaks it up,
I cannot tell.
Amid. He looks ſo Ghaſtfully,
Would I were paſt him; yet I fear to try it,
Becauſe my mind miſ-gives me he will ſtop me.
B' your leave *Hippolito.*
Hip. Whither ſo faſt?
Amid. You'll not preſume to hinder my Lord's buſineſs?
He ſhall know it.
Hip. I'll make you ſure, before,
For telling any Tales: Do you remember
Since you defended *Angellina*'s Beauty
Againſt *Honoria*'s; nay, and would maintain it.
Amid. And ſo I will do ſtill; (I muſt feign Courage [*Aſide.*
There is no other way.)
Hip. I'll ſo revenge
That injury, (if my Heart fails me not.)
Amid. Come, confeſs truly, for I know it fails you.
What would you give to avoid fighting now?
Hip. No, 'tis your Heart that fails.
Amid. I ſcorn the danger;
Yet, what compaſſion on your Youth might do

I cannot

I cannot tell; and therefore do not Work
Upon my pity; for I feel already
My ſtout Heart melts.
Hip. Oh! Are you thereabouts?
Now I am ſure you fear; and you ſhall fight.
Amid. I will not Fight.
Hip. Confeſs then *Angellina*
Is not ſo fair as is *Honoria.*
Amid. I do confeſs; now are you ſatisfied?
Hip. There's more behind; confeſs her not ſo worthy
To be belov'd; not to poſſeſs *Gonſalvo*
As fair *Honoria* is.
Amid. That's ſomewhat hard:
Hip. But you muſt do't or die.
Amid. Well, life is ſweet;
She's not ſo worthy: Now let me be gone.
Hip. No, never to my Maſter; Swear to quit
His ſervice, and no more to ſee his Face.
Amid. I fain would ſave my Life, but that which you
Propoſe, is but another Name to die.
I cannot live without my Maſter's ſight.
Hip. Then you muſt fight with me for him.
Amid. I would
Do any thing with you, but fighting for him.
Hip. Nothing but that will ſerve.
Amid. Lay by your Swords
And I'll ſcratch with you for him.
Hip. That's not Manly.
Amid. Well, ſince it be ſo, I'll Fight:—Unbutton. [Hippolito *unbottons ſlowly.*
How many Buttons has he? I'll be one
Behind him ſtill. [*Aſide.*
[*Unbuttons one by one after him.*] [Hippolito *makes more haſt.*
You are ſo Prodigal; if you lov'd my Maſter
You would not tear his Doublet ſo:——How's this!
Two ſwelling Breaſts! A Woman, and my Rival!
The ſtings of jealouſie have giv'n me courage
Which Nature never gave me:
Come on thou vile diſſembler of thy Sex;
Expect no Mercy; either thou or I
Muſt die upon this ſpot: Now for *Gonſalvo*——
Sa———Sa——
Hip. This courage is not counterfeit; Ah me!
What ſhall I do? For pity, gentle Boy———
Amid. No pity; ſuch a Cauſe as ours
Can neither give nor take it: If thou yield'ſt
I will not ſpare thee; therefore fight it out. [*Tears open his Doublet.*
Hip. Death to my Hopes! A Woman! And ſo rare
A Beauty that my Lord muſt needs doat on her.
I ſhould my ſelf if I had been a Man:
But as I am: her Eyes ſhoot death at me.
Amid. Come, have you ſaid your Pray'rs?
Hip. For thy Confuſion
Thou Ravenous Harpy, with an Angel's Face;
Thou art diſcover'd, thou too Charming Rival;
I'll be reveng'd upon thoſe fatal Eyes.
Amid. I'll tear out thine.
Hip. I'll bite out hungry morſels
From thoſe Plump Cheeks but I will make 'em thinner.
Amid. I'd beat thee to the blackneſs of a Moor,
But that the Features of thy Face are ſuch;
Such Damnable, invincible good Features,
That as an *Ethiop* thou would'ſt ſtill be lov'd.
Hip. I'll quite unbend that black Bow o'r thine Eyes;
I'll Murther thee, and *Julia* ſhall have him.
Rather than thou. *Amid.*

Amid. I'll kill both thee and her
Rather than any one but I ſhall have him.
Hip. Come on, thou Witch,
Amid. Have at thy Heart thou Syren.
[*They draw and fight awkard'ly, not coming near one another.*
Amid. I think I paid you there.
Hip. Oſtay a little
And tell me in what Corner of thy Heart
Gonſalvo lies, that I may ſpare that place;
Amid. He lies in the laſt drop of all my blood,
And never will come out but with my Soul.
Hip. Come, come, we dally;
Would one of us were dead, no matter which. [*They fight nearer.*
Enter Don Manuel.
Man. The pretty Boys that ſerv'd *Gonſalvo*, fighting!
I come in time to ſave the Life of one.
[Hippolito *gets* Amideo *down in cloſing*: Manuel *take away t.*
Hip. For goodneſs ſake hinder not my Revenge.
Amid. The Noble *Manuel* has ſav'd my Life:
Heav'ns, how unjuſtly have I hated him! [*Aſide.*
Man. What is it, gentle Youths that moves you thus?
I cannot tell what Cauſes you may find;
But truſt me, all the World in ſo much ſweetneſs,
Would be to ſeek where to begin a Quarrel:
You ſeem the little *Cupid*'s in the Song,
Contending for the Honey-Bag.
Hip. 'Tis well
You'r come; you may prevent a greater miſchief:
Here 'tis *Gonſalvo* has appointed *Rodorick*——
Man. To Fight?
Hip. What's worſe; to give your Siſter to him.
Won by her Tears, he means to leave her free,
And to redeem her miſery with his:
At leaſt I ſo conjecture.
Man. 'Tis a doubtful
Problem; either he loves her violently,
Or not at all.
Amid. You have betray'd my Maſter:—— [*To* Hippolito, *Aſide.*
Hip. If I have injur'd you, I mean to give you
The ſatisfaction of a Gentlewoman——
Enter Gonſalvo, *and* Julia.
Man. Oh they are here; now I ſhall be reſolv'd.
Jul. My Brother *Manuel*! What Fortune's this!
Man. I'm glad I have prevented you.
Gonſ. With what
Variety my Fate torments me ſtill!
Never was Man ſo dragg'd along by Virtue;
But I muſt follow her.
Jul. Noble *Gonſalvo*,
Protect me from my Brother.
Gonſ. Tell me, Sir,
When you beſtow'd your Siſter on me, did not
You give her freely up to my diſpoſe?
Man. 'Tis true, I did; but never with intent
You ſhould reſtore her to my Enemy.
Gonſ. 'Tis paſt; 'tis done: ſhe undermin'd my Soul
With Tears; as Banks are ſapp'd away by Streams.
Man. I wonder what ſtrange Bleſſing ſhe expects
From the harſh Nature of this *Rodorick*;
A Man made up of Malice and Revenge.
Jul. If I poſſeſs him I may be unhappy;
But if I loſe him I am ſurely ſo.
Had you a Friend ſo deſperately Sick,
That all Phyſicians had forſook his Cure;

All ſcorch'd without, and all parch'd up within,
The moiſture that maintain'd conſuming Nature
Lick'd up, and in a Feaver fry'd away;
Could you behold him beg, with dying Eyes
A glaſs of Water; and refuſe it him
becauſe you knew it ill for his Diſeaſe?
When he would die without it how could you
Deny to make his Death more eaſie to him?
Man. Talk not to me of Love, when Honour ſuffers;
The Boys will Hiſs at me.
Gonſ. I ſuffer moſt:
Had there been choice, what would I not have choſe?
To ſave my Honour, I my Love muſt loſe:
But promiſes once made are paſt debate,
And Truth's of more neceſſity than Fate.
Man. I ſcarce can think your promiſe abſolute;
There might ſame way be thought on, if you would
To keep both her, and it.
Gonſ. No, no, my promiſe was no trick of State:
I meant to be made truly wretched firſt.
And then to die; and I'll perform them both.
Man. Then that Revenge I meant on *Rodorick*
I'll take on you. [*Draws.*
Gonſ———I draw with much Regret
As Merchants throw their Wealth into the Sea,
To ſave their ſinking Veſſels from a Wrack.
Man. I find I cannot lift my hand againſt thee:
Do what thou wilt; out let not me behold it, [*Goes off a little way.*
I'll cut this Gordian knot I cannot looſe:
To keep his promiſe, *Rodorick* ſhall have her,
But I'll return and reſcue her by force;
Then giving back what he ſo Frankly gave,
At once my Honour and his Love I'll ſave. [*Exit* Manuel.

Enter Rodorick.

Rod. How! *Julia* brought by him?——Who ſent for me?
Gonſ. 'Twas I
Rod. I know your buſinſs then; 'tis Fighting.
Gonſ. You'r miſtaken; 'tis ſomething that I fear:
Rod. What is't?
Gonſ. Why,——'Twill not out: Here take her
And deſerve her; but no thanks;
For fear I ſhould conſider what I give,
And call it back———
Jul. O my dear *Rodorick!*
Gonſ. O cruel *Julia!*
For pity ſhew not all your joy before me;
Stifle ſome part of it one Minute longer
Till I am dead.
Jul. My *Rodorick* ſhall know
He ows his *Julia* to you; thank him, Love;
In faith I take it ill you are ſo ſlow.
Rod. You know he has forbid me; and beſide
He'll take it better from your mouth than mine;
All that you do muſt needs be pleaſing to him:
Jul. Still ſullen and unkind!
Rod. Why then in ſhort,
I do not underſtand the benefit:
Gonſ. Not, to have *Julia* in thy free Poſſeſſion?
Rod. Not brought by you; not of anothers leaving:
Jul. Speak ſoftly *Rodorick:* Let not theſe hear thee;
But ſpare my ſhame for the ill choice I made
In loving thee.
Rod. I will ſpeak loud, and tell thee,
Thou com'ſt, all cloy'd and tir'd with his embraces,

To

To proffer thy pall'd Love to me: His Kiſſes
Do yet bedew thy Lips; the very Print
His Arms made round thy Body, yet remains.
Gonſ. O Barb'rous jealouſie!
Jul. 'Tis an harſh word,
I am too Pure for thee; but yet I love thee: [*Offers to take his hand.*
Rod. Away, foul impudence.
Gonſ. Madam, you wrong
Your virtue thus to clear it by ſubmiſſion.
Jul. Whence grows this boldneſs, Sir? Did I ask you
To be my Champion?
Rod. He choſe to be your Friend, and not your Husband:
Left that dull part of Dignity to me;
As often the worſt Actors Play the Kings.
Jul. This jealouſie is but exceſs of Paſſion,
Which grows up, Wild, in every Lovers Breaſt;
But changes Kind when planted in an Husband.
Rod. Well, what I am, I am; and what I will be,
When you are mine, my Pleaſure ſhall determine.
I will receive no Law from any Man.
Jul. This ſtrange unkindneſs of my *Rodorick*,
I owe to thee, and thy unlucky Love;
Henceforth go lock it up within thy Breaſt;
'Tis only harmleſs while it is conceal'd,
But opened ſpreads Infection like a Vault,
Go, and my Curſe go with thee:——
Gonſ. I cannot go till I behold you happy:——
——Here, *Rodorick*, receive her on thy Knees;
Uſe her with that reſpect which thou would'ſt pay
Thy Guardian Angel if he could be ſeen.
——Do not provoke my anger by refuſing——
I'll watch thy leaſt offence to her; each Word,
Nay, every ſullen Look:——
And as the Devils who are damn'd to Torments,
Yet have the guilty Souls their Slaves to puniſh:
So under me, while I am wretched, thou
Shalt be tormented——
Rod. Would'ſt thou make me the Tenant of thy Luſt;
To Toil, and for my Labour take the Dregs,
The Juicy Vintage being left for thee?
No; ſhe's an infamous, lewd Proſtitute;
I loath her at my Soul;
Gonſ. I can forbear
No longer; ſwallow down thy lie, foul Villain. [*They fight off the Stage, Exeunt.*
Jul. Help, Help!
Amid. Here is that Witch whoſe fatal Beauty
Began the miſchief; ſhe ſhall pay for all. [*Goes to kill* Julia.
Hip. I hate her for it more than thou canſt do;
But cannot ſee her die my Maſter loves. [*Goes between with her Sword.*
Enter Gonſalvo, *following* Rodorick; *who falls.*
Rod. So, now I am at reſt:——
I feel Death riſing higher ſtill, and higher,
Within my Boſom; every Breath I fetch
Shuts up my life within a ſhorter compaſs:
And like the vaniſhing ſound of Bells grows leſs
And leſs each Pulſe, till it be loſt in Air. [*Swoons away.*
Gonſ. Down at your Feet, much injur'd Innocence,
I lay that Sword, which——
Jul. Take it up again,
It has not done its work till I am kill'd:
For ever, ever, thou haſt robb'd me of
That Man, that only Man whom I could Love:
Doſt thou thus Court thy Miſtreſs? Thus oblige her?
All thy Obligements have been fatal yet,

Yet the moſt fatal now would moſt oblige me.
Kill me:——Yet I am kill'd before in him.
I lie there on the ground; cold, cold, and pale:
That Death I die in *Rodorick* is far
More pleaſant than that life I live in *Julia*——
——See how he ſtands——When he is bid diſpatch me!
How dull! How ſpiritleſs! That ſloath poſſeſt
Thee not, when thou didſt kill my *Rodorick*.
Gonſ. I'm too unlucky to converſe with Men:
I'll pack together all my Miſchiefs up,
Gather with care each little remnant of 'em,
That none of 'em be left behind: Thus loaded,
Fly to ſome Deſart, and there let them looſe,
Where they may never prey upon Mankind.
But you may make my journey ſhorter:——Take
This Sword; 'twill ſhow you how:—
Jul. I'll gladly ſet you on your way: [*Takes his Sword.*

Enter three of Rodorick's *Servants.*

1. Make haſt; he's now unarm'd; we may with eaſe
Revenge my Maſter's Death.
Jul. Now theſe ſhall do it.
Gonſ. I'll die by none but you——
Hip. O here, take my Sword, Sir.
Amid. He ſhall have mine. [*Both give their Swords to* Gonſalvo.

Enter Manuel.

Man. Think not of Death,
We'll live and Conquer. [*They beat them off.*
Man. Theſe fellows, though beat off, will ſtrait return
With more; we muſt make haſt to ſave our ſelves.
Hip. 'Tis far to th' Town,
And e'r you reach it you will be diſcover'd.
Gonſ. My life's a burden to me, were not *Julia's*
Concern'd; but as it is, ſhe being preſent
Will be found acceſſary to his Death.
Man. See where a Veſſel lies, not far from Shore;
And near at hand a Boat belonging to her;
Let's haſt Aboard, and what with Pray'rs and Gifts
Buy our Concealment there:——Come *Julia.*
Gonſ. Alas, ſhe ſwoons away upon the Body.
Man. The Night grows on apace; we'll take her in
Our Arms and bear her hence.
[*Exeunt* Gonſalvo, *and the Boys with* Manuel, *carrying* Julia.

The Servants *enter again.*

1. They are all gone, we may return with ſafety:
Help me to bear the Body to the Town.
2. He ſtirs, and breaths a little; there may be
Some hope.
3. The Town's far off, and th' Evening cold,
Let's carry him to th' Ship.
1. Haſt then away.
Things once reſolv'd are ruin'd by delay. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

The SCENE *lying in a Carrack.*

Enter a Pyrat, *and the* Captain.

Pyr. WElcome a Ship-board, *Captain*, you ſtaid long:
Capt. No longer than was neceſſary for ſhifting Trades;
To change me from a *Robber* to a *Pyrat.*

Pyr.

Pyr. There's a fair change wrought in you ſince Yeſterday Morning; then you talk 't of nothing but Repentance, and Amendment of Life.

Capt. 'Faith I have conſider'd better on't:
For converſing a whole day together with honeſt Men,
I found 'em all ſo poor and beggarly, that a civil
Perſon would be aſham'd to be ſeen with 'em.
But you come from Don *Rodorick*'s Cabin; what
Hopes have you of his Life?

Pyr. No danger of it, only loſs of Blood
Had made him faint away; he call'd for you:

Capt. Well, are his Jewels and his Plate brought in?

Pyr. They are; when hoyſt we Sails?

Capt. At the firſt break
Of day: When we are got out clear, we'll ſeize
On *Rod'rick* and his Men: They are not many,
But fear may make 'em deſp'rate.

Pyr. We may take 'em,
When they are laid to ſleep.

Capt. 'Tis well adviſ'd.

Pyr. I forgot to tell you, Sir, that a little before Don *Rod'rick*
Was brought in, a company of Gentlemen (purſu'd
It ſeems by Juſtice) procur'd our Boat to Row 'em
Hither: Two of 'em carried a very fair Lady betwixt 'em,
Who was either dead, or ſwooned.

Capt. We'll ſell 'em altogether to the Turk,
(At leaſt I'll tell him ſo.) [*Aſide.*

Pyr. Pray, Sir, let us reſerve the Lady to our own uſes;
It were a ſhame to good Catholicks to give her up
To Infidels.

Cap. Don *Rod'rick's* Door opens, I'll ſpeak to him. [*The* Scene *draws and diſcovers the* Captain's *Cabin*; Roderick *on a Bed, and two* Servants *by him.*]

Capt. How is it with the brave Don *Roderick*?
Do you want any thing?

Rod. I have too much
Of that I would not, Love;
And what I would have, that I want, Revenge.
I muſt be ſet aſhore.

Capt. That you may, Sir;
But our own ſafety muſt be thought on firſt. [*One enters and Whiſpers the* Captain.

Capt. I come:——Seanor, think you are Lord here, and command
All freely. [*Exit* Captain *and* Pyrat.

Rod. He does well to bid me think ſo: I am of Opinion
We are fall'n into Huckſter's hand.

1. *Serv.* Indeed he talk'd ſuſpiciouſly enough;
He half denied to Land us.

Rod. Theſe, *Pedro*,
Are your confiding Men.——

2. *Serv.* I think 'em ſtill ſo.

Rod. Would I were from 'em.

2. 'Tis impoſſible
T' attempt it now; you have not ſtrength enough
To Walk.

Rod. That venture muſt be mine; we'r loſt
If we ſtay here to Morrow.

2. I hope better.

1. One whom I ſaw among 'em, to my knowledge
Is a notorious Robber.

2. He look'd ſo like a Gentleman, I could not know him then.

Rod. What became of *Iſabel* when I fell?

2. We left her weeping over you, till we
Were beaten off; but ſhe, and thoſe with her
Were gone when we return'd.

Rod. Too late I find
I wrong'd her in my Thoughts; I'm every way

A wretched Man:——
Something we muſt reſolve on e'r we ſleep;
Draw in the Bed, I feel the cold. [*Bed drawn in, Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Gonſalvo, Manuel, Hippolito, Amideo.

Hip. Nay, 'tis true; for peeping through a Chink.
I ſaw Don *Rodorick* lying on a Bed,
Not dead, as we ſuppos'd, but only hurt;
So waited on as ſpoke him Maſter here.
Man. Was there ever ſo fatal an adventure?
To flie into that very Ship for refuge
Where th' only Perſon we would ſhun, commands!
This miſchief is ſo ſtrange it could not happen,
But was the Plot and Juggle of our Fate
To free it ſelf, and caſt the blame on us.
Gonſ. This is not yet our Fortun's utmoſt malice;
The Gall remains behind: This Ship was that
Which yeſterday was mine; I can ſee nothing
Round me, but what's familiar to my Eyes,
Only the Perſons new; which makes me think
'Twas ſeiz'd upon by *Rodorick*, to revenge
Himſelf on me.
Man. 'Tis wonderful indeed.
Amid. The only comfort is, we are not known,
For when we enter'd it was dark.
Hip. That comfort
Is of as ſhort continuance as the Night,
The day will ſoon diſcover us.
Man. Some way muſt be invented to get out.
Hip. Fair *Julia*, ſadly pining by her ſelf,
Sits on her Bed; Tears falling from her Eyes
As ſilently as Dews in dead of Night.
All we conſult of muſt be kept from her:
That moment that ſhe knows of *Rodorick*'s Life
Dooms us to certain Death.
Man. 'Tis well conſider'd.
Gonſ. For my part, were not you and ſhe concern'd,
I look on my Life, like an Eſtate
So charg'd with Debts, it is not worth the keeping.
We cannot long be undiſcover'd by them;
Let us then ruſh upon them on the ſuddain,
All hope of ſafety plac'd in our deſpair)
And gain quick Victory, or ſpeedy Death.
Man. Conſider firſt th' impoſſibility
Of the attempt; four Men, and two poor Boys
(Which added to our number make us weaker)
Againſt ten Villains, more reſolv'd for Death
Than any ten among our Holieſt Prieſts.
Stay but a little longer, till they all
Diſperſe to reſt within their ſeveral Cabins,
Then more ſecurely we may ſet upon them,
And kill them half before the reſt can wake:
By this means too, the Boys are uſeful for us;
For they can cut the Throats of ſleeping Men.
Hip. Now have I the greateſt temptation in the World to reveal
Thou art a Woman. [*To* Amideo.
Amid. If 'twere not for thy Beauty, my Maſter ſhould know
What a Man he keeps. *To her.*
Hip. Why ſhould we have recourſe to deſp'rate ways,
When ſafer may be thought on?
'Tis like giving the extreme Unction

In the begining of a Sickneſs?
Can you imagine to find all aſleep?
The wicked Joy of having ſuch a Booty
In their Poſſeſſion, will keep ſome awake:
And ſome, no doubt, will watch with Wounded *Roa'rick.*
Amia. What would your Wiſdom now propoſe?
Hip. To ſay
That ſome of us are Sea-ſick; (your Complexion
Will make th' excuſe for us who are leſs Fair:)
So by good words and promiſes procure
We may be ſet aſhore, e'er Morning come.
Amid. O the deep Reaſons of the grave *Hippolito*!
As if 'twere likely in ſo calm a Seaſon
We ſhould be Sick ſo ſoon; or if we were,
Whom ſhould we chooſe among us to go tell it?
For who e'er ventures out muſt needs be known;
Or if none knew us, can you think that Pyrates
Will let us go upon ſuch eaſie Terms
As promiſing Rewards?——Let me adviſe you.
Hip. Now we expect an Oracle.
Amid. Here are Bundles
Of Canvas and of Cloath you ſee lie by us,
In which one of us ſhall ſow up the reſt,
Only ſome breathing place for Air, and Food;
Then call the Pyrats in, and tell them, we
For fear had drown'd our ſelves: And when we come
To the next Port, find means to bring us out.
Hip. Pithily ſpoken!
As if you were to bind up Marble Statues,
Which only bore the ſhapes of Men without,
And had no need of ever eaſing Nature.
Gonſ. There's but one way left, that's this:
You know the Rope by which the Cock-boat's ty'd,
Goes down by th' Stern, and now we are at Anchor,
There ſits no Pilot to diſcover us;
My Counſel is, to go down by the Ladder,
And being once there, unlooſe, and row to Shore.
Man. This, without doubt, were beſt; but there lies ever
Some one or more within the Boat to watch it.
Gonſ. I'll ſlide down firſt, and run the venture of it;
You ſhall come after me, if there be need,
To give me ſuccour.
Man. 'Tis the only way.
Gonſ. Go in to *Julia* then, and firſt prepare her
With knowledge of the Pyrats, and the danger
Her Honour's in among ſuch barb'rous People.
Man. Leave it to me.
Amid. *Hippolito* and *Julia*,
My Rivals like two pointed Rocks appear;
And I through both muſt to *Gonſalvo* ſteer. [*Aſide.*] [*Exeunt all but* Hippolito.
Hip. As from ſome ſteep and dreadful Precipice,
The frighted Travellor caſts down his Eyes,
And ſees the Ocean at ſo great a diſtance,
It looks as if the Skies were ſunk below him;
Yet if ſome Neighb'ring ſhrub (how weak ſoe'er)
Peeps up, his willing Eyes ſtop gladly there,
And ſeem to eaſe themſelves, and reſt upon it:
So in my deſp'rate ſtate each little comfort
Preſerves me from deſpair; *Gonſalvo* ſtrove not
With greater care to give away his *Julia*,
Than I have done to part with my *Gonſalvo*:
Yet neither brought to paſs our hateful wiſh:
Then we may meet, ſince different ways we move,
Chaſing each other in the Maze of Love. [*Exit* Hippolito.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Don Rodorick *carried by two* Servants.

1 *Serv.* It was the only way that could be thought on,
To get down by the Ladder to the Boat.
2. You may thank me for that invention,
Rod. What a noiſe is here! When the leaſt Breath's
As dang'rous as a Tempeſt.
2. If any of thoſe Rogues ſhould hear him talk,
In what a caſe were we?
Rod. O patience, patience!
This Aſs brays out for ſilence.
Enter at the other end, Manuel, *leading* Julia; Gonſalvo, Hippolito, Amideo.
Gonſ. Hark! What noiſe is that? Go ſoftly. [*They meet on the middle of the Stage.*
Rod. Who's here! I am betray'd; and nothing grieves me
But I want ſtrength to die with honour.
Jul. Rod'rick!
Is it thy Voice my Love? Speak and reſolve me
Whether thou liv'ſt, or I am dead with thee?
Man. Kill him, and force your way.
Rod. Is *Manuel* there?
Hold up my Arm that I may make one thruſt
At him before I die.
Gonſ. Since we muſt fall,
We'll ſell our Lives as dearly as we can.
1. *Serv.* And we'll defend our Maſter to the laſt. [*Fight.*
Enter Pyrats, *without their* Captain.
1. *Pyr.* What's the meaning of this Uproar? Quarelling
Amongſt your ſelves at Midnight?
2. *Pyr.* We are come in a fit time to decide the difference.
Man. Hold Gentlemen, we'r equally concern'd, [*To* Rodorick's Servants.
We for our own, you for your Maſter's ſafety;
If we join forces we may then reſiſt 'em,
If not, both ſides are ruin'd.
1. *Serv.* We agree;
Gonſ. Come o'r on our ſide then. [*They join.*
1. *Pyr.* A miſchief on our Captains drowſineſs;
We'r loſt for want of him.
Gonſ. Dear Madam, get behind, while you are ſafe [*To* Julia.
We cannot be o'ercome.
[*They drive off the* Pyrats, *and follow them off.* Rodorick *remains on the ground.*
Rod I had much rather my own Life were loſt
Than *Manuel*'s were preſerv'd——
Enter the Pyrates *retreating before* Gonſalvo, *&c.*
1. *Pyr.* All's loſt; they fight like Devils, and our Captain
Yet ſleeping in his Bed.
2. Here lies Don *Rodorick*;
If we muſt die, we'll not leave him behind. [*Goes to kill him.*
Jul. O ſpare my *Rodorick*'s Life, and in exchange
Take mine; I put my ſelf within your Pow'r,
To Save or Kill.
1. *Pyr.* So, here's another Pawn
For all our ſafeties.
Man. Heav'n! What has ſhe done?
Gonſ. Let go the Lady, or expect no mercy:
The leaſt drop of her Blood is worth all yours
And mine together.
1. *Pyr.* I am glad you think ſo:
Either deliver up your Sword, or mine
Shall pierce her Heart this moment.
Gonſ. Here, here, take it.

Man.

Man. You are not mad to give away all hope [Manuel *holds him.*
Of ſafety and defence, from us, from her,
And from your ſelf at once!
Gonſ. When ſhe is dead
What is there worth defending
Man. Will you truſt
A Pyrat's Promiſe ſooner than your Valour?
Gonſ. Any thing rather than ſee her in danger.
1. *Pyr.* Nay, if you diſpute the matter! [*Holds his Sword to her Breaſt.*
Gonſ. I yield, I yield; Reaſon to Love muſt bow:
Love, that gives Courage, can make Cowards too. [*Gives his Sword.*
Jul. O ſtrange effect of a moſt generous Paſſion!
Rod. His Enemies themſelves muſt needs admire it.
Man. Nay, if *Gonſalvo* makes a faſhion of it,
'Twill be Valour to die tamely. [*Gives him.*
Hip. I am for dying too with my dear Maſter.
Amid. My life will go as eas'ly as a Flies,
The leaſt Fillip does it in this Fright.
1. *Pyr.* One call our Captain up: Tell him he deſerves little of the Booty.
Jul. It has ſo much prevail'd upon my Soul,
I ever muſt acknowledge it. [*To* Gonſalvo.
Rod. *Julia* has reaſon, if ſhe love him; yet
I find I cannot bear it. [*Aſide.*
Gonſ. Say but you love me; I am more than paid.
Jul. You ask that only thing I cannot give;
Were I not *Rod'rick*'s firſt, I ſhould be yours;
My violent Love for him, I know is faulty,
Yet Paſſion never can be plac'd ſo ill,
But that to change it is the greater Crime:
Inconſtancy is ſuch a Guilt, as makes
That very Love ſuſpected which it brings;
It brings a Gift, but 'tis of ill-got Wealth,
The ſpoils of ſome forſaken Lovers Heart:
Love alter'd once, like Blood let out before,
Will loſe its Virtue, and can Cure no more.
Gonſ. In thoſe few Minutes which I have to live
To be call'd yours is all I can enjoy;
Rodorick receives no prejudice by that;
I would but make ſome ſmall acquaintance here,
For fear I never ſhould enquire you out
In that new World which we are going to.
Amid. Then I can hold no longer:——You deſire
In death to be call'd Hers; and all I wiſh
Is dying to be yours.
Hip. You'll not diſcover? [*Aſide.*
Amid. See here the moſt unfortunate of Women,
That *Angellina* whom you all thought loſt;
And loſt ſhe was indeed; when ſhe beheld
Gonſalvo firſt.
All. How *Angelina*!
Rod. Ha!
My Siſter?
Amid. I thought to have fled Love in flying *Manuel*,
But Love purſu'd me in *Gonſalvo*'s ſhape;
For him I ventur'd all that Maids hold dear,
Th' Opinion of my Modeſty, and Virtue,
My loſs of Fortune, and my Brothers Love.
For him I have expos'd my ſelf to dangers,
Which, (great themſelves, yet) greater would appear,
If you could ſee them through a Womans fear:
But why do I my Right by dangers prove?
The greateſt argument for Love, is Love:
That Paſſion, *Julia*, while he lives, denies,

He ſhould refuſe to give her when he dies:
Yet grant he did his Life to her bequeath,
May I not claim my ſhare of him in Death?
I only beg when all the Glory's gone,
The heatleſs Beams of a departing Sun.
Gonſ. Never was Paſſion hid ſo modeſtly,
So generouſly reveal'd.
Man. We'r now a Chain of Lovers link'd in Death;
Julia goes firſt, *Gonſalvo* hangs on her,
And *Angellina* holds upon *Gonſalvo*,
As I on *Angellina*.
Hip. Nay, here's *Honoria* too:——
You look on me with wonder in your Eyes,
To ſee me here, and in this ſtrange diſguiſe.
Jul. What new Miracle is this? *Honoria*!
Man. I left you with my Aunt at *Barcellona*,
And thought e'er this you had been married to
The old rich Man, Don *Eſtevan de Gama*.
Hip. I ever had a ſtrange averſion for him;
But when *Gonſalvo* landed there, and made
A kind of Courtſhip, (though it ſeems in jeſt)
It ſerv'd to Conquer me, which *Eſtevan*
Perceiving, preſt my Aunt to haſt the Marriage.
What ſhould I do? My Aunt importun'd me
For the next day: *Gonſalvo*, though I lov'd him,
Knew not my Love; nor was I ſure his Courtſhip
Was not th' effect of a bare Gallantry.
Gonſ. Alas! How griev'd I am, that ſlight addreſs
Should make ſo deep impreſſions on your Mind
In three days time.
Hip. That accident in which
You ſav'd my Life, when firſt you ſaw me, caus'd it.
Though now the ſtory be too long to tell;
Howe'r it was, hearing that night you lay
Aboard your Ship, thus as you ſee diſguis'd,
In Cloaths belonging to my youngeſt Nephew,
I roſe e'er day, reſolv'd to find you out,
And, if I could, procure to wait on you
Without diſcovery of my ſelf; but Fortune
Croſt all my hopes.
Gonſ. It was that diſmal Night
Which tore my Anchor up, and toſt my Ship
Paſt hope of ſafety, many days together,
Until at length it threw me on this Port.
Hip. I will tell not you what my ſorrows were
To find you gone; but there was now no help.
Go back again I durſt not; But, in fine,
Thought beſt, as faſt as my weak Legs would bear me
To come to *Alicant*, and find my Siſter,
Unknown to any elſe: But being near
The City, I was ſeiz'd upon by Thieves,
From whom you reſcu'd me; the reſt you know.
Gonſ. I know too much indeed for my repoſe.
Enter Captain.
Capt. Do you know me?
Gonſ. Now I look better on thee,
Thou ſeem'ſt a greater Villain than I thought thee.
Jul. 'Tis he.
Hip. That bloody Wretch who robb'd us in the Woods.
Gonſ Slave! Dar'ſt thou lift thy hand againſt me?
Dar'ſt thou touch any one whom he protects;
Who gave thee Life? But I accuſe my ſelf,
Not thee: The Death of all theſe guiltleſs Perſons
Became my Crime that Minute when I ſpar'd thee.

Capt. It is not all your threats can alter me
From what I have reſolv'd.
Gonſ. Begin then firſt with me.
Capt. I will, by laying here my Sword. [*Lays his Sword at* Gonſalvo's *Feet.*
All. What means this ſudden change?
Capt. 'Tis neither new, nor ſuddain: From that time
You gave me Life, I watch'd how to repay it;
And *Rodorick*'s Servant gave me ſpeedy means
T' effect my wiſh: For telling me, his Maſter
Meant a Revenge on you, and on Don *Manuel*,
And then to ſeize on *Julia*, and depart:
I proffer'd him my aid to ſeize a Veſſel;
And having by enquiry found out yours,
Acquainted firſt the Captain with my purpoſe,
To make a ſeeming Maſt'ry of the Ship.
Man. How durſt he take your word?
Capt. That I ſecur'd
By letting him give notice to the Ships
That lay about: This done, knowing the place
You were to Fight on was behind the Rock;
Not far from thence, I, and ſome choſen Men,
Lay out of ſight, that if foul play were offer'd,
We might prevent it.
But came not in; becauſe when there was need,
Don *Manuel*, who was nearer, ſtept before me.
Gonſ. Then the Boat which ſeem'd
To lie by chance, Hulling not far from ſhore,
Was plac'd by your direction there?
Capt. It was.
Gonſ. You'r truly Noble; and I owe much more
Than my own Life and Fortunes to your worth.
Capt. 'Tis time I ſhould reſtore their Liberty
To ſuch of yours as yet are ſeeming Pris'ners.
I'll wait on you again. [*Exit* Captain.
Rod. My Enemies are happy, and the ſtorm
Prepar'd for them, muſt break upon my head.
Gonſ. So far am I from happineſs, Heav'n knows
My griefs are doubled:——
I ſtand ingag'd in hopeleſs Love to *Julia*;
In Gratitude to theſe:
Here I have giv'n my Heart, and here I owe it.
Hip. Dear Maſter, trouble not your ſelf for me;
I ever made your happineſs my own;
Let *Julia* Witneſs with what Faith I ſerv'd you,
When you employ'd me in your Love to her.
I gave your Noble heart away, as if
It had been ſome light Gallant's, little worth:
Not that I lov'd you leſs than *Angellina*,
But my Self, leſs than You.
Gonſ. Wonder of Honour,
Of which my Own was but a fainter ſhadow,
When I gave *Julia*, whom I could not keep.
You fed a Fire within, with too rich Fuel,
In giving it your Heart to prey upon;
The ſweeteſt Off'ring that was ever burnt
Since laſt the *Phœniæ* dy'd.
Hip. If *Angellina* knew, like me, the pride
Of Noble minds, which is to give, not take;
Like me ſhe would be ſatisfy'd, her Heart
Was well beſtow'd, and ask for no return.
Amid. Pray let my Heart alone; you'll uſe it as
The Gipſies do our Money;
If they once touch it, they have pow'r upon't.

Enter the Servant, *who appear'd in the firſt Act with* Gonſalvo.

Serv. O my dear Lord, *Gonſalvo de Peralta* !

Rod. De Peralta, ſaid you ? You amaze me

Gonſ. Why, do you know that Family in *Sevil* ?

Rod. I am my ſelf the Elder Brother of it.

Gonſ. Don Rod'rick de Peralta !

Rod. I was ſo,

Until my Mother dy'd, whoſe Name *de Sylva*
I choſe, (our Cuſtom not forbidding it)
Three years ago, when I return'd from *Flanders* :
I came here to poſſeſs a fair Eſtate
Left by an Aunt ; her Siſter, for whoſe ſake,
I take that Name, and lik'd the place ſo well,
That never ſince I have return'd to *Sevil*,

Go. 'Twas then that change of Name which caus'd my Letters.

All to miſcarry : What an happy Tempeſt
Was this, which would not let me reſt at *Sevil*,
But blew me farther on to ſee you here.

Amid. Brother, I come to claim a Siſters ſhare ;
But you'r too near me, to be nearer now.

Gonſ. In my Room let me beg you to receive Don *Manuel.*

Amid. I take it half unkindly,
You give me from your Self ſo ſoon ; Don *Manuel*
I know is worthy, and but yeſter-day
Preſerv'd my Life ; but it will take ſome time
To change my Heart :

Man. I'll watch it patiently, as *Chymiſts* do
Their Golden Birth ; and when 'tis chang'd, receive it
With greater care than they the rich Elixir.
Juſt paſſing from one Vial to another.

Rod. Julia is ſtill my Brother's, though I loſe her.

Gonſ. You ſhall not loſe her ; *Julia* was born
For none but you ;
And I for none but my *Honoria* :
Julia is yours by Inclination ;
And I by Conqueſt am *Honoria*'s.

Hon. 'Tis the moſt glorious one that e'r was made :
And I no longer will diſpute my Happineſs.

Rod. Julia, you know my peeviſh jealouſies ;
I cannot promiſe you a better Husband
Than you have had a Servant.

Jul. I receive you with all your Faults.

Rod. And think, when I am froward,
My ſullen Humour puniſhes it ſelf ;
I'm like a Day in *March*, ſometimes o'r-caſt
With Storms, but then the after Clearneſs is
The greater : The worſt is, where I Love moſt,
The Tempeſt falls moſt heavy.

Jul. Ah, Ah ! What a little time to Love is Lent.
Yet half that time is in unkindneſs ſpent.

Rod. That you may ſee ſome hope of my amendment,
I give my Friendſhip to Don *Manuel*, e'r
My Brother asks, or he himſelf deſires it.

Man. I'll ever cheriſh it.

Gonſ. Since for my ſake you become Friends, my care
Shall be to keep you ſo : You, Captain, ſhall
Command this Carrack, and with her my Fortunes :
You, my *Honoria*, though you have an Heart
Which *Julia* left, yet think it not the worſe ;
'Tis not worn out, but poliſh'd by the wearing.
Your merit ſhall her Beauties pow'r remove ;
Beauty but gains, Obligement keeps our Love.

[*Exeunt.*

THE

THE

Indian Emperour :

OR, THE

CONQUEST of *MEXICO*.

TO THE

Moſt Excellent and Moſt Illuſtrious Princeſs

ANNE,

Dutcheſs of *Monmouth* and *Bucclugh*, Wife to the Moſt Illuſtrious and High-born Prince

JAMES Duke of *Monmouth*.

May it pleaſe your Grace,

THE Favour which Heroick Plays have lately found upon our Theatres, has been wholly deriv'd to them from the Countenance and Approbation they have receiv'd at Court. The moſt Eminent Perſons for Wit and Honour in the Royal Circle having ſo far owned them, that they have judg'd no way ſo fit as Verſe to entertain a Noble Audience, or to expreſs a Noble Paſſion. And amongſt the reſt which have been written in this kind, they have been ſo indulgent to this Poem, as to allow it no inconſiderable place. Since therefore to the Court I owe its Fortune on the Stage; ſo, being now more publickly expos'd in Print, I humbly recommend it to your Grace's Protection, who, by all knowing Perſons are eſteem'd a principal Ornament of the Court. But though the Rank which you hold in the Royal Family, might direct the Eyes of a Poet to you, yet your Beauty and Goodneſs detain and fix them. High Objects, 'tis true, attract the Sight; but it looks up with Pain on craggy Rocks and barren Mountains, and continues not intent on any Object, which is wanting in Shades and Greens to entertain it. Beauty, in *Courts*, is ſo neceſſary to the Young, that thoſe who are without it, ſeem to be there to no other purpoſe than to wait on the Triumphs of the Fair; to attend their Motions in Obſcurity, as the Moon and Stars do the Sun by Day; or, at beſt, to be the Refuge of thoſe Hearts which others have deſpis'd; and, by the unworthineſs of both, to give and take a miſerable Comfort. But, as needful as Beauty is, Virtue and Honour are yet more: The Reign of it without their Support is unſafe and ſhort, like that of Tyrants. Every Sun which looks on Beauty waſts it; and, when it is once decaying, the Repairs of Art are of as ſhort continuance, as the after-Spring when the Sun is going farther off. This, *Madam*, is its ordinary Fate; but yours, which is accompanied by Virtue, is not ſubject to that common Deſtiny. Your Grace has not only a long time of Youth in which to flouriſh, but you have likewiſe found the way, by an untainted preſervation of your Honour, to make that periſhable Good more laſting. And if Beauty, like Wines, could be preſerv'd by being mix'd and embodied with others of their own Natures, then your Grace's would be immortal, ſince no part of *Europe* can afford a Parallel to your Noble Lord, in Maſculine Beauty, and in goodlineſs of ſhape. To receive the Bleſſings and Prayers of Mankind, you need only to be ſeen together;

ther; We are ready to conclude that you are a pair of Angels ſent below to make Virtue amiable in your Perſons, or to ſit to Poets when they would pleaſantly inſtruct the Age, by drawing Goodneſs in the moſt perfect and alluring ſhape of Nature. But though Beauty be the Theme, on which Poets love to dwell, I muſt be forced to quit it as a private Praiſe, ſince you have deſerv'd thoſe which are more publick. For Goodneſs and Humanity, which ſhine in you, and Virtues which concern Mankind: And by a certain kind of Intereſt all People agree in their commendation, becauſe the profit of them may extend to many. 'Tis ſo much your inclination to do good, that you ſtay not to be ask'd; which is an approach ſo nigh the Deity, that Humane Nature is not capable of a nearer. 'Tis my Happineſs that I can teſtify this Virtue of your Grace's by my own Experience; ſince I have ſo great an Averſion from ſolliciting Court-Favours, that I am ready to look on thoſe as very bold, who dare grow rich there without deſert. But I beg your Grace's Pardon for aſſuming this Virtue of Modeſty to my ſelf, which the Sequel of this Diſcourſe will no way juſtify. For in this Addreſs I have already quitted the Character of a modeſt Man, by preſenting you this Poem as an Acknowledgment, which ſtands in need of your Protection; and which ought no more to be eſteem'd a Preſent, than it is accounted Bounty in the Poor, when they beſtow a Child on ſome wealthy Friend, who will better breed it up. Off-Springs of this Nature are like to be ſo numerous with me, that I muſt be forc'd to ſend ſome of them abroad; only this is like to be more fortunate than his Brothers, becauſe I have landed him on an hoſpitable ſhore. Under your Patronage *Montezuma* hopes he is more ſafe than in his Native *India*: And therefore comes to throw himſelf at your Grace's Feet, paying that Homage to your Beauty, which he refus'd to the Violence of his Conquerors. He begs only, that when he ſhall relate his Sufferings, you will conſider him as an *Indian Prince*, and not expect any other Eloquence from his Simplicity, than what his Griefs have furniſh'd him withal. His Story is, perhaps, the greateſt which was ever repreſented in a Poem of this Nature; the Action of it including the Diſcovery and Conqueſt of a new World. In it I have neither wholly follow'd the Truth of the Hiſtory, nor altogether left it: But have taken all the Liberty of a Poet, to add, alter, or diminiſh, as I thought might beſt conduce to the beautifying of my Work; it being not the bus'neſs of a Poet to repreſent Hiſtorical Truth, but Probability. But I am not to make the Juſtification of this *Poem*, which I wholly leave to your Grace's Mercy. 'Tis an irregular Piece, if compar'd with many of *Corneille*'s, and, if I may make a Judgment of it, written with more Flame than Art; in which it repreſents the Mind and and Intention of the Author, who is with much more Zeal and Integrity, than Deſign and Artifice,

Madam,

Your Grace's moſt Obedient,

and moſt Obliged Servant.

Octob. 12. 1667.

John Dryden.

Con-

Connexion of the Indian Emperour *to the* Indian Queen.

THE Concluſion of the *Indian Queen*, (part of which Poem was write by me) left little matter for another Story to be built on, there remaining but two of the conſiderable Characters alive, (*viz.*) *Montezuma* and *Orazia*: Thereupon the Author of this Thought it neceſſary to produce New Perſons from the Old Ones; and conſidering the late *Indian Queen*, before ſhe lov'd *Montezuma*, liv'd in Clandeſtine Marriage with her General *Traxalla*; from thoſe two he has rais'd a Son and two Daughters, ſuppos'd to be left young Orphans at their Death: On the other ſide, he has given to *Montezuma* and *Orazia*, two Sons and a Daughter: All now ſuppoſed to be grown up to Men and Womens Eſtate; and their Mother *Orazia* (for whom there was no further uſe in the Story) lately dead.

So that you are to imagine about Twenty years Elaps'd ſince the Coronation of *Montezuma*; who, in the truth of the Hiſtory, was a great and glorious Prince; and in whoſe time hapned the Diſcovery and Invaſion of *Mexico* by the *Spaniards*, under the Conduct of *Hernando Cortez*, who joined with the *Traxallan-Indians*, the inveterate Enemies of *Montezuma*, wholly ſubverted that flouriſhing Empire; the Conqueſt of which is the ſubject of this *Dramatick* Poem.

I have neither wholly followed the Story, nor varied from it; and, as near as I could, have traced the Native Simplicity and Ignorance of the *Indians*, in relation to *European* Cuſtoms: The Shiping, Armour, Horſes, Swords, and Guns of the *Spaniards*, being as new to them, as their Habits and their Language were to the Chriſtians.

The difference of their Religion from ours, I have taken from the Story it ſelf; and that which you find of it in the firſt and fifth Acts touching the Sufferings and Conſtancy of *Montezuma* in his Opinions, I have only illuſtrated, not alter'd from thoſe who have written of it.

The Names of the Perſons repreſented.

Indians, Men,	*Montezuma*,	Emperour of *Mexico*.
	Odmar,	his Eldeſt Son.
	Guyomar,	his Younger Son.
	Orbellan,	Son to the late *Indian Queen* by *Traxalla*.
	High-Prieſt of the Sun.	
Women,	*Cydaria*,	*Montezuma*'s Daughter.
	Almeria, *Alibech*,	Sifters & Daughters to the late *Indian Queen*.
Spaniards,	*Cortez*,	the *Spaniſh* General.
	Vaſquez, *Pizarro*,	Commanders under him.

The Scene *MEXICO*, and two Leagues about it.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

ALmighty Critiques! Whom our Indians *here*
Worſhip, juſt as they do the Devil, for fear.
In reverence to your Pow'r I come this day
To give you timely warning of our Play.
The Scenes are old, the Habits are the ſame
We wore laſt Year, before the Spaniards *came.*
Now, if you ſtay, the Blood that ſhall be ſhed
From this poor Play, be all upon your Head.
We neither promiſe you one Dance, or Show,
Then Plot and Language they are wanting too:
But you kind Wits, will thoſe light faults excuſe:
Thoſe are the common Frailties of the Muſe;
Which who obſerves he buys his place too dear:
For 'tis your buſineſs to be cozen'd here.
Theſe wretched Spies of Wit muſt then confeſs
They take more pains to pleaſe themſelves the leſs.
Grant us ſuch Judges, Phœbus, *we requeſt,*
As ſtill miſtake themſelves into a Jeſt;
Such eaſie Judges, that our Poet may
Himſelf admire the fortune of his Play;
And arrogantly, as his fellows do,
Think he writes well, becauſe he pleaſes you.
This he conceives not hard to bring about,
If all of you would join to help him out.
Would each Man take but what he underſtands,
And leave the reſt upon the Poet's hands.

EPILOGUE.

By a Mercury.

TO all and ſingular in this full Meeting,
Ladies and Gallants, Phœbus *ſends you Greeting.*
To all his Sons, by whate'er Title known,
Whether of Court, of Coffee-Houſe, or Town:
From his moſt mighty Sons, whoſe Confidence
Is plac'd in lofty Sound, and humble Sence,
Ev'n to his little Infants of the Time
Who write new Songs, and truſt in Tune and Rhime.
Be't known that Phœbus *(being daily griev'd*
To ſee good Plays condemn'd, and bad receiv'd,)
Ordains your Judgment upon every Cauſe,
Henceforth be limited by wholſome Laws.
He firſt thinks fit no Sonnettier advance
His Cenſure, further than the Song or Dance.
Your Wit-Burleſque may one ſtep higher climb,
And in his ſphere may judge all Doggrel Rhime:
All Proves, and Moves, and Loves, and Honours too:
All that appears high Sence, and ſcarce is low.
As for the Coffee-Wits he ſays not much,
Their proper buſ'neſs is to Damn the Dutch.
For the great Dons of Wit——
Phœbus *gives them full Privilege alone*
To Damn all others, and cry up their own.
Laſt, for the Ladies, 'tis Apollo's *Will,*
They ſhould have power to ſave, but not to kill:
For Love and He long ſince have thought it fit,
Wit live by Beauty, Beauty reign by Wit.

THE

THE

Indian Emperour:

OR, THE

CONQUEST of *MEXICO*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Scene a Pleaſant Indian *Country.*

Enter Cortez, Vaſquez, Pizarro, *with* Spaniards *and* Indians *of their Party.*

Cort. ON what new happy Climate are we thrown,
So long kept ſecret, and ſo lately known?
As if our old World modeſtly withdrew,
And here, in private, had brought forth a new
Vaſq. Corn, Wine and Oil are wanting to this Ground,
In which our Countries fruitfully abound:
As if this Infant-World, yet unarray'd,
Naked and bare, in Nature's Lap were laid.
No uſeful Arts have yet found Footing here;
But all untaught and ſalvage does appear.
Cort. Wild and untaught are Terms which we alone
Invent, for faſhions differing from our own:
For all their Cuſtoms are by Nature wrought,
But we, by Art, unteach what Nature taught.
Piz. In *Spain* our Springs, like Old Men's Children be,
Decay'd and wither'd from their Infancy:
No kindly Showers fall on our barren Earth,
To hatch the Seaſons in a timely Birth.
Our Summer ſuch a Ruſſet Livery wears,
As in a Garment, often dy'd, appears.
Cort. Here Nature ſpreads her fruitful ſweetneſs round,
Breathes on the Air, and broods upon the Ground.
Here days and Nights the only Seaſons be,
The Sun no Climate does ſo gladly ſee:
When forc'd from hence, to view our Parts, he mourns;
Takes little Journeys, and makes quick Returns.
Vaſq. Methinks we walk in Dreams on Fairy Land,
Where Golden Ore lies mixt with common Sand;
Each Downfal of a Flood the Mountains pour
From their rich Bowels rolls a Silver Shower.
Cort. Heaven from all Ages wiſely did provide
This Wealth, and for the braveſt Nation hide,
Who with four hundred Foot, and forty Horſe,
Dare boldly go a new-found World to force.
Piz. Our Men, though Valiant, we ſhould find too few,
But *Indians* join the *Indians* to ſubdue;
Tuxallan, ſhook by *Montezuma*'s Powers,
Has to reſiſt his Forces, call'd in ours.
Vaſq. Raſhly to arm againſt ſo great a King,
I hold not ſafe; nor is it juſt to bring
A War, without a fair defiance made.
Piz. Declare we firſt our Quarrel: Then invade.
Cort. My ſelf, my King's Embaſſadour will go;
Speak, *Indian* Guide, how far to *Mexico*?

Indian. Your Eyes can ſcarce ſo far a Proſpect make,
As to diſcern the City on the Lake.
But that broad Cauſ-way will direct your way,
And you may reach the Town by Noon of Day.
Cort. Command a Party of our *Indians* out,
With a ſtrict charge not to engage, but ſcout;
By noble ways we Conqueſt will prepare,
Firſt offer Peace, and that refus'd, make War. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Temple, and the High-Prieſt with other Prieſts.

To them an Indian.

Ind. Haſt, Holy Prieſt, it is the King's command.
H. Prieſt. When ſets he forward?
Ind.——He is near at hand.
H. Prieſt. The Incenſe is upon the Altar plac'd,
The bloody Sacrifice already paſt.
Five hundred Captives ſaw the riſing Sun,
Who loſt their light e'er half his Race was run.
That which remains we here muſt celebrate;
Where far from noiſe, without the City Gate,
The peaceful Power that governs Love repairs,
To feaſt upon ſoft Vows and ſilent Pray'rs.
We for his Royal preſence only ſtay,
To end the rites of this ſo ſolemn day. [*Exit* Indian.

Enter Montezuma; *his Eldeſt Son* Odmar; *his Daughter* Cydaria, Almeria, Alibech, Orbellan, *and Train.* [*They place themſelves.*

H. Prieſt. On your birth-day, while we ſing
To our Gods and to our King,
Her, among this beauteous Quire,
Whoſe perfections you admire,
Her, who faireſt does appear,
Crown her Queen of all the Year.
Of the year and of the day,
And at her Feet your Garland lay.
Odm. My Father this way does his looks direct,
Heaven grant he give it not where I ſuſpect.
[Montezuma *riſes, goes about the Ladies, and at length ſtays at* Almeria, *and Bows.*
Mont. Since my *Orazia*'s Death I have not ſeen
A beauty ſo deſerving to be Queen
As fair *Almeria.*
Alm.——Sure he will not know [*To her Brother and Siſter aſide.*
My birth I to that injur'd Princeſs owe,
Whom his hard Heart not only love deny'd,
But in her ſufferings took unmanly Pride.
Alib. Since *Montezuma* will his choice renew,
In dead *Orazia*'s Room electing you,
'Twill pleaſe our Mother's Ghoſt that you ſucceed
To all the glories of her Rivals Bed.
Alm. If news be carried to the ſhades below,
The *Indian* Queen will be more pleas'd, to know
That I his ſcorns on him, who ſcorn'd her, pay.
Orb. Would you could right her ſome more noble way.
[*She turns to him who is kneeling all this while.*
Mont. Madam, this poſture is for Heaven deſign'd, [*Kneeling.*
And what moves Heaven I hope may make you kind.
Alm. Heaven may be kind, the Gods uninjur'd live,
And crimes below coſt little to forgive.
By thee, Inhumane, both my Parents dy'd;
One by the Sword, the other by thy Pride.

Mont.

Mont. My haughty mind no fate could ever bow,
Yet I muſt ſtoop to one who ſcorns me now:
Is there no pity to my ſufferings due?
Alm. As much as what my Mother found from you
Mont. Your Mother's wrongs a recompence ſhall meet,
I lay my Scepter at her Daughter's Feet.
Alm. He, who does now my leaſt commands obey,
Would call me Queen, and take my Pow'r away.
Odm. Can he hear this, and not his Fetters break?
Is love ſo pow'rful, or his Soul ſo weak?
I'll fright her from it, Madam, though you ſee
The King is Kind, I hope your modeſty
Will know, what diſtance to the Crown is due.
Alm. Diſtance and modeſty preſcrib'd by you?
Odm. *Almeria* dares not think ſuch Thoughts as theſe.
Alm. She dares both think an act what Thoughts ſhe pleaſe.
'Tis much below me on his Throne to ſit;
But when I do, you ſhall Petition it.
Odm. If, Sir, *Almeria* does your Bed partake,
I'll mourn for my forgotten Mother's ſake.
Mont. When Parents Loves are order'd by a Son,
Let ſtreams preſcribe their Fountains where to run.
Odm. In all I urge I keep my duty ſtill,
Not rule your reaſon but inſtruct your will.
Mont. Small uſe of reaſon in that Prince is ſhown,
Who follows others, and neglects his own.
[Almeria *to* Orbellan *and* Alibech, *who are this while Whiſpering to her.*
Alm. No, he ſhall ever love, and always be
The ſubject of my Scorn and Cruelty.
Orb. To prove the laſting torment of his Life,
You muſt not be his Miſtreſs, but his Wife,
Few know what care, an Husbands Peace deſtroy,
His real Griefs, and his diſſembled Joys.
Alm. What mark of pleaſing vengeance could be ſhown,
If I to break his quiet loſe my own?
Orb. A Brother's Life upon your Love relies,
Since I do homage to *Cydaria*'s Eyes:
How can her Father to my hopes be kind,
If in your Heart, he no Example find?
Alm. To ſave your Life I'll ſuffer any thing,
Yet I'll not flatter this tempeſtuous King;
But work his ſtubborn Soul a nobler way,
And, if he love, I'll force him to Obey.
I take this Garland, not as given by you,
But as my Merit, and my Beauties due. [*To* Montez
As for the Crown that you, my Slave, poſſeſs,
To ſhare it with you would but make me leſs.
Enter Guyomar *haſtily.*
Odm. My Brother *Guyomar*! Methinks I ſpy
Haſt in his ſteps, and wonder in his Eye.
Mont. I ſent thee to the Frontiers, quickly tell
The cauſe of thy return, Are all things well?
Guy. I went, in order, Sir, to your Command,
To view the utmoſt limits of the Land:
To that Sea-ſhore where no more World is found,
But foaming Billows breaking on the ground,
Where, for a while, my Eyes no object met
But diſtant Skies that in the Ocean ſet:
And low hung Clouds that dipt themſelves in rain.
To ſhake their Fleeces on the Earth again.
At laſt, as far as I could caſt my Eyes
Upon the Sea, ſomewhat methought did riſe
Like bluiſh miſts, which ſtill appearing more,
Took dreadful ſhapes, and mov'd towards the ſhore.

Mont. What forms did theſe new wonders repreſent?
Guy. More ſtrange than what your wonders can invent.
The object I could firſt diſtinctly view
Was tall ſtreight Trees which on the Waters flew,
Wings on their ſides inſtead of leaves did grow,
Which gather'd all the breath the Winds could blow:
And at their Roots grew floating Palaces,
Whoſe out-blow'd Bellies cut the yielding Seas.
Mont. What divine Monſters, O ye gods, were theſe
That float in air and fly upon the Seas!
Came they alive or dead upon the ſhore?
Guy. Alas, they liv'd too ſure, I heard them roar:
All turn'd their ſides, and to each other ſpoke,
I ſaw their words break out in Fire and Smoke.
Sure 'tis their Voice that thunders from on high,
Or theſe the younger Brothers of the Sky.
Deaf with the noiſe I took my haſty flight,
No mortal Courage can ſupport the fright.
H. Prieſt. Old Prophecies foretel our fall at hand,
When Bearded Men in floating Caſtles Land,
ſear it is of dire Portent.
Mont.——Go ſee
What it fore-ſhows, and what the Gods decree.
Mean time proceed we to what Rites remain.
Odmar, of all this preſence does contain,
Give her your Wreath whom you eſteem moſt fair.
Odm. Above the reſt I judge one Beauty rare,
And may that Beauty prove as kind to me; [*He gives* Alibech *the Wreath.*
As I am ſure fair *Alibech* is ſhe.
Mont. You *Guyomar*, muſt next perform your Part.
Guy. I want a Garland, but I'll give a Heart:
My Brother's Pardon I muſt firſt implore,
Since I with him fair *Alibech* adore.
Odm. That all ſhould *Alibech* adore 'tis true,
But ſome reſpect is to my Birth-right due.
My Claim to her by Elderſhip I prove.
Guy. Age is a Plea in Empire, not in Love.
Odm. I long have ſtaid for this ſolemnity
To make my Paſſion publick.
Guy.——So have I.
Odm. But from her Birth my Soul has been her Slave,
My Heart receiv'd the firſt Wounds which ſhe gave:
I watch'd the early Glorious of her Eyes,
As Men for Day-break watch the Eaſtern Skies.
Guy. It ſeems my Soul then mov'd the quicker pace,
Yours firſt ſet out, mine reach'd her in the Race.
Mont. Odmar, Your Choice I cannot diſapprove;
Nor juſtly, *Guyomar*, can blame your Love.
To *Alibech* alone refer your Suit,
And let her Sentence finiſh your Diſpute.
Alib. You think me, Sir, a Miſtreſs quickly won,
So ſoon to finiſh what is ſcarce begun:
In this ſurprize ſhould I a Judgment make,
'Tis anſwering Riddles e'er I'm well awake:
If you oblige me ſuddenly to chuſe,
The Choice is made, for I muſt both refuſe.
For to my ſelf I owe this due regard,
Not to make Love my Gift, but my Reward:
Time beſt will ſhew whoſe ſervices will laſt.
Odm. Then judge my future ſervice by my paſt.
What I ſhall be, by what I was, you know:
That Love took deepeſt Root which firſt did grow.
Guy. That Love which firſt was ſet will firſt decay,
Mine of a freſher Date will longer ſtay.

Odm.

Odm. Still you forget my Birth ;
Guy.——But you, I ſee,
Take care ſtill to refreſh my Memory.
Mont. My Sons, let your unſeemly diſcord ceaſe,
If not in Friendſhip, live at leaſt in Peace.
Orbellan, where you love, beſtow your Wreath.
Orb. My Love I dare not even in Whiſpers breathe.
Mont. A vertuous Love may venture any thing.
Orb. Not to attempt the Daughter of my King.
Mont. Whither is all my former fury gone?
Once more I have *Traxalla*'s Chains put on,
And by his Children am in triumph led,
Too well the living have reveng'd the Dead !
Alm. You think my Brother born your Enemy ;
He's of *Traxalla*'s Blood, and ſo am I.
Mont. In vain I ſtrive,
My Lyon-Heart is with Love Toils beſet,
Strugling I fall ſtill deeper in the Net.
Cydaria, Your new Lover's Garland take,
And uſe him kindly for your Fathers ſake.
Cyd. So ſtrong an hatred does my Nature ſway,
That ſpight of Duty I muſt diſobey.
Beſides, you warn'd me ſtill of loving two,
Can I love him, already loving you ?
Enter a Guard *haſtily.*
Mont. You look amaz'd, as if ſome ſudden fear
Had ſeiz'd your Hearts, is any danger near ?
1. *Guard.* Behind the Covert where this Temple ſtands,
Thick as the Shades, there iſſue ſwarming Bands
Of ambuſh'd Men, whom, by their Arms and Dreſs,
To be *Traxallan* Enemies I gueſs.
2. *Guard.* The Temple, Sir, is almoſt compaſs'd round.
Mont. Some ſpeedy way for paſſage muſt be found.
Make to the City by the Poſtern Gate,
I'll either force my Victory, or Fate:
A Glorious Death in Arms I'll rather prove,
Than ſtay to periſh tamely by my Love.
An Alarm within. Enter Montezuma, Odmar, Guyomar, Alibech,
Orbellan, Cydaria, Almeria, *as purſued by* Traxallans.
Mont. No ſuccour from the Town?
Odm.——None, none is nigh.
Guy. We are inclos'd, and muſt reſolve to die.
Mont. Fight for Revenge now hope of life is paſt,
But one ſtroke more and that will be my laſt.
Enter Cortez, Vaſquez, Pizarro, *to the* Traxallans, Cortez *ſtays them, juſt falling on.*
Cort. Contemn'd ? My Orders broke even in my ſight ! [*To his* Indians.
Did I not ſtrictly charge you ſhould not fight ?
Ind. Your Choler, General, does unjuſtly riſe,
To ſee your Friends purſue your Enemies ;
The greateſt and moſt cruel Foes we have
Are theſe whom you would ignorantly ſave,
By ambuſh'd Men, behind their Temple laid,
We have the King of *Mexico* betray'd.
Cort. Where, baniſh'd Virtue, wilt thou ſhew thy Face,
If treachery infects thy *Indian* Race?
Diſmiſs your rage, and lay your Weapons by ;
Know I protect them and they ſhall not die.
Ind. O wond'rous Mercy, ſhown to Foes diſtreſt !
Cort. Call them not ſo, when once with odds oppreſt,
Nor are they Foes my Clemency defends,
Until they have refus'd the name of Friends :
Draw up our *Spaniards* by themſelves, then Fire [*To* Vaſq.
Our Guns on all who do not ſtreight retire.

Ind.

Ind. O mercy, mercy, at thy feet we fall, [Ind. *Kneeling.*
Before thy roaring gods deſtroy us all:
See we retreat without the leaſt reply, [*The* Traxallans *retire.*
Keep thy gods ſilent, if they ſpeak we die.
Mont. The fierce *Traxallans* lay their Weapons down,
Some Miracle in our relief is ſhown.
Guy. Theſe bearded Men, in Shape and Colour be
Like thoſe I ſaw come floating on the Sea. [Mont. *Kneels to* Cort.
Mont. Patron of *Mexico* and god of Wars,
Son of the Sun, and Brother of the Stars.
Cort. Great Monarch, your devotion you miſplace.
Mont. Thy actions ſhown thee born of Heavenly Race,
If then thou art that cruel God whoſe Eyes
Delight in Bloud, and Humane Sacrifice,
Thy dreadful Altars I with Slaves will ſtore,
And feed thy Noſtrils with hot reeking Gore;
Or if that mild and gentle God thou be,
Who doſt Mankind below with pity ſee,
With breath of incenſe I will glad thy Heart:
But if, like us, of Mortal Seed thou art,
Preſents of choiceſt Fowls, and Fruits I'll bring,
And in my Realms thou ſhalt be more than King.
Cort. Monarch of Empires, and deſerving more
Than the Sun ſees upon your Weſtern ſhore;
Like you a Man, and hither lead by Fame,
Not by conſtraint, but by my choice I came;
Ambaſſadour of Peace, if Peace you chuſe,
Or Herald of a War if you refuſe.
Mont. Whence or from whom doſt thou theſe offers bring?
Cort. From *Charles* the Fifth, the Worlds moſt potent King.
Mont. Some petty Prince, and one of little Fame,
For to this hour I never heard his name:
The two great Empires of the World I know,
That of *Peru*, and this of *Mexico*;
And ſince the Earth none larger does afford,
This *Charles* is ſome poor Tributary Lord.
Cort. You ſpeak of that ſmall part of Earth you know.
But betwixt us and you wide Oceans flow,
And watry deſarts of ſo vaſt extent,
That paſſing hither four full Moons we ſpent.
Mont. But ſay, what News, what offers doſt thou bring
From ſo remote, and ſo unknown a King?
Vaſq. *Spain*'s mighty Monarch, to whom Heaven thinks fit
That all the Nations of the Earth ſubmit, [*While* Vaſquez *ſpeaks*, Cortez *ſpies the Ladies, and goes to them, entertaining* Cydaria *with Courtſhip in dumb Show.*]
In gracious Clemency, does condeſcend
On theſe conditions to become your Friend.
Firſt, that of him you ſhall your Scepter hold,
Next, you preſent him with your uſeleſs Gold:
Laſt, that you leave thoſe Idols you implore,
And one true Deity with him adore.
Mont. You ſpeak your Prince a mighty Emperour,
But his demands have ſpoke him Proud, and Poor;
He proudly at my free-born Scepter flies,
Yet poorly begs a metal I deſpiſe.
Gold thou may'ſt take, whatever thou canſt find,
Save what for ſacred uſes is deſign'd:
But, by what right pretends your King to be
The Soveraign Lord of all the World and me?
Piz. The Soveraign Prieſt,———
Who repreſents on Earth the Pow'r of Heaven,
Has this your Empire to our Monarch given.
Mont. Ill does he repreſent the Powers above,
Who nouriſhes debate, not preaches love;
Beſides, what greater folly can be ſhown?
He gives another what is not his own.

Vaſq.

Vaſq. His Pow'r muſt needs unqueſtion'd be below,
For he in Heaven an Empire can beſtow.
Mont. Empires in Heaven he with more eaſe may give,
And you perhaps would with leſs thanks receive;
But Heaven has need of no ſuch Viceroy here;
It ſelf beſtows the Crowns that Monarchs wear.
Piz. You wrong his power as you miſtake our end,
Who came thus far Religion to extend.
Mont. He who Religion truly underſtands,
Knows its extent muſt be in Men, not Lands.
Odm. But who are thoſe that truth muſt propagate
Within the confines of my Father's State?
Vaſq. Religious Men, who hither muſt be ſent
As awful Guides of Heavenly Government;
To teach you Penance, Faſt, and Abſtinence,
To puniſh Bodies for the Souls offence.
Mont. Cheaply you ſin, and puniſh crimes with eaſe,
Not as th' offended, but th' offenders pleaſe.
Firſt injure Heaven, and when its wrath is due,
Your ſelves preſcribe it how to puniſh you.
Odm. What numbers of theſe Holy Men muſt come?
Piz. You ſhall not want, each Village ſhall have ſome;
Who, though the Royal Dignity they own
Are equal to it and depend on none.
Guy. Depend on none! You treat them ſure in ſtate,
For 'tis their plenty does their Pride create.
Mont. Thoſe ghoſtly Kings would parcel out my Pow'r,
And all the fatneſs of my Land devour;
That Monarch ſits not ſafely on his Throne,
Who bears, within, a power that ſhocks his own.
They teach Obedience to Imperial ſway,
But think it ſin if they themſelves obey.
Vaſq. It ſeems then our Religion you accuſe.
And peaceful Homage to our King refuſe.
Mont. Your Gods I ſlight not, but will keep my own,
My Crown is abſolute, and holds of none;
I cannot in a baſe ſubjection live,
Nor ſuffer you to take, though I would give.
Cort. Is this your Anſwer, Sir?
Mont.——This as a Prince,
Bound to my Peoples and my Crowns defence,
I muſt return, but, as a Man by you
Redeem'd from Death, all gratitude is due.
Cort. It was an Act my Honour bound me to,
But what I did were I again to do,
I could not do it on my Honours ſcore,
For Love would now oblige me to do more.
Is no way left that we may yet agree?
Muſt I have War, yet have no Enemy?
Vaſq. He has refus'd all terms of Peace to take.
Mont. Since we muſt fight, hear Heavens, what Prayers I make,
Firſt, to preſerve this Ancient State and me,
But if your doom the fall of both decree,
Grant only he who has ſuch honour ſhown,
When I am duſt, may fill my empty Throne.
Cort. To make me happier than that wiſh can do,
Lies not in all your gods to grant, but you;
Let this fair Princeſs but one minute ſtay,
A look from her will your Obligements pay.
[*Exeunt* Montezuma, Odmar, Guyomar, Orbellan, Almeria, *and* Alibech.
Mont. to *Cyd.*] Your duty in your quick return be ſhown.
Stay you, and wait my Daughter to the Town. [*To his Guards.*
[Cydaria *is going, but turns and looks back upon* Cortez, *who is looking on her all this while.*

Cyd. My Father's gone, and yet I cannot go, [*Aside.*
Sure I have ſomething loſt or left behind!
Cort. Like Travellers who wander in the Snow,
I on her Beauty gaze till I am blind, [*Aside.*
Cyd. Thick breath, quick pulſe, and heaving of my Heart,
All ſigns of ſome unwonted change appear:
I find my ſelf unwilling to depart,
And yet I know not why I would be here.
Stranger, you raiſe ſuch torments in my Breaſt,
That when I go, if I muſt go again,
I'll tell my Father you have robb'd my reſt,
And to him of your injuries complain.
Cort. Unknown, I ſwear, thoſe wrongs were which I wrought,
But my Complaints will much more juſt appear,
Who from another World my freedom brought,
And to your conquering Eyes have loſt it here.
Cyd. Where is that other World from whence you came?
Cort. Beyond the Ocean, far from hence it lies.
Cyd. Your other World, I fear, is then the ſame
That Souls muſt go to when the Body dies.
But what's the cauſe that keeps you here with me?
That I may know what keeps me here with you?
Cort. Mine is a love which muſt perpetual be,
If you can be ſo juſt as I am true.

Enter Orbellan.

Orb. Your Father wonders much at your delay.
Cyd. So great a wonder for ſo ſmall a ſtay!
Orb. He has commanded you with me to go.
Cyd. Has he not ſent to bring the Stranger too?
Orb. If he to morrow dares in fight appear,
His high plac'd Love, perhaps may coſt him dear.
Cort. Dares——That word was never ſpoke to *Spaniard* yet
But forfeited his Life who gave him it;
Haſt quickly with thy pledge of ſafety hence,
Thy guilt's protected by her innocence.
Cyd. Sure in ſome fatal hour my Love was born,
So ſoon o'ercaſt with abſence in the morn!
Cort. Turn hence thoſe pointed glories of your Eyes,
For if more Charms beneath thoſe Circles riſe,
So weak my Vertue, they ſo ſtrong appear,
I ſhall turn Raviſher to keep you here. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *The Magician's Cave.*

Enter Montezuma, *High-Prieſt.*

Mont. NOT that I fear the utmoſt Fate can do,
Come I th' event of doubtful War to know,
For Life and Death are things indifferent,
Each to be choſe as either brings content;
My motive from a Nobler cauſe does ſpring,
Love rules my Heatt, and is your Monarch's King;
I more deſire to know *Almeria*'s mind,
Than all that Heaven has for my ſtate deſign'd.
H. Pri. By powerful Charms which nothing can withſtand,
I'll force the Gods to tell what you demand.
Charm,
Thou Moon, that aid'ſt us with thy Magick might,
And yee ſmall Stars, the ſcattered ſeeds of Light,

Dust

Dart your pale Beams into this gloomy place,
That the ſad Powers of the Infernal Race
May read above what's hid from Humane Eyes,
And in your Walks ſee Empires fall and riſe.
And ye Immortal Souls, who once were Men,
And now reſolv'd to Element agen,
Who wait for Mortal Frames in depths below,
And did before what we are doom'd to do;
Once, twice, and thrice, I wave my Sacred Wand,
Aſcend, aſcend, aſcend at my command. [*An earthly Spirit riſes.*
Spir. In vain, O mortal Men, your Prayers implore
The aid of Powers below, which want it more:
A God more ſtrong, who all the gods commands,
Drives us to exile from our Native Lands;
The Air ſwarms thick with wandring Deities,
Which drowſily like humming Beetles riſe
From our lov'd Earth, where peacefully we ſlept,
And far from Heaven along poſſeſſion kept.
The frighted *Satyrs* that in Woods delight,
Now into Plains with prick'd-up Ears take flight:
And ſcudding thence, while they their Horn-feet ply
About their Syres the little *Sylvans* cry:
A Nation loving Gold muſt rule this place,
Our Temples ruin, and our Rites deface:
To them, O King, is thy loſt Scepter given,
Now mourn thy fatal ſearch, for ſince wiſe Heaven
More ill than good to Mortals does diſpenſe,
It is not ſafe to have too quick a ſenſe. [*Deſcends.*
Mont. Mourn they who think repining can remove
The firm decrees of thoſe who rule above;
The brave are ſafe within, who ſtill dare die,
When e'er I fall I'll ſcorn my Deſtiny.
Doom as they pleaſe with my Empire not to ſtand.
I'll graſp my Scepter with my dying hand.
H. Prieſt. Thoſe Earthy Spirits black and envious are:
I'll call up other gods, of form more fair:
Who Viſions dreſs in pleaſing Colour ſtill,
Set all the Good to ſhow, and hid the Ill:
Kalib, aſcend, my fair-ſpoke Servant riſe,
And ſooth my Heart with pleaſing Prophecies.
[*Kalib* aſcends all in White in the ſhape of a Woman, and Sings.
Kalib. *I look'd and ſaw within the Book of Fate,*
Where many days did lowr;
Where lo one happy hour
Leapt up, and ſmil'd to ſave thy ſinking State;
A day ſhall come when in thy power
Thy cruel Foes ſhall be;
Then ſhall thy Land be free,
And thou in peace ſhalt reign.
But take, O take that Opportunity,
Which once refus'd will never come again. *Deſcends.*

Mont. I ſhall deſerve my Fate if I refuſe
That happy hour which Heaven allots to uſe;
But of my Crown thou too much care do'ſt take,
That which I value more, my Love's at ſtake.
H. Prieſt. Ariſe ye ſubtle Spirits that can ſpy,
When Love is enter'd in a Females Eye;
You that can read it in the midſt of doubt,
And in the midſt of frowns can find it out;
You that can ſearch thoſe many corner'd minds,
Where Womans crooked fancy turns, and winds,
You that can Love explore, and Truth impart,
Where both lie deepeſt hid in Womans heart.

Ariſe—— [*The Ghoſt of* Traxalla *and* Acacis *ariſe, they ſtand ſtill and point at* Mont.
H. Prieſt. I did not for theſe Ghaſtly Viſions ſend,
Their ſudden coming does ſome ill portend,
Begon———Begon———They will not diſappear,
My Soul is ſeiz'd with an unuſual fear.
Mont. Point on, point on, and ſee whom you can fright,
Shame and Confuſion ſeize theſe ſhades of Night.
Ye thin and empty forms, am I your ſport? [*They ſmile.*
If you were fleſh——
You know you durſt not uſe me in this ſort.
[*The Ghoſt of the* Indian Queen *riſes betwixt the Ghoſts, with a Dagger in her Breaſt.*
Mont. Ha!
I feel my Hair grow ſtiff, my Eye-Balls rowl,
This is the only form could ſhake my Soul.
Ghoſt. *The hopes of thy ſucceſſleſs Love reſign,*
Know Montezuma *thou art only mine;*
For thoſe who here on Earth their Paſſion ſhew
By Death for Love, receive their right below.
Why doſt thou then delay my longing Arms?
Have Cares, and Age, and Mortal life ſuch Charms!
The Moon grows ſickly at the ſight of Day,
And early Cocks have ſummon'd me away:
Yet I'll appoint a meeting place below.
For there fierce winds o'er dusky Vallies blow:
Whoſe every puff bears empty ſhades away,
Which guideleſs in thoſe dark Dominions ſtray.
Juſt at the entrance of the Field below,
Thou ſhalt behold a tall black Poplar grow,
Safe in its hollow trunk I will attend,
And ſeize thy Spirit when thou doſt deſcend. [*Deſcends.*
Mont. I'll ſeize thee there, thou Meſſenger of Fate:
Would my ſhort Life had yet a ſhorter date!
I'm weary of this fleſh which holds us here,
And daſtards manly Souls with hope and fear:
Theſe heats and colds ſtill in our Breaſts make War,
Agues and Feavers all our Paſſions are. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Cydaria *and* Alibech, *betwixt the two Armies.*

Alib. Bleſſings will Crown your Name if you prevent
That Blood, which in this Battel will be ſpent;
Nor need you fear ſo juſt a ſute to move,
Which both becomes your duty and your Love.
Cyd. But think you he will come? Their Camp is near,
And he already knows I wait him here.
Alib. You are too young your power to underſtand,
Lovers take Wing upon the leaſt command;
Already he is here.
Enter Cortez *and* Vaſquez *to them.*
Cort. Methinks like two black ſtorms on either hand,
Our *Spaniſh* Army and your *Indians* ſtands;
This only ſpace betwixt the Cloud, is clear,
Where you, like day, broke looſe from both, appear.
Cyd. Thoſe cloſing Skies might ſtill continue bright,
But who can help it if you'll make it night?
The Gods have given you power of Life and Death,
Like them to ſave or ruin with a breath.
Cort. That power they to your Father did diſpoſe,
'Twas in his choice to make us Friends or Foes.
Alib. Injurious ſtrength would rapine ſtill excuſe,
By off'ring terms the weaker muſt refuſe:

And

And ſuch as theſe your hard conditions are,
You threaten Peace, and you invite a War.
Cort. If for my ſelf to Conquer here I came,
You might perhaps my actions juſtly blame:
Now I am ſent, and am not to diſpute
My Prince's Orders, but to execute.
Alib. He who his Prince ſo blindly does obey,
To keep his Faith, his Vertue throws away.
Cort. Monarchs may err, but ſhould each private Breaſt
Judge their ill Acts, they would diſpute their beſt.
Cyd. Then all your care is for your Prince I ſee,
Your truth to him out-weighs your love to me;
You may ſo cruel to deny me prove,
But never after that pretend to love.
Cort. Command my Life, and I will ſoon obey,
To ſave my Honour I my Blood will pay.
Cyd. What is this Honour which does Love control:
Cort. A raging Fit of Vertue in the Soul;
A painful Burthen, which great minds muſt bear,
Obtain'd with danger, and poſſeſs'd with fear.
Cyd. Lay down that Burthen, if it painful grow,
You'll find, without it, Love will lighter go.
Cort. Honour once loſt is never to be found.
Alib. Perhaps he looks to have both Paſſions crown'd.
Firſt die his Honour in a Purple Flood.
Then Court the Daughter in the Father's Blood.
Cort. The edge of War I'll from the Battel take,
And ſpare her Father's Subjects for her ſake.
Cyd. I cannot love you leſs when I'm refus'd,
But I can die to be unkindly us'd;
Where ſhall a Maid's diſtracted heart find reſt,
If ſhe can miſs it in a Lover's Breſt?
Cort. I till to Morrow will the Fight delay:
Remember you have conquer'd me to day.
Alib. This Grant deſtroys all you have urg'd before,
Honour could not give this, or can give more;
Our Women in the foremoſt Ranks appear,
March to the Fight, and meet your Miſtreſs there:
Into the thickeſt Squadrous ſhe muſt run,
Kill her, and ſee what Honour will be won.
Cyd. I muſt be in the Battel; but I'll go
With empty Quiver, and unbended Bow;
Not draw an Arrow in this fatal ſtrife,
For fear its Point ſhould reach your Noble Life.

Enter Pizarro.

Cort. No more, your kindneſs wounds me to the Death:
Honour, begon, what art thou but a breath?
I'll live, proud of my infamy and ſhame,
Grac'd with no Triumph but a Lover's Name;
Men can but ſay Love did his Reaſon blind,
And Love's the nobleſt frailty of the mind.
Draw off my Men. The War's already done.
Piz. Your Orders come too late, the Fights begun;
The Enemy drives on, with fury led,
And fierce *Orbellan* combates in their Head.
Cort. He juſtly fears a Peace with me would prove
Of ill concernment to his haughty Love;
Retire, fair Excellence, I go to meet
New Honour, but to lay it at your Feet. [*Exeunt* Cortez, Vaſquez, Pizarro.

Enter. Odmar *and* Guyomar *to* Alibech *and* Cydaria.

Odm. Now, Madam, ſince a danger does appear
Worthy my Courage, though below my Fear,
Give leave to him who may in Battel die,
Before his Death to ask his Deſtiny.

Guy. He cannot die whom you command to live,
Before the Fight you can the conqueſt give;
Speak where you'll place it?
Alib. —— Briefly then, to both,
One I in ſecret love, the other loth;
But where I hate, my hate I will not ſhow,
And he I love, my Love ſhall never know;
True worth ſhall gain me, that it may be ſaid,
Deſert, not Fancy, once a Woman led.
He who in Fight his Courage ſhall oppoſe
With moſt ſucceſs againſt his Countries Foes,
From me ſhall all that recompence receive
That Valour Merits, or that Love can give:
'Tis true my hopes and fears are all for one;
But hopes and fears are to my ſelf alone.
Let him not ſhun the danger of the ſtrife,
I but his Love, his Country claims his Life.
Odm. All Obſtacles my Courage ſhall remove.
Guy. Fall on, fall on.
Odm. —— For Liberty.
Guy. —— For Love. [*Exeunt, the Women following.*

SCENE *changes to the* Indian *Country.*

Enter Montezuma *attended by the* Indians.

Mont. Charge, charge, their Ground the faint *Taxallans* yield,
Bold in cloſe Ambuſh, baſe in open Field:
The envious Devil did my Fortune wrong:
Thus Fought, thus Conquer'd I, when I was young. [*Exit.*

Alarm. Enter Cortez *Bloody.*

Cort. Furies purſue theſe falſe *Taxallans* Flight,
Dare they be Friends to us, and dare not Fight?
What Friends can Cowards be, what hopes appear
Of help from ſuch, who where they hate ſhow fear!

Enter Pizarro, Vaſquez.

Piz. The Field grows thin, and thoſe that now remain
Appear but like the ſhadows of the Slain.
Vaſq. The fierce old King is vaniſh'd from the place,
And in a Cloud of Duſt purſues the Chace.
Cort. Their eager Chace diſorder'd does appear;
Command our Horſe to charge them in the Rear: [*To* Pizarro,
You to our old *Caſtilian* Foot retire, [*To* Vaſquez.
Who yet ſtand firm, and at their Backs give Fire. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Odmar *and* Guyomar, *meeting each other in the Battel.*

Odm. Where haſt thou been ſince firſt the Fight began,
Thou leſs than Woman in the ſhape of Man?
Guy. Where I have done what may thy Envy move,
Things Worthy of my Birth, and of my Love.
Odm. Two bold *Taxallans* with one Dart I ſlew,
And left it ſticking e'er my Sword I drew.
Guy. I ſought not Honour on ſo baſe a Train,
Such Cowards by our Women may be ſlain;
I fell'd along a Man of Bearded Face,
His Limbs all cover'd with a Shining Caſe:
So wondrous hard, and ſo ſecure of wound,
It made my Sword, though edg'd with Flint, rebound.
Odm. I kill'd a double Man, the one half lay
Upon the Ground, the other ran away. [*Guns go off within.*

Enter Montezuma *out of breath, with him* Alibech *and an* Indian.

Mont. All's loſt——
Our Foes with Lightning and with Thunder Fight,
My Men in vain ſhun Death by ſhameful Flight;
For Death's inviſible, comes wing'd with Fire,
They hear a dreadful noiſe and ſtraight expire.

Take

Take, Gods, that Soul ye did in ſpight create,
And made it great to be unfortunate:
Ill Fate for me unjuſtly you provide,
Great Souls are Sparks of your own Heavenly Pride:
That Luſt of Power we from your Godheads have,
You're bound to pleaſe thoſe Appetites you gave.

Enter Vaſquez *and* Pizarro *with* Spaniards.

Vaſq. Pizarro, I have hunted hard to day
Into our toils the nobleſt of the Prey;
Seize on the King, and him your Priſoner make,
While I in kind revenge my Taker take.

[Pizarro *with two goes to attacque the King*, Vaſquez *with another to ſeize* Alibech.

Guy. Their danger is alike, whom ſhall I free?
Odm. I'll follow Love.
Guy. ——I'll follow Piety.

[Odmar *retreats from* Vaſquez *with* Alibech *off the Stage*, Guyomar *fights for his Father.*

Guy. Fly, Sir, while I give back that Life you gave,
Mine is well loſt, if I your Life can ſave.

[Montezuma *fights off*, Guyomar *making his Retreat, ſtays.*

Guy. 'Tis more than Man can do to 'ſcape them all,
Stay, let me ſee where nobleſt I may fall.

[*He runs at* Vaſquez, *is ſeiz'd behind and taken.*

Vaſq. Conduct him off,
And give Command he ſtrictly guarded be.
Guy. In vain are Guards, Death ſets the Valiant free.

[*Exit* Guyomar *with Guards.*

Vaſq. A Glorious Day! and bravely was it Fought,
Great Fame our General in great Danger ſought;
From his ſtrong Arm I ſaw his Rival run,
And in a Crowd th' unequal Combat ſhun.

Enter Cortez, *leading* Cydaria, *who ſeems crying, and begging of him.*

Cort. Man's force is fruitleſs, and your gods would fail
To ſave the City, but your Tears prevail:
I'll of my Fortune no advantage make,
Thoſe Terms they had once giv'n, they ſtill may take.
Cyd. Heaven has of right all Victory deſign'd,
Where boundleſs power dwells in a will confin'd;
Your *Spaniſh* Honour does the World excel.
Cort. Our greateſt Honour is in loving well.
Cyd. Strange ways your practiſe there to win a Heart,
Here Love is Nature, but with you 'tis Art.
Cort. Love is with us, as Natural as here,
But fetter'd up with cuſtom more ſevere.
In tedious Courtſhip we declare our pain,
And e'er we kindneſs find, firſt meet diſdain.
Cyd. If Women love, they needleſs pains indure,
Their Pride and Folly, but delay their Cure.
Cort. What you miſcall their Folly, is their care,
They know how fickle common Lovers are;
Their Oaths and Vows are cautiouſly believ'd,
For few there are but have been once deceiv'd.
Cyd. But if they are not truſted when they vow,
What other marks of paſſion can they ſhow?
Cort. With Feaſts and Muſick, all that brings delight,
Men treat their Ears, their Palates, and their Sight.
Cyd. Your Gallants ſure have little Eloquence,
Failing to move the Soul, they court the Sence:
With Pomp, and Trains, and in a crowd they woe,
When true Felicity is but in two;
But can ſuch Toys your Womens Paſſion move?
This is but noiſe and tumult, 'tis not Love.

Cort.

Cort. I have no reaſon, Madam, to excuſe
Thoſe ways of Gallantry I did not uſe;
My Love was true, and on a Nobler ſcore.
Cyd. Your Love! Alas! then have you lov'd before!
Cort. 'Tis true I lov'd, but ſhe is Dead, ſhe's Dead,
And I ſhould think with her all Beauty fled,
Did not her fair Reſemblance live in you,
And by that Image my firſt Flames renew.
Cyd. Ah happy Beauty, whoſoe'er thou art!
Though dead, thou keep'ſt poſſeſſion of his Heart;
Thou mak'ſt me jealous to the laſt degree,
And art my Rival in his memory;
Within his Memory, ah, more than ſo,
Thou liv'ſt and triumph'ſt o'er *Cydaria* too.
Cort. What ſtrange diſquiet has uncalm'd your Breaſt,
Inhumane fair, to rob the dead of reſt!
Poor Heart! She ſlumbers in her ſilent Tomb,
Let her poſſeſs in Peace that narrow Room.
Cyd. Poor heart, he pities and bewails her death,
Some god, much hated Soul, reſtore thy breath,
That I may kill thee, but ſome eaſe 'twill be,
I'll kill my ſelf for but reſembling thee.
Cort. I dread your anger, your diſquiet fear,
But blows from hands ſo ſoft who would not bear?
So kind a Paſſion why ſhould I remove?
Since Jealouſie but ſhows how well we love;
Yet Jealouſie ſo ſtrange I never knew,
Can ſhe who loves me not diſquiet you?
For in the Grave no Paſſions fill the Breaſt,
'Tis all we gain by death to be at reſt.
Cyd. That ſhe no longer loves brings no relief,
Your Love to her ſtill lives, and that's my grief.
Cort. The object of deſire once ta'ne away,
'Tis then not Love but Pity which we pay.
Cyd. 'Tis ſuch a pity I ſhould never have,
When I muſt lie forgotten in the Grave;
I meant to have oblig'd you when I dy'd,
That after me you ſhould love none beſide,
But you are falſe already.
Cort. —— If untrue,
By Heaven, my falſhood is to her, not you.
Cyd. Obſerve, ſweet Heaven, how falſly he does ſwear,
You ſaid you lov'd me for reſembling her.
Cort. That love was in me by reſemblance bred,
But ſhows you chear'd my ſorrows for the Dead.
Cyd. You ſtill repeat the greatneſs of your grief.
Cort. If that was great, how great was the relief?
Cyd. The firſt Love ſtill the ſtrongeſt we account.
Cort. That ſeems more ſtrong which could the firſt ſurmount:
But if you ſtill continue thus unkind,
Whom I lov'd beſt, you by my Death ſhall find.
Cyd. If you ſhould die, my death ſhould yours purſue,
But yet I am not ſatisfi'd you're true.
Cort. Hear me, ye gods, and puniſh him you hear,
If ought within the World I hold ſo dear.
Cyd. You would deceive the Gods and me, ſhe's dead,
And is not in the World whoſe Love I dread.
Name not the World, ſay nothing is ſo dear.
Cort. Then nothing is, let that ſecure your fear.
Cyd. 'Tis time muſt wear it off, but I muſt go,
Can you your Conſtancy in Abſence ſhow.
Cort. Miſ-doubt my Conſtancy and do not try,
But ſtay and keep me ever in your Eye.

Cyd.

Cyd. If as a Priſoner I were here, you might
Have been inſiſted on a Conq'rours right,
And ſtay'd me here; but now my Love would be
Th' effect of force, and I would give it free.
Cort. To doubt your Vertue, or your Love were ſin!
Call for the Captive Prince and bring him in.
Enter Guyomar, *bound and ſad.*
You look, Sir, as your Fate you could not bear. [*To* Guyomar.
Are *Spaniſh* Fetters then ſo hard to wear?
Fortune's unjuſt, ſhe ruins oft the Brave,
And him who ſhould be Victor, makes the Slave.
Guy. Son of the Sun, my Fetters cannot be
But Glorious for me, ſince put on by thee;
The Ills of Love, not thoſe of Fate I fear,
Theſe I can brave, but thoſe I cannot bear;
My Rival Brother, while I'm held in Chains,
In freedom reaps the fruit of all my Pains.
Cort. Let it be never ſaid, that he whoſe Breaſt
Is fill'd with Love, ſhould break a Lovers reſt;
Haſte, loſe no time, your Siſter ſets you Free,
And tell the King, my generous Enemy,
I offer ſtill thoſe terms he had before,
Only ask leave his Daughter to adore.
Guy. Brother (that Name my Breaſt ſhall ever own, [*He embraces him.*
The name of Foe be but in Battels known;)
For ſome few days all Hoſtile Acts forbear,
That if the King conſents, it ſeems not fear:
His Heart is Noble, and great Souls muſt be
Moſt ſought and courted in Adverſity.
Three days I hope the wiſht ſucceſs will tell.
Cyd. Till that long time——
Cort. —— Till that long time, farewel. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT III.

SCENE *Chamber Royal.*

Enter Odmar *and* Alibech.

Odm. THE gods, fair *Alibech*, had ſo decreed,
Nor could my Valour againſt Fate ſucceed;
Yet though our Army brought not Conqueſt home,
I did not from the Fight inglorious come:
If as a Victor you the brave regard,
Succeſleſs Courage then may hope reward:
And I returning ſafe, may juſtly boaſt
To win the prize which my dead Brother loſt.
Enter Guyomar *behind him.*
Guy. No, no thy Brother lives, and lives to be
A Witneſs, both againſt himſelf and thee:
Though both in ſafety are return'd agen,
I bluſh to ask her Love for Vanquiſht Men.
Odm. Brother, I'll not diſpute, but you are brave,
Yet I was free, and you it ſeems a Slave.
Guy. Odmar, 'tis true, that I was Captive led
As publickly is known, as that you fled;
But of two ſhames if ſhe muſt one partake,
I think the choice will not be hard to make.
Odm. Freedom and Bondage in her choice remain,
Dar'ſt thou expect ſhe will put on thy Chain?
Guy. No, no, fair *Alibech*, give him the Crown,
My Brother is return'd with high Renown.

He

He thinks by Flight his Miſtreſs muſt be won,
And claims the prize becauſe he beſt did run.
Alib. Your Chains were glorious, and your Flight was wiſe,
But neither have o'rcome your Enemies:
My ſecret wiſhes would my choice decide,
But open Juſtice bends to neither ſide.
Odm. Juſtice already does my right approve,
If him who loves you moſt, you moſt ſhould love.
My Brother poorly from your aid withdrew,
But I my Father left to ſuccour you.
Guy. Her Country ſhe did to her ſelf prefer
Him who fought beſt, not who defended her;
Since ſhe her intereſt for the Nations wav'd,
Then I who ſav'd the King, the Nation ſav'd;
You aiding her, your Country did betray,
I aiding him, did her Commands obey.
Odm. Name it no more, in Love there is a time
When dull Obedience is the greateſt Crime;
She to her Countries uſe, reſign'd your Sword,
And you, kind Lover, took her at her word;
You did your Duty to your Love prefer,
Seek your Reward from Duty, not from her.
Guy. In acting what my Duty did require,
'Twas hard for me to quit my own deſire,
That fought for her which when I did ſubdue,
'Twas much the eaſier Task I left for you.
Alib. Odmar a more than common Love has ſhown,
And *Guyomar*'s was greater, or was none;
Which I ſhould chuſe ſome God direct my Breaſt.
The certain Good, or the uncertain Beſt:
I cannot chuſe, you both diſpute in vain,
Time and your future Acts muſt make it plain;
Firſt raiſe the Siege, and ſet your Country free,
I not the Judge, but the Reward will be.

To them, Enter Montezuma *talking with* Almeria *and* Orbellan.

Mont. Madam, I think with reaſon I extol
The Vertue of the Spaniſh General;
When all the Gods our Ruine have foretold,
Yet generouſly he does his Arms withhold,
And offering Peace, the firſt Conditions make.
Alm. When Peace, is offer'd, 'tis too late to take;
For one poor loſs to ſtoop to Terms like thoſe,
Were we o'ercome what could they worſe impoſe?
Go, go, with homage your proud Victors meet,
Go lie like Dogs beneath your Maſters Feet,
Go and beget them Slaves to dig their Mines,
And groan for Gold which now in Temples ſhines;
Your ſhameful Story ſhall record of me,
The Men all crouch'd, and left a Woman free.
Guy. Had I not fought, or durſt not fight again,
I my ſuſpected Counſel ſhould refrain:
For I wiſh Peace, and any Terms prefer
Before the laſt Extremities of War.
We but exaſp'rate thoſe we cannot harm,
And Fighting gains us but to die more warm:
If that be Cowardice, which dares not ſee
The inſolent effects of Victory,
The rape of Matrons, and their Childrens cries;
Then I am fearful, let the brave adviſe.
Odm. Keen cutting Swords, and Engines killing far,
Have proſperouſly begun a doubtful War:
But now our Foes with leſs advantage Fight,
Their ſtrength decreaſes with our *Indians* Fright.

Mont. This Noble Vote does with my wiſh comply,
I am for War.
Alm. ——— And ſo am I.
Orb. —— And I.
Mont. Then ſend to break the Truce, and I'll take care
To chear the Souldiers, and for fight prepare.
[*Exeunt* Montezuma, Odmar, Guyomar, Alibech.
Alm. to *Orb.* 'Tis now the hour which all to reſt allow. [Almeria *ſtays* Orbellan.
And ſleep ſits heavy upon every brow; [Guyomar *returns and hears them.*
In this dark ſilence ſoftly leave the Town,
And to the Generals Tent, 'tis quickly known,
Direct your ſteps: you may diſpatch him ſtrait,
Drown'd in his ſleep, and eaſie for his fate:
Beſides, the Truce will make the Guards more ſlack.
Orb. Courage which leads me on will bring me back
But I more fear the baſeneſs of the thing:
Remorſe, you know, bears a perpetual ſting.
Alm. For mean remorſe no room the valiant finds,
Repentance is the Vertue of weak minds;
For want of judgment, keeps them doubtful ſtill,
They may repent of good who can of ill;
But daring Courage makes ill actions good,
'Tis fooliſh pity ſpares a Rivals blood;
You ſhall about it ſtraight —— [*Exeunt* Almeria, Orbellan.
Guy. —— Would they betray
His ſleeping Vertue, by ſo mean a way!
And yet this *Spaniard* is our Nations Foe,
I wiſh him dead —— but cannot wiſh it ſo;
Either my Country never muſt be freed,
Or I conſenting to ſo black a deed.
Would Chance had never led my ſteps this way,
Now if he dies I murther him, not they;
Something muſt be reſolv'd e'er 'tis too late;
He gave me freedom, I'll prevent his fate. [*Exit* Guyomar.

SCENE II. *A Camp.*

Enter Cortez *alone in a Night-Gown.*

Cort. All things are huſh'd, as Natures ſelf lay dead,
The Mountains ſeem to nod their drowſy head;
The little Birds in dreams their Songs repeat,
And ſleeping Flowers, beneath the night-dew ſweat;
Ev'n Luſt and Envy ſleep, yet Love denies
Reſt to my Soul, and ſlumber to my Eyes.
Three days I promis'd to attend my Doom,
And two long days and nights are yet to come:
'Tis ſure the noiſe of ſome Tumultuous Fight, [*Noiſe within.*
They break the Truce, and ſally out by night.
Enter Orbellan *flying in the dark, his Sword drawn.*
Orb. Betray'd! Purſu'd! Oh whither ſhall I fly?
See, ſee, the juſt Reward of Treachery;
I'm ſure among the Tents, but know not where,
Even night wants darkneſs to ſecure my fear.
Comes near Cortez *who hears him.*
Cort. Stand, who goes there?
Orb. ——— Alas, what ſhall I ſay! [*Aſide.*
A poor *Taxallan* that miſtook his way, [*To him.*
And wanders in the terrors of the night.
Cort. Souldier thou ſeem'ſt afraid, whence comes thy fright?
Orb. The inſolence of *Spaniards* caus'd my fear,
Who in the dark purſu'd me entring here.
Cort. Their Crimes ſhall meet immediate puniſhment,
ut ſtay thou ſafe within the General's Tent.

Orb. Still worſe and worſe.
Cort. —— Fear not, but follow me,
Upon my Life I'll ſet thee ſafe and free.
Cortez *leads him in, and returns.*
To him Vaſquez, Pizarro *and* Spaniards *with Torches.*
Vaſq. O Sir, thank Heaven, and your brave *Indian* Friend,
That you are ſafe, *Orbellan* did intend
This night to kill you ſleeping in your Tent:
But *Guyomar* his truſty Slave has ſent,
Who following cloſe his ſilent ſteps by night,
Till in our Camp they both approach'd the light,
Cry'd ſeize the Traytor, ſeize the Murtherer:
The cruel Villain fled I know not where,
But far he is not, for he this way bent.
Piz. Th' inraged Soldiers ſeek from Tent to Tent,
With lighted Torches, and in love to you,
With Bloody Vows his hated Life perſue.
Vaſq. This Meſſenger does ſince he came relate,
That the Old King, after a long debate,
By his imperious Miſtreſs blindly led,
Has given *Cydaria* to *Orbellan*'s Bed.
Cort. Vaſquez, the truſty Slave with you retain,
Retire a while, I'll call you back again. [*Ex.* Vaſq. *and* Piz.
Cortez *at his Tent door.*
Cort. Indian, come forth, your Enemies are gone.
And I who ſav'd you from them here alone;
You hide your Face, as you were ſtill afraid,
Dare you not look on him who gave you Aid.
Enter Orbellan *holding his Face aſide.*
Orb. Moon, ſlip behind ſome Cloud, ſome Tempeſt riſe,
And blow out all the Stars that light the Skies,
To ſhrowd my Shame.
Cort. —— In vain you turn aſide,
And hide your Face, your Name you cannot hide;
I know my Rival, and his black Deſign.
Orb. Forgive it as my Paſſion's Fault not mine.
Cort. In your excuſe your Love does little ſay,
You might howe'er have took a fairer way.
Orb. 'Tis true, my Paſſion ſmall defence can make,
Yet you muſt ſpare me for your Honour's ſake;
That was engag'd to ſet me ſafe and free.
Cort. 'Twas to a Stranger, not an Enemy:
Nor is it prudence to prolong thy Breath,
When all my hopes depend upon thy Death——
——Yet none ſhall tax me with baſe Perjury,
Something I'll do, both for my ſelf and thee?
With vow'd Revenge my Soldiers ſearch each Tent,
If thou art ſeen none can thy Death prevent.
Follow my ſteps with Silence and with Haſte. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene *changes to the* Indian *Country, they return.*
Cort. Now you are ſafe, you have my Out-Guards paſt.
Orb. Then here I take my leave.
Cort. ——*Orbellan*, no;
When you return, you to *Cydaria* go,
I'll ſend a Meſſage.
Orb. —— Let it be expreſt,
I am in haſte.
Cort. —— I'll write it in your Breaſt. [*Draws.*
Orb. What means my Rival?
Cort. —— Either Fight or Die:
I'll not ſtrain Honour to a Point too high;
I ſav'd your Life, now keep it if you can,
Cyaaria ſhall be for the braveſt Man.

On

On equal Terms you ſhall your Fortune try,
Take this, and lay your flint-edg'd Weapon by. [*Gives him a Sword.*
I'll arm you for my Glory, and purſue
No Palm, but what's to Manly Virtue due.
Fame with my Conqueſt ſhall my Courage tell,
This you ſhall gain by placing Love ſo well.
Orb. Fighting with you, ungrateful I appear.
Cort. Under that ſhadow thou wouldſt hide thy Fear:
Thou wouldſt poſſeſs thy Love at thy return,
And in her Arms my eaſie Virtue ſcorn.
Orb. Since we muſt fight, no longer let's delay:
The Moon ſhines clear, and makes a paler Day.
[*They fight,* Orb. *is wounded in the Hand, his Sword falls out of it.*
Cort. To Courage, even of Foes, there's Pity due;
It was not I, but Fortune vanquiſh'd you: [*Throws his Sword again.*
Thank me with that, and ſo diſpute the Prize,
As if you fought before *Cydaria*'s Eyes.
Orb. I would not poorly ſuch a Gift requite,
You gave me not this Sword to yield, but fight:
But ſee where yours has forc'd its bloody way,
My wounded Hand my Heart does ill obey. [*He ſtrives to hold it, but cannot.*
Cort. Unlucky Honour, that control'ſt my Will!
Why have I vanquiſh'd, ſince I muſt not kill?
Fate ſees thy Life lodg'd in a brittle Glaſs,
And looks it through, but to it cannot paſs.
Orb. All I can do is frankly to confeſs,
I wiſh I could, but cannot love her leſs.
To ſwear I would reſign her, were but vain,
Love would recal that perjur'd Breath again;
And in my wretched Caſe 'twill be more juſt,
Not to have promis'd than deceive your Truſt.
Know, if I live once more to ſee the Town,
In bright *Cydaria*'s Arms my Love I'll crown.
Cort. In ſpight of that I give thee Liberty,
And with thy Perſon leave thy Honour free;
But to thy Wiſhes move a ſpeedy pace,
Or Death will ſoon o'ertake thee in the Chace.
To Arms, to Arms, Fate ſhows my Love the way,
I'll force the City on thy Nuptial day. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE III. *Mexico.*

Enter Montezuma, Odmar, Guyomar, Almeria.

Mont. It moves my wonder that in two days ſpace,
This early Famine ſpreads ſo ſwift a pace.
Odm. 'Tis, Sir, the general cry, nor ſeems it ſtrange,
The Face of Plenty ſhould ſo ſwiftly change;
This City never felt a Siege before,
But from the Lake receiv'd its daily ſtore,
Which now ſhut up, and Millions crowded here,
Famine will ſoon in Multitudes appear.
Mont. The more the number, ſtill the greater Shame.
Alm. What if ſome one ſhould ſeek immortal Fame,
By ending of the Siege at one brave Blow?
Mont. That were too happy.
Alm. —— Yet it may be ſo.
What if the *Spaniſh* General ſhould be ſlain?
Guy. Juſt Heaven I hope does otherways ordain. [*Aſide.*
Mont. If ſlain by Treaſon, I lament his Death.
Enter Orbellan *and whiſpers his Siſter.*
Odm. *Orbellan* ſeems in haſte, and out of Breath.
Mont. *Orbellan* welcome, you are early here,
A Bridegroom's haſte, does in your looks appear. [Almeria *aſide to her Brother.*

Alm. Betray'd! no, 'twas thy Cowardice and Fear,
He had not ſcap'd with Life had I been there;
But ſince ſo ill you act a brave Deſign,
Keep cloſe your Shame, Fate makes the next turn mine.
Enter Alibech, Cydaria.
Alib. O Sir! if ever pity touch'd your Breaſt,
Let it be now to your own Blood expreſt:
In Tears your beauteous Daughter drowns her Sight,
Silent as Dews that fall in dead of Night.
Cyd. To your Commands I ſtrict Obedience owe,
And my laſt Act of it I come to ſhow;
I want the Heart to die before your Eyes.
But Grief will finiſh that which Fear denies.
Alm. Your Will ſhould by your Father's Precept move.
Cyd. When he was young he taught me truth in Love.
Alm. He found more love than he deſerv'd, 'tis true,
And that it ſeems is lucky too to you.
Your Father's Folly took a Head-ſtrong courſe,
But I'll rule yours, and teach you Love by force.
Enter Meſſenger.
Arm, Arm, O King! the Enemy comes on,
A ſharp Aſſault already is begun:
The murdering Guns play fiercely on the Walls.
Odm. Now Rival let us run where Honour calls.
Guy. I have diſcharg'd what Gratitude did owe,
And the brave *Spaniard* is again my Foe. [*Ex.* Odm. *and* Guy.
Mont. Our Walls are high, and Multitudes defend:
Their vain Attempt muſt in their Ruine end.
The Nuptials with my preſence ſhall be grac'd.
Alib. At leaſt but ſtay till the Aſſault be paſt.
Alm. Siſter, in vain you urge him to delay,
The King has promis'd, and he ſhall obey.
Enter Second Meſſenger.
From ſeveral parts the Enemy's repell'd,
One only quarter to th' Aſſault does yield.
Enter Third Meſſenger.
Some Foes are enter'd, but they are ſo few,
They only Death, not Victory purſue.
Orb. Hark, hark, they ſhout! —
From Virtue's Rules I do too meanly ſwerve,
I by my Courage will your Love deſerve.
Mont. Here in the Heart of all the Town I'll ſtay,
And timely ſuccour where it wants convey.
A Noiſe within. *Enter* Orbellan, Indians *driven in*, Cortez *after them, and one or two* Spaniards.
Cort. He's found, he's found; degenerate Coward, ſtay:
Night ſav'd thee once, thou ſhalt not ſcape by day. [*Kills* Orb.
Orb. O I am kill'd — *Dies.*
Enter Guyomar *and* Odmar.
Guy. Yield, Generous Stranger, and preſerve your Life, [*He is beſet.*
Why chuſe you Death in this unequal ſtrife?
[Almeria *and* Alibech *fall on* Orbellan's *Body.*
Cort. What nobler Fate could any Lover meet,
I fall reveng'd, and at my Miſtreſs feet?
[*They fall on him and bear him down,* Guyomar *takes his Sword.*
Alib. He's paſt recovery; my dear Brother's ſlain;
Fate's hand was in it, and my care was vain.
Alm. In weak complaints you vainly waſte your Breath:
They are not Tears that can revenge his Death,
Diſpatch the Villain ſtreight.
Cort. —— The Villain's dead.
Alm. Give me a Sword, and let me take his Head.
Mont. Though, Madam, for your Brother's loſs I grieve,
Yet let me beg
Alm. —— His Murderer may live? *Cyd.*

Cyd. 'Twas his Misfortune, and the Chance of War.
Cort. It was my purpoſe, and I kill'd him fair;
How could you ſo unjuſt and cruel prove,
To call that Chance which was the Act of Love?
Cyd. I call'd it any thing to ſave your Life:
Would he were living ſtill and I his Wife;
That wiſh was once my greateſt miſery:
But 'tis a greater to behold you dye.
Alm. Either command his Death upon the place,
Or never more behold *Almeria*'s Face.
Guy. You by his Valour once from Death was freed:
Can you forget ſo Generous a Deed? [*To* Montezuma.
Mont. How Gratitude and Love divide my Breaſt;
Both ways alike my Soul is robb'd of reſt.
But——let him die——can I his Sentence give?
Ungrateful, muſt he Die by whom I Live?
But can I then *Almeria*'s Tears deny?
Should any Live, whom ſhe commands to Die?
Guy. Approach who dares: He yielded on my word;
And as my Pris'ner, I reſtore his Sword; [*Gives his Sword.*
His Life concerns the ſafety of the State,
And I'll preſerve it for a calm Debate.
Mont. Dar'ſt thou rebel, falſe and degenerate Boy?
That Being which I gave, I thus deſtroy. [*Offers to kill him,* Odmar *ſteps between.*
Odm. My Brother's Blood I cannot ſee you ſpill,
Since he prevents you but from doing ill:
He is my Rival, but his Death would be
For him too glorious, and too baſe for me.
Guy. Thou ſhalt not conquer in this noble ſtrife:
Alas, I meant not to defend my Life:
Strike, Sir, you never pierc'd a Breaſt more true;
'Tis the laſt Wound I e'er can take for you.
You ſee I live but to diſpute your Will;
Kill me, and then you may my Pris'ner kill.
Cort. You ſhall not, Generous Youths, contend for me,
It is enough that I your Honour ſee;
But that your Duty may no blemiſh take,
I will my ſelf your Father's Captive make;
When he dares ſtrike, I am prepar'd to fall: [*Gives his Sword to* Montez.
The *Spaniards* will revenge their General.
Cyd. Ah you too haſtily your Life reſign.
You more would love it if you valu'd mine!
Cort. Diſpatch me quickly, I my Death forgive,
I ſhall grow tender elſe, and wiſh to live;
Such an infectious Face her ſorrow wears,
I can bear Death but not *Cydaria*'s Tears.
Alm. Make haſte, make haſte, they merit Death all three:
They for Rebellion, and for Murder he.
See, ſee, my Brother's Ghoſt hangs hovering there,
O'r his warm Blood that ſteems into the Air,
Revenge, revenge, it cries.
Mont. —— And it ſhall have;
But two days reſpit for his Life I crave:
If in that ſpace you not more gentle prove,
I'll give a fatal proof how well I love.
Till when you *Guyomar*, your Pris'ner take;
Beſtow him in the Caſtle on the Lake:
In that ſmall time I ſhall the Conqueſt gain
Of theſe few Sparks of Vertue which remain;
Then all who ſhall my headlong Paſſion ſee,
Shall Curſe my Crimes, and yet ſhall pity me [*Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE, *A Priſon.*

Enter Almeria *and an* Indian, *they ſpeak entring.*

Ind. A Dangerous proof of my reſpect I ſhow.
Alm. Fear not, Prince *Guyomar* ſhall never know:
While he is abſent, let us not delay,
Remember 'tis the King thou doſt obey.
Ind. See where he ſleeps. [Cortez *appears Chain'd and laid aſleep.*
Alm. ——Without my coming wait:
And on thy Life ſecure the Priſon Gate.—— [*Exit* Indian.
[*She plucks out a Dagger and approaches him*
Spaniard, awake: thy fatal hour is come:
Thou ſhall not at ſuch eaſe receive thy Doom.
Revenge is ſure, though ſometimes ſlowly pac'd,
Awake, awake, or ſleeping ſleep thy laſt.
Cort. Who names Revenge?
Alm. ——Look up and thou ſhalt ſee.
Cort. I cannot fear ſo fair an Enemy.
Alm. No aid is nigh, nor canſt thou make defence:
Whence can thy Courage come?
Cort. ——From Innocence.
Alm. From Innocence? let that then take thy part,
Still are thy looks aſſur'd,——have at thy Heart. [*Holds up the Dagger.*
I cannot kill thee, ſure thou bear'ſt ſome Charm, [*Goes back.*
Or ſome Divinity holds back my Arm.
Why do I thus delay to make him Bleed, [*Aſide.*
Can I want Courage for ſo brave a deed?
I've ſhook it off, my Soul is free from fear, [*Comes again.*
And I can now ſtrike any where,——but here
His ſcorn of Death how ſtrangely does it move!
A mind ſo haughty who could chuſe but love! [*Goes off.*
Plead not a Charm, or any Gods command,
Alas, it is thy heart that holds thy hand:
In ſpight of me I love, and ſee too late
My Mother's Pride muſt find my Mother's Fate.
——Thy Country's Foe, thy Brother's Murtherer,
For ſhame, *Almeria*, ſuch mad thoughts forbear:
It w'onnot be if I once more come on, [*Coming on again.*
I ſhall miſtake the Breaſt, and pierce my own. [*Comes with her Dagger down.*
Cort. Does your revenge maliciouſly forbear
To give me Death, till 'tis prepar'd by Fear?
If you delay for that, forbear or ſtrike,
Fore-ſeen and ſudden death are both alike.
Alm. To ſhow my love would but increaſe his Pride:
They have moſt Power who moſt their Paſſions hide. [*Aſide.*
Spaniard, I muſt confeſs I did expect
You could not meet your Death with ſuch neglect;
I will defer it now, and give you time,
You may Repent, and I forget your Crime.
Cort. Thoſe who repent acknowledge they did ill:
I did not unprovok'd your Brother kill.
Alm. Petition me, perhaps I may forgive.
Cort. Who begs his Life does not deſerve to live.
Alm. But if 'tis given you'll not refuſe to take?
Cort. I can live gladly for *Cydaria*'s ſake.
Alm. Does ſhe ſo wholly then poſſeſs your mind?
What if you ſhould another Lady find,
Equal to her in Birth, and far above
In all that can attract, or keep your Love,
Would you ſo doat upon your firſt deſire,
As not to entertain a Nobler Fire? *Cort.*

Cort. I think that Perſon hardly will be found,
With gracious form and equal Vertue crown'd:
Yet if another could Precedence claim,
My fixt deſires could find no fairer Aim.
Alm. Dull Ignorance, he cannot yet conceive:
To ſpeak more plain, ſhame will not give me leave. [*Aſide.*
——Suppoſe one lov'd you whom even Kings adore: [*To him.*
Who with your Life, your Freedom would reſtore,
And add to that the Crown of *Mexico:*
Would you for her *Cydaria*'s love forgo?
Cort. Though ſhe could offer all you can invent,
I could not of my Faith once vow'd repent.
Alm. A burning bluſh hath covered all my Face,
Why am I forc'd to publiſh my diſgrace?
What if I love, you know it cannot be,
And yet I bluſh to put the caſe 'twere me.
If I could love you with a flame ſo true,
I could forget what hand my Brother ſlew?——
——Make out the reſt——I am diſorder'd ſo,
I know not farther what to ſay or do:
———But anſwer me to what you think I meant.
Cort. Reaſon or Wit no anſwer can invent:
Of words confus'd who can the meaning find?
Alm. Diſorder'd words ſhow a diſtemper'd mind.
Cort. She has oblig'd me ſo, that could I chuſe,
I would not anſwer what I muſt refuſe. [*Aſide.*
Alm. ——His mind is ſhook;——ſuppoſe I lov'd you, ſpeak,
Would you for me *Cydaria*'s Fetters break?
Cort. Things meant in Jeſt, no ſerious anſwer need.
Alm. But put the caſe that it were ſo indeed.
Cort. If it were ſo, which but to think were Pride,
My conſtant Love would dangerouſly be try'd:
For ſince you could a Brother's Death forgive,
He whom you ſave, for you alone ſhould live:
But I the moſt unhappy of Mankind,
E'er I knew yours, have all my love reſign'd:
'Tis my own loſs I grieve, who have no more;
You go a begging to a Bankrupt's door.
Yet could I change, as ſure I never can,
How could you love ſo infamous a Man?
For love once given from her, and plac'd in you,
Would leave no ground I ever could be true.
Alm. You conſtrued me aright,——I was in Jeſt:
And by that offer meant to ſound your Breaſt;
Which ſince I find ſo conſtant to your Love,
Will much my value of your worth improve.
Spaniard, aſſure your ſelf you ſhall not be
Oblig'd to quit *Cydaria* for me:
'Tis dangerous though to treat me in this ſort,
And to refuſe my offer, though in ſport. [*Exit* Almeria.
Cort. In what a ſtrange Condition am I left, [Cort. *ſolus.*
More than I wiſh I have, of all I wiſh bereft!
In wiſhing nothing we enjoy ſtill moſt;
For even our wiſh is in poſſeſſion loſt:
Reſtleſs we wander to a new deſire,
And burn our ſelves by blowing up the fire:
We toſs and turn about our feaveriſh Will,
When all our eaſe muſt come by lying ſtill:
For all the happineſs Mankind can gain
Is not in pleaſure, but in reſt from pain. [*Goes in, and the Scene cloſes upon him.*

SCENE

SCENE II. *Chamber Royal.*

Enter Montezuma, Odmar, Guyomar, Alibech.

Mont. My Ears are deaf with this impatient crowd.
Odm. Their wants are now grown mutinous and loud:
The Gen'rals taken, but the Siege remains;
And their laſt Food our dying Men ſuſtains.
Guy. One means is only left, I to this hour,
Have kept the Captive from *Almeria*'s Power,
And though by your Command ſhe often ſent
To urge his Doom, do ſtill his Death prevent.
Mont. That hope is paſt: him I have oft aſſail'd,
But neither Threats nor Kindneſs have prevail'd;
Hiding our Wants, I offer'd to releaſe
His Chains, and equally conclude a Peace:
He fiercely anſwer'd, I had now no way
But to ſubmit, and without Terms obey:
I told him, He in Chains demanded more
Than he impos'd in Victory before:
He ſullenly reply'd, He could not make
Thoſe Offers now; Honour muſt give, not take.
Odm. Twice have I ſally'd, and was twice beat back:
What deſp'rate Courſe remains for us to take!
Mont. If either Death or Bondage I muſt chooſe,
I'll keep my Freedom, though my Life I loſe.
Guy. I'll not upbraid you that you once refus'd
Thoſe Means you might have then with Honour us'd:
I'll lead your Men, perhaps bring Victory:
They know to Conquer beſt, who know to Die. [*Exeunt* Mont. Odmar.
Alib. Ah me, what have I heard! ſtay, *Guyomar*,
What hope you from this Sally you prepare?
Guy. A Death, with Honour for my Country's good:
A Death, to which your ſelf deſign'd my Blood.
Alib. You heard, and I well know the Town's Diſtreſs,
Which Sword and Famine both at once oppreſs:
Famine ſo fierce, that what's deny'd Man's Uſe,
E'en deadly Plants, and Herbs of pois'nous Juice
Wild Hunger ſeeks; and to prolong our Breath,
We greedily devour our certain Death:
The Soldier in th' Aſſault of Famine falls:
And Ghoſts, not Men, are watching on the Walls.
As Callow Birds——
Whoſe Mother's kill'd in ſeeking of the Prey,
Cry in their Neſt, and think her long away:
And at each Leaf that ſtirs, each blaſt of Wind,
Gape for the Food, which they muſt never find:
So cry the People in their Miſery.
Guy. And what Relief can they expect from me?
Alib. While *Montezuma* ſleeps, call in the Foe:
The Captive Gen'ral your Deſign may know:
His Noble Heart, to Honour ever true,
Knows how to ſpare as well as to ſubdue.
Guy. What I have heard I bluſh to hear: and grieve
Thoſe words you ſpoke, I muſt your words believe;
I to do this! I, whom you once thought brave,
To ſell my Country, and my King enſlave?
All I have done by one foul act deface,
And yield my right to you by turning baſe?
What more could *Odmar* wiſh that I ſhould do
To loſe your Love, than you perſuade me to?
No, Madam, no, I never can commit
A deed ſo ill, nor can you ſuffer it:

'Tis

'Tis but to try what Vertue you can find
Lodg'd in my Soul.
Alib. I plainly ſpeak my Mind;
Dear as my Life my Vertue I'll preſerve:
But Vertue you too ſcrupulouſly ſerve:
I lov'd not more than now my Countries good,
When for it's ſervice I employ'd your Blood:
But things are alter'd, I am ſtill the ſame,
By different ways ſtill moving to one fame;
And by diſ-arming you, I now do more
To ſave the Town, than arming you before.
Guy. Things good or ill by circumſtances be;
In you 'tis Vertue, what is Vice in me.
Alib. That ill is pardon'd which does good procure.
Guy. The good's uncertain, but the ill is ſure.
Alib. When Kings grow ſtubborn, ſlothful, or unwiſe,
Each private Man for publick good ſhould riſe.
Guy. Take heed, fair Maid, how Monarchs you accuſe
Such reaſons none but impious Rebels uſe:
Thoſe who to Empire by dark paths aſpire,
Still plead a call to what they moſt deſire;
But Kings by free conſent their Kingdoms take,
Strict as thoſe Sacred Ties which Nuptials make;
And what e'er faults in Princes time reveal,
None can be Judge where can be no Appeal.
Alib. In all debates you plainly let me ſee
You love your Vertue beſt, but *Odmar* me:
Go, your miſtaken Piety purſue:
I'll have from him what is deny'd by you;
With my Commands you ſhall no more be grac'd,
Remember, Sir, this Trial was your laſt.
Guy. The Gods inſpire you with a better mind;
Make you more juſt, and make you then more kind:
But though from Vertue's Rules I cannot part,
Think I deny you with a bleeding Heart:
'Tis hard with me whatever choice I make;
I muſt not merit you, or muſt forſake:
But in this ſtrait, to Honour I'll be true,
And leave my Fortune to the Gods and you.

Enter Meſſenger *privately.*

Meſſ. Now is the time; be aiding to your Fate:
From the Watch-Tower, above the Weſtern-Gate,
I have diſcern'd the Foe ſecurely lie,
Too proud to fear a beaten Enemy:
Their careleſs Chiefs to the cool Grottoes run,
The Bowers of Kings, to ſhade them from the Sun.
Guy. Upon thy life diſcloſe thy News to none;
I'll make the Conqueſt, or the ſhame my own. [*Exit* Guyomar *and* Meſſenger.

Enter Odmar.

Alib. I read ſome welcome Meſſage in his Eye:
Prince *Odmar* comes: I'll ſee if he'll deny.
Odmar, I come to tell you pleaſing News,
I begg'd a thing your Brother did refuſe.
Odm. The News both pleaſes me, and grieves me too;
For nothing, ſure, ſhould be deny'd to you:
But he was bleſt who might commanded be;
You never meant that happineſs to me.
Alib. What he refus'd your kindneſs might beſtow,
But my Commands, perhaps, your burden grow.
Odm. Could I but live till burthenſome they prove,
My Life would be Immortal as my Love.
Your wiſh, e'er it receive a name, I grant.
Alib. 'Tis to relieve your dying Countries want;

All hopes of ſuccour from your Arms is paſt,
To ſave us now you muſt our Ruine haſte;
Give up the Town, and to oblige him more,
The Captive General's Liberty reſtore.
Odm. You ſpeak to try my Love, Can you forgive
So ſoon, to let your Brother's Murderer live?
Alib. Orbellan, though my Brother did diſgrace
With treacherous Deeds our Mighty Mother's Race;
And to revenge his Blood, ſo juſtly ſpilt,
What is it leſs than to partake his guilt?
Though my Proud Siſter to revenge incline,
I to my Country's good my own reſign.
Odm. To ſave our Lives our Freedom I betray ——
——Yet ſince I promis'd it, I will obey;
I'll not my Shame nor your Commands diſpute:
You ſhall behold your Empire's Abſolute. [*Exit* Odmar.
Alib. I ſhould have thank'd him for his ſpeedy Grant:
And yet I know not how, fit words I want:
Sure I am grown diſtracted in my mind,
That joy this Grant ſhould bring I cannot find:
The one, denying, vex'd my Soul before;
And this, obeying, has diſturb'd me more:
The one with Grief, and ſlowly did refuſe,
The other, in his Grant, much haſte did uſe:
———He us'd too much——and granting me ſo ſoon,
He has the Merit of the Gift undone:
Methought with wondrous Eaſe, he ſwallow'd down
His forfeit Honour, to betray the Town:
My inward Choice was *Guyomar* before,
But now his Vertue has confirm'd me more ——
——I rave, I rave, for *Odmar* will obey,
And then my Promiſe muſt my Choice betray.
Fantaſtick Honour, thou haſt fram'd a Toil
Thy ſelf, to make thy Love thy Vertues Spoil. [*Exit* Alibech.

SCENE III.

A pleaſant Grotto diſcover'd: in it a Fountain ſpouting; round about it Vaſquez, Pizarro, *and other* Spaniards *lying careleſly unarm'd, and by them many* Indian *Women, one of which ſings the following Song.*

SONG.

Ah! fading Joy, how quickly art thou paſt?
Tet we thy Ruine haſte.
As if the Cares of Humane Life were few,
We ſeek out new:
And follow Fate which would too faſt purſue.

See how on every Bough the Birds expreſs
In their ſweet Notes their Happineſs.
They all enjoy, and nothing ſpare;
But on their Mother Nature lay their Care:
Why then ſhould Man, the Lord of all below,
Such Troubles chuſe to know,
As none of all his Subjects undergo?
Hark, hark, the Waters fall, fall, fall:
And with a murmuring Sound
Daſh, daſh, upon the Ground,
To gentle Slumbers call.

After the Song, two Spaniards *ariſe and dance a* Saraband *with* Caſtanieta's, *at the end of which,* Guyomar *and his* Indians *enter, and e'er the* Spaniards *can recover their Swords, ſeize them.*

Guy. Thoſe whom you took without in Triumph bring,
But ſee theſe ſtraight conducted to the King.

Piz.

Piz. Vaſquez, what now remains in theſe Extreams?
Vaſq. Only to wake us from our Golden Dreams.
Piz. Since by our ſhameful Conduct we have loſt
Freedom, Wealth, Honour, which we value moſt,
I wiſh they would our Lives a Period give:
They live too long who Happineſs out-live. [Spaniards *are led out*
1. *Ind.* See, Sir, how quickly your Succeſs is ſpread:
The King comes marching in the Army's Head.
Enter Montezuma, Alibech, Odmar, *diſcontented.*
Mont. Now all the Gods reward and bleſs my Son: [*Embracing.*
Thou haſt this day thy Father's Youth out-done.
Alib. Juſt Heaven all Happineſs upon him ſhower,
Till it confeſs it's Will beyond it's Power.
Guy. The Heav'ns are kind, the Gods propitious be,
I only doubt a Mortal Deity:
I neither fought for Conqueſt, nor for Fame,
Your Love alone can recompence my Flame.
Alib. I gave my Love to the moſt brave in War;
But that the King muſt judge.
Mont. ——— 'Tis *Guyomar.* [*Soldiers ſhout, a* Guyomar, *&c.*
Mont. This day your Nuptials we will celebrate;
But guard theſe haughty Captives till their Fate;
Odmar, this Night to keep them be your Care,
To morrow for their Sacrifice prepare.
Alib. Blot not your Conqueſt with your Cruelty.
Mont. Fate ſays we are not ſafe unleſs they die:
The Spirit that fore-told this happy day,
Bid me uſe Caution, and avoid Delay:
Poſterity be juſter to my Fame:
Nor call it Murder, when each private Man
In his Defence may juſtly do the ſame:
But private Perſons more than Monarchs can:
All weigh our Acts, and whate'er ſeems unjuſt,
Impute not to Neceſſity, but Luſt. [*Ex.* Montez. Guyom. *and* Alib.
Odm. Loſt and undone! he had my Father's Voice,
And *Alibech* ſeem'd pleas'd with her new Choice:
Alas, it was not new! too late I ſee,
Since one ſhe hated, that it muſt be me.
——I feel a ſtrange Temptation in my Will
To do an Action, great at once and ill:
Vertue ill treated from my Soul is fled;
I by Revenge and Love am wholly led:
Yet Conſcience would againſt my rage rebel ——
———Conſcience the fooliſh pride of doing well!
Sink Empire, Father Periſh, Brother fall,
Revenge does more than recompence you all.
———Conduct the Pris'ners in——
Spaniards, you ſee your own deplor'd Eſtate:
Enter Vaſquez, Pizarro.
What dare you do to reconcile your Fate?
Vaſq. All that deſpair, with Courage join'd can do.
Odm. An eaſie way to Victory I'll ſhow:
When all are buried in their ſleep or joy,
I'll give you Arms, Burn, Raviſh, and Deſtroy;
For my own ſhare one Beauty I deſign,
Engage your Honour that ſhe ſhall be mine.
Piz. I gladly Swear.
Vaſq. —— And I; but I requeſt
That, in return, one who has touch'd my Breaſt,
Whoſe Name I know not, may be given to me.
Odm. Spaniard, 'tis juſt; ſhe's yours who e'er ſhe be.
Vaſq. The Night comes on: if Fortune bleſs the bold,
I ſhall poſſeſs the Beauty.
Piz. I the Gold. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE IV. *A Priſon.*

Cortez *diſcover'd, bound:* Almeria *talking with him.*

Alm. I come not now your conſtancy to prove,
You may believe me when I ſay, I Love.
Cort. You have too well inſtructed me before,
In your intentions to believe you more.
Alm. I'm juſtly plagu'd by this your unbelief,
And am my ſelf the cauſe of my own grief:
But to beg Love, I cannot ſtoop ſo low;
It is enough that you my Paſſion know:
'Tis in your choice; Love me, or Love me not, [*Lays hold on the Dagger.*
I have not yet my Brother's Death forgot.
Cort. You Menace me and Court me in a breath:
Your *Cupid* looks as dreadfully as Death.
Alm. Your hopes, without, are vaniſh'd into ſmoke:
Your Captains taken, and your Armies broke.
Cort. In vain you urge me with my miſeries:
When Fortune falls, High Courages can riſe.
Now ſhould I change my Love, it would appear
Not the Effect of Gratitude, but fear.
Alm. I'll to the King and make it my Requeſt,
Or my Command that you may be releaſt;
And make you judge, when I have ſet you free,
Who beſt deſerves your Paſſion, I, or ſhe.
Cort. You tempt my Faith ſo generous a way,
As without Guilt might Conſtancy betray:
But I'm ſo far from meriting Eſteem,
That if I judge I muſt my ſelf condemn;
Yet having given my worthleſs Heart before,
What I muſt ne'er poſſeſs I will adore;
Take my Devotion then this humbler way;
Devotion is the Love which Heaven we pay. [*Kiſſes her Hand.*

Enter Cydaria.

Cyd. May I believe my Eyes! What do I ſee!
Is this her Hate to him, his Love to me!
'Tis in my Breaſt ſhe ſheaths her Dagger now.
Falſe Man, is this the Faith? Is this the Vow? [*To him.*
Cort. What words, dear Saint, are theſe I hear you uſe?
What Faith, what Vows are thoſe which you accuſe?
Cyd. More cruel than the Tyger o'er his Spoil;
And falſer than the Weeping Crocodile:
Can you add Vanity to Guilt, and take
A Pride to hear the Conqueſts which you make?
Go publiſh your Renown, let it be ſaid
You have a Woman, and that lov'd, betray'd.
Cort. With what Injuſtice is my Faith accus'd?
Life, Freedom, Empire, I at once refus'd;
And would again ten thouſand times for you.
Alm. She'll have too great Content to find him true;
And therefore ſince his Love is not for me,
I'll help to make my Rival's Miſery. [*Aſide.*
Spaniard, I never thought you falſe before: [*To him.*
Can you at once two Miſtreſſes adore?
Keep the poor Soul no longer in ſuſpence,
Your Change is ſuch as does not need Defence.
Cort. Riddles like theſe I cannot underſtand!
Alm. Why ſhould you bluſh? She ſaw you kiſs my hand.
Cyd. Fear not, I will, while your firſt Love's deny'd,
Favour your Shame, and turn my Eyes aſide;
My feeble Hopes in her Deſerts are loſt:
I neither can ſuch Power nor Beauty boaſt:

I have

I have no Tye upon you to be true,
But that which looſned yours, my Love to you.
Cort. Could you have heard my words!
Cyd. —— Alas, what needs
To hear your Words, when I beheld your Deeds?
Cort. What ſhall I ſay! the Fate of Love is ſuch,
That ſtill it ſees too little or too much.
That act of mine which does your Paſſion move,
Was but a mark of my reſpect not Love.
Alm. Vex not your ſelf Excuſes to prepare:
For one you Love not is not worth your Care.
Cort. Cruel *Almeria*, take that Life you gave;
Since you but worſe deſtroy me, while you ſave.
Cyd. No, let me die, and I'll my Claim reſign;
For while I live, methinks you ſhould be mine.
Cort. The bloodieſt Vengeance which ſhe could purſue,
Would be a Trifle to my loſs of you.
Cyd. Your Change was wiſe: for had ſhe been deny'd,
A ſwift Revenge had follow'd from her Pride:
You from my gentle Nature had no Fears,
All my Revenge is only in my Tears.
Cort. Can you imagine I ſo mean could prove,
To ſave my Life by changing of my Love?
Cyd. Since Death is that which nat'rally we ſhun,
You did no more than I perhaps had done.
Cort. Make me not doubt, Fair Soul, your Conſtancy;
You would have dy'd for Love, and ſo would I.
Alm. You may believe him; you have ſeen it prov'd.
Cort. Can I not gain belief how I have lov'd?
What can thy Ends, malicious Beauty, be?
Can he who kill'd thy Brother live for thee? [*A noiſe of claſhing of Swords.*
[Vaſquez *within*, Indians *againſt him.*
Vaſq. Yield, Slaves, or die; our Swords ſhall force our way. [*Within.*
Ind. We cannot, though o'er-power'd, our Truſt betray. [*Within.*
Cort. 'Tis *Vaſquez* voice, he brings me Liberty.
Vaſq. In ſpight of Fate I'll ſet my Gen'ral free: [*Within.*
Now Victory for us, the Town's our own.
Alm. All hopes of Safety and of Love are gone:
As when ſome dreadful Thunder-clap is nigh,
The winged Fire ſhoots ſwiftly through the Skie,
Strikes and conſumes e'er ſcarce it does appear;
And by the ſudden Ill, prevents the Fear:
Such is my State in this amazing Woe;
It leaves no Pow'r to think, much leſs to do:
——But ſhall my Rival live? Shall ſhe enjoy
That Love in Peace I labour'd to deſtroy? [*Aſide.*
Cort. Her Looks grow black as a tempeſtuous Wind;
Some raging Thoughts are rowling in her Mind
Alm. Rival, I muſt your Jealouſy remove,
You ſhall, hereafter, be at reſt for Love.
Cyd. Now you are kind.
Alm. ——He whom you love is true:
But he ſhall never be poſſeſs'd by you. [*Draws her Dagger, and runs toward her.*
Cort. Hold, hold; Ah, barb'rous Woman! fly, oh fly!
Cyd. Ah, pity, pity! is no ſuccour nigh?
Cort. Run, run behind me, there you may be ſure,
While I have Life I will your Life ſecure. [Cydaria *gets behind him.*
Alm. On him or thee, light Vengeance any where: [*She ſtabs, and hurts him.*
——What have I done? I ſee his Blood appear!
Cyd. It ſtreams, it ſtreams from ev'ry Vital Part:
Was there no way but this to find his Heart?
Alm. Ah! Curſed Woman, what was my Deſign?
This Weapon's Point ſhall mix that Blood with mine!
[*Goes to ſtab her ſelf, and being within his reach, he ſnatches the Dagger.*

Cort.

Cort. Now neither Life nor Death are in your Power.
Alm. Then ſullenly I'll wait my Fatal Hour.
Enter Vaſquez *and* Pizarro *with drawn Swords.*
Vaſq. He lives, he lives.
Cort. —— Unfetter me with ſpeed,
Vaſquez, I ſee you troubled that I bleed:
But 'tis not deep; our Army I can head.
Vaſq. You to a certain Victory are led:
Your Men all arm'd, ſtand ſilently within:
I with your Freedom did the Work begin.
Piz. What Friends we have, and how we came ſo ſtrong,
We'll ſoftly tell you as we march along.
Cort. In this ſafe Place let me ſecure your Fear: [*To* Cydaria.
No claſhing Swords, no Noiſe can enter here.
Amidſt our Arms as quiet you ſhall be
As Halcyons brooding on a Winter Sea.
Cyd. Leave me not here alone, and full of Fright,
Amidſt the Terrors of a Dreadful Night:
You judge, alas! my Courage by your own;
I never durſt in Darkneſs be alone:
I beg, I throw me humbly at your Feet ——
Cort. You muſt not go where you may Dangers meet.
Th' unruly Sword will no Diſtinction make:
And Beauty will not there give Wounds, but take.
Alm. Then ſtay and take me with you; though to be
A Slave to wait upon your Victory.
My Heart unmov'd, can Noiſe and Horror bear:
Parting from you is all the Death I fear.
Cort. Almeria, 'tis enough I leave you free:
You neither muſt ſtay here, nor go with me.
Alm. Then take my Life, that will my Reſt reſtore:
'Tis all I ask for ſaving yours before.
Cort. That were a barbarous Return of Love.
Alm. Yet leaving it, you more inhumane prove:
In both Extreams I ſoft Relief ſhould find:
Oh! either hate me more, or be more kind.
Cort. Life of my Soul, do not my Abſence mourn:
But chear your Heart in hopes of my Return. [*To* Cydaria.
Your Noble Father's Life ſhall be my Care;
And both your Brothers I'm oblig'd to ſpare.
Cyd. Fate makes you deaf, while I in vain implore,
My Heart forebodes I ne'er ſhall ſee you more:
I have but one Requeſt when I am dead,
Let not my Rival to your Love ſucceed.
Cort. Fate will be kinder than your Fears foretel;
Farewel, my Dear.
Cyd. —— A long and laſt Farewel:
—— So eager to imploy the cruel Sword;
Can you not one, not one laſt Look afford!
Cort. I melt to Womaniſh Tears, and if I ſtay,
I find my Love my Courage will betray:
Yon Tower will keep you ſafe, but be ſo kind
To your own Life that none may Entrance find.
Cyd. Then lead me there —— [*He leads her.*
For this one minute of your Company,
I go methinks with ſome Content to die.
[*Exeunt* Cortez, Vaſquez, Pizarro, Cydaria.
Alm. Farewel, O too much lov'd, ſince lov'd in vain! [*Sola.*
What diſmal Fortune does for me remain!
Night and Deſpair my Fatal Foot-ſteps guide;
That Chance may give the Death which he deny'd. [*Exit.*
Cortez, Vaſquez, Pizarro, *and* Spaniards *return again.*
Cort. All I hold dear, I truſt to your Defence, [*To* Pizarro.
Guard her, and, on your Life, remove not hence. [*Exeunt* Cortez *and* Vaſquez.
Piz.

Piz. I'll venture that——
The Gods are good; I'll leave her to their Care,
Steal from my Poſt, and in the Plunder ſhare. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Chamber Royal, an Indian Hamock *diſcover'd in it.*

Enter Odmar *with Soldiers,* Guyomar, Alibech, *bound.*

Odm. FAte is more juſt than you to my Deſert,
And in this Act you blame, Heaven takes my part.
Guy. Can there be Gods, and no Revenge provide?
Odm. The Gods are ever of the Conq'ring Side:
She's now my Queen, the *Spaniards* have agreed
I to my Father's Empire ſhall ſucceed.
Alib. How much I Crowns contemn I let thee ſee,
Chuſing the younger, and refuſing thee.
Guy. Were ſhe Ambitious ſhe'd diſdain to own
The Pageant Pomp of ſuch a Servile Throne:
A Throne which thou by Parricide doſt gain,
And by a baſe Submiſſion muſt retain.
Alib. I lov'd thee not before, but, *Odmar*, know
That now I hate thee and deſpiſe thee too.
Odm. With too much Violence you Crimes purſue,
Which if I Acted 'twas for Love of you:
This, if it teach not Love, may teach you Fear:
I brought not ſin ſo far, to ſtop it here.
Death in a Lover's Mouth would ſound but ill:
But know, I either muſt enjoy, or kill.
Alib. Beſtow, baſe Man, thy idle Threats elſewhere,
My Mother's Daughter knows not how to fear.
Since *Guyomar*, I muſt not be thy Bride,
Death ſhall enjoy what is to thee deny'd.
Odm. Then take thy Wiſh——
Guy. Hold, *Odmar*, hold——
My Right in *Alibech* I will reſign;
Rather than ſee her Die, I'll ſee her thine.
Alib. In vain thou wouldſt reſign, for I will be,
Ev'n when thou leav'ſt me, Conſtant ſtill to thee:
That ſhall not ſave my Life: wilt thou appear
Fearful for her who for her ſelf wants Fear?
Odm. Her Love to him ſhows me a ſurer way:
I by her Love, her Vertue muſt betray: [*Aſide.*
Since, *Alibech*, you are ſo true a Wife: [*To her.*
'Tis in your Pow'r to ſave your Husband's Life:
The Gods, by me, your Love and Vertue try:
For both will ſuffer if you let him Die.
Alib. I never can believe you will proceed
To ſuch a Black and Execrable Deed.
Odm. I only threatned you; but could not prove
So much a Fool to murder what I love:
But in his Death, I ſome Advantage ſee:
Worſe than it is I'm ſure it cannot be.
If you conſent, you with that gentle Breath
Preſerve his Life: if not, behold his Death. [*Holds his Sword to his Breaſt.*
Alib. What ſhall I do!
Guy. —— What, are your Thoughts at ſtrife
About a Ranſom to preſerve my Life?
Though to ſave yours I did my Int'reſt give,
Think not when you were his I meant to live.
Alib. O let him be preſerv'd by any way:
But name not the foul Price which I muſt pay. [*To* Odm.

Odm.

Odm. You would and would not; I'll no longer ſtay. [*Offers again to kill him.*
Alib. I yield, I yield; but yet e'er I am ill,
An innocent Deſire I would fulfil:
With *Guyomar* I one chaſte Kiſs would leave,
The firſt and laſt he ever can receive.
Odm. Have what you ask: that Minute you agree
To my Deſires, your Husband ſhall be free. [*They unbind her, ſhe goes to her Husband.*
Guy. No, *Alibech*, we never muſt embrace: [*He turns from her.*
Your guilty Kindneſs why do you miſplace?
'Tis meant to him, he is your private Choice:
I was made yours, but by the publick Voice.
And now you leave me with a poor pretence,
That your ill Act is for my Life's Defence.
Alib. Since there remains no other Means to try,
Think I am falſe; I cannot ſee you die.
Guy. To give for me both Life and Honour too,
Is more, perhaps, than I could give for you.
You have done much to cure my Jealouſy,
But cannot perfect it unleſs both die:
For ſince both cannot live, who ſtays behind
Muſt be thought fearful, or, what's worſe, unkind.
Alib. I never could propoſe that Death you chuſe;
But am, like you, too jealous to refuſe. [*Embracing him.*
Together dying we together ſhow,
That both did pay that Faith which both did owe.
Odm. It then remains I act my own Deſign:
Have you your Wills, but I will firſt have mine.
Aſſiſt me, Soldiers—— [*They go to bind her, ſhe cries out.*

Enter Vaſquez, *two* Spaniards.

Vaſq. Hold, *Odmar*, hold, I come in happy time
To hinder my Misfortune, and your Crime.
Odm. You ill return the kindneſs I have ſhown.
Vaſq. Indian, I ſay, deſiſt.
Odm. ——*Spaniard*, be gone.
Vaſq. This Lady I did for my ſelf deſign:
Dare you attempt her Honour who is mine?
Odm. You're much miſtaken; this is She whom I
Did with my Father's loſs, and Country's buy:
She whom your promiſe did to me convey,
When all things elſe were made your common Prey.
Vaſq. That Promiſe made, excepted one for me;
One whom I ſtill reſerv'd, and this is She.
Odm. This is not ſhe, you cannot be ſo baſe.
Vaſq. I love too deeply to miſtake the Face:
The Vanquiſh'd muſt receive the Victor's Laws.
Odm. If I am Vanquiſh'd, I my ſelf am cauſe.
Vaſq. Then thank your ſelf for what you undergo.
Odm. Thus lawleſs Might does Juſtice overthrow.
Vaſq. Traytors, like you, ſhould never Juſtice name.
Odm. You owe your Triumphs to that Traytors ſhame.
But to your General I'll my Right refer.
Vaſq. He never will protect a Raviſher:
His Generous Heart will ſoon decide our ſtrife;
He to your Brother will reſtore his Wife.
It reſts we two our Claim in Combat try,
And that with this fair Prize, the Victor fly.
Odm. Make haſte,
I cannot ſuffer to be long perplext:
Conqueſt is my firſt wiſh, and Death my next.

[*They Fight, the* Spaniards *and* Indians *Fight.*

Alib. The Gods the Wicked by themſelves o'erthrow:
All Fight againſt us now, and for us too! [*Unbinds her Husband.*

[*The two* Spaniards *and three* Indians *kill each other*, Vaſquez *kills* Odmar, Guyomar *runs to his Brother's Sword.*

Vaſq.

Vaſq. Now you are mine; my greateſt Foe is ſlain. [*To* Alibech.
Guy. A greater ſtill to vanquiſh does remain.
Vaſq. Another yet!
The Wounds I make but ſow new Enemies:
Which from their Blood, like Earth-born Brethren, riſe.
Guy. Spaniard, take breath; ſome reſpite I'll afford,
My Cauſe is more advantage than your Sword.
Vaſq Thou art ſo brave——could it with Honour be,
I'd ſeek thy Friendſhip more than Victory.
Guy. Friendſhip with him whoſe hand did *Odmar* kill!
Baſe as he was, he was my Brother ſtill:
And ſince his Blood has waſh'd away his Guilt,
Nature asks thine for that which thou has ſpilt.
[*They fight a little and breathe,* Alibech *takes up a Sword, and comes on.*
Alib. My Weakneſs may help ſomething in the Strife.
Guy. Kill not my Honour to preſerve my Life: [*Staying her.*
Rather than by thy Aid I'll Conqueſt gain,
Without Defence I poorly will be ſlain. [*She goes back, they fight again,* Vaſquez *falls.*
Guy. Now, *Spaniard*, beg thy Life, and thou ſhalt live.
Vaſq. 'Twere vain to ask thee what thou canſt not give:
My Breath goes out, and I am now no more;
Yet her I lov'd, in Death I will adore. [*Dies.*
Guy. Come, *Alibech*, let us from hence remove:
This is a Night of Horrour, not of Love.
From every Part I hear a dreadful Noiſe:
The Vanquiſh'd Crying, and the Victors Joys.
I'll to my Father's Aid and Country's flye,
And ſuccour both, or in their Ruine die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Priſon.*

Montezuma, Indian High-Prieſt *bound*, Pizarro, Spaniards *with Swords drawn, a* Chriſtian Prieſt.

Piz. Thou haſt not yet diſcover'd all thy Store.
Mont. I neither can nor will diſcover more:
The Gods will puniſh you, if they be juſt;
The Gods will Plague your Sacrilegious Luſt.
Chr. Prieſt. Mark how this impious Heathen juſtifies
His own falſe Gods, and our true God denies:
How wickedly he has refus'd his Wealth,
And hid his Gold, from Chriſtian Hands, by ſtealth:
Down with him, kill him, merit Heaven thereby.
Ind. High-Pr. Can Heaven be Author of ſuch Cruelty?
Piz. Since neither Threats nor Kindneſs will prevail,
We muſt by other means your Minds aſſail;
Faſten the Engines; ſtretch 'em at their Length,
And pull the ſtreightned Cords with all your ſtrength.
[*They faſten them to the Rack, and then pull them.*
Mont. The Gods, who made me once a King, ſhall know
I ſtill am worthy to continue ſo:
Though now the Subject of your Tyranny,
I'll Plague you worſe than you can puniſh me.
Know I have Gold, which you ſhall never find,
No Pains, no Tortures ſhall unlock my Mind.
Chr. Pr. Pull harder yet; he does not feel the Rack.
Mont. Pull till my Veins break, and my Sinews crack.
Ind. High-Pr. When will you end your barb'rous Cruelty?
I beg not to eſcape, I beg to die.
Mont. Shame on thy Prieſthood, that ſuch Prayers can bring
Is it not brave to ſuffer with thy King?
When Monarchs ſuffer, Gods themſelves bear part;
Then well may'ſt thou who but my Vaſſal art:

I charge thee dare not groan, nor ſhew one ſign,
Thou at thy Torments doſt the leaſt repine.
Ind. High-Pr. You took an Oath when you receiv'd your Crown,
The Heavens ſhould pour their uſual Bleſſings down;
The Sun ſhould ſhine, the Earth its Fruits produce,
And nought be wanting to your Subjects Uſe:
Yet we with Famine were oppreſs'd, and now
Muſt to the Yoke of cruel Maſters bow.
Mont. If thoſe above, who made the World, could be
Forgetful of it, why then blam'ſt thou me?
Chr. Pr. Thoſe Pains, O Prince, thou ſuffer'ſt now, are light,
Compar'd to thoſe, which when thy Soul takes flight,
Immortal, Endleſs, thou muſt then endure,
Which Death begins, and Time can never cure.
Mont. Thou art deceiv'd: for whenſoe'er I die,
The Sun, my Father, bears my Soul on high:
He lets me down a Beam, and mounted there,
He draws it back, and pulls me through the Air:
I in the Eaſtern Parts, and riſing Sky,
You in Heav'ns Downfal, and the Weſt muſt lie.
Chr. Pr. Fond Man, by Heathen Ignorance miſ-led,
Thy Soul deſtroying when thy Body's dead:
Change yet thy Faith, and buy Eternal Reſt.
Ind. High-Pr. Die in your own, for our Belief is beſt.
Mont. In ſeeking Happineſs you both agree,
But in the ſearch the Paths ſo different be,
That all Religions with each other fight,
While only one can lead us in the Right,
But till that one hath ſome more certain Mark,
Poor Humane-kind muſt wander in the dark;
And ſuffer Pains eternally below,
For that, which here we cannot come to know.
Chr. Pr. That which we worſhip, and which you believe,
From Nature's common Hand we both receive:
All under various Names, adore and love
One Power Immenſe, which ever rules above.
Vice to abhor, and Vertue to purſue,
Is both believ'd and taught by us and you:
But here our Worſhip takes another way——.
Mont. Where both agree 'tis there moſt ſafe to ſtay:
For what's more vain than publick Light to ſhun,
And ſet up Tapers while we ſee the Sun?
Chr. Pr. Though Nature teaches whom we ſhou'd adore,
By Heav'nly Beams we ſtill diſcover more.
Mont. Or this muſt be enough, or to Mankind
One equal way to Bliſs is not deſign'd.
For though ſome more may know, and ſome know leſs,
Yet all muſt know enough for Happineſs.
Chr. Pr. If in this middle way you ſtill pretend
To ſtay, your Journey never will have end.
Mont. Howe'er 'tis better in the midſt to ſtay,
Than wander farther in uncertain way.
Chr. Pr. But we by Martyrdom our Faith avow.
Mont. You do no more than I for ours do now,
To prove Religion true——
If either Wit or Sufferings would ſuffice,
All Faith afford the Conſtant and the Wiſe:
And yet ev'n they, by Education ſway'd
In Age defend what Infancy obey'd.
Chr. Pr. Since Age by erring Child-hood is miſ-led,
Refer your ſelf to our unerring Head.
Mont. Man and not err? What Reaſon can you give?
Chr. Pr. Renounce that Carnal Reaſon, and believe.
Mont. The Light of Nature ſhould I thus betray,
'Twere to wink hard that I might ſee the Day.

Chr.

Chr. Pr. Condemn not yet the way you do not know;
I'll make your Reaſon judge what way to go.
Mont. 'Tis much too late for me new ways to take,
Who have but one ſhort ſtep of Life to make.
Piz. Increaſe their Pains, the Cords are yet too ſlack.
Chr. Pr. I muſt by force convert him on the Rack.
Ind. High-Pr. I faint away, and find I can no more:
Give leave, O King, I may reveal thy Store,
And free my ſelf from Pains I cannot bear.
Mont. Think'ſt thou I lie on Beds of Roſes, here,
Or in a wanton Bath ſtretch'd at my eaſe?
Die, Slave, and with thee die ſuch Thoughts as theſe.
[High-Prieſt *turns aſide, and Dies.*

Enter Cortez *attended by* Spaniards, *he ſpeaks entring.*

Cort. On pain of Death kill none but thoſe who fight;
I much Repent me of this bloody Night:
Slaughter grows Murther when it goes too far,
And makes a Maſſacre what was a War:
Sheath all your Weapons, and in ſilence move,
'Tis Sacred here to Beauty and to Love. [*Sees* Montezuma.
Ha——
What diſmal Sight is this which takes from me
All the Delight that waits on Victory! [*Runs to take him off the Rack.*
Make haſte: how now, Religion, do you frown?
Haſte, holy Avarice, and help him down.
Ah, Father, Father, what do I endure, [*Embracing* Montezuma.
To ſee theſe Wounds, my Pity cannot cure!
Mont. Am I ſo low, that you ſhould pity bring,
And give an Infant's Comfort to a King?
Ask theſe, if I have once unmanly groan'd;
Or ought have done deſerving to be moan'd.
Cort. Did I not charge thou ſhould'ſt not ſtir from hence? [*To* Pizarro.
But Martial Law ſhall puniſh thy Offence.
And you, [*To the* Chr. Prieſt.
Who ſaucily teach Monarchs to obey,
And the wide World in narrow Cloyſters ſway;
Set up by Kings as humble Aids of Power,
You that which bred you, Viper like, devour,
You Enemies of Crowns.
Chr. Pr. ——— Come, let's away,
We but provoke his Fury by our ſtay.
Cort. If this go free, farewel that Diſcipline,
Which did in *Spaniſh* Camps ſeverely ſhine:
Accurſed Gold, 'tis thou haſt caus'd theſe Crimes;
Thou turn'ſt our Steel againſt thy Parent Climes!
And into *Spain* wilt fatally be brought,
Since with the Price of Blood thou here art bought. [*Ex.* Prieſt *and* Pizar.

[Cortez *kneels by* Montezuma, *and weeps,*

Cort. Can you forget thoſe Crimes they did commit?
Mont. I'll do what for my Dignity is fit:
Riſe, Sir; I'm ſatisfi'd the Fault was theirs:
Truſt me you make me weep to ſee your Tears:
Muſt I chear you?
Cort. Ah Heavens!
Mont. ——— You're much too blame;
Your Grief is cruel, for it ſhews my Shame,
Does my loſt Crown to my remembrance bring:
But weep not you, and I'll be ſtill a King.
You have forgot that I your Death deſign'd,
To ſatisfie the proud *Almeria*'s Mind;
You, who preſerv'd my Life, I doom'd to die.
Cort. Your Love did that, and not your Cruelty.

Enter a Spaniard.

Span. Prince *Guyomar* the Combat ſtill maintains,
Our Men retreat, and he their Ground regains :
But once encourag'd by our General's Sight,
We boldly ſhould renew the doubtful Fight.

Cort. Remove not hence, you ſhall not long attend : [*To* Montez.
I'll aid my Soldiers, yet preſerve my Friend.

Mont. Excellent Man ! [*Exit* Cortez, *&c.*
But I, by living, poorly take the way
To injure Goodneſs, which I cannot pay.

Enter Almeria.

Alm. Ruin and Death run arm'd through every Street ;
And yet that Fate I ſeek I cannot meet :
What Guards Misfortunes are and miſery !
Death that ſtrikes all, yet ſeems afraid of me.

Mont. Almeria's here, O turn away your Face!
Muſt you be witneſs too of my Diſgrace?

Alm. I am not that *Almeria* whom you knew,
But want that pity I deny'd to you :
Your Conquerour, Alas! has vanquiſh'd me ;
But he refuſes his own Victory :
While all are Captives, in your Conquer'd State,
I find a wretched Freedom in his hate.

Mont. Couldſt thou thy Love on one who ſcorn'd thee loſe?
He ſaw not with my Eyes who could refuſe :
Him who could prove ſo much unkind to thee,
I ne'er will ſuffer to be kind to me.

Alm. I am content in Death to ſhare your Fate;
And die for him I love with him I hate.

Mont. What ſhall I do in this perplexing ſtreit!
My tortur'd Limbs refuſe to bear my weight: [*Endeavouring to walk, not being able.*
I cannot go to Death to ſet me free :
Death muſt be kind, and come himſelf to me.

Alm. I've thought upon't : I have Affairs below, [Alm. *muſing.*
Which I muſt needs diſpatch before I go :
Sir, I have found a place where you may be, [*To him.*
(Though not preſerv'd) yet like a King die free :
The General left your Daughter in the Tower,
We may a while reſiſt the *Spaniard*'s Power.
If *Guyomar* prevail——

Mont. ——— Make haſte and call ;
She'll hear your Voice, and anſwer from the Wall.

Alm. My Voice ſhe knows and fears, but uſe your own,
And to gain Entrance, feign you are alone. [Alm. *ſteps behind.*

Mont. Cydaria!

Alm. —— Louder.

Mont. ——Daughter !

Alm. —— Louder yet.

Mont. Thou canſt not, ſure, thy Father's Voice forget.
[*He knocks at the Door, at laſt* Cydaria *looks over the Balcony.*

Cyd. Since my Love went I have been frighted ſo,
With diſmal Groans and Noiſes from below :
I durſt not ſend my Eyes abroad for fear
Of ſeeing Dangers, which I yet but hear.

Mont. Cydaria!

Cyd. —— Sure 'tis my Father calls.

Mont. —— Dear Child, make haſte ;
All hope of Succour, but from thee, is paſt :
As when upon the Sands the Traveller
Sees the high Sea come rolling from afar,
The Land grow ſhort, he mends his weary pace,
While Death behind him covers all the Place :
So I by ſwift Misfortunes am purſu'd,
Which on each other, are like Waves renew'd.

Cyd.

Cyd. Are you alone?
Mont. —— I am.
Cyd. —— I'll ſtreight deſcend;
Heaven did you here for both our Safeties ſend.
[Cydaria *deſcends and opens the Door*, Almeria *ruſhes betwixt with* Montezuma
Cyd. *Almeria* here! then I am loſt again. [*Both thruſt.*
Alm. Yield to my ſtrength; you ſtruggle but in vain.
Make haſte and ſhut, our Enemies appear.
[Cortez *and* Spaniards *appear at the other end*
Cyd. Then do you enter, and let me ſtay here.
[*As ſhe ſpeaks*, Almeria *over-powers her, thruſts her in, and ſhuts.*
Cort. Sure, I both heard her Voice, and ſaw her Face,
She's like a Viſion vaniſh'd from the place.
Too late I find my Abſence was too long;
My Hopes grow ſickly, and my Fears grow ſtrong.
[*He knocks a little, then* Montezuma, Cydaria, Almeria *appear above.*
Alm. Look up, look up, and ſee if you can know
Thoſe whom in vain you think to find below.
Cyd. Look up, and ſee *Cydaria*'s loſt Eſtate.
Mont. And caſt one look on *Montezuma*'s Fate.
Cort. Speak not ſuch diſmal words as wound my Ear:
Nor name Death to me when *Cydaria*'s there.
Deſpair not, Sir; who knows but Conqu'ring *Spain*
May part of what you loſt reſtore again?
Mont. No, *Spaniard*, know; he who to Empire born,
Lives to be leſs, deſerves the Victor's Scorn:
Kings and their Crowns have but one Deſtiny:
Power is their Life, when that expires they die.
Cyd. What dreadful words are theſe!
Mont. —— Name Life no more;
'Tis now a Torture worſe than all I bore:
I'll not be brib'd to ſuffer Life, but die
In ſpight of your miſtaken Clemency.
I was your Slave, and I was us'd like one;
The Shame continues when the Pain is gone:
But I'm a King while this is in my Hand— [*His Sword.*
He wants no Subjects who can Death command:
You ſhould have ty'd him up, t' have conquer'd me,
But he's ſtill mine, and thus he ſets me free. [*Stabs himſelf.*
Cyd. Oh my dear Father!
Cort. Haſte, break ope the Door.
Alm. When that is forc'd there yet remain two more.
[*The Soldiers break open the firſt door and go in.*
We ſhall have time enough to take our way,
'Ere any can our Fatal Journey ſtay.
Mont. Already mine is paſt: O Powers Divine;
Take my laſt Thanks; no longer I repine:
I might have liv'd my own Miſ-haps to mourn,
While ſome would pity me, but more would ſcorn!
For Pity only on freſh Objects ſtays;
But with the tedious ſight of Woes decays.
Still leſs and leſs my Boyling Spirits flow;
And I grow ſtiff as cooling Metals do:
Farewel *Almeria*—— [*Dies.*
Cyd. —— He's gone, he's gone,
And leaves poor me Defenceleſs here alone.
Alm. You ſhall not long be ſo: Prepare to die,
That you may bear your Father Company.
Cyd. Oh! name not Death to me, you fright me ſo,
That with the Fear I ſhall prevent the Blow:
I know your Mercy's more than to deſtroy
A thing ſo young, ſo innocent as I.
Cort. Whence can proceed thy cruel Thirſt of Blood?
Ah barb'rous Woman! Woman! that's too good,

Too

Too mild for thee; there's Pity in that Name,
But thou haſt loſt thy Pity with thy Shame.
Alm. Your cruel words have pierc'd me to the Heart;
But on my Rival I'll revenge my Smart.
Cort. Oh, ſtay your hand! and to redeem my Fault,
I'll ſpeak the kindeſt words——
That Tongue e'er utter'd, or that Heart e'er thought.
Dear——Lovely——Sweet——
Alm. This but offends me more;
You act your Kindneſs on *Cydaria*'s Score.
Cyd. For his dear ſake let me my Life receive.
Alm. Fool, for his ſake alone you muſt not live:
Revenge is now my Joy; he's not for me,
And I'll make ſure he ne'r ſhall be for thee.
Cyd. But what's my Crime?
Alm. ——'Tis loving where I love.
Cyd. Your own Example does my Act approve.
Alm. 'Tis ſuch a Fault I never can forgive.
Cyd. How can I mend, unleſs you let me live?
I yet am Tender, Young, and full of Fear,
And dare not die, but fain would tarry here.
Cort. If Blood you ſeek, I will my own reſign:
O ſpare her Life, and in exchange take mine.
Alm. The Love you ſhew but haſts her Death the more.
Cort. I'll run, and help to force the inner Door. [*Is going in haſte.*
Alm. Stay, *Spaniard*, ſtay, depart not from my Eyes:
That moment that I loſe your ſight ſhe dies.
To look on you, I'll grant a ſhort Reprieve.
Cort. O make your Gift more full, and let her live:
I dare not go; and yet how dare I ſtay?
Her I would ſave; I murther either way.
Cyd. Can you be ſo hard-hearted to deſtroy
My ripening Hopes, that are ſo near to Joy?
I juſt approach to all I would poſſeſs:
Death only ſtands 'twixt me and Happineſs.
Alm. Your Father, with his Life has loſt his Throne:
Your Country's Freedom and Renown is gone.
Honour requires your Death: you muſt obey.
Cyd. Do you die firſt; and ſhew me then the way.
Alm. Should you not follow, my Revenge were loſt.
Cyd. Then riſe again and fright me with your Ghoſt.
Alm. I will not truſt to that, ſince Death I chuſe,
I'll not leave you that Life which I refuſe:
If Death's a Pain, it is not leſs to me;
And if 'tis nothing, 'tis no more to thee.
But hark! the Noiſe increaſes from behind,
They're near, and may prevent what I deſign'd:
Take there a Rival's Gift—— [*Stabs her.*
Cort. Perdition ſeize thee for ſo black a Deed,
Alm. Blame not an Act which did from Love proceed:
I'll thus revenge thee with this fatal Blow; [*Stabs her ſelf.*
Stand fair, and let my Heart-blood on thee flow.
Cyd. Stay Life, and keep me in the cheerful Light;
Death is too black, and dwells in too much Night.
Thou leav'ſt me, Life, but Love ſupplies thy part,
And keeps me warm by lingring in my Heart:
Yet dying for him, I thy Claim remove;
How dear it coſts to conquer in my love;
Now ſtrike; that thought, I hope, will arm my Breaſt.
Alm. Ah with what differing Paſſions am I preſt!
Cyd. Death, when far off, did terrible appear;
But looks leſs dreadful as he comes more near.
Alm. O Rival, I have loſt the power to kill;
Strength hath forſook my Arm, and Rage my Will:

I muſt

I muſt ſurmount that Love which thou haſt ſhown:
Dying for him is due to me alone.
Thy weakneſs ſhall not boaſt the Victory,
Now thou ſhalt live, and dead I'll conquer thee:
Soldiers aſſiſt me down. [*Exeunt from above led by* Soldiers, *and enter, both led by* Cortez.

Cort. Is there no danger then? [*To* Cydaria.
Cyd. You need not fear
My Wound, I cannot die when you are near.
Cort. You, for my ſake, Life to *Cydaria* give; [*To* Almeria.
And I could die for you, if you might live.
Alm. Enough, I die content, now you are kind;
Kill'd in my Limbs, reviving in my Mind:
Come near, *Cydaria*, and forgive my Crime. [Cydaria *ſtarts back.*
You need not fear my Rage a ſecond time:
I'll bathe your Wounds in Tears for my Offence:
That Hand which made it makes this Recompence. [*Ready to join their hands.*
I would have join'd you, but my Heart's too high:
You will, too ſoon, poſſeſs him when I die.
Cort. She faints, O ſoftly, ſet her down.
Alm. 'Tis paſt!
In thy lov'd Boſom let me breath my laſt.
Here in this one ſhort moment that I live,
I have what e'er the longeſt Life could give—— [*Dies.*
Cort. Farewel, thou generous Maid: ev'n Victory
Glad as it is, muſt lend ſome Tears to thee:
Many I dare not ſhed, leſt you believe [*To* Cydaria.
I joy in you leſs than for her I grieve.
Cyd. But are you ſure She's dead?
I muſt embrace you faſt, before I know
Whether my Life be yet ſecure or no:
Some other Hour I will to Tears allow;
But having you, can ſhew no Sorrow now.
[*Enter* Guyomar *and* Alibech *bound with Soldiers.*
Cort. Prince *Guyomar* in Bonds! O Friendſhip's Shame!
It makes me bluſh to own a Victor's Name. [*Unbinds him,* Cydaria, Alibech.
Cyd. See, *Alibech*, *Almeria* lies there:
But do not think 'twas I that murther'd her.
[Alibech *kneels and kiſſes her Dead Siſter.*
Cort. Live and enjoy more than your Conquerour: [*To* Guyomar.
Take all my Love, and ſhare in all my Power.
Guy. Think me not proudly rude, if I forſake
Thoſe Gifts I cannot with my Honour take:
I for my Country fought, and would again,
Had I yet left a Country to maintain:
But ſince the Gods decreed it otherwiſe,
I never will on its dear Ruins riſe.
Alib. Of all your Goodneſs leave to our diſpoſe,
Our Liberty's the only Gift we chuſe:
Abſence alone can make our Sorrows leſs;
And not to ſee what we can ne'er redreſs.
Guy. Northward, beyond the Mountains, we will go,
Where Rocks lie cover'd with Eternal Snow:
Thin Herbage in the Plains and Fruitleſs Fields,
The Sand no Gold, the Mine no Silver yields:
There Love and Freedom we'll in Peace enjoy;
No *Spaniards* will that Colony deſtroy.
We to our ſelves will all our Wiſhes grant;
And nothing coveting can nothing want.
Cort. Firſt your Great Father's Funeral Pomp provide:
That done, in Peace your Generous Exiles guide.
While I loud Thanks pay to the Powers above,
Thus doubly bleſt with Conqueſt and with Love.

SE-

SECRET-LOVE, OR, THE Maiden-Queen.

PREFACE.

IT has been the ordinary practice of the French Poets, to dedicate their Works of this nature to their King, eſpecially when they have had the leaſt encouragement to it, by his approbation of them on the Stage. But I confeſs I want the confidence to follow their Example, though perhaps I have as ſpecious pretences to it for this Piece, as any they can boaſt of: it having been own'd in ſo particular a manner by His Majeſty, that he has grac'd it with the Title of His Play, and thereby reſcued it from the ſeverity (that I may not ſay Malice) of its Enemies. But, though a Character ſo high and undeſerv'd, has not rais'd in me the preſumption to offer ſuch a trifle to his moſt ſerious view, yet I will own the vanity to ſay, that after this glory which it has receiv'd from a Sovereign Prince, I could not ſend it to ſeek protection from any Subject. Be this Poem then Sacred to him without the tedious form of a Dedication, and without preſuming to interrupt thoſe hours which he is daily giving to the peace and ſettlement of his People.

For what elſe concerns this Play, I would tell the Reader that it is regular, according to the ſtricteſt of Dramatick Laws, but that it is a commendation which many of our Poets now deſpiſe, and a Beauty which our common Audiences do not eaſily diſcern. Neither indeed do I value my ſelf upon it, becauſe with all that ſymmetry of parts, it may want an air and ſpirit (which conſiſts in the writing) to ſet it off. 'Tis a queſtion variouſly diſputed, whether an Author may be allowed as a competent judge of his own Works. As to the Fabrick and contrivance of them certainly he may, for that is properly the employment of the judgment; which, as a Maſter-builder may determine, and that without deception, whether the work be according to the exactneſs of the Model; ſtill granting him to have a perfect Idea of that Pattern by which he works: and that he keeps himſelf always conſtant to the diſcourſe of his judgment, without admitting Self-love, which is the falſe Surveyer of his Fancy, to intermeddle in it. Theſe Qualifications granted (being ſuch as all ſound Poets are pre-ſuppoſed to have within them) I think all Writers, of what kind ſoever, may infallibly judge of the frame and contexture of their Works. But for the ornament of Writing, which is greater, more various and bizarre in Poeſie than in any other kind, as it is properly the Child of Fancy; ſo it can receive no meaſure, or at leaſt but a very imperfect one of its own excellencies or failures from the judgment. Self-love (which enters but rarely into the offices of the judgment) here predominates. And Fancy (if I may ſo ſpeak) judging of it ſelf, can be no more certain or demonſtrative of its own effects, than two crooked lines can be the adæquate meaſure of each other. What I have ſaid on this ſubject, may, perhaps, give me ſome credit with my Readers, in my opinion of this Play, which I have ever valued above the reſt of my Follies of this kind: yet not thereby in the leaſt diſſenting from their judgment, who have concluded the writing of this to be much inferior to my *Indian Emperour*. But the Argument of that was much more noble, not having the allay of Comedy to depreſs it: yet if this be more perfect, either in its kind, or in the general notion of a Play, 'tis as much as I deſire to have granted for the vindication of my Opinion, and, what as nearly touches me, the Sentence of a Royal Judge. Many have imagin'd the Character of *Philocles* to be faulty; ſome for not diſcovering the Queens Love, others for his joining in her reſtraint. But though I am not of their number, who obſtinately defend what they have once ſaid, I may with modeſty take up thoſe anſwers which have been

been made for me by my Friends; namely, that *Philocles*, who was but a Gentleman of ordinary birth, had no reaſon to gueſs ſo ſoon at the Queens Paſſion, ſhe being a Perſon ſo much above him, and by the ſuffrages of all her People, already deſtin'd to *Lyſimantes:* Beſides, that he was prepoſſeſſed, (as the Queen ſomewhere hints it to him) with another inclination which rendred him leſs clear-ſighted in it, ſince no Man, at the ſame time, can diſtinctly view two different objects. And if this, with any ſhew of reaſon, may be defended I leave my Maſters the Criticks to determine, whether it be not much more conducing to the Beauty of my Plot, that *Philocles* ſhould be long ignorant of the Queens Love, than that with one leap he ſhould have entred into the knowledge of it, and thereby freed himſelf, to the diſguſt of the Audience, from that pleaſing Labyrinth of errors which was prepar'd for him. As for that other objection of his joining in the Queens Impriſonment, it is indiſputably that which every Man, if he examines himſelf, would have done on the like occaſion. If they anſwer that it takes from the height of his Character to do it; I would enquire of my over-wiſe Cenſors, who told them I intended him a perfect Character, or indeed what neceſſity was there he ſhould be ſo, the variety of Images, being one great beauty of a Play? It was as much as I deſign'd, to ſhow one great and abſolute pattern of honour in my Poem, which I did in the Perſon of the Queen: All the defects of the other parts being ſet to ſhow, the more to recommend that one Character of Vertue to the Audience. But neither was the fault of *Philocles* ſo great, if the circumſtances be conſider'd, which, as moral Philoſophy aſſures us, make the eſſential differences of good and bad; He himſelf beſt explaining his own intentions in his laſt Act, which was the reſtauration of his Queen; and even before that, in the honeſty of his expreſſions, when he was unavoidably led by the impulſion of his love to do it. That which with more reaſon was objected as an indecorum, is the management of the laſt Scene of the Play, where *Celadon* and and *Florimel* are treating too lightly of their Marriage in the preſencc of the Queen, who likewiſe ſeems to ſtand idle while the great action of the *Drama* is ſtill depending. This I cannot otherwiſe defend, than by telling you I ſo deſign'd it on purpoſe to make my Play go off more ſmartly; that Scene, being in the opinion of the beſt judges, the moſt diverting of the whole Comedy. But though the Artifice ſucceeded, I am willing to acknowledge it as a fault, ſince it pleas'd His Majeſty, the beſt Judge, to think it ſo. I have only to add, that the Play is founded on a ſtory in the *Cyrus*, which he calls the Queen of *Corinth*; in whoſe Character, as it has been affirm'd to me, he repreſents that of the Famous *Chriſtina* Queen of *Sweden*. This is what I thought convenient to write by way of Preface, to the *Maiden-Queen*; in the reading of which, I fear you will not meet with that ſatisfaction which you have had in ſeeing it on the Stage; the chief parts of it, both ſerious and comick, being performed to that height of Excellence, that nothing but a command, which I could not handſomely diſobey, could have given me the courage to have made it publick.

PROLOGUE.

I.

HE who Writ this, not without Pains and Thought,
From French, *and* Engliſh *Theatres has brought,*
Th' exacteſt Rules, by which a Play is wrought.

II.

The Unities of Action, Place, and Time;
The Scenes unbroken; and a mingled Chime
Of Johnſon's *Humour, with* Corneille's *Rime.*

III.

But while dead Colours he with care did lay,
He fears his Wit, or Plot he did not weigh,
Which are the living Beauties of a Play.

IV.

Plays are like Towns, which how e'er Fortifi'd
By Engineers, have ſtill ſome weaker ſide
By the o'er ſeen Defendants uneſpy'd.

V.

And with that Art you make approaches now;
Such Skilful Fury in Aſſaults you ſhow,
That every Poet without ſhame may bow.

VI.

Ours therefore humbly won'd attend your Doom,
If Soldier like, he may have terms to come
With flying Colours, and with beat of Drum.

The Prologue goes out, and ſtays while a Tune is play'd, after which he returns again.

Second PROLOGUE.

I Had forgot one half I do proteſt,
And now am ſent again to ſpeak the reſt.
He bows to every great and noble Wit,
But to the little Hectors of the Pit
Our Poet's ſturdy, and will not ſubmit.
He'll be before-hand with 'em, and not ſtay
To ſee each peeviſh Critick ſtab his Play:
Each Puny Cenſor, who his skill to boaſt,
Is cheaply witty on the Poets coſt.
No Criticks Verdict, ſhould, of right, ſtand good,
They are excepted all as Men of blood:
And the ſame Law ſhould ſhield them from their fury,
Which has excluded Butchers from a Jury.
You'd all be Wits——
But Writing's tedious, and that way may fail;
The moſt compendious method is to rail:
Which you ſo like, you think your ſelves ill us'd,
When in ſmart Prologues you are not abus'd.
A civil Prologue is approv'd by no Man;
You hate it as you do a Civil Woman:
Your Fancy's pall'd, and liberally you pay
To have it quicken'd, e'er you ſee a Play.
Juſt as old Sinners worn from their delight,
Give money to be whip'd to appetite.
But what a Pox keep I ſo much ado
To ſave our Poet? he is one of you;
A Brother's Judgment, and as I hear ſay,
A Curſed Critick as e'er damn'd a Play.
Good Salvage Gentlemen your own kind ſpare,
He is, like you, a very Wolf or Bear;
Yet think not he'll your antient rights invade,
Or ſtop the courſe of your free damning trade:
For he, (he vows) at no Friend's Play can ſit,
But he muſt needs find fault to ſhew his Wit:
Then, for his ſake, ne'er ſtint your own delight;
Throw boldly, for he ſets to all that write;
With ſuch he ventures on an even lay,
For they bring ready money into Play.
Thoſe who write not, and yet all Writers nick,
Are Bankrupt Gameſters, for they damn on tick.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

WOMEN.

QUeen of *Sicily*	Mrs *Marſhal.*
Candiope, Princeſs of the Blood	Mrs *Quin.*
Aſteria, the Queens Confident	Mrs *Knep.*
Florimel, A Maid of Honour	Mrs *Ellen Guyn.*
Flavia, another Maid of Honour	Mrs *Frances Davenport*
Olinda, and *Sabina*, Siſters.	Mrs *Rutter.*
	Mrs *Eliz. Davenport.*
Meliſſa, Mother to *Olinda* and *Sabina*	Mrs *Cory.*

MEN.

Lyſimantes, firſt Prince of the Blood	Mr *Burt.*
Philocles, the Queens Favourite	Major *Mohun.*
Celadon, a Courtier	Mr *Hart.*

Guards. Pages of Honour. Soldiers.

The Scene *SICILY.*

SE-

SECRET-LOVE:

OR, THE

Maiden-Queen.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Scene is Walks, near the Court.

Enter Celadon, Aſteria, *meeting each other: he in riding habit; they embrace.*

Celadon. DEar *Aſteria!*

Aſteria. My dear Brother! welcome; a thouſand welcomes: Methinks this year you have been abſent has been ſo tedious! I hope as you have made a pleaſant Voyage, ſo you have brought your good humour back again to Court.

Cel. I never yet knew any Company I could not be merry in, except it were an old Woman's.

Aſt. Or at a Funeral.

Cel. Nay, for that you ſhall excuſe me; for I was never merrier than I was at a Creditor's of mine, whoſe Book periſhed with him. But what new Beauties have you at Court? How do *Meliſſa*'s two fair Daughters?

Aſt. When you tell me which of 'em you are in love with, I'll anſwer you.

Cel. Which of 'em, naughty Siſter, what a Queſtion's there? With both of 'em, with each and ſingular of 'em.

Aſt. Bleſs me! you are not ſerious!

Cel. You look as if it were a wonder to ſee a Man in love: are they not handſome?

Aſt. I, but both together——

Cel. I, and both aſunder; why, I hope there are but two of 'em; the tall Singing and Dancing one, and the little Innocent one?

Aſt. But you cannot marry both?

Cel. No, nor either of 'em I truſt in Heaven; but I can keep them Company, I can ſing and dance with 'em, and treat 'em; and that, I take it, is ſomewhat better than muſty marrying them: Marriage is poor Folks Pleaſure, that cannot go to the coſt of Variety: but I am out of danger of that with theſe two, for I love 'em ſo equally, I can never make choice between 'em: Had I but one Miſtreſs, I might go to her to be merry, and ſhe, perhaps, be out of humour; there were a Viſit loſt: But here, if one of 'em frown upon me, the other will be the more obliging, on purpoſe to recommend her own Gaiety; beſides a thouſand things that I could name.

Aſt. And none of 'em to any purpoſe.

Cel. Well, if you will not be cruel to a poor Lover, you might oblige me by carrying me to their Lodgings.

Aſt. You know I am always buſie about the Queen.

Cel. But once or twice only, till I am a little fluſh'd in my acquaintance with other Ladies, and have learn'd to pray for my ſelf: I promiſe you I'll make all the haſt I can to end your trouble, by being in love ſomewhere elſe.

Aſt. You would think it hard to be deny'd now.

Cel. And reaſon good: many a Man hangs himſelf for the loſs of one Miſtreſs; How do you think then I ſhould bear the loſs of two; eſpecially in a Court where I think Beauty is but thin ſown.

Aſt. There's one *Florimel* the Queen's Ward, a new Beauty, as wild as you, and a vaſt Fortune.

Cel. I am for her before the World: Bring me to her, and I'll releaſe you of your Promiſe for the other two.

Enter a Page. Madam the Queen expects you.

Cel. I ſee you hold her Favour: Adieu Siſter, you have a little Emiſſary there, otherwiſe I would offer you my ſervice.

Aſt. Farewel Brother, think upon *Florimel*.

Cel. You may truſt my memory for an handſome Woman. I'll think upon her, and the reſt too; I'll forget none of 'em. [*Exit* Aſteria.

SCENE II.

Enter a Gentleman Walking over the Stage haſtily; after him Florimel, *and* Flavia, *Maſqued.*

Fla. *Phormio*, *Phormio*, you will not leave us——

Gent. In faith I have a little buſineſs—— [*Exit Gent.*

Cel. Cannot I ſerve you in the Gentleman's room, Ladies?

Fla. Which of us would you ſerve?

Cel. Either of you, or both of you.

Fla. Why, could you not be Conſtant to one?

Cel. Conſtant to one! I have been a Courtier, a Soldier, and a Traveller, to good purpoſe, if I muſt be Conſtant to one; give me ſome Twenty, ſome Forty, ſome a Hundred Miſtreſſes: I have more Love than any one Woman can turn her to.

Flor. Bleſs us, let us be gone Couſin! We two are nothing in his Hands.

Cel. Yet for my part, I can live with as few Miſtreſſes as any Man: I deſire no Superfluities, only for neceſſary change, or ſo, as I ſhift my Linnen.

Flor. A pretty odd kind of Fellow this: He fits my Humour rarely—— [*Aſide.*

Fla. You are as Inconſtant as the Moon.

Flor. You wrong him: He's as Conſtant as the Sun, he would ſee all the World round in twenty four Hours.

Cel. 'Tis very true, Madam, but, like him, I would Viſit and away.

Flor. For what an unreaſonable thing it were to ſtay long, be troubleſome, and hinder a Lady of a freſh Lover.

Cel. A rare Creature this! —— Beſides, Madam, how like a Fool a Man looks, when after all his eagerneſs of two Minutes before, he ſhrinks into a faint Kiſs, and a cold Compliment. Ladies both, into your Hands I commit my ſelf; ſhare me betwixt you.

Fla. I'll have nothing to do with you, ſince you cannot be Conſtant to one.

Cel. Nay, rather than looſe either of you, I'll do more; I'll be Conſtant to an Hundred of you: Or, (if you will needs fetter me to one) agree the matter between your ſelves; and the moſt handſome take me.

Flor. Though I am not ſhe, yet ſince my Maſque's down, and you cannot convince me, have a good faith of my Beauty, and for once I take you for my Servant.

Cel. And for once, I'll make a blind bargain with you: Strike hands; i'st a Match Miſtriſs?

Flor. Done Servant.

Cel. Now I am ſure I have the worſt on't: For you ſee the worſt of me, and that I do not of you, 'till you ſhew your Face—— Yet now I think on't, you muſt be handſome——

Flor. What kind of Beauty do you like?

Cel. Juſt ſuch a one as yours.

Flor. What's that?

Cel. Such an Oval Face, Clear Skin, Hazle Eyes, thick Brown Eye-brows, and Hair as you have for all the World.

Fla. But I can aſſure you, ſhe has nothing of all this.

Cel. Hold thy peace, Envy; nay, I can be Conſtant, an' I ſet on't.

Flor. 'Tis true ſhe tells you.

Cel. I, I, you may ſlander your ſelf as you pleaſe: Then you have—— let me ſee.

Flor. I'll Swear you ſha' not ſee——

Cel. A turn'd up Noſe, that gives an air to your Face: Oh, I find I am more and more in Love with you! A full Neather-Lip, an Out-Mouth, that makes mine Water at it: The bottom of your Cheeks a little Blub, and two Dimples when you Smile: For your Stature 'tis well; and for your Wit, 'twas given you by one that knew it had been thrown away upon an ill Face: Come, you are handſome, there's no denying it.

Flor

Flor. Can you ſettle your Spirits to ſee an ugly Face, and not be frighted, I could find in my Heart to lift up my Maſque and diſ-abuſe you.

Cel. I defy your Maſque; would you wou'd try the Experiment.

Flor. No, I won'not; for your Ignorance is the Mother of your Devotion to me.

Cel. Since you will not take the pains to Convert me, I'll make bold to keep my Faith: A miſerable Man I am ſure you have made me.

Fla. This is pleaſant.

Cel. It may be ſo to you, but it is not to me; For ought I ſee I am going to the moſt Conſtant *Maudlin.*

Flor. 'Tis very well, *Celadon*, you can be Conſtant to one you have never ſeen, and have forſaken all you have ſeen.

Cel. It ſeems you know me then: Well, if thou ſhou'dſt prove one of my caſt Miſteſſes, I wou'd uſe thee moſt damnably, for offering to make me Love thee twice.

Flor. You are i' th' right: An old Miſtriſs, or Servant, is an old Tune, the pleaſure on't is paſt, when we have once learnt it.

Fla. But what Woman in the World wou'd you wiſh her like?

Cel. I have heard of one *Florimel*, the Queen's Ward, would ſhe were as like her for Beauty, as ſhe is for Humour.

Fla. Do you hear that Couſin? [*Aſide to* Flor.

Flor. Florimel's not Handſome: Beſides, She's Inconſtant, and only Loves for ſome few Days.

Cel. If She Loves for ſhorter time than I, She muſt Love by Winter Days, and Summer Nights i' faith.

Flor. When you ſee us together you ſhall judge: In the mean time adieu, ſweet Servant.

Cel. Why you won'not be ſo Inhumane to carry away my Heart, and not ſo much as tell me where I may hear news on't?

Flor. I mean to keep it ſafe for you, for if you had it, you would beſtow it worſe: Farewel, I muſt ſee a Lady.

Cel. So muſt I too, if I can pull off your Maſque.

Flor. You will not be ſo rude, I hope.

Cel. By this Light but I will.

Flor. By this Leg but you ſha' not. [*Ex.* Flor. *and* Fla. *running.*

SCENE III.

Enter Philocles, *and meets him going out.*

Cel. How! My Couſin, the new Favourite—— [*Aſide.*

Phil. Dear *Celadon!* moſt happily arriv'd.
I hear y' have been an Honour to your Country,
In the *Calabrian* Wars, and I am glad
I have ſome Intereſt in't.

Cel. ——But in you,
I have a larger Subject for my Joys.
To ſee ſo rare a thing as riſing Vertue,
And Merit underſtood at Court.

Phil. Perhaps it is the only act that can
Acquit our Queen of Weakneſs.

Enter Lyſimantes *attended.*

Lyſ. O, My Lord *Philocles*, well overtaken!
I came to look you.

Phil. Had I known it ſooner
My ſwift attendance, Sir, had ſpar'd your trouble.
——Couſin, you ſee Prince *Lyſimantes* [*To* Cel.
Is pleas'd to favour me with his Commands:
I beg you'll be no Stranger now at Court.

Cel. So long as there be Ladies there,
You need not doubt me. [*Exit* Celadon.

Phil. Some of them will, I hope, make you a Convert.

Lyſ. My Lord *Philocles*, I am glad we are alone:
There is a Buſineſs that concerns me nearly,
In which I beg your Love,

Phil.

Phil. Command my ſervice.
Lyſ. I know your Intereſt with the Queen is great;
(I ſpeak not this as envying your fortune,
For franckly I confeſs you have deſerv'd it.)
Beſides, my Birth, my Courage, and my Honour,
Are all above ſo baſe a Vice.
Phil. I know, my Lord, you are firſt Prince o' th' Blood;
Your Countreys ſecond hope;
And that the publick Vote, when the Queen weds,
Deſigns you for her choice.
Lyſ. I am not worthy.
Except Love makes deſert;
For doubtleſs ſhe's the glory of her time;
Of faultleſs Beauty, blooming as the Spring,
In our *Sicilian* Groves; matchleſs in Vertue,
And largely ſold, where e'r her bounty gives,
As with each breath ſhe could create new *Indies.*
Phil. But jealous of her glory.
Lyſ. You are a Courtier; and in other terms,
Would you ſay ſhe is averſe from Marriage,
Leſt it might leſſon her authority.
But, whenſoe'r ſhe does, I know the people
Will ſcarcely ſuffer her to match
With any neighb'ring Prince, whoſe power might bend
Our free *Sicilians* to a Foreign Yoke.
Phil. I love too well my Country to deſire it.
Lyſ. Then to proceed, (as you well know, my Lord)
The Provinces have ſent their Deputies,
Humbly to move her ſhe would chuſe at home:
And, for ſhe ſeems averſe from ſpeaking with them
By my appointment, have deſign'd theſe walks,
Where well ſhe cannot ſhun them. Now, if you
Aſſiſt their ſuit, by joining yours to it,
And by your mediation I prove happy,
I freely promiſe you. ——
Phil. Without a Bribe command my utmoſt in it:——
And yet, there is a thing, which time may give me
The confidence to name: ——
Lyſ. 'Tis yours whatever.
But tell me true; does ſhe not entertain
Some deep and ſetled thoughts againſt my perſon?
Phil. I hope not ſo; but ſhe of late is froward;
Reſerv'd, and ſad, and vex'd at little things;
Which her great Soul aſham'd of, ſtrait ſhakes off,
And is compos'd again.
Lyſ. You are ſtill near the Queen, and all our Actions come to Princes Eyes, as they are repreſented by them that hold the Miter.
Phil. Here ſhe comes, and with her the Deputies;——
I fear all is not right.

Enter Queen; Deputies after her; Aſteria, Guard, Flavia, Olinda, Sabina.

Queen turns back to the Deputies, and ſpeaks entring.

Qu. And I muſt tell you,
It is a ſawcy boldneſs thus to preſs
On my retirements. ——
1. *Dep.* Our buſineſs being of no leſs concern
Than is the peace and quiet of your Subjects——
And that delay'd ——
2. *Dep.* ——we humbly took this time
To repreſent your Peoples fears to you.
Qu. My Peoples Fears! who made them States-men?
They much miſtake their buſineſs, if they think
It is to govern: ——
The Rights of Subjects and of Sovereigns
Are things diſtinct in Nature: theirs, is to
Enjoy Propriety, not Empire.

Lyſ. If they have err'd, 'twas but an over-care;
An ill-tim'd Duty.——
Qu. Couſin, I expect
From your near Blood, not to excuſe, but check 'em.
They would impoſe a Ruler
Upon their Lawful Queen:
For what's an Husband elſe?
Lyſ. Far, Madam, be it from the thoughts
Of any who pretends to that high Honour,
To wiſh for more than to be reckon'd
As the moſt grac'd and firſt of all your Servants.
Qu. Theſe are th' inſinuating promiſes
Of thoſe who aim at pow'r: but tell me, Couſin;
(For you are unconcern'd, and may be Judge)
Should that aſpiring Man compaſs his ends,
What pawn of his obedience could he give me,
When Kingly Pow'r were once inveſted in him?
Lyſ. What greater pledge than Love: when thoſe fair Eyes
Caſt their commanding Beams, he that cou'd be
A Rebel to your Birth, muſt pay them homage.
Qu. All Eyes are fair
That ſparkle with the Jewels of a Crown:
But now I ſee my Government is odious;
My People find I am not fit to Reign,
Elſe they would never——
Lyſ. So far from that, we all acknowledge you
The bounty of the Gods to *Sicilie:*
More than they are you cannot make our Joys;
Make them but laſting in a Succeſſor.
Phil. Your People ſeek not to impoſe a Prince;
But humbly offer one to your free choice:
And ſuch a one as he is, (may I have leave
To ſpeak ſome little of his great deſerts.)
Qu. I'll hear no more——
To the Dep. For you, attend to morrow at the Council,
There you ſhall have my firm reſolves; mean time
My Couſin I am ſure will welcome you.
Lyſ. Still more and more myſterious: but I have gain'd one of her Women that ſhall unriddle it:—Come, Gentlemen.——
All Dep. Heav'n preſerve your Majeſty. [*Exeunt* Lyſimantes *and* Deputies.
Qu. Philocles, you may ſtay.
Phil. I humbly wait your Majeſties Commands.
Qu. Yet now I better think on't, you may go.
Phil. Madam!
Qu. I have no Commands.—— or, what's all one
You, no Obedience.
Phil. How, no Obedience, Madam?
I plead no other Merit; 'tis the Charter
By which I hold your Favour, and my Fortunes.
Qu. My Favours are cheap Bleſſings, like Rain and Sun-ſhine,
For which we ſcarcely thank the Gods, becauſe
We daily have them.
Phil. Madam, your Breath which rais'd me from the duſt
May lay me there again:
But Fate nor Time can ever make me loſe
The ſence of your Indulgent Bounties to me.
Qu. You are above them now; grown popular:
Ah *Philocles*, could I expect from you
That uſage! no Tongue but yours
To move me to a Marriage?—— [*Weeps.*
The factious Deputies might have ſome end in't,
And my Ambitious Couſin gain a Crown;
But what advantage could there come to you?
What could you hope from *Lyſimantes*'s Reign
That you can want in mine?

Phil.

Phil. You your ſelf clear me, Madam, had I ſought
More pow'r, this Marriage ſure was not the way.
But, when your ſafety was in queſtion,
When all your People were unſatisfied,
Deſir'd a King, nay more, deſign'd the Man,
It was my duty then.——
Qu. Let me be judge of my own ſafety;
I am a Woman,
But danger from my Subjects cannot fright me.
Phil. But *Lyſimantes*, Madam, is a Perſon——
Qu. I cannot love,——
Shall I, I who am born a Sovereign Queen,
Be barr'd of that which God and Nature gives
The meaneſt Slave, a freedom in my love?
——Leave me, good *Philocles*, to my own thoughts;
When next I need your counſel I'll ſend for you ——
Phil. I'm moſt unhappy in your high diſpleaſure;
But, ſince I muſt not ſpeak, Madam, be pleas'd
To peruſe this, and therein, read my care. [*He plucks out a Paper, and preſents it to her, But drops, unknown to him, a Picture.*
Queen reads.—— [*Exit* Philocles.
A Catalogue of ſuch Perſons——
Spies the Box. What's this he has let fall? *Aſteria?*
Aſt. Your Majeſty——
Qu. Take that up, it fell from *Philocles*. [*She takes it up, looks on it, and ſmiles.*
How now, what makes you merry?
Aſt. A ſmall diſcovery I have made, Madam.
Qu. Of what?
Aſt. Since firſt your Majeſty grac'd *Philocles*,
I have not heard him nam'd for any Miſtreſs,
But now this Picture has convinc'd me,——
Qu. Ha! let me ſee it—— [*Snatches it from her.*
Candiope, Prince *Lyſimantes*, Sifter!
Aſt. Your favour Madam, may encourage him——
And yet he loves in a high place for him:
A Princeſs of the Blood, and what is more,
Beyond compariſon the faireſt Lady
Our Iſle can boaſt.——
Qu. How! ſhe the faireſt
Beyond compariſon: 'tis falſe, you flatter her;
She is not fair.——
Aſt. I humbly beg forgiveneſs on my Knees,
If I offended you: but next yours, Madam,
Which all muſt yield to——
Qu. I pretend to none.
Aſt. She paſſes for a Beauty.
Qu. I, ſhe may paſs.——But why do I ſpeak of her?
Dear *Aſteria* lead me, I am not well o' th' ſudden.—— [*She faints.*
Aſt. Who's near there? help the Queen. [*The Guards are coming.*
Qu. Bid 'em away, 'twas but a qualm,
And 'tis already going.——
Aſt. Dear Madam, what's the matter! y' are
Of late ſo alter'd I ſcarce know you.
You were gay humour'd, and you now are penſive,
Once calm, and now unquiet;
Pardon my boldneſs that I preſs thus far
Into your ſecret thoughts: I have at leaſt
A Subjects ſhare in you.
Qu. Thou haſt a greater,
That of a Friend; but am I froward, ſaiſt thou!
Aſt. It ill becomes me Madam, to ſay that.
Qu. I know I am: prithee forgive me for it.
I cannot help it, but thou haſt
Not long to ſuffer it.

Aſt.

Aſt. Alas!
Qu. I feel my ſtrength each day and hour conſume,
Like Lillies waſting in a Lymbeck's heat.
Yet a few days——
And thou ſhalt ſee me lie all damp and cold,
Shrowded within ſome hollow Vault, among
My ſilent Anceſtors.
Aſt. O deareſt Madam!
Speak not of death, or think not, if you die
That I will ſtay behind.
Qu. Thy love has mov'd me, I for once will have
The pleaſure to be pitied; I'll unfold
A thing ſo ſtrange, ſo horrid of my ſelf;——
Aſt. Bleſs me, ſweet Heaven!
So horrid, ſaid you, Madam?
Qu. That Sun, who with one look ſurveys the Globe,
Sees not a Wretch like me: and could the World
Take a right meaſure of my ſtate within,
Mankind muſt either pity me, or ſcorn me.
Aſt. Sure none could do the laſt.
Qu. Thou long'ſt to know't:
And I do tell thee, but ſhame ſtops my mouth.
Firſt promiſe me thou wilt excuſe my folly,
And next be ſecret.——
Aſt. ——Can you doubt it, Madam!
Qu. Yet you might ſpare my labour;
Can you not gueſs——
Aſt. Madam, pleaſe you, I'll try.
Qu. Hold: *Aſteria.*
I would not have you gueſs, for ſhould you find it
I ſhould imagine, that ſome other might,
And then, I were moſt wretched.
Therefore, though you ſhould know it, flatter me:
And ſay you could not gueſs it——
Aſt. Madam, I need not flatter you, I cannot —— and yet,
Might not Ambition trouble your repoſe?
Qu. My *Sicily* I thank the Gods, contents me.
But ſince I muſt reveal it, know 'tis love:
I who pretended ſo to glory, am
Become the Slave of Love.——
Aſt. I thought your Majeſty had fram'd deſigns
To ſubvert all your Laws; become a Tyrant,
Or vex your Neighbours with injurious Wars;
Is this all? Madam.
Qu. Is not this enough?
Then, know, I love below my Self; a Subject;
Love one who loves another, and who knows not
That I love him.
Aſt. He muſt be told it, Madam.
Qu. Not for the World: *Aſteria*:
When e'er he knows it I ſhall die for ſhame.
Aſt. What is it then that would content you?
Qu. Nothing, but that I had not lov'd.
Aſt. May I not ask, without offence, who 'tis?
Qu. Ev'n that confirms me, I have lov'd amiſs;
Since thou canſt know I love, and not imagine
It muſt be *Philocles.*
Aſt. My Couſin is indeed a moſt deſerving Perſon;
Valiant and Wiſe; and handſome; and well born.
Qu. But not of Royal Blood:
I know his Fate unfit to be a King.
To be his Wife I could forſake my Crown; but not my Glory:
Yet, ——would he did not love *Candiope*;
Would he lov'd me,—— but knew not of my love,

Or e'er durſt tell me his.
Aſt. In all this Labyrinth,
I find one Path conducing to your quiet.
Qu. O tell me quickly then.
Aſt. *Candiope*, as Princeſs of the Bloud,
Without your Approbation cannot Marry:
Firſt break his Match with her, by vertue of
Your Sovereign Authority.
Qu. *I fear.* That were to make him hate me.
Or, what's as bad, to let him know I love him:
Could you not do it of your ſelf?
Aſt. I'll not be wanting to my Pow'r:
But if your Majeſty appears not in it;
The love of *Philocles* will ſoon ſurmount
All other difficulties.
Qu. Then, as we walk, we'll think what means are beſt,
Effect but this, and thou ſhar'ſt half my Breaſt. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Queens Apartments.*

Aſteria, Sola. NOthing thrives that I have plotted:
For I have ſounded *Philocles*, and find
He is too conſtant to *Candiope:*
Her too I have aſſaulted, but in vain,
Objecting want of Quality in *Philocles.*
I'll to the Queen, and plainly tell her
She muſt make uſe of her Authority to break the Match.

SCENE II.

Enter Celadon *looking about him.*

Brother! what make you here
About the Queens Appartments?
Which of the Ladies are you watching for?
Cel. Any of 'em that will do me the good turn to make me ſoundly in love.
Aſt. Then I'll beſpeak you one; you'll be deſp'rately in love with *Florimel*: ſo ſoon as the Queen heard you were return'd, ſhe gave you her for Miſtreſs.
Cel. Thank her Majeſty; but to confeſs the truth my fancy lies partly another way.
Aſt. That's ſtrange: *Florimel* vows you are already in love with her.
Cel. She wrongs me horribly, if ever I ſaw or ſpoke with this *Florimel* ——
Aſt. Well, take your Fortune, I muſt leave you. [*Exit* Aſteria.

SCENE III.

Enter Florimel, *ſees him, and is running back.*

Cel. Nay 'faith I am got betwixt you and home, you are my Pris'ner, Lady bright, till you reſolve me one queſtion.
She ſigns. She is dumb.
Pox; I think ſhe's dumb: what a vengeance doſt thou at Court, with
Such a rare Face, without a Tongue to anſwer to a kind queſtion.
Art thou dumb indeed, then, thou canſt tell no Tales,—— goes to kiſs her.
Flor. Hold, hold, you are not mad!
Cel. Oh, my Miſs in a Maſque! have you found your Tongue?
Flor. 'Twas time, I think; what had become of me, if I had not?
Cel. Methinks your Lips had done as well.
Flor. I, if my Maſque had been over 'em, as it was when you met me in the Walks.
Cel. Well; will you believe me another time? did not I ſay you were infinitely handſome: they may talk of *Florimel*, if they will, but i'faith ſhe muſt come ſhort of you.

Flor.

Flor. Have you ſeen her, then?

Cel. I look'd a little that way, but I had ſoon enough of her, ſhe is not to be ſeen twice without a ſurfeit.

Flor. However you are beholding to her, they ſay ſhe loves you.

Cel. By fate ſhe ſhan'not love me: I have told her a piece of my mind already: Pox o' theſe coming Women: they ſet a Man to Dinner before he has an Appetite. [Flavia *at the door.*

Florimel you are call'd within.—— [*Exit.*

Cel. I hope in the Lord you are not *Florimel.*

Flor. Ev'n ſhe at your ſervice; the ſame kind and coming *Florimel*, you have deſcrib'd.

Cel. Why then we are agreed already, I am as kind and coming as you for the heart of you: I knew at firſt we two were good for nothing but one another.

Flor. But, without raillery, are you in Love?

Cel. So horribly much, that contrary to my own Maxims, I think in my Conſcience I could Marry you.

Flor. No, no, 'tis not come to that yet: but if you are really in Love, you have done me the greateſt Pleaſure in the World.

Cel. That pleaſure, and a better too, I have in ſtore for you.

Flor. This Animal, call'd a Lover, I have long'd to ſee theſe two Years.

Cel. Sure you walk'd with your Mask on all the while, for if you had been ſeen, you could not have been without your wiſh.

Flor. I warrant you mean an ordinary whining Lover; but I muſt have other Proofs of Love e'er I believe it.

Cel. You ſhall have the beſt that I can give you.

Flor. I would have a Lover, that if need be, ſhould hang himſelf, drown himſelf, break his Neck, and Poyſon himſelf, for very deſpair: he that will ſcruple this, is an Impudent Fellow if he ſays he is in love.

Cel. Pray, Madam, which of theſe four things would you have your Lover do? for a Man's but a Man, he cannot hang, and drown, and break his Neck, and Poyſon himſelf, altogether.

Flor. Well then, becauſe you are but a Beginner, and I would not diſcourage you, any one of theſe ſhall ſerve your turn in a fair way.

Cel. I am much deceiv'd in thoſe Eyes of yours, if a Treat, a Song, and the Fiddles, be not a more acceptable Proof of love to you, than any of thoſe Tragical ones you have mentioned.

Flor. However you will grant it is but decent you ſhould be Pale, and Lean, and Melancholick, to ſhew you are in Love: and that I ſhall require of you when I ſee you next.

Cel. When you ſee me next? why you do not make a Rabbet of me, to be lean at 24 hours warning? in the mean while we burn daylight, looſe time and love.

Flor. Would you Marry me without conſideration?

Cel. To chooſe, by Heaven, for they that think on't, twenty to one would never do it, hang forecaſt; to make ſure of one good Night is as much in reaſon as a Man ſhould expect from this ill World.

Flor. Methinks a few more years and diſcretion would do well: I do not like this going to Bed ſo early; it makes one ſo weary before Morning.

Cel. That's much as your Pillow is laid before you go to ſleep.

Flor. Shall I make a Propoſition to you? I will give you a whole Year of Probation to love me in; to grow reſerv'd, diſcreet, ſober and faithful; and to pay me all the Services of a Lover.——

Cel. And at the end of it you'l Marry me?

Flor. If neither of us alter our Minds before.——

Cel. By this light a neceſſary Clauſe.——But if I pay in all the foreſaid Services before the day, you ſhall be obliged to take me ſooner into mercy.

Flor. Provided if you prove unfaithful, then your time of a Twelve-month to be prolong'd; ſo many Services I will bate you ſo many Days or Weeks; ſo many Faults I will add to your Prentiſhip, ſo much more: And of all this I only to be Judge.

SCENE IV.

Enter Philocles *and* Lyſimantes.

Lyſ. Is the Queen this way, Madam?

Flor. I'll ſee, ſo pleaſe your Highneſs; Follow me, Captive.

Cel. March on Conquerour —— [*She pulls him.*
Lyſ. You're ſure her Majeſty will not oppoſe it? [*Exeunt* Cel. Flor.
Phil. Leave that to me, my Lord.
Lyſ. Then, though perhaps my Siſters Birth might challenge
An higher Match,
I'll weigh your Merits on the other ſide
To make the Ballance even.
Phil. I go my Lord this Minute.
Lyſ. My beſt wiſhes wait on you. [*Exit* Lyſimantes.

SCENE V.

Enter the Queen and Aſteria.

Qu. Yonder he is; have I no other way?
Aſt. O Madam, you muſt ſtand this brunt:
Deny him now, and leave the reſt to me:
I'll to *Candiope*'s Mother,
And under the pretence of Friendſhip, work
On her Ambition to put of a Match
So mean as *Philocles*.
Qu. to *Phil.*] You may approach, Sir,
We two diſcourſe no Secrets.
Phil. I come, Madam, to weary out your Royal Bounty.
Qu. Some Suit I warrant for your Couſin *Celadon*.
Leave his advancement to my care.
Phil. Your Goodneſs ſtill prevents my Wiſhes:—yet I have one requeſt
Might it not paſs almoſt for Madneſs, and
Extreme Ambition in me. ——
Qu. You know you have a favourable Judge,
It lies in you not to ask any thing
I cannot grant.
Phil. Madam, perhaps you think me too faulty:
But Love alone inſpires me with Ambition,
Though but to look on fair *Candiope*, were an excuſe for both.
Qu. Keep your Ambition, and let Love alone;
That I can cloy, but this I cannot Cure.
I have ſome reaſons (invincible to me) which muſt forbid
Your Marriage with *Candiope*.
Phil. I knew I was not worthy.
Qu. Not for that, *Philocles*, you deſerve all things,
And to ſhow I think it, my Admiral I hear is dead,
His vacant Place (the beſt in all my Kingdom)
I here confer on you.
Phil. Rather take back all you had giv'n before,
Than not give this.
For believe, Madam, nothing is ſo near
My Soul as the Poſſeſſion of *Candiope*.
Qu. Since that belief would be your diſadvantage,
I will not entertain it.
Phil. Why, Madam, can you be thus cruel to me?
To give me all things which I did not ask,
And yet deny that only thing I beg:
And ſo beg that I find I cannot live
Without the hope of it.
Qu. Hope greater things;
But hope not this. Haſt to o'rcome your love,
It is but putting a ſhort-liv'd Paſſion to a violent Death.
Phil. I cannot live without *Candiope*.
But I can die without a murmur,
Having my doom pronounced from your fair Mouth.
Qu. If I am to pronounce it, live my *Philocles*,
But live without (as I was about to ſay
Without his Love, but that I cannot do) [*Aſide.*

Live

Live *Philocles* without *Candiope.*
Phil. Ah, Madam, could you give my doom ſo quickly,
And knew it was irrevocable!
'Tis too apparent
You who alone love glory, and whoſe Soul
Is looſened from your Sences cannot judge
What torments mine, of groſſer mould, endures.
Qu. I cannot ſuffer you
To give me Praiſes which are not my own:
I love like you, and am yet much more wretched
Than you can think your ſelf.
Phil. Weak Bars they need muſt be that Fortune puts
'Twixt Sovereign Power, and all it can deſire.
When Princes love, they call themſelves unhappy,
Only becauſe the word ſounds handſome in a Lover's Mouth.
But you can ceaſe to be ſo when you pleaſe,
By making *Lyſimantes* Fortunate.
Qu. Were he indeed the Man, you had ſome reaſon;
But 'tis another, more without my Power,
And yet a Subject too.
Phil. O, Madam, ſay not ſo,
It cannot be a Subject if not he.
It were to be injurious to your ſelf
To make another choice.
Qu. Yet *Lyſimantes*, ſet by him I love,
Is more obſcur'd than Stars too near the Sun;
He has a brightneſs of his own,
Not borrow'd of his Fathers, but born with him.
Phil. Pardon if I ſay, who e'er he be,
He has practis'd ſome ill Acts upon you, Madam:
For he, whom you deſcribe, I ſee is born
But from the Lees o' th' People.
Qu. You offend me, *Philocles.*
Whence had you leave to uſe thoſe inſolent terms
Of him I pleaſe to love: one I muſt tell you,
(Since Fooliſhly I have gone thus far)
Whom I eſteem your equal,
And far ſuperior to Prince *Lyſimantes*;
One who deſerves to wear a Crown.——
Phil. Whirlwinds bear me hence before I live
To that deteſted day.——That frown aſſures me
I have offended, by my over-freedom;
But yet methinks a heart ſo plain, and honeſt,
And zealous of your Glory, might hope your Pardon for it.
Qu. I give it you; but
When you know him better
You'l alter your Opinion; he's no ill Friend of yours.
Phil. I well perceive
He has ſupplanted me in your eſteem;
But that's the leaſt of ills this fatal Wretch
Has practis'd.———Think, for Heavens ſake, Madam, think
If you have drunk no Phylter.——
Qu. Yes, he has given me a Phylter;
But I have drunk it only from his Eyes.
Phil. Hot Irons thank 'em for't.——— [*Softly, or turning from her.*
Qu. What's that you mutter?
Hence from my ſight: I know not whether
I ever ſhall endure to ſee you more.
Phil. But hear me, Madam:
Qu. I ſay be gone.——See me no more this day.——
I will not hear one word in your excuſe:
Now, Sir, be rude again; *And give Laws to your Queen.* [*Exit* Philocles *bowing.*
Aſteria, come hither.
Was ever boldneſs like to this of *Philocles?*

Help

Help me to reproach him; for I reſolve
Henceforth no more to love him.
Aſt. Truth is, I wondred at your Patience, Madam:
Did you not mark his words, his meen, his action,
How full of haughtineſs, how ſmall reſpect?
Qu. And he to uſe me thus, he whom I favour'd,
Nay more, he whom I lov'd?
Aſt. A Man, methinks, of vulgar Parts and Preſence!
Qu. Or allow him ſomething Handſome, Valiant, or ſo ——
Yet this to me!——
Aſt. The Workmanſhip of inconſiderate Favour,
The Creature of raſh Love; one of thoſe Meteors
Which Monarchs raiſe from Earth,
And People wondring how they came ſo high,
Fear, from their influence, Plagues, and Wars, and Famine.
Qu. Ha!
Aſt. One whom inſtead of baniſhing a day,
You ſhould have plum'd of all his borrow'd honours:
And let him ſee what abject things they are
Whom Princes often love without deſert.
Qu. What has my *Philocles* deſerv'd from thee,
That thou ſhouldſt uſe him thus?
Were he the baſeſt of Mankind thou could'ſt not
Have given him ruder Language.
Aſt. Did not your Majeſty Command me,
Did not your ſelf begin?
Qu. I grant I did, but I have right to do it;
I love him and may rail;—— in you 'tis Malice;
Malice in the moſt higheſt degree; for never Man
Was more deſerving than my *Philocles*.
Or, do you love him, ha! and plead that title?
Confeſs, and I'll forgive you.——
For none can look on him but needs muſt love.
Aſt. I love him, Madam! I beſeech your Majeſty
Have better thoughts of me.
Qu. Doſt thou not love him then!
Good Heav'n, how ſtupid and how dull is ſhe!
How moſt invincibly inſenſible!
No Woman does deſerve to live
That loves not *Philocles* ——
Aſt. Dear Madam, recollect your ſelf; alas
How much diſtracted are your thoughts, and how
Diſ-jointed all your words; ——
The Sybills leaves more orderly were laid.
Where is that harmony of Mind, that Prudence
Which guided all you did! that ſenſe of glory
Which rais'd you, high above the reſt of Kings,
As Kings are o'er the level of Mankind!
Qu. Gone, gone *Aſteria*, all is gone,
Or loſt within me far from any uſe.
Sometimes I ſtruggle like the Sun in Clouds,
But ſtraight I am o'r-caſt.——
Aſt. I grieve to ſee it.——
Qu. Then thou haſt yet the goodneſs
To Pardon what I ſaid.——
Alas, I uſe my ſelf much worſe than thee.
Love rages in great Souls,——
For there his Pow'r moſt oppoſition finds;
High Trees are ſhook, becauſe they dare the Winds. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE of the Act. *The Court Gallery.*

Philocles, Solus.

Phil. 'TIS True, ſhe baniſh'd me but for a day;
But Favourites, once declining, ſink apace.
Yet Fortune, ſtop,——this is the likelieſt place
To meet *Aſteria*, and by her convey,
My humble Vows to my offended Queen.

Enter Queen *and* Aſteria:

Ha! She comes her ſelf; Unhappy Man!
Where ſhall I hide?—— [*Is going out.*
Qu. Is not that *Philocles*
Who makes ſuch haſte away? *Philocles*, *Philocles* ——
Philocles coming back.] I fear'd ſhe ſaw me.
Qu. How now, Sir, am I ſuch a Bugbear
That I ſcare People from me?
Phil. 'Tis true, I ſhould more carefully have ſhun'd
The place where you might be; as, when it thunders
Men reverently quit the open Air,
Becauſe the angry Gods are then abroad.
Qu. What does he mean, *Aſteria!*
I do not underſtand him.
Aſt. Your Majeſty forgets you baniſh'd him
Your Preſence for this day.—— [*To her ſoftly.*
Qu. Ha! baniſh'd him! 'tis true indeed;
But, as thou ſayſt, I had forgot it quite.——[*To her.*
Aſt. That's very ſtrange, ſcarce half an hour ago.
Qu. But Love had drawn his Pardon up ſo ſoon
That I forgot he e'er offended me.
Phil. Pardon me, that I could not thank you ſooner:
Your ſudden grace, like ſome ſwift Flood pour'd in on narrow Banks
O'r-flow'd my Spirits.
Qu. No; tis for me to ask your Pardon, *Philocles*,
For the great Injury I did you,
In not remembring I was angry with you.
But I'll repair my Fault;
And rowze my Anger up againſt you yet.
Phil. No, Madam, my forgiveneſs was your Act of grace,
And I lay hold of it.
Qu. Princes ſometimes may paſs,
Acts of Oblivion in their own wrong.
Phil. 'Tis true, but not recal them.
Qu. But, *Philocles*, ſince I have told you there is one I love.
I will go on; and let you know
What paſſed this day betwixt us; be our Judge
Whether my Servant have dealt well with me.
Phil. I beſeech your Majeſty excuſe me:
Any thing more of him may make me
Relapſe too ſoon, and forfeit my late Pardon.
Qu. But you'l be glad to know it.
Phil. May I not hope then
You have ſome quarrel to him?
Qu. Yes, a great one.
But firſt to juſtifie my ſelf,
Know, *Philocles*, I have conceal'd my Paſſion
With ſuch care from him, that he knows not yet
I love, but only that I much eſteem him.
Phil. O ſtupid Wretch
That by a thouſand Tokens could not gueſs it!
Qu. He loves elſewhere, and that has blinded him.
Phil. He's Blind indeed!

So

So the dull Beaſts in the firſt Paradiſe
With levell'd Eyes gaz'd each upon their kind;
There fix'd their love: and ne'er look'd up to view
That glorious Creature Man, their Sovereign Lord.
Qu. Y'are too ſevere, on little faults, but he has Crimes, untold,
Which will, I fear, move you much more againſt him.
He fell this day into a Paſſion with me,
And boldly contradicted all I ſaid.
Phil. And ſtands his head upon his Shoulders yet?
How long ſhall this moſt inſolent ——
Qu. Take heed you rail not,
You know you are but on your good Behaviour.
Phil. Why then I will not call him Traytor——
But only rude, audacious and impertinent,
To uſe his Sovereign ſo —— I beg your leave
To wiſh you have at leaſt Impriſon'd him.
Qu. Some People may ſpeak ill, and yet mean well:
Remember you were not confin'd; and yet
Your Fault was great. In ſhort, I love him,
And that excuſes all; but be not jealous;
His riſing ſhall not be your overthrow,
Nor will I ever marry him.——
Phil. That's ſome comfort yet,
He ſhall not be a King.
Qu. He never ſhall. But you are diſcompos'd;
Stay here a little; I have ſomewhat for you
Shall ſhew you ſtill are in my favour. [*Exeunt* Queen *and* Aſteria.

Enter to him Candiope *weeping.*

Phil. How now, in tears, my fair *Candiope?*
So through a watry Clowd
The Sun at once ſeems both to weep and ſhine.
For what Forefathers Sin do you afflict
Thoſe precious Eyes? for ſure you have
None of your own to weep.
Can. My Crimes both great and many needs muſt ſhow,
Since Heav'n will puniſh them with loſing you.
Phil. Afflictions ſent from Heav'n without a Cauſe
Make bold Mankind enquire into its Laws.
But Heav'n, which moulding Beauty takes ſuch care,
Makes gentle Fates on purpoſe for the fair:
And deſtiny that ſees them ſo divine,
Spins all their Fortunes in a ſilken twine:
No mortal hand ſo ignorant is found
To weave courſe work upon a precious ground.
Can. Go Preach this Doctrine in my Mother's Ears.
Phil. Has her ſeverity produc'd theſe tears:
Can. She has recall'd thoſe hopes ſhe gave before,
And ſtrictly bids me ne'r to ſee you more.
Phil. Changes in froward Age are natural;
Who hopes for conſtant weather in the fall?
'Tis in your Pow'r your Duty to transfer,
And place that right in me which was in her.
Can. Reaſon, like Foreign Foes, would ne'er o'ercome,
But that I find I am betray'd at home.
You have a Friend that fights for you within.
Phil. Let Reaſon ever loſe, ſo love may win.

Enter Queen *and* Aſteria.

Queen with a Picture in her hand.

Qu. See there, *Aſteria*,
All we have done ſucceeds ſtill to the worſe;
We hindred him from ſeeing her at home,
Where I but only heard they lov'd; and now
She comes to Court, and mads me with the ſight on't.
Aſt. Dear Madam, overcome your ſelf a little,

Or they'l perceive how much you are concern'd.
Qu. I ſtruggle with my heart,——but it will have ſome vent.
Couſin, you are a Stranger at the Court. [*To* Can.
Can. It was my duty I confeſs,
To attend oftner on your Majeſty.
Qu. Aſteria, Mend my Couſins Handkerchief;
It ſits too narrow there, and ſhows too much
The broadneſs of her Shoulders——Nay fie, *Aſteria*,
Now you put it too much backward, and diſcover
The bigneſs of her Breaſts.
Can. I beſeech your Majeſty
Give not your ſelf this trouble.
Qu. Sweet Couſin, you ſhall Pardon me;
A Beauty ſuch as yours
Deſerves a more than ordinary care,
To ſet it out.
Come hither, *Philocles*, do but obſerve,
She has but one groſs fault in all her ſhape,
That is, ſhe bears up here too much,
And the malicious Workman has left it open to your Eye.
Phil. Where, and 'tpleaſe your Majeſty, methinks 'tis very well?
Qu. Do not you ſee it, Oh how blind is love!
Can. And how quick-ſighted Malice! [*Aſide.*
Qu. But yet methinks, thoſe knots of sky, do not
So well with the dead colour of her Face.
Aſt. Your Majeſty miſtakes, ſhe wants no red.
The Queen *here plucks out her Glaſs, and looks ſometimes on her ſelf, ſometimes on her Rival.*
Qu. How do I look to day, *Aſteria!*
Methinks not well.
Aſt. Pardon me, Madam, moſt Victoriouſly.
Qu. What think you, *Philocles?* come do not flatter.
Phil. Paris was a bold Man who preſum'd
To judge the Beauty of a Goddeſs.
Can. Your Majeſty has given the reaſon why
He cannot judge; his Love has blinded him.
Qu. Methinks a long patch here beneath her Eye
Might hide that diſmal hollowneſs, what think you *Philocles?*
Can. Beſeech you, Madam, ask not his opinion;
What my faults are it is no matter;
He loves me with them all.
Qu. I, he may love, but when he Marries you,
Your Bridal ſhall be kept in ſome dark Dungeon.
Farewel, and think of that, too eaſie Maid,
I bluſh, thou ſhar'ſt my bloud. [*Exeunt* Queen, Aſteria.
Can. Inhumane Queen!
Thou canſt not be more willing to reſign
Thy part in me, than I to give up mine.
Phil. Love, how few Subjects do thy Laws fulfil,
And yet thoſe few, like us, thou uſeſt ill!
Can. The greateſt Slaves, in Monarchies, are they,
Whom Birth ſets neareſt to Imperial ſway.
While jealous Pow'r does ſullenly o'r-ſpy,
We play like Deer within the Lyons Eye.
Would I for you ſome Shepherdeſs had been;
And, but each May, ne'er heard the name of Queen.
Phil. If you were ſo, might I ſome Monarch be,
Then, you ſhould gain what now you looſe by me:
Then, you in all my glories ſhould have part,
And rule my Empire, as you rule my heart.
Can. How much our golden wiſhes are in vain?
When they are paſt we are our ſelves again.
Enter Queen *and* Aſteria *above.*
Qu. Look, look *Aſteria*, yet they are not gone.
Hence, we may hear what they diſcourſe alone.

Phil. My Love inſpires me with a gen'rous thought
Which you unknowing, in thoſe wiſhes taught.
Since happineſs may out of Courts be found,
Why ſtay we here on this enchanted ground?
And chooſe not rather with content to dwell
(If Love and we can find it) in a Cell?
Can. Thoſe who, like you, have once in Courts been great,
May think they wiſh, but wiſh not to retreat.
They ſeldom go but when they cannot ſtay;
As looſing Gameſters throw the Dice away:
Ev'n in that Cell, where you repoſe would find,
Viſions of Court will haunt your reſtleſs mind;
And glorious Dreams ſtand ready to reſtore
The pleaſing ſhapes of all you had before.
Phil. He, who with your poſſeſſion once is bleſt,
On eaſie terms may part with all the reſt.
All my Ambition will in you be crown'd;
And thoſe white Arms ſhall all my wiſhes bound.
Our life ſhall be but one long Nuptial day,
And like chaf't Odours, melt in Sweets away;
Soft as the Night our Minutes ſhall be worn,
And chearful as the Birds that wake the Morn.
Can. Thus hope miſleads it ſelf in pleaſant way;
And takes more joys on truſt than Love can pay!
But Love, with long poſſeſſion, once decay'd,
That Face which now you Court, you will upbraid.
Phil. Falſe Lovers broach theſe tenets, to remove
The fault from them by placing it on Love.——
Can. Yet grant in Youth you keep alive your Fire,
Old Age will come, and then it muſt expire:
Youth but a while does at Loves Temple ſtay,
As ſome fair Inn to lodge it on the way.
Phil. Your doubts are kind; but to be ſatisfi'd,
I can be true, I beg I may be try'd.
Can. Tryals of love too dear the making coſt;
For if ſucceſsleſs, the whole venture's loſt.
What you propoſe, brings wants and care along.
Phil. Love can bear both.
Can. But is your Love ſo ſtrong?
Phil. They do not want, who wiſh not to have more;
Who ever ſaid an Anchoret was poor?
Can. To anſwer generouſly as you have done,
I ſhould not by your Arguments be won:
I know I urge your ruine by conſent;
Yet love too well that ruine to prevent.
Phil. Like Water giv'n to thoſe whom Feavers fry,
You kill but him, who muſt without it die.
Can. Secure me I may love without a Crime;
Then, for our flight, appoint both place and time.
Phil. Th' enſuing hour my plighted Vows ſhall be;
The time's not long; or only long to me.
Can. Then, let us go where we ſhall ne'er be ſeen
By my hard Mother.
Phil. Or my cruel Queen. [*Exeunt* Phil. Cand.
Queen above.] O *Philocles* unkind to call me cruel!
So falſe *Æneas* did from *Dido* fly;
But never branded her with Cruelty.
How I deſpiſe my ſelf for loving ſo!
Aſt. At once you hate your ſelf and love him too.
Qu. No, his Ingratitude has Cur'd my Wound:
A painful Cure indeed!
Aſt. And yet not ſound.
His Ignorance of your true Thoughts
Excuſes this; you did ſeem cruel Madam.
Qu. But much of kindneſs ſtill was mix'd with it.

Who could miſtake ſo groſly not to know
A *Cupid* frowning when he draws his Bow?
Aſt. He's going now to ſmart for his offence.
Qu. Should he without my leave depart from hence?
Aſt. No matter; ſince you hate him, let him go.
Qu. But I my hate by my revenge will ſhow:
Beſides, his Head's a forfeit to the State.
Aſt. When you take that I will believe you hate:
Let him poſſeſs, and then he'll ſoon repent:
And ſo his Crime will prove his puniſhment.
Qu. He may repent; but he will firſt poſſeſs.
Aſt. O, Madam, now your hatred you confeſs:
If, his poſſeſſing her your rage does move,
'Tis Jealouſie the Avarice of Love.
Qu. No more, *Aſteria.*
Seek *Lyſimantes* out, bid him ſet his Guards through all the Court and City.
Prevent their Marriage firſt; then ſtop their flight.
Some fitting puniſhments I will ordain,
But ſpeak not you of *Philocles* again:
'Tis bold to ſearch, and dangerous to find,
Too much of Heaven's, or of a Princes Mind. [Qu. *deſcends, and Exit.*

As the Queen has done ſpeaking, Flavia *is going haſtily over the Stage*; Aſteria *ſees her.*

Aſt. Flavia, Flavia, Whither ſo faſt?
Fla. Did you call, *Aſteria.*
Aſt. The Queen has buſineſs with Prince *Lyſimantes*;
Speak to any Gentleman that's next, to fetch him. [*Exit* Aſteria *from above.*
Fla. I ſuſpect ſomewhat, but I'll watch you cloſe;
Prince *Lyſimantes* has not choſe in me,
The worſt Spy of the Court.——*Celadon!* what makes he here!

Enter Celadon, Olinda, Sabina; *they walk over the Stage together, he ſeeming to court them.*

Olin. Nay ſweet *Celadon.*——
Sab. Nay dear *Celadon.*
Fla. O-ho, I ſee his buſineſs now, 'tis with *Meliſſa*'s two Daughters: Look, look, how he peeps about to ſee if the Coaſt be clear; like an Hawk that will not plum if ſhe be look'd on.—— [*Exeunt* Cel. Ol. Sab.
So——at laſt he has truſs'd his quarry.——

Enter Florimel.

Flor. Did you ſee *Celadon* this way?
Fla. If you had not ask'd the queſtion, I ſhould have thought you had come from watching him; he's juſt gone off with *Meliſſa*'s Daughters.
Flor. Meliſſa's Daughters! he did not Court 'em I hope?
Fla. So buſily, he loſt no time: while he was teaching the one a tune, he was kiſſing the others hand.
Flor. O fine Gentleman!
Fla. And they ſo greedy of him! Did you never ſee two Fiſhes about a Bait, tugging it this way and t'other way; for my part, I look'd at leaſt he ſhould have loſt a Leg or Arm i' th' ſervice.——
Nay, never vex your ſelf, but e'en reſolve to break with him.
Flor. No no, 'tis not come to that, yet; I'll correct him firſt, and then hope the beſt from time.
Fla. From time! Believe me, there's little good to be expected from him. I never knew the old Gentleman with the Scythe and Hour-glaſs bring any thing but gray hair, thin cheeks, and loſs of teeth: you ſee *Celadon* loves others.
Flor. There's the more hope he may love me among the reſt: hang't, I would not marry one of theſe ſolemn Fops; they are good for nothing but to make Cuckolds: Give me a ſervant that is an high Flier at all games, that is bounteous of himſelf to many women; and yet whenever I pleas'd to throw out the lure of Matrimony, ſhould come down with a ſwing, and fly the better at his own quarry.
Fla. But are you ſure you can take him down when you think good?
Flor. Nothing more certain.
Fla. What wager will you venture upon the Trial?

Flor. Any thing.

Fla. My Maidenhead to yours.

Flor. That's a good one, who ſhall take the forfeit?

Fla. I'll go and write a Letter as from theſe two Siſters, to ſummon him immediately; it ſhall be deliver'd before you. I warrant you ſee a ſtrange Combat betwixt the Fleſh and the Spirit: if he leaves you to go to them, you'll grant he loves them better?

Flor. Not a jot the more: a Bee may pick of many Flowers, and yet like ſome one better than all the reſt.

Fla. But then your Bee muſt not leave his Sting behind him.

Flor. Well; make the experiment however: I hear him coming, and a whole noiſe of Fidlers at his heels. Hey-day, what a Mad Husband ſhall I have? ——

Enter Celadon.

Flav. And what a Mad Wife will he have? Well I muſt go a little way, but I'll return immediately and write it: You'll keep him in diſcourſe the while? [*Exit* Fla.

Cel. Where are you, Madam? What do you mean to run away thus? pray ſtand to't, that we may diſpatch this buſineſs.

Flor. I think you mean to watch me as they do Witches, to make me confeſs I love you. Lord, what a buſtle have you kept this Afternoon? What with eating, ſinging and dancing, I am ſo wearied, that I ſhall not be in caſe to hear any more Love this Fortnight.

Cel. Nay, if you ſurfeit on't before Tryal, Lord have mercy upon you when I have Married you.

Flor. But what Kings Revenue do you think will maintain this extravagant expence?

Cel. I have a damnable Father, a rich old Rogue, if he would once die! Lord, how long does he mean to make it e'er he dies!

Flor. As long as ever he can, I'll paſs my word for him.

Cel. I think then we had beſt conſider him as an obſtinate old Fellow that is deaf to the news of a better World; and ne'er ſtay for him.

Flor. But e'en Marry; and get him Grandchildren in abundance, and great Grandchildren upon them, and ſo inch him, and ſhove him out of the World by the very force of new Generations: —— If that be the way you muſt excuſe me.

Cel. But doſt thou know what it is to be an old Maid?

Flor. No, nor I hope I ſha'n't theſe Twenty Years.

Cel. But when that time comes, in the firſt place thou wilt be condemn'd to tell ſtories, how many Men thou mightſt have had; and none believe thee: Then thou groweſt froward, and impudently wearieſt all thy Friends to ſollicite Man for thee.

Flor. Away with your old Common place-wit: I am reſolved to grow fat, and look young till forty, and then ſlip out of the World with the firſt wrinkle, and the reputation of five and twenty.

Cel. Well, what think you now of a reckoning betwixt us?

Flor. How do you mean?

Cel. To diſcount for ſo many days of my Years Service, as I have paid in ſince Morning.

Flor. With all my heart.

Cel. Inprimis, For a Treat.

Item. For my Glaſs-Coach.

Item. For ſitting bare and wagging your Fann.

And laſtly, and principally, for my Fidelity to you this long hour and half.

Flor. For this I bate you three Weeks of your Service; now hear your Bill of Faults; for your comfort 'tis a ſhort one.

Cel. I know it.

Flor. Inprimis, *Item*, and Sum total, for keeping Company with *Meliſſa*'s Daughters.

Cel. How the Pox came you to know of that: Gad I believe
The Devil plays booty againſt himſelf, and tells you of my ſins. [*Aſide.*

Flor. The offence being ſo ſmall the puniſhment ſhall be but proportionable, I will ſet you back only half a Year.

Cel. You'r moſt unconſcionable: when then do you think we ſhall come together? there's none but the old Patriarchs could live long enough to marry you at this rate. What do you take me for ſome Couſin of *Methuſalem*'s, that I muſt ſtay an hundred Years before I come to beget Sons and Daughters? *Flor.*

Flor. Here's an impudent Lover, he complains of me without ever offering to excuſe himſelf; *Item*, a Fortnight more for that.

Cel. So there's another puff in my Voyage has blown me back to the North of *Scotland.*

Flo. All this is nothing to your excuſe for the two Siſters.

Cel. 'Faith if ever I did more than kiſs 'em, and that but once——

Flo. What could you have done more to me?

Cel. An hundred times more; as thou ſhalt know, dear Rogue, at time convenient.

Flo. You talk, you talk; Could you kiſs 'em, though but once, and ne'er think of me?

Cel. Nay if I had thought of thee, I had kiſs'd 'em over a thouſand times, with the very force of imagination.

Flo. The Gallants are mightily beholding to you, you have found 'em out a new way to kiſs their Miſtreſſes, upon other Womens Lips.

Cel. What would you have? You are my Sultana Queen, the reſt are but in the nature of your Slaves; I may make ſome ſlight excurſion into the Enemies Country for forage or ſo, but I ever return to my head Quarters.

Enter one with a Letter.

Cel. To me?

Meſſ. If your name be *Celadon.* [Celad. *reads ſoftly.*

Flo. He's ſwallowing the Pill; preſently we ſhall ſee the operation.

Cel. *to the Page.*] Child, come hither Child; here's money for thee: So, be gone quickly good Child, before any Body examins thee: Thou art in a dangerous place, Child.——[*Thruſts him out.* Very good, the Siſters ſend me word they will have the Fiddles this Afternoon, and invite me to ſup there!—— Now cannot I forbear and I ſhould be damn'd, though I have ſcap'd a ſcouring ſo lately for it. Yet I love *Florimel* better than both of 'em together; —— there's the Riddle on't: but only for the ſweet ſake of variety.——[*Aſide.* Well, we muſt all Sin, and we muſt all repent, and there's an end on't.

Flo. What is it that makes you fidg up and down ſo?

Cel. 'Faith I am ſent for by a very dear Friend, and 'tis upon a buſineſs of Life and Death.

Flo. On my Life ſome Woman?

Cel. On my honour ſome Man; Do you think I would lie to you?

Flo. But you ingag'd to ſup with me!

Cel. But I conſider it may be ſcandalous to ſtay late in your Lodgings. Adieu, Dear Miſs, if ever I am falſe to thee again. [*Exit* Cel.

Flo. See what conſtant Metal you Men are made of! He begins to vex me in good earneſt. Hang him, let him go and take enough of 'em: and yet methinks I can't endure he ſhould neither. Lord, that ſuch a Mad-Cap as I ſhould ever live to be jealous!
I muſt after him.
Some Ladies would diſcard him now, but I
A fitter way for my revenge will find,
I'll marry him, and ſerve him in his kind. [*Exit* Florimel.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *The Walks.*

Meliſſa, *after her* Olinda *and* Sabina.

Meliſſa. I Muſt take this buſineſs up in time: this wild Fellow begins to haunt my Houſe again. Well, I'll be bold to ſay it, 'tis as eaſie to bring up a young Lyon, without miſchief, as a Maidenhead of Fifteen, to make it tame for an Husband's Bed. Not but that the young Man is handſome, rich and young, and I could be content he ſhould marry one of 'em, but to ſeduce 'em both in this manner.——Well, I'll examine 'em apart, and if I can find out which he loves, I'll offer him his choice.—— *Olinda.* Come hither Child.——

Olin. Your pleaſure, Madam?

Mel. Nothing but for your good, *Olinda*, what think you of *Celadon?*

Olin. Why I think he's a very Mad Fellow; but yet I have ſome obligements to

to him : he teaches me new Ayrs on the Guitarre, and talks wildly to me, and I to him.

Mel. But tell me in earneſt, do you think he loves you?

Olin. Can you doubt it? There were never two ſo cut out for one another; we both love Singing, Dancing, Treats and Muſick. In ſhort, we are each others counterpart.

Mel. But does he love you ſeriouſly?

Olin. Seriouſly! I know not that; if he did, perhaps I ſhould not love him: but we ſit and talk, and wrangle, and are Friends; when we are together we never hold our Tongues; and then we have always a noiſe of Fiddles at our heels, he hunts me merrily as the Hounds does the Hare; and either this is Love, or I know it not.

Mel. Well, go back, and call *Sabina* to me. [Olinda *goes behind.*

This is a Riddle paſt my finding out: whether he loves her or no is the queſtion; but this I am ſure of, ſhe loves him: ——O my little Favourite, I muſt ask you a queſtion concerning *Celadon*: is he in love with you?

Sab. I think indeed he does not hate me, at leaſt if a Man's word may be taken for it.

Mel. But what expreſſions has he made you?

Sab. Truly the Man has done his part: he has ſpoken civilly to me, and I was not ſo young but I underſtood him?

Mel. And you could be content to marry him?

Sab. I have ſworn never to marry; beſides, he's a wild young Man; yet to obey you, Mother, I would be content to be ſacrific'd.

Mel No, no, we would but lead you to the Altar.

Sab. Not to put off the Gentleman neither; for if I have him not I am reſolv'd to dye a Maid, that's once, Mother. ——

Mel. Both my Daughters are in love with him, and I cannot yet find he loves either of 'em.

Olin. Mother, Mother, yonder's *Celadon* in the walks.

Mel. Peace, Wanton; you had beſt ring the Bells for joy. Well, I'll not meet him, becauſe I know not which to offer him; yet he ſeems to like the youngeſt beſt: I'll give him oportunity with her; *Olinda*, do you make haſt after me.

Olin. This is ſomething hard though. [*Exit* Mel.

Enter Celadon.

Cel. You ſee, Ladies, the leaſt Breath of yours brings me to you: I have been ſeeking you at your Lodgings, and from thence came hither after you.

Sab. 'Twas well you found us.

Cel. Found you! Half this brightneſs betwixt you two was enough to have lighted me; I could never miſs my way: Here's fair *Olinda* has beauty enough for one Family; ſuch a Voice, ſuch a Wit, ſo noble a Stature, ſo white a Skin.

Olin. I thought he would be particular at laſt. [*Aſide.*

Cel. And young *Sabina*, ſo ſweet an Innocence,
Such a Roſe-bud newly blown.
This is my goodly Palace of Love, that my little withdrawing Room. A word, Madam. —— [*To* Sab.

Olin. I like not this —— [*aſide.*] Sir, if you are not too buſie with my Siſter, I would ſpeak with you.

Cel. I come, Madam.——

Sab. Time enough Sir; pray finiſh your Diſcourſe. ——and as you were a ſaying, Sir.——

Olin. Sweet Sir.——

Sab. Siſter you forgot, my Mother bid you make haſte.

Olin. Well, go you and tell her I am coming.

Sab. I can never endure to be the Meſſenger of ill news; but if you pleaſe. I'll ſend her word you won't come.

Olin. Minion, Minion, Remember this.—— [*Exit* Olinda.

Sab. She's horribly in love with you.

Cel. Lord who could love that walking Steeple: She's ſo high that every time ſhe ſings to me, I am looking up for the Bell that tolls to Church.—— Ha! Give me my little Fifth-rate that lies ſo ſnug.——She, hang her, a Dutch built bottom: ſhe's ſo tall, there's no boarding of her. But we loſe time——Madam, let me ſeal my love upon your mouth. [*kiſs.*

Soft and ſweet by Heaven! ſure you wear Roſe-leaves between your lips.

Sab

Sab. Lord, Lord; What's the matter with me! my breath grows ſo ſhort I can ſcarce ſpeak to you.

Cel. No matter, give me thy Lips again and I'll ſpeak for thee.

Sab. You don't love me.——

Cel. I warrant thee; ſit down by me and kiſs again——

She warms faſter than *Pygmalion's* Image. [*Aſide.*

(Kiſs.)——I marry Sir, this was the original uſe of Lips; talking, eating and drinking came in by th' by.——

Sab. Nay pray be civil; will you be at quiet?

Cel. What would you have me ſit ſtill and look upon you like a little Puppy Dog that's taught to beg with his fore-leg up?

Enter Florimel.

Flor. Celadon the Faithful! in good time, Sir.——

Cel. In very good time, *Florimel*; for Heavens ſake help me quickly.

Flor. What's the matter?

Cel. Do you not ſee! here's a poor Gentlewoman in a ſwoon! *(*ſwoon away!*)* I have been rubbing her this half hour, and cannot bring her to her ſenſes.

Flor. Alas, how came ſhe ſo?

Cel. Oh barbarous! do you ſtay to ask Queſtions, run for Charity.

Flor. Help, help, alas poor Lady.—— [*Exit* Flor.

Sab. Is ſhe gone?

Cel. I, thanks to my wit that helpt me at a pinch; I thank Heaven, I never pumpt for a lye in my Life yet.

Sab. I am affraid you love her, *Celadon!*

Cel. Only as a civil Acquaintance or ſo, but however to avoid ſlander, you had beſt begone before ſhe comes again.

Sab. I can find a Tongue as well as ſhe——

Cel. I, but the truth is, I am a kind of ſcandalous Perſon, and for you to be ſeen in my Company——Stay in the Walks, by this kiſs I'll be with you preſently. [*Exit* Sab.

Enter Florimel *running.*

Flor. Help, help, I can find no Body.

Cel. 'Tis needleſs now my dear, ſhe's recover'd, and gone off, but ſo wan and weakly.——

Flor. Umh! I begin to ſmell a rat, what was your buſineſs here, *Celadon?*

Cel. Charity, Chriſtian Charity; you ſaw I was labouring for life with her.

Flor. But how came you hither; not that I care this,—— but only to be ſatisfied—— [*Sings.*

Cel. You are Jealous in my Conſcience.

Flor. Who I Jealous! Then I wiſh this ſigh may be the laſt that ever I may draw.—— [*Sighs.*

Cel. But why do you ſigh then?

Flor. Nothing but a Cold, I cannot fetch my breath well.——

But what will you ſay if I wrote the Letter you had, to try your Faith?

Cel. Hey-day! This is juſt the Devil and the Sinner; you lay Snares for me, and then puniſh me for being taken; there's trying a Man's Faith indeed: What do you think I had the Faith of a Stock, or of a Stone? Nay, and you go to tantalize a Man,——'gad I love you upon the ſquare, I can endure no tricks to be uſed to me. [Olinda *and* Sabina *at the door Peeping.*

Ol. Sab. Celadon, Celadon!

Flor. What Voices are thoſe?

Cel. Some Comerades of mine that call me to play;——

Pox on 'em they'l ſpoil all—— [*Aſide.*

Flor. Pray let's ſee 'em.

Cel. Hang 'em Tatterdemallions, they are not worth your ſight; 'Pray Gentlemen be gone, I'll be with you immediately.

Sab. No, we'll ſtay here for you.

Flor. Do your Gentlemen ſpeak with Treble-Voices? I am reſolved to ſee what Company you keep.

Cel. Nay, good my Dear.——

[*He lays hold of her to pull her back; ſhe lays hold of* Olinda, *by whom* Sabina *holds; ſo that he pulling they all come in.*

Flor. Are theſe your Comerades?

[*Sings.*] 'Tis *Strephon* calls what would my love?

Why

Why do not you roar out like a great Baſs-Viol, Come follow to the *Myrtle-Grove*. Pray Sir, which of theſe fair Ladies is it, for whom you were to do the courteſie, for it were unconſcionable to leave you to 'em both: What, a Man's but a Man you know.

Olin. The Gentleman may find an Owner.

Sab. Though not of you.

Flor. Pray agree whoſe the loſt Sheep is, and take him.

Cel. 'Slife they'll cry me anon, and tell my marks.

Flor. Troth I pity your Highneſs there, I perceive he has left you for the little one: Methinks he ſhould have been afraid to break his Neck when he fell ſo high as from you to her.

Sab. Well my drolling Lady, I may be even with you.——

Flor. Not this ten Years by thy growth, yet.

Sab. Can fleſh and blood endure this!

Flor. How now, my *Amazon in decimo ſexto!*

Olin. Do you affront my Siſter?——

Flor. I, but thou art ſo tall, I think I ſhall never affront thee.———

Sab. Come away Siſter, we ſhall be jeer'd to Death elſe. [*Exeunt* Olin. Sab.

Flor. Why do you look that way, you can't forbear leering after the forbidden Fruit.——But when e'er I take a Wenches word again!——

Cel. A Wenches word, Why ſhould you ſpeak ſo contemptably of the better half of Mankind? I'll ſtand up for the honour of my Vocation.

Flor. You are in no fault I warrant;——'ware my Busk——

Cel. Not to give a fair Lady the lye, I am in fault;—— but otherwiſe——Come let us be Friends, and let me wait you to your Lodgings.

Flor. This Impudence ſhall not ſave you from my Table-Book. *Item.* A Month more for this fault.—— [*They walk to the door.*

1 *Soldier within.* Stand.

2 *Soldier.* Stand, give the word.

Cel. Now, what's the meaning of this trow, Guards ſet.

1 *Soldier.* Give the word, or you cannot paſs; theſe are they Brother; let's, in and ſeize 'em.

The two Soldiers Enter.

1 *Sold.* ———Down with him.

2 *Sold.* Diſarm him.

Cel. How now Raſcals.—— [*Draws, and beats one off, and catches the other.* Ask your Life, you Villain.

2 *Sold.* Quarter, quarter.

Cel. Was ever ſuch an Inſolence?

Sold. We did but our duty; here we were ſet, to take a Gentleman and Lady, that would ſteal a Marriage without the Queens conſent, and we thought you had been they. [*Exit* Sold.

Flor. Your Couſin *Philocles* and the Princeſs *Candiope* on my Life! for I heard the Queen give private Orders to *Lyſimantes*, and name them twice or thrice.

Cel. I know a ſcore or two of Madcaps here hard by, whom I can pick up from Taverns and Gaming-Houſes, and Bordels; thoſe I'll bring to aid him: Now *Florimel*, there's an Argument for Wenching, where would you have had ſo many honeſt Men together upon the ſudden for a brave employment?

Flor. You'l leave me then to take my Fortune?

Cel. No; if you will, I'll have you into the places aforeſaid, and enter you into good Company.

Flor. Thank you Sir, here's a Key will let me through this back-door to my own Lodgings.

Cel. If I come off with Life, I'll ſee you this Evening, if not ——— Adieu *Florimel.*———

Flor. If you come not I ſhall conclude you are kill'd, or taken; to be hang'd for a Rebel to Morrow Morning——and then I'll honour your Memory with a Lampoon inſtead of an Epitaph.

Cel. No, no, I truſt better in my Fate: I know I am reſerv'd to do you a Courteſie. [*Exit* Celadon.

As Florimel *is unlocking the Door to go out,* Flavia *opens it againſt her, and Enters to her, followed by a Page.*

Fla. Florimel, do you hear the News?

Flor. I gueſs they are in purſuit of *Philocles.*

Fla.

Fla. When *Lyſimantes* came with the Queens Orders,
He refuſed to render up *Candiope*;
And with ſome few brave Friends he had about him
Is forcing of his way through all the Guards.
Flor. A gallant Fellow: I'll in, will you with me.
Hark, the noiſe comes this way!
Fla. I have a Meſſage from the Queen to *Lyſimantes*,
I hope I may be ſafe among the Soldiers.
Flor. Oh very ſafe, perhaps ſome honeſt Fellow in the tumult may take pity on thy Maidenhead, or ſo —— Adieu. [*Exit* Florimel.
Page. The noiſe comes nearer, Madam.
Fla. I am glad ont: this Meſſage gives me the opportunity of ſpeaking privately with *Lyſimantes*.

Enter Philocles *and* Candiope, *with three Friends*; *purſued by* Lyſimantes *and Soldiers.*

Lyſ. What is it renders you thus obſtinate? you have no hope of flight, and to reſiſt is full as vain.
Phil. I'll die rather than yield her up.
Fla. My Lord!
Lyſ. How now, ſome new Meſſage from the Queen.
To Sold.] Retire a while to a convenient diſtance. [Lyſ. *and* Fla. *whiſper.*
Lyſ. O *Flavia* 'tis impoſſible! the Queen in love with *Philocles!*
Fla. I half ſuſpected it before; but now,
My Ears and Eyes are Witneſſes,——
This hour I over-heard her to *Aſteria*,
Making ſuch ſad Complaints of her hard fate!
For my part I believe you lead him back
But to his Coronation.
Lyſ. Hell take him firſt.
Fla. Preſently after this ſhe call'd for me.
And bid me run, and with ſtrict care Command you
On peril of your Life he had no harm:
But, Sir, She ſpoke it with ſuch great Concernment,
Methought, I ſaw Love, Anger, and Deſpair,
All combating at once upon her Face.
Lyſ. Tell the Queen—— I know not what, I am diſtracted ſo——
But go and leave me to my Thoughts—— [*Exit* Flav.
Was ever ſuch amazing news
Told in ſo ſtrange and critical a Moment!
What ſhall I do!
Does She Love *Philocles*, who Loves not her,
And Loves not *Lyſimantes* who prefers her
Above his Life! What reſts but that I take
This opportunity, which her ſelf
Has given me, to kill this Happy Rival!
Aſſiſt me Soldiers.
Phil. They ſhall buy me dearly.
Cand. Ah, me, Unhappy Maid!

Enter Celadon *with his Friends, unbutton'd and reeling.*

Cel. Courage my Noble Couſin, I have brought
A band of Blades, the braveſt Youths of *Syracuſe*:
Some Drunk, ſome Sober, all reſolv'd to run
Your Fortue to the utmoſt. Fall on mad Boys——
Lyſ. Hold a little——
I'm not ſecure of Victory againſt theſe deſperate Ruffins.
Cel. No, but I'll ſecure you; they ſhall Cut your Throat for ſuch another Word of 'em. Ruffins quoth a! Call Gameſters, and Whore-Maſters, and Drunkards, Ruffins——
Lyſ. Pray Gentlemen fall back a little——
Cel. O ho, are they Gentlemen now with you!
Speak firſt to your Gentlemen Soldiers to retire; and then
I'll ſpeak to my Gentlemen Ruffins.
There's your Diſciplin'd Men now—— [Cel. *ſigns to his Party.*

[*They Sing, and the Soldiers retire on both ſides.*

Come, Gentlemen, let's loſe no time; while they are talking, let's have one merry main before we die——for Mortality ſake.

1. Agreed, here's my Cloak for a Table.

2. And my Hat for a Box. —— [*They lie down and throw.*

Lyſ. Suppoſe I kill'd him!
'Twould but exaſperate the Queen the more:
He loves not her, nor knows he ſhe loves him:
A ſudden thought is come into my head ——
So to contrive it, that this *Philocles*,
And theſe his Friends ſhall bring to paſs that for me
Which I could never compaſs—— True I ſtrain
A point of Honour; but then her uſage to me! It ſhall be ſo——
Pray, *Philocles*, command your Souldiers off,
As I will mine: I've ſomewhat to propoſe
Which you perhaps may like.

Cand. I will not leave him.

Lyſ. ——'Tis my deſire you ſhould not.

Phil. ——Couſin, lead off your Friends.

Cel. ——One Word in your Ear Couz. Let me adviſe you; either make your own Conditions, or never agree with him: His Men are poor ſober Rogues, they can never ſtand before us. [*Exeunt omnes præter* Lyſ. Phil. Cand.

Lyſ. Suppoſe ſome Friend, e'er Night,
Should bring you to poſſeſs all you deſire;
And not ſo only, but ſecure forever
The Nations happineſs——

Phil. I would think of him
As ſome God or Angel.

Lyſ. That God or [illegible]el you or I may be to one another.
We have betwixt us [illegible]
An hundred Men: The Cittadel you govern:
What were it now to ſeize the Queen!

Phil. O Impiety! To ſeize the Queen!
To ſeize her, ſaid you?

Lyſ. The Word might be too rough, I meant ſecure her.

Phil. Was this your Propoſition,
And had you none to make it to but me?

Lyſ. Pray hear me out 'ere you condemn me!
I would not the leaſt Violence were offer'd
Her Perſon; two ſmall grants is all I ask,
Yo make me happy in her Self, and you
In your *Candiope*.

Cand. And will not you do this, my *Philocles*?
Nay, now my Brother ſpeaks but Reaſon.

Phil. Int'reſt makes all ſeem Reaſon that leads to it.
Int'reſt that does the Zeal of Sects create,
To purge a Church, and to reform a State.

Lyſ. In ſhort, the Queen hath ſent to part you two;
What more ſhe means to her I know not.

Phil. To her! Alaſs! Why will not you protect her?

Lyſ. With you I can: But where's my Power alone?

Cand. You know ſhe Loves me not: How ſhe
Deſpis'd that Beauty which you ſay I have:
I ſee She purpoſes my Death.

Phil. Why do you fright me with it?
'Tis in your Brother's Pow'r to let us 'ſcape,
And then you run no danger.

Lyſ. True, I may:
But then my Head muſt pay the forfeit of it.

Phil. O Wretched *Philocles*! Whither would Love
Hurry thee headlong!

Lyſ. Ceaſe theſe Exclamations.
There's no danger on your ſide: 'Tis but
To live without my Siſter, reſolve that
And you have ſhot the gulf.

Phil.

Phil. To live without her! is that nothing, think you?
The damn'd in Hell endure no greater pain
Than ſeeing Heaven from far with hopeleſs Eyes.
Can. Candiope muſt die, and die for you;
See it not unreveng'd at leaſt.
Phil. Ha, unreveng'd! on whom ſhould I revenge it?
But yet ſhe dies, and I may hinder it;
'Tis I then Murder my *Candiope:*
And yet ſhould I take Arms againſt my Queen!
That favour'd me, rais'd me to what I am!
Alas it muſt not be.
Lyſ. He cools again.——— *Aſide.* True ſhe once favour'd you
But now I am inform'd,
She is beſotted on an upſtart Wretch;
So far, that ſhe intends to make him Maſter.
Both of her Crown and Perſon.
Phil. Knows he that!
Then, what I dreaded moſt is come to paſs.—— [*Aſide.*
I am convinc'd of the neceſſity;
Let us make haſt to raze
That action from the Annals of her Reign:
No motive but her glory could have wrought me.
I am a Traytor to her, to preſerve her
From Treaſon to her ſelf; and yet Heav'n knows
With what a heavy heart
Philocles turns Reformer: but have care
This fault of her ſtrange Paſſion takes no air.
Let not the vulgar blow upon her Fame.
Lyſ. I will be careful, ſhall we go my Lord:
Phil. Time waſts apace; Each firſt prepare his Men.
Come, my *Candiope* —— [*Exeunt.* Phil. Can.
Lyſ. This ruins him for ever with the Queen;
The odium's half his, the profit all my own.
Thoſe who, like me, by others help would Climb,
To make 'em ſure, muſt dip 'em in their Crime. [*Exit* Lyſ.

SCENE II. *The Queen's Apartments.*

Enter Queen *and* Aſteria.

Qu. No more News yet from *Philocles?*
Aſt. None, Madam, ſince *Flavia*'s return!
Qu. O my *Aſteria,* if you lov'd me, ſure
You would ſay ſomething to me of my *Philocles;*
I could ſpeak ever of him.
Aſt. Madam, you Commanded me no more to name him to you.
Qu. Then I Command you now to ſpeak of nothing elſe:
I charge you here, on your Allegiance, tell me
What I ſhould do with him.
Aſt. When you gave Orders that he ſhould be taken,
You ſeem'd reſolv'd how to diſpoſe of him.
Qu. Dull *Aſteria* not to know,
Mad People never think the ſame thing twice.
Alas, I'm hurried reſtleſs up and down,
I was in Anger onee, and then I thought
I had put into ſhore!
But now a guſt of Love blows hard againſt me,
And bears me off again.
Aſt. Shall I Sing the Song you made of *Philocles,*
And call'd it *Secret-Love?*
Qu. Do, for that's all kindneſs: and while thou Sing'ſt it,
I can think nothing but what pleaſes me.

SONG.

I Feed a flame within which ſo torments me
That it both pains my Heart, and yet contents me :
'Tis ſuch a pleaſing ſmart, and I ſo love it,
That I had rather die than once remove it.

Yet he for whom I grieve ſhall never know it,
My Tongue does not betray, nor my Eyes ſhow it :
Not a Sigh, nor a Tear, my Pain diſcloſes,
But they fall ſilently like dew on Roſes.

Thus to prevent my Love from being cruel,
My Heart's the Sacrifice as 'tis the fuel:
And while I ſuffer this to give him quiet,
My Faith rewards my Love, though he deny it.

On his Eyes will I gaze, and there delight me ;
While I conceal my Love, no Frown can fright me:
To be more Happy I dare not aſpire ;
Nor can I fall more low, mounting no higher.

Qu. Peace! methinks I hear the noiſe
Of claſhing Swords, and clatt'ring Arms below.
Enter Flavia.
Now, what News, that you preſs in ſo rudely?
Fla. Madam, the worſt that can be ;
Your Guards upon the ſudden are ſurpriz'd,
Diſarm'd, ſome Slain, all Scatter'd.
Qu. By whom?
Fla. Prince *Lyſimantes*, and Lord *Philocles*.
Qu. It cannot be ; *Philocles* is a Priſoner.
Fla. What my Eyes ſaw——
Qu. Pull 'em out, they are falſe Spectacles.
Aſt. O Vertue, impotent and blind as Fortune!
Who would be good, or pious, if this Queen
Thy great Example ſuffers!
Qu. Peace, *Aſteria*, accuſe not Vertue;
She has but given me a great occaſion
Of ſhowing what I am when Fortune leaves me.
Aſt. Philocles, to do this!
Qu. I, *Philocles*, I muſt confeſs 'twas hard!
But there's a fate in kindneſs
Still, to be leaſt return'd where moſt 'tis given.
Where's *Candiope?*
Fla. Philocles was whiſpering to her.
Qu. Hence Screech-Owl ; call my Guards quickly there:
Put 'em apart in ſeveral Priſons.
Alas! I had forgot I have no Guards,
But thoſe which are my Jaylors,
Never till now unhappy Queen:
The uſe of Pow'r, till loſt, is ſeldom known;
Now I would ſtrike, I find my thunder gone. [*Exit* Queen *and* Flavia.
Philocles *Enters, and meets* Aſteria *going out.*
Phil. Aſteria! Where's the Queen?
Aſt. Ah my Lord what have you done!
I came to ſeek you.
Phil. Is it from her you come?
Aſt. No, but on her behalf: her heart's too great,
In this low ebb of Fortune, to intreat.
Phil. 'Tis but a ſhort Eclipſe,
Which paſt, a glorious day will ſoon enſue:
But I would ask a favour too, from you.
Aſt. When Conquerors Petition, they Command:
Thoſe that can Captive Queens, who can withſtand?

Phil.

Phil. She, with her happineſs, might mine create;
'Yet ſeems indulgent to her own ill fate:
But ſhe, in ſecret, hates me ſure; for why
If not, ſhould ſhe *Candiope* deny?
Aſt. If you dare truſt my knowledge of her mind,
She has no thoughts of you that are unkind.
Phil. I could my ſorrows with ſome patience bear,
Did they proceed from any one but her:
But from the Queen! whoſe Perſon I adore,
By Duty much, by inclination more.
Aſt. He is inclin'd already, did he know
That ſhe lov'd him, how would this Paſſion grow! [*Aſide.*
Phil. That her fair hand with Deſtiny Combines!
Fate ne'er ſtrikes deep, but when unkindneſs joins!
For, to confeſs the ſecret of my mind,
Something ſo tender for the Queen I find,
That ev'n *Candiope* can ſcarce remove,
And, were ſhe lower, I ſhould call it love.
Aſt. She charg'd me not this ſecret to betray,
But I beſt ſerve her if I diſobey:
For, if he loves, 'twas for her int'reſt done;
If not, he'll keep it ſecret for his own. [*Aſide.*
Phil. Why are you in obliging me ſo ſlow?
Aſt. The thing's of great importance you would know;
And you muſt firſt ſwear ſecreſie to all.
Phil. I ſwear:
Aſt. Yet hold; your Oath's too general:
Swear that *Candiope* ſhall never know.
Phil. I ſwear:
Aſt. No not the Queen her ſelf:
Phil. I vow.
Aſt. You wonder why I am ſo cautious grown
In telling what concerns your ſelf alone:
But ſpare my Vow, and gueſs what it may be
That makes the Queen deny *Candiope*;
'Tis neither hate nor pride that moves her mind;
Methinks the Riddle is not hard to find.
Phil. You ſeem ſo great a wonder to intend,
As were, in me, a Crime to apprehend.
Aſt. 'Tis not a Crime to know; but would be one
To prove ungrateful when your Duty's known.
Phil. Why would you thus my eaſie Faith abuſe!
I cannot think the Queen ſo ill would chuſe.
But ſtay, now your Impoſture will appear;
She has her ſelf confeſs'd ſhe lov'd elſewhere:
On ſome ignoble choice has plac'd her heart,
One who wants Quality, and more Deſert.
Aſt. This though unjuſt, you have moſt right to ſay,
For, if you'll rail againſt your ſelf, you may.
Phil. Dull that I was!
A thouſand things now crowd my Memory,
That makes me know it could be none but I.
Her Rage was Love: and its tempeſtuous Flame,
Like Lightning, ſhow'd the Heaven from whence it came.
But in her Kindneſs my own Shame I ſee;
Have I Dethron'd her then, for loving me?
I hate my ſelf for that which I have done,
Much more, diſcover'd, than I did unknown.
How does ſhe brook her ſtrange Impriſonment?
Aſt. As great Souls ſhould, that make their own content.
The hardeſt term ſhe for your act could find
Was only this, O *Philocles*, unkind!
Then, ſetting free a ſigh, from her fair Eyes
She wip'd two Pearls, the remnant of wild ſhow'rs,
Which hung, like drops upon the Bells of Flowers:

And thank'd the Heav'ns,
Which better did, what ſhe deſign'd, purſue,
Without her Crime to give her Pow'r to you.
Phil. Hold, hold, you ſet my thoughts ſo near a Crown,
They mount above my reach to pull them down:
Here Conſtancy, Ambition there does move;
On each ſide Beauty, and on both ſides Love.
Aſt. Methinks the leaſt you can is to receive
This love, with reverence, and your former leave.
Phil. Think but what difficulties come between!
Aſt. 'Tis wond'rous difficult to love a Queen.
Phil. For pity ceaſe more reaſons to provide,
I am but too much yielding to your ſide;
And, were my heart but at my own diſpoſe,
I ſhould not make a ſcruple where to chuſe.
Aſt. Then if the Queen will my advice approve,
Her hatred to you ſhall expel her love.
Phil. Not to be lov'd by her, as hard would be
As to be hated by *Candiope*.
Aſt. I leave you to reſolve while you have time;
You muſt be guilty, but may chuſe your crime. [*Exit* Aſteria.
Phil. One thing I have reſolv'd; and that I'll do
Both for my Love, and for my Honour too.
But then, (Ingratitude and Falſhood weigh'd,)
I know not which would moſt my Soul upbraid.
Fate ſhoves me headlong down, a rugged way;
Unſafe to run, and yet too ſteep to ſtay. [*Exit* Phil.

ACT V.

SCENE *The Court.*

Florimel *in Man's Habit.*

Flor. 'TWill be rare now if I can go through with it, to out-do this Mad *Celadon* in all his tricks, and get both his Miſtreſſes from him; then I ſhall revenge my ſelf upon all three, and ſave my own ſtake into the bargain; for I find I love the Rogue in ſpight of all his Infidelities. Yonder they are, and this way they muſt come. —— If Cloaths and a *bon mien* will take 'em, I ſhall do't. —— Save you Monſieur *Florimel*; Faith methinks you are a very *janty* Fellow, *poudrè & ajuſtè* as well as the beſt of 'em. I can manage the little Comb,——ſet my Hat, ſhake my Garniture, toſs about my empty Noddle, walk with a courant ſlurr, and at every ſtep peck down my Head:——if I ſhould be miſtaken for ſome Courtier now, pray where's the difference?

Enter to her Celadon, Olinda, Sabina.

Olin. Never mince the matter!
Sab. You have left your heart behind with *Florimel*; we know it.
Cel. You know you wrong me; when I am with *Florimel* 'tis ſtill your Priſoner, it only draws a longer Chain after it.
Flor. Is it e'n ſo! then farewel poor *Florimel*, thy Maidenhead is condemn'd to die with thee —— [*Aſide.*
Cel. But let's leave the diſcourſe; 'tis all digreſſion that does not ſpeak of your Beauties.——
Flor. Now for me in the name of Impudence!—— [*Walks with them.*
They are the greateſt Beauties I confeſs that ever I beheld.——
Cel. How now, what's the meaning of this, young Fellow?
Flor. And therefore I cannot wonder that this Gentleman who has the honour to be known to you ſhould admire you,—— ſince I that am a ſtranger ——
Cel. And a very impudent one, as I take it, Sir. ——
Flor. Am ſo extreamly ſurpriz'd, that I admire, love, am wounded, and am dying all in a moment.
Cel. I have ſeen him ſomewhere, but where I know not! prithee my Friend leave us, doſt thou think we do not know our way in Court?

Flor.

Flor. I pretend not to inſtruct you in your way; you ſee I do not go before you: But you cannot poſſibly deny me the Happineſs to wait upon theſe Ladies; me, who——

Cel. Thee, who ſhalt be beaten moſt unmercifully if thou doſt follow them.

Flor. You will not draw in Court, I hope.

Cel. Pox on him, let's walk away faſter, and be rid of him——

Flor. O take no care for me, Sir, you ſhall not looſe me; I'll rather mend my pace, than not wait on you.

Olin. I begin to like this Fellow——

Cel. You make very bold here in my Seraglio, and I ſhall find a time to tell you ſo, Sir.

Flor. When you find a time to tell me on't, I ſhall find a time to anſwer you: But pray what do you find in your ſelf ſo Extraordinary, that you ſhould ſerve theſe Ladies better than I? Let me know what 'tis you value your ſelf upon, and let them judge betwixt us.

Cel. I am ſomewhat more a Man than you.

Flor. That is, you are ſo much older than I: Do you like a Man ever the better for his Age, Ladies?

Sab. Well ſaid, young Gentleman.

Cel. Piſh, thee! A young raw Creature, thou haſt ne'er been under the Barber's Hands yet.

Flor. No, nor under the Surgeon's neither, as you have been.

Cel. 'Slife what wouldſt thou be at: I am madder than thou art?

Flor. The Devil you are: I'll Tope with you, I'll Sing with you, I'll Dance with you, I'll Swagger with you——

Cel. I'll Fight with you.

Flor. Out upon Fighting: 'Tis grown ſo common a Faſhion, that a Modiſh Man contemns it: A Man of Garniture and Feather is above the diſpenſation of a Sword.

Olin. Uds my Life, here's the Queens Muſick juſt going to us; you ſhall decide your Quarrel by a Dance.

Sab. Who ſtops the Fiddles?

Cel. Baſs and Trebble, by your leaves we arreſt you at theſe Ladies ſuits.

Flor. Come on Sirs, play me a Jigg:
You ſhall ſee how I'll baffle him.

Dance.

Flor. Your Judgment, Ladies.

Olin. You Sir, you Sir: This is the rareſt Gentleman: I could Live and Die with him——

Sab. Lord, how he Sweats! Pleaſe you, Sir, make uſe of my Handkerchief?

Olind. You and I are Merry, and juſt of an Humour, Sir; therefore we two ſhould Love one another.

Sab. And You and I are juſt of an Age, Sir, and therefore methinks we ſhould not Hate one another.

Cel. Then, I perceive, Ladies, I am a Caſtaway, a Reprobate with you: Why, Faith this is hard luck now, that I ſhould be no leſs than one whole Hour in getting your Affections, and now muſt looſe 'em in a quarter of it.

Olin. No matter, let him rail: Does the loſs afflict you, Sir?

Cel. No, in Faith does it not: For if you had not forſaken me, I had you: So the Willows may flouriſh for any Branches I ſhall rob 'em of.

Sab. However, we have the Advantage to have left you, not you us.

Cel. That's only a certain nimbleneſs in Nature you Women have to be firſt Inconſtant: But if you had not made the more haſt, the Wind was veering too upon my Weathercock: The beſt on't is, *Florimel* is worth both of you.

Flor. 'Tis like ſhe'll accept of their leavings.

Cel. She will accept on't, and She ſhall accept on't: I think I know more than you of her Mind, Sir.

Enter Meliſſa.

Mel. Daughters there's a poor Collation within that waits for you.

Flor. Will you walk, muſty Sir?

Cel. No, merry Sir, I wonnot: I have ſurfeited of that Old Womans Face already.

Flor. Begin ſome Frolick then: What will you do for her?

Cel. Faith I am no Dog to ſhow tricks for her; I cannot come aloft for an old Woman.

Flor.

Flor. Dare you kiſs her!

Cel. I was never dar'd by any Man—— by your leave old Madam——
[*He plucks off her Ruff.*

Mel. Help, help, do you diſcover my Nakedneſs?

Cel. Peace, Tiffany! No harm. [*He puts on the Ruff.*
Now, Sir, here's *Florimels* Health to you—— [*Kiſſes her.*

Mel. Away, Sir—— a ſweet Young Man as you are to abuſe the gift of Nature ſo.

Cel. Good Mother do not commend me ſo; I am Fleſh and Blood, and you do not know what you may pluck upon that reverend Perſon of yours—— Come on, follow your Leader. [*Gives* Florimel *the Ruff, ſhe puts it on.*

Flor. Stand fair Mother——

Cel. What with your Hat on? Lie thou there—— and thou too——
[*Plucks off her Hat and Perruke, and diſcovers* Florimel.

Omnes. Florimel!

Flor. My kind Miſtreſſes how ſorry I am I can do you no further Service! I think I had beſt reſign you to *Celadon* to make amends for me.

Cel. Lord what a Misfortune it was Ladies, that the Gentleman could not hold forth to you.

Olin. We have loſt *Celadon* too.

Mel. Come away, this is paſt enduring. [*Exeunt* Mel. Olin.

Sab. Well if ever I believe a Man to be a Man for the ſake of a Perruke and Feather again——

Flor. Come, *Celadon*, ſhall we make Accounts even? Lord what a hanging look was there: Indeed if you had been recreant to your Miſtreſs, or had forſworn your Love, that Sinner's Face had been but decent, but for the Vertuous, the Innocent, the Conſtant *Celadon*——

Cel. This is not very Heroick in you, now to inſult over a Man in his Misfortunes; but take heed, you have rob'd me of my two Miſtreſſes: I ſhall grow deſperately Conſtant, and all the Tempeſt of my Love will fall upon your Head: I ſhall ſo pay you.

Flor. Who you, pay me! You are a Bankrupt, caſt beyond all poſſibility of recovery.

Cel. If I am a Bankrupt, I'll be a very Honeſt one: When I cannot pay my Debts, at leaſt, I'll give you up the Poſſeſſion of my Body.

Flor. No, I'll deal better with you; ſince you are unable to pay, I'll give in your Bond.

Enter Philocles *with a Commander's Staff in his Hand, Attended*

Phil. Couſin, I am ſorry I muſt take you from your Company about an earneſt Buſineſs.

Flor. There needs no excuſe, my Lord; we had diſpatched our Affairs, and were juſt parting.

Cel. Will you be going, Sir? Sweet Sir, damn'd Sir, I have but one word more to ſay to you.

Flor. As I'm a Man of Honour, I'll wait on you ſome other time——

Cel. By theſe Breeches——

Flor. Which if I Marry you I am reſolv'd to wear; put that into our Bargain, and ſo adieu, Sir—— [*Exit* Florimel.

Phil. Heark you Couſin—— [*They whiſper.*
You'll ſee it exactly executed: I rely upon you.

Cel. I ſhall not fail my Lord: May the Concluſion of it prove Happy to you. [*Exit* Cel.

Philocles *Solus.*

Where'er I caſt about my wandring Eyes,
Greatneſs lies ready in ſome ſhape to tempt me.
The Royal Furniture in every Room,
The Guards, and the huge waving Crowds of People,
All waiting for a ſight of that fair Queen
Who makes a preſent of her love to me:
Now tell me Stoick!
If all theſe with a wiſh might be made thine,
Would'ſt thou not truck thy ragged Vertue for 'em?
If Glory was a bait that Angels ſwallow'd,
How then ſhould Souls ally'd to ſence reſiſt it!

Enter

Enter Candiope.

Ah poor *Candiope!* I pity her,
But that is all. ——
Cand. O my dear *Philocles*! a thouſand Bleſſings wait on thee!
The hope of being thine, I think will put
Me paſt my Meat and Sleep with Extaſie,
So I ſhall keep the Faſts of Seraphims,
And wake for joy like Nightingals in *May*.
Phil. Wake, *Philocles*, wake from thy Dream of Glory,
'Tis all but Shadow to *Candiope*:
Canſt thou betray a love ſo innocent! [*Aſide.*
Cand. What makes you Melancholick? I doubt
I have diſpleaſed you?
Phil. No, my Love, I am not diſpleas'd with you;
But with my ſelf when I conſider
How little I deſerve you.
Cand. Say not ſo, my *Philocles*, a Love ſo true as yours
That would have left a Court, and a Queens Favour
To live in a poor Hermitage with me.——
Phil. Ha! She has ſtung me to the quick!
As if ſhe knew the falſhood I intended:
But, I thank Heaven, it has recalled my vertue;—— [*Aſide.*
O my Dear, I love you, and you only; [*To her.*
Go in, I have ſome buſineſs for a while;
But I think Minutes Ages till we meet.
Can. I knew you had; but yet I could not chuſe
But come and look upon you —— [*Exit* Can.
Phil. What barbarous Man could wrong ſo ſweet a Vertue!

Enter the Queen *in black with* Aſteria.

Madam, the States are ſtraight to meet; but why
In theſe dark Ornaments will you be ſeen?
Qu. —— They fit the Fortune of a Captive Queen.
Phil. ——Deep ſhades are thus to heighten Colours ſet;
So Stars in Night, and Diamonds ſhine in Jet.
Qu. True Friends ſhould ſo, in dark afflictions ſhine,
But I have no great cauſe to boaſt of mine.
Phil. You may have too much prejudice for ſome,
And think 'em falſe before their Trial's come.
But, Madam, what determine you to do?
Qu. I came not here to be advis'd by you:
But charge you by that Pow'r which once you own'd,
And which is ſtill my right, ev'n when Unthron'd;
That whatſoe'r the States reſolve of me,
You never more think of *Candiope*.
Phil. Not think of her! ah, how ſhould I obey!
Her Tyrant Eyes have forc'd my Heart away.
Qu. By force retake it from thoſe Tyrant Eyes,
I'll grant you out my Letters of Reprize.
Phil. She has, too well, prevented that deſign,
By giving me her Heart in change for mine.
Qu. Thus fooliſh Indians Gold for Glaſs forgo,
'Twas to your loſs you priz'd your Heart ſo low.
I ſet its value when you were advanc'd,
And as my Favours grew, its rate inhanc'd.
Phil. The rate of Subjects hearts by yours muſt go,
And love in yours has ſet the value low.
Qu. I ſtand corrected, and my ſelf reprove,
You teach me to repent my low-plac'd love:
Help me this Paſſion from my Heart to tear,
Now rail on him, and I will ſit and hear.
Phil. Madam, like you, I have repented too,
And dare not rail on one I do not know.
Qu. This, *Philocles*, like ſtrange perverſeneſs ſhows,
As if what e'er I ſaid, you would oppoſe;
How come you thus concern'd, for this unknown?

Phil. I only judge his actions by my own.
Qu. I've heard too much, and you too much, have ſaid.
O Heav'ns, the ſecret of my Soul's betray'd!
He knows my love, I read it in his Face,
And bluſhes, conſcious of his Queen's diſgrace.— [*Aſide.*
Hence quickly, hence, or I ſhall die with ſhame. [*To him.*
Phil. Now I love both, and both with equal flame.
Wretched I came, more wretched I retire,
When two Winds blow it who can quench the fire! [*Exit* Philocles.
Qu. O my *Aſteria* I know not whom t' accuſe;
But either my own Eyes or you, have told
My love to *Philocles.*
Aſt. Is't poſſible that he ſhould know it, Madam!
Qu. Methinks you ask'd that queſtion guiltily.
Confeſs, for I will know, what was the ſubject of your long diſcourſe
[*Her hand on* Aſteria's *ſhoulder.*
I' th' Antichamber with him.
Aſt. It was buſineſs to convince him, Madam,
How ill he did, being ſo much oblig'd,
To join in your Impriſonment.
Qu. Nay, now I am confirm'd my thought was true;
For you could give him no ſuch reaſon
Of his Obligements as my Love.
Aſt. Becauſe I ſaw him much a Malecontent,
I thought to win him to your intereſt, Madam,
By telling him it was no want of kindneſs
Made your refuſal of *Candiope.*
And he perhaps——
Qu. What of him now.
Aſt. As Men are apt, interpreted my words
To all th' advantage he could wreſt the ſence,
As if I meant you lov'd him.
Qu. Have I depoſited within thy Breaſt
The deareſt Treaſure of my Life, my Glory,
And haſt thou thus betray'd me!
But why do I accuſe thy Female weakneſs
And not my own for truſting thee!
Unhappy Queen, *Philocles* knows thy fondneſs,
And needs muſt think it done by thy Command.
Aſt. Dear Madam, think not ſo.
Qu. Peace, Peace, thou ſhould'ſt for ever hold thy tongue.
For it has ſpoke too much for all thy life.—— [*To her.*
Then *Philocles* has told *Candiope,*
And courts her kindneſs with his ſcorn of me.
O whither am I fallen! But I muſt rouze my ſelf, and give a ſtop
To all theſe ills by headlong Paſſion caus'd;
In hearts reſolv'd weak love is put to flight,
And only conquers when we dare not fight.
But we indulge our harms, and while he gains
An entrance, pleaſe our ſelves into our pains.
Enter Lyſimantes.
Aſt. Prince *Lyſimantes,* Madam!——
Qu. Come near you poor deluded Criminal;
See how Ambition cheats you:
You thought to find a Priſoner here,
But you behold a Queen.
Lyſ. And may you long be ſo: 'tis true this Act
May cauſe ſome wonder in your Majeſty.
Qu. None, Couſin, none; I ever thought you
Ambitious, Proud, deſigning.
Lyſ. Yet all my Pride, Deſigns, and my Ambition
Were taught me by a Maſter
With whom you are not unacquainted, Madam.
Qu. Explain your ſelf; dark purpoſes, like yours,
Need an Interpretation. *Lyſ.*

Lyſ. 'Tis Love I mean.
Qu. Have my low Fortunes giv'n thee
This Inſolence, to name it to thy Queen?
Lyſ. Yet you have heard love nam'd without offence,
As much below you as you think my Paſſion,
I can look down on yours.——
Qu. Does he know it too!
This is th' extremeſt Malice of my Stars!—— [*Aſide.*
Lyſ. You ſee, that Princes faults,
(How e'r they think 'em ſafe from publick view)
Fly out through the dark Crannies of their Cloſets:
We know what the Sun does,
Ev'n when we ſee him not in t' other World.
Qu. My actions, Couſin, never fear'd the light.
Lyſ. Produce him then, you darling of the dark,
For ſuch an one you have.
Qu. I know no ſuch.
Lyſ. You know, but will not own him.
Qu. Rebels ne'er want pretence to blacken Kings,
And this, it ſeems, is yours: do you produce him,
Or ne'er hereafter ſully my Renown
With this aſperſion:——Sure he dares not name him.—— [*Aſide.*
Lyſ. I am too tender of your Fame; or elſe——
Nor are things brought to that extremity:
Provided you accept my Paſſion,
I'll gladly yield to think I was deceiv'd.
Qu. Keep in your error ſtill; I will not buy
Your good opinion at ſo dear a rate,
As my own Miſery by being yours.
Lyſ. Do not provoke my Patience by ſuch ſcorns.
For fear I break through all and name him to you.
Qu. Hope not to fright me with your mighty looks;
Know I dare ſtem that tempeſt in your brow,
And daſh it back upon you.
Lyſ. Spight of Prudence it will out: 'Tis *Philocles.*
Now judge, when I was made a property
To cheat my ſelf by making him your Priſoner,
Whether I had not right to take up Arms?
Qu. Poor envious Wreteh!
Was this the Venome that ſwell'd up thy Breaſt?
My grace to *Philocles* miſ-deem'd my Love!
Lyſ. 'Tis true, the Gentleman is Innocent;
He ne'er ſinn'd up ſo high, not in his wiſhes;
You know he loves elſewhere.
Qu. You mean your Siſter.
Lyſ. I wiſh ſome Sybil now would tell me
Why you refus'd her to him?
Qu. Perhaps I did not think him worthy of her.
Lyſ. Did you not think him too worthy, Madam?
This is too thin a Vail to hinder your Paſſion,
To prove you love him not, yet give her him,
And I'll engage my honour to lay down my Arms.
Qu. He is arriv'd where I would wiſh—— [*Aſide.*
Call in the Company and you ſhall ſee what I will do.——
Lyſ. Who waits without there?—— [*Exit* Lyſ.
Qu. Now hold, my heart, for this one act of honour,
And I will never ask more Courage of thee:
Once more I have the means to reinſtate my ſelf into my glory;
I feel my love to *Philocles* within me
Shrink, and pull back my heart from this hard tryal,
But it muſt be when glory ſays it muſt,
As Children wading from ſome Rivers Bank
Firſt try the Water with their tender Feet;
Then ſhruddring up with cold, ſtep back again,

And ſtreight a little further venture on,
Till at the laſt they plunge into the deep,
And paſs at once, what they were doubting long:
I'll make the ſame experiment; it ſhall be done in haſte,
Becauſe I'll put it paſt my Pow'r t' undo.
Enter at one Door Lyſimantes, *at the other* Philocles, Celadon, Candiope, Florimel, Flavia, Olinda, Sabina; *the three Deputies, and Soldiers.*
Lyſ. In Arms! is all well, *Philocles?*
Phil. No, but it ſhall be.
Qu. He comes, and with him
The Fevor of my Love returns to ſhake me.
I ſee Love is not baniſh'd from my Soul
He is ſtill there, but is chain'd up by glory.
Aſt. You've made a noble Conqueſt, Madam.
Qu. Come hither, *Philocles*: I am firſt to tell you
I and my Couſin are agreed, he has
Engag'd to lay down Arms.
Phil. 'Tis well for him he has; for all his Party,
By my Command, already are ſurpriz'd,
While I was talking with your Majeſty.
Cel. Yes 'Faith I have done him that Courteſie;
I brought his Followers, under pretence of guarding it, to a ſtraight place where they are all coupt up without uſe of their Arms, and may be pelted to death by the ſmall Infantry o' the Town.
Qu. 'Twas more than I expected, or could hope;
Yet ſtill I thought your meaning honeſt.
Phil. My fault was raſhneſs, but 'twas full of Zeal:
Nor had I e'er been led to that attempt,
Had I not ſeen it would be done without me:
But by compliance I preſerv'd the Pow'r
Which I have ſince made uſe of for your Service.
Qu. And which I purpoſe ſo to recompence.——
Lyſ. With her Crown ſhe means; I knew 'twould come to't. [*Aſide.*
Phil. O Heav'ns, ſhe'll own her Love!
Then I muſt loſe *Candiope* for ever,
And floating in a vaſt abyſs of glory,
Seek and not find my ſelf!——
Qu. Take your *Candiope*; and be as happy
As Love can make you both: —— how pleas'd I am
That I can force my Tongue,
To ſpeak words ſo far diſtant from my Heart!—— [*Aſide.*
Can. My Happineſs is more than I can utter!
Lyſ. Methinks I could do Violence on my ſelf for taking Arms
Againſt a Queen ſo good, ſo Bountiful:
Give me leave, Madam, in my Extaſie
Of Joy, to give you thanks for *Philocles*,
You have preſerv'd my Friend, and now he owes not
His Fortunes only to your Favour; but
What's more, his Life, and more than that, his Love.
I am convinc'd, ſhe never lov'd him now;
Since by her free conſent, all force remov'd
She gives him to my Siſter.
Flavia was an Impoſtor and deceiv'd me.——
Phil. As for me, Madam, I can only ſay
That I beg reſpite for my thanks; for on the ſudden,
The benefit's ſo great it overwhelms me.
Aſt. Mark but th' faintneſs of th' acknowledgment. [*To the* Queen *aſide.*
Qu. to *Aſt.*] I have obſerv'd it with you, and am pleas'd
He ſeems not ſatisfi'd; for I ſtill wiſh
That he may Love me.
Phil. I ſee *Aſteria* deluded me
With flattering hopes of the Queens Love,
Only to draw me off from *Lyſimantes:*
But I will think no more on't.

I'm

I'm going to poſſeſs *Candiope*,
And I am raviſh'd with the joy on't! ha!
Not raviſh'd neither.
For what can be more charming than the Queen!
Behold how Night ſits lovely on her Eyes-Brows,
While Day breaks from her Eyes! Then a Crown too!
Loſt, loſt, for ever loſt, and now 'tis gone
'Tis beautiful.——— [*Aſide.*
Aſt. How he Eyes you ſtill! [*To the* Queen.
Phil. Sure I had one of the fallen Angels Dreams;
All Heav'n within this hour was mine! [*Aſide.*
Can. What is it that diſturbs you, Dear?
Phil. Only the greatneſs of my Joy:
I've ta'n too ſtrong a Cordial, Love,
And cannot yet digeſt it.
Qu. 'Tis done! but this pang more; [*Clapping her Hand on* Aſteria.
And then a glorious Birth.
The tumults of this day, my loyal Subjects
Have ſetled in my heart a reſolution,
Happy for you, and glorious too for me.
Firſt for my Couſin, though attempting on my Perſon,
He has incurr'd the danger of the Laws,
I will not puniſh him.
Lyſ. You bind me ever to my Loyalty.
Qu. Then that I may oblige you more to it.
I here declare you rightful Succeſſor,
And Heir immediate to my Crown:
This, Gentlemen——— [*To the Deputies.*
I hope will ſtill my Subjects diſcontents,
When they behold Succeſſion firmly ſetled.
Deputies. Heav'n Preſerve your Majeſty.
Qu. As for my Self, I have reſolv'd
Still to continue as I am, Unmarried:
The Cares, Obſervances, and all the Duties
Which I ſhould pay an Husband, I will place
Upon my People; and our mutual love
Shall make a Bleſſing more than Conjugal.
And this the States ſhall ratifie.
Lyſ. Heav'n bear me Witneſs that I take no joy
In the Succeſſion of a Crown
Which muſt deſcend to me ſo ſad away.
Qu. Couſin, no more; my Reſolution's paſt,
Which Fate ſhall never alter.
Phil. Then I am once more happy!
For ſince none poſſeſs her, I am pleas'd
With my own choice, and will deſire no more.
For multiplying Wiſhes is a Curſe
That keep the Mind ſtill painfully awake.
Qu. Celadon!
Your Care and Loyalty have this Day obliged me;
But how to be acknowledging I know not,
Unleſs you give the means.
Cel. I was in hope your Majeſty had forgot me; therefore if you pleaſe, Madam, I'll only beg a Pardon for having taken up Arms once to day againſt you; for I have a fooliſh kind of Conſcience, which I wiſh many of your Subjects had, that will not let me ask a Recompence for my Loyalty, when I know I have been a Rebel.
Qu. Your Modeſty ſhall not ſerve the turn: Ask ſomething.
Cel. Then I beg, Madam, you will Command *Florimel* never to be Friends with me.
Flor. Ask again, I grant that without the Queen: But why are you affraid on't?
Cel. Becauſe I am ſure as ſoon as ever you are, you'll Marry me.
Flor. Do you fear it?
Cel. No, 'twill come with a fear.
Flor. If you do, I will not ſtick with you for an Oath.

Cel.

Cel. I require no Oath 'till we come to Church; and then after the Prieſt, I hope; for I find it will be my Deſtiny to Marry thee.

Flor. If ever I ſay Word after the Black Gentleman for thee, *Celadon*——

Cel. Then, I hope, you'll give me leave to beſtow a Faithful Heart elſewhere.

Flor. I but if you would have one you muſt beſpeak it, for I am ſure you have none ready made.

Cel. What ſay you, ſhall I Marry *Flavia*?

Flor. No, she'll be too cunning for you.

Cel. What ſay you to *Olinda* then? She's Tall, and Fair, and Bonny.

Flor. And Fooliſh, and Apiſh, and Fickle.

Cel. But *Sabina*, there's Pretty, and Young, and Loving, and Innocent.

Flor. And Dwarfiſh, and Childiſh, and Fond, and Flippant: If you Marry her Siſter, you will get May-Poles; and if you Marry Her, you will get Fayries to Dance about them.

Cel. Nay, then the caſe is clear, *Florimel*: If you take 'em all from me, 'tis becauſe you reſerve me for your ſelf.

Flor. But this Marriage is ſuch a Bugbear to me; much might be if we could invent but any way to make it eaſy.

Cel. Some Fooliſh People have made it uneaſy, by drawing the knot faſter than they need; but we that are wiſer will looſen it a little.

Flor. 'Tis true, indeed, there's ſome difference betwixt a Girdle and a Halter.

Cel. As for the firſt Year, according to the laudable cuſtom of new Married People, we shall follow one another up into Chambers, and down into Gardens, and think we shall never have enough of one another—— ſo far 'tis pleaſant enough, I hope.

Flor. But after that, when we begin to live like Husband and Wife, and never come near one another——— what then, Sir?

Cel. Why then our only Happineſs muſt be to have one Mind, and one Will, *Florimel.*

Flor. One Mind if thou wilt, but prithee let us have two Wills; for I find one will be little enough for me alone; but how if thoſe Wills should meet and clash, *Celadon?*

Cel. I warrant thee for that: Husbands and Wives keep their Wills far enough aſunder for ever meeting: One thing let us be ſure to agree on, that is, never to be Jealous.

Flor. No, but e'en Love one another as long as we can; and confeſs the truth when we can Love no longer.

Cel. When I have been at Play, you shall never ask me what Money I have loſt.

Flor. When I have been abroad you shall never enquire who treated me.

Cel. Item, I will have the liberty to Sleep all Night, without your interrupting my Repoſe for any evil deſign whatſoever.

Flor. Item, Then you shall bid me good Night before you Sleep.

Cel. Provided always, that whatever liberties we take with other People, we continue very Honeſt to one another.

Flor. As far as will conſiſt with a Pleaſant Life.

Cel. Laſtly, Whereas the Names of Husband and Wife hold forth nothing but clashing and cloying, and dullneſs and faintneſs in their ſignification; they shall be abolish'd forever betwixt us.

Flor. And inſtead of thoſe, we will be Married by the more agreeable Names of Miſtreſs and Gallant.

Cel. None of my Privileges to be infring'd by thee, *Florimel*, under the penalty of a Month of faſting Nights.

Flor. None of my Privileges to be infring'd by thee, *Celadon*, under the penalty of Cuckoldom.

Cel. Well, if it be my Fortune to be made a Cuckold, I had rather thou shouldſt make me one than any one in *Sicily*: And for my Comfort, I shall have thee oftner than any of thy Servants.

Flor. La you now, is not ſuch a Marriage as good as Wenching, *Celadon*?

Cel. This is very good, but not ſo good, *Florimel.*

Qu. Now ſet me forward to th' Aſſembly.
You promiſe Couſin your Conſent?

Lyſ. But moſt unwillingly.

Qu. Philocles, I muſt beg your Voice too.

Phil. Moſt joyfully I give it.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. Madam but one word more;——ſince you are ſo reſolv'd,
That you may ſee, bold as my Paſſion was,
'Twas only for your Perſon, not your Crown;
I ſwear no ſecond love
Shall violate the flame I had for you,
But in ſtrict imitation of your Oath
I vow a ſingle Life.
Qu. to *Aſteria.*] Now, my *Aſteria*, my Joys are full;
The Pow'rs above that ſee
The innocent love I bear to *Philocles*,
Have giv'n its due reward; for by this means
The right of *Lyſimantes* will devolve
Upon *Candiope*; and I ſhall have
This great content, to think, when I am dead,
My Crown may fall on *Philocles* his head. [*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

Written by a Perſon of Honour.

OUR Poet ſomething doubtful of his Fate,
Made choice of me to be his Advocate,
Relying on my Knowledge in the Laws,
And I as boldly undertook the Cauſe.
I left my Client yonder in a rant
Againſt the Envious, and the Ignorant,
Who are, he ſays, his only Enemies:
But he contemns their Malice, and defies
The ſharpeſt of his Cenſurers to ſay
Where there is one groſs fault in all his Play.
The Language is ſo fitted for each Part,
The Plot according to the Rules of Art;
And twenty other things he bid me tell ye,
But I cry'd e'en go do't your ſelf for Nelly.
Reaſon with Judges, urg'd in the defence
Of thoſe they would condemn, is Inſolence;
I therefore wave the Merits of his Play,
And think it fit to plead this ſafer way.
If when too many in the purchaſe ſhare
Robbing's not worth the danger nor the care;
The Men of buſineſs, muſt in Policy,
Cheriſh a little harmleſs Poetry,
All Wit wou'd elſe grow up to Knavery.
Wit is a Bird of Muſick, or of Prey,
Mounting ſhe ſtrikes at all things in her way;
But if this Birdlime once but touch her Wings,
On the next Buſh ſhe ſits her down, and ſings.
I have but one word more; tell me I pray
What you will get by damning of our Play?
A whipt Fanatick who does not recant
Is by his Brethren call'd a Suff'ring Saint;
And by your hands ſhou'd this poor Poet die
Before he does renounce his Poetry,
His Death muſt needs confirm the party more
Than all his ſcribling Life could do before.
Where ſo much Zeal does in a Sect appear,
'Tis to no purpoſe, 'Faith, to be ſevere.
But 'tother day I heard this Rhyming Fop
Say Criticks were the Whips, and he the Top;
For, as a Top ſpins beſt the more you baſte her,
So every laſh you give, he writes the faſter.

Sir

Sir *MARTIN MARR-ALL*, OR, THE Feign'd Innocence.

PROLOGUE.

FOols, which each Man meets in his Diſh each day,
Are yet the great Regalio's of a Play;
In which to Poets you but juſt appear,
To prize that higheſt which coſts them ſo dear:
Fops in the Town more eaſily will paſs;
One ſtory makes a Statutable Aſs:
But ſuch in Plays muſt be much thicker ſown,
Like yolks of Eggs, a dozen beat to one.
Obſerving Poets all their Walks invade,
As Men watch Woodcocks gliding through a Glade:
And when they have enough for Comedy,
They ſtow their ſeveral Bodies in a Pye:
The Poet's but the Cook to faſhion it,
For, Gallants, you your ſelves have found the Wit.
To bid you welcome would your Bounty wrong,
None welcome thoſe who bring their Chear along.

EPILOGUE.

AS Country Vicars, when the Sermon's done,
Run hudling to the Benediction;
Well knowing, though the better ſort may ſtay,
The Vulgar Rout will run unbleſt away:
So we, when once our Play is done, make haſte
With a ſhort Epilogue to cloſe your taſte.
In thus withdrawing we ſeem mannerly,
But when the Curtain's down we peep, and ſee
A Jury of the Wits who ſtill ſtay late,
And in their Club decree the poor Plays fate;
Their Verdict back is to the Boxes brought,
Thence all the Town pronounces it their thought.
Thus, Gallants, we like Lilly *can foreſee,*
But if you ask us what our doom will be,
We by to Morrow will our Fortune caſt,
As he tell all things when the Tear is paſt.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

LOrd *Dartmouth.*	In love with Mrs. *Chriſtian.*
Mr. *Moody.*	The Swaſh-Buckler.
Sir *Martin Marr-all.*	A Fool.
Warner.	His Man.
Sir *John Swallow.*	A Kentiſh Knight.
Lady *Dupe.*	The old Lady.
Mrs. *Chriſtian.*	Her young Niece.
Mrs. *Milliſent.*	The Swaſh-Bucklers Daughter.
Roſe.	Her Maid.
Mrs. *Preparation.*	Woman to the old Lady.

Other Servants, Men and Women.
A Carrier. Bayliffs.

The SCENE *Covent-Garden.*

Sir

Sir Martin Marr-all,
OR, THE
FEIGN'D INNOCENCE.

ACT I.

Enter Warner *Solus.*

Warn. WHere the Devil is this Maſter of mine? he is ever out of the way when he ſhould do himſelf good. This 'tis to ſerve a Coxcomb, one that has no more Brains than juſt thoſe I carry for him. Well! of all Fops commend me to him for the greateſt; he's ſo opinion'd of his own Abilities, that he is ever deſigning ſomewhat, and yet he ſows his Stratagems ſo ſhallow, that every Daw can pick 'em up: from a Plotting Fool the Lord deliver me. Here he comes, O! it ſeems his Couſin's with him, then it is not ſo bad as I imagin'd.

Enter Sir Martin Marr-all, *Lady* Dupe.

La. *Dupe.* I think 'twas well contriv'd for your acceſs to lodge her in the ſame Houſe with you.

Sir *Mart.* 'Tis pretty well, I muſt confeſs.

Warn. Had he plotted it himſelf, it had been admirable. [*Aſide.*

La. *Dupe.* For when her Father *Moody* writ to me to take him Lodgings, I ſo order'd it, the choice ſeem'd his, not mine.

Sir *Mart.* I have hit of a thing my ſelf ſometimes, when wiſer Heads have miſs'd it.——But that might be meer luck.

La. *Dupe.* Fortune does more than Wiſdom.

Sir *Mart.* Nay, for that you ſhall excuſe me;
I will not value any Man's Fortune at a ruſh,
Except he have Wit and Parts to bear him out.
But when do you expect 'em?

La. *Dupe.* This Tide will bring them from *Graveſend.*
You had beſt let your Man go as from me,
And wait them at the Stairs in *Durham-Yard.*

Sir *Mart.* Lord, Couſin, what a do is here with your Counſel!
As though I could not have thought of that my ſelf.
I could find in my heart not to ſend him now——ſtay a little
——I could ſoon find out ſome other way.

Warn. A Minute's ſtay may loſe your buſineſs.

Sir *Mart.* Well, go then,——but you muſt grant, if he had ſtay'd, I could have found a better way,——you grant it.

La. *Dupe.* For once I will not ſtand with you.—— [*Exit* Warner.
'Tis a ſweet Gentlewoman this Mrs. *Milliſent*, if you can get her.

Sir *Mart.* Let me alone for Plotting.

La. *Dupe.* But by your favour, Sir, 'tis not ſo eaſie,
Her Father has already promis'd her:
And the young Gentleman comes up with 'em:
I partly know the Man,——but the old Squire is humourſome,
He's ſtout, and plain in Speech and in Behaviour;
He loves none of the fine Town-tricks of breeding,
But ſtands up for the old *Elizabeth* way in all things.
This we muſt work upon.

Sir *Mart.* Sure! you think you have to deal with a Fool, Couſin?

Enter Mrs. Chriſtian.

La. *Dupe.* O my dear Niece, I have ſome buſineſs with you. [*Whiſpers.*

Sir *Mart.* Well, Madam, I'll take one turn here i' th' *Piazza*'s;
A thouſand things are hammering in this head;
'Tis a fruitful Noddle, though I ſay it. [*Exit Sir* Martin.

La. *Dupe.* Go thy ways, for a moſt conceited Fool—
But to our Buſineſs, Couſin: you are young, but I am old, and have had all the Love-experience, that a diſcreet Lady ought to have: and therefore let me inſtruct you about the Love this rich Lord makes to you.

Chr. You know, Madam, he's Marry'd, ſo that we cannot work upon that Ground of Matrimony.

La. *Dupe.* But there are advantages enough for you, if you will be wiſe, and follow my Advice.

Chr. Madam, my Friends left me to your Care, therefore I will wholly follow your Counſel with Secrecy and Obedience.

La. *Dupe.* Sweet-heart, it ſhall be the better for you another day: well then, this Lord that pretends to you, is crafty and falſe, as moſt Men are, eſpecially in Love—therefore we muſt be ſubtle to meet with all his Plots, and have Countermines againſt his Works to blow him up.

Chr. As how, Madam?

La. *Dupe.* Why, Girl, he'll make fierce Love to you, but you muſt not ſuffer him to ruffle you, or ſteal a Kiſs: but you muſt weep and ſigh, and ſay you'll tell me on't, and that you will not be us'd ſo; and play the Innocent juſt like a Child, and ſeem ignorant of all.

Chr. I warrant you I'll be very ignorant, Madam.

La. *Dupe.* And be ſure when he has tows'd you, not to appear at Supper that Night, that you may fright him.

Chr. No, Madam.

La. *Dupe.* That he may think you have told me.

Chr. I, Madam.

La. *Dupe.* And keep your Chamber, and ſay your Head akes.

Chr. O moſt extremely, Madam.

La. *Dupe.* And lock the Door, and admit of no Night-Viſits: at Supper I'll ask, Where's my Couſin; and being told you are not well, I'll ſtart from the Table to viſit you, deſiring his Lordſhip not to incommode himſelf; for I will preſently wait on him again.

Chr. But how, when you are return'd, Madam?

La. *Dupe.* Then ſomewhat diſcompos'd, I'll ſay, I doubt the Meazles or Small-Pox will ſeize on you, and then the Girl is ſpoil'd; ſaying, poor thing, her Portion is her Beauty and her Vertue: and often ſend to ſee how you do, by whiſpers in my Servants Ears, and have thoſe whiſpers of your health return'd to mine: if his Lordſhip thereupon asks how you do, I will pretend it was ſome other thing.

Chr. Right, Madam, for that will bring him farther in ſuſpence.

La. *Dupe.* A hopeful Girl! then will I eat nothing that Night, feigning my Grief for you: but keep his Lordſhip Company at Meals, and ſeem to ſtrive to put my Paſſion off, yet ſhew it ſtill by ſmall miſtakes.

Chr. And broken Sentences.

La. *Dupe.* A dainty Girl! and after Supper viſit you again, with promiſe to return ſtraight to his Lordſhip: but after I am gone, ſend an Excuſe, that I have given you a Cordial, and mean to watch that Night in Perſon with you.

Chr. His Lordſhip then will find the Prologue of his trouble, doubting I have told you of his ruffling.

La. *Dupe.* And more than that, fearing his Father ſhould know of it, and his Wife, who is a Termagant Lady: but when he finds the Coaſt is clear, and his late ruffling known to none but you, he will be drunk with Joy.

Chr. Finding my ſimple Innocence, which will inflame him more.

La. *Dupe.* Then what the Lyon's Skin has fail'd him in, the Foxes Subtilty muſt next ſupply, and that is juſt, Sweet-heart, as I would have it; for crafty Folks Treaties are their Advantage: eſpecially when his Paſſion muſt be ſatisfied at any Rate, and you keep Shop to ſet the Price of Love: ſo now you ſee the Market is your own.

Chr. Truly, Madam, this is very rational; and by the bleſſing of Heav'n upon my poor Endeavours, I do not doubt to play my part.

La. *Dupe.* My Bleſſing and my Prayers go along with thee.

Enter Sir John Swallow, *Mrs.* Milliſent, *and* Roſe *her Maid.*

Chr. I believe, Madam, here is the young Heireſs you expect, and with her he who is to marry her.

La. *Dupe.* Howe'er I am Sir *Martin*'s Friend, I muſt not ſeem his Enemy.

Sir

Sir *John.* Madam, this fair young Lady begs the honour to be known to you.

Mil. My Father made me hope it, Madam.

La. *Dupe.* Sweet Lady, I believe you have brought all the Freſhneſs of the Country up to Town with you. [*They ſalute.*

Mil. I came up, Madam, as we Country-Gentlewomen uſe, at an *Eaſter*-Term, to the deſtruction of Tarts and Cheeſe-cakes, to ſee a New Play, buy a new Gown, take a Turn in the Park, and ſo down again to ſleep with my Fore-fathers.

Sir *John.* Rather, Madam, you are come up to the breaking of many a poor Heart, that like mine, will languiſh for you.

Chr. I doubt, Madam, you are indiſpos'd with your Voyage; will you pleaſe to ſee the Lodgings your Father has provided for you?

Mil. To wait upon you, Madam.

La. *Dupe.* This is the door, —— there is a Gentleman will wait on you immediately in your Lodging, if he might preſume on your Commands. [*Whiſpers.*

Mil. You mean Sir *Martin Marr-all:* I am glad he has entruſted his Paſſion with ſo diſcreet a Perſon. [*Whiſpers.*

La. *Dupe.* Sir *John*, let me intreat you to ſtay here, that my Father may have Intelligence where to find us.

Sir *John.* I ſhall obey you, Madam. [*Exeunt Women.*

Enter Sir Martin.

Sir *John.* Sir *Martin Marr-all!* moſt happily encounter'd! how long have you been come to Town?

Sir *Mart.* Some three days ſince, or thereabouts: but I thank God I am very weary on't already.

Sir *John.* Why what's the matter, Man?

Sir *Mart.* My villainous old Luck ſtill follows me in Gaming, I never throw the Dice out of my hand, but my Gold goes after 'em: if I go to Picquet, though it be but with a Novice in't, he will picque and repicque, and Capot me twenty times together: and, which moſt mads me, I loſe all my Sets, when I want but one up.

Sir *John.* The pleaſure of Play is loſt, when one loſes at that unreaſonable rate.

Sir *Mart.* But I have ſworn not to touch either Cards or Dice this half year.

Sir *John.* The Oaths of loſing Gameſters are moſt minded; they forſwear Play as an angry Servant does his Miſtreſs, becauſe he loves her but too well.

Sir *Mart.* But I am now taken up with Thoughts of another nature: I am in Love, Sir.

Sir *John.* That's the worſt Game you could have play'd at, ſcarce one Woman in an hundred will play with you upon the Square: you venture at more uncertainty than at a Lottery: for you ſet your heart to a whole Sex of Blanks. But is your Miſtreſs Widow, Wife, or Maid?

Sir *Mart.* I can aſſure you, Sir, mine is a Maid;
The Heireſs of a wealthy Family,
Fair to a Miracle.

Sir *John.* Does ſhe accept your Service?

Sir *Mart.* I am the only Perſon in her Favour. [*Enter* Warner.

Sir *John.* Is ſhe of Town or Country?

Warn. aſide. How's this?

Sir *Mart.* She is of *Kent*, near *Canterbury.*

Warn. What does he mean? this is his Rival—— [*Aſide.*

Sir *John.* Near *Canterbury*, ſay you? I have a ſmall Eſtate lies thereabouts, and more Concernments than one beſides.

Sir *Mart.* I'll tell you then; being at *Canterbury*,
It was my Fortune, once in the Cathedral Church——

Warn. What do you mean, Sir, to intruſt this Man with your Affairs thus?——

Sir *Mart.* Truſt him? why he's a Friend of mine.

Warn. No matter for that; hark you, a word, Sir——

Sir *Mart.* Prithee leave fooling: —— and, as I was ſaying —— I was in the Church when I firſt ſaw this Fair one.

Sir *John.* Her Name, Sir, I beſeech you.

Warn. For Heaven's ſake, Sir, have a care!

Sir *Mart.* Thou art ſuch a Coxcomb——Her Name's *Milliſent.*

Warn. Now, the Pox take you, Sir, what do you mean?

Sir *John.* *Milliſent* ſay you? that's the name of my Miſtreſs.

Sir *Mart.* Lord! what luck is that now! Well Sir, it happen'd, one of her Gloves fell down, I ſtoop'd to take it up; And in the ſtooping made her a Complement.——

Warn. The Devil cannot hold him, now will this thick-skull'd Maſter of mine, tell the whole ſtory to his Rival.——

Sir *Mart.* You'll ſay, 'twas ſtrange, Sir; but at the firſt glance we caſt on one another, both our Hearts leap'd within us, our Souls met at our Eyes, and with a tickling kind of pain ſlid to each others Breaſt, and in one moment ſettled as cloſe and warm as if they long had been acquainted with their lodging. I follow'd her ſomewhat at a diſtance, becauſe her Father was with her.

Warn. Yet hold, Sir ——

Sir *Mart.* Sawcy Raſcal, avoid my ſight; muſt you Tutor me? So Sir, not to trouble you, I enquir'd out her Father's Houſe, without whoſe knowledge I did Court the Daughter, and both then, and often ſince, coming to *Canterbury*, I receiv'd many proofs of her kindneſs to me.

Warn. You had beſt tell him too, that I am acquainted with her Maid, and manage your love under-hand with her.

Sir *Mart.* Well remember'd i'faith, I thank thee for that, I had forgot it I proteſt! my *Valet de Chambre*, whom you ſee here with me, grows me acquainted with her Woman——

Warn. O the Devil.——

Sir *Mart.* In fine, Sir, this Maid being much in her Miſtreſſes favour, ſo well ſollicited my Cauſe, that in fine I gain'd from fair Miſtreſs *Milliſent* an aſſurance of her kindneſs, and an ingagement to marry none but me.

Warn. 'Tis very well! you've made a fair diſcovery!——

Sir *John.* A moſt pleaſant Relation I aſſure you: you are a happy Man, Sir! but what occaſion brought you now to *London*?

Sir *Mart.* That was in expectation to meet my Miſtreſs here; ſhe writ me word from *Canterbury*, ſhe and her Father ſhortly would be here.

Sir *John.* She and her Father, ſaid you, Sir?

Warn. Tell him, Sir, for Heavens ſake tell him all——

Sir *Mart.* So I will, Sir, without your bidding: her Father and ſhe are come up already, that's the truth on't, and are to lodge, by my Contrivance, in yon Houſe; the Maſter of which is a cunning Raſcal as any in Town —— him I have made my own, for I lodge there.

Warn. You do ill Sir to ſpeak ſo ſcandalouſly of my Landlord.

Sir *Mart.* Peace, or I'll break your Fools Head —— So that by his means I ſhall have free egreſs and regreſs when I pleaſe, Sir —— without her Fathers knowledge.

Warn. I am out of Patience to hear this.——

Sir *John.* Methinks you might do well, Sir, to ſpeak openly to her Father.

Sir *Mart.* Thank you for that i'faith, in ſpeaking to old *Moody* I may ſoon ſpoil all.

Warn. So now he has told her Father's Name, 'tis paſt recovery.

Sir *John.* Is her Father's Name *Moody* ſay you?

Sir *Mart.* Is he of your Acquaintance?

Sir *John.* Yes Sir, I know him for a Man
Who is too Wiſe for you to over-reach;
I am certain he will never Marry his Daughter
To you.

Sir *Mart.* Why, there's the Jeſt on't:
He ſhall never know it: 'tis but your
Keeping of my Counſel; I'll do as much for you,
Mun.——

Sir *John.* No Sir, I'll give you better; trouble not your ſelf about this Lady; her Affections are otherwiſe engag'd to my knowledge —— hark in your Ear —— her Father hates a Gameſter like the Devil: I'll keep your Counſel for that too.

Sir *Mart.* Nay but this is not all, dear Sir *John.*

Sir *John.* This is all I aſſure you: only I will make bold
To ſeek your Miſtreſs out another Lodging.—— [*Exit Sir* John.

Warn. Your Affairs are now put into an excellent poſture, Thank your incomparable diſcretion —— this was a Stratagem my ſhallow Wit could ne'er have reach'd, to make a Confident of my Rival.

Sir

Sir *Mart.* I hope thou art not in earneſt Man! is he my Rival?

Warn. 'Slife he has not found it out all this while! well, Sir, for a quick apprehenſion let you alone.

Sir *Mart.* How the Devil cam'ſt thou to know on't? and Why the Devil didſt thou not tell me on't?

Warn. To the firſt of your Devil's I anſwer, her Maid *Roſe* told me on't: to the ſecond I wiſh a thouſand Devils take him that would not hear me.

Sir *Mart.* O unparallell'd Misfortune!

Warn. O unparallell'd Ignorance! why he left her Father at the Water-ſide, while he lead the Daughter to her Lodging, whither I directed him; ſo that if you had not laboured to the contrary, Fortune had plac'd you in the ſame Houſe with your Miſtreſs, without the leaſt ſuſpition of your Rival, or of her Father: but 'tis well, you have ſatisfi'd your talkative humour; I hope you have ſome new project of your own to ſet all right agen: for my part I confeſs all my deſigns for you are wholly ruin'd; the very foundations of 'em are blown up.

Sir *Mart.* Prethee inſult not over the Deſtiny of a poor undone Lover, I am puniſh'd enough for my indiſcretion in my Deſpair, and have nothing to hope for now but Death.

Warn. Death is a Bug-bear word, things are not brought to that extremity, I'll caſt about to ſave all yet.

Enter Lady Dupe.

La. *Dupe.* O, Sir *Martin!* yonder has been ſuch a ſtir within, Sir *John*, I fear, ſmoaks your deſign, and by all means would have the old Man remove his Lodging; pray God your Man has not play'd falſe.

Warn. Like enough I have: I am Coxcomb ſufficient to do it, my Maſter knows that none but ſuch a great Calf as I could have done it, ſuch an overgrown Aſs, a ſelf-conceited Ideot as I.——

Sir *Mart.* Nay, *Warner.*——

Warn. Pray, Sir, let me alone:——what is it to you if I rail upon my ſelf? now could I break my own Loggar-head.

Sir *Mart.* Nay, ſweet *Warner.*

Warn. What a good Maſter have I, and I to ruine him: O Beaſt!——

La. *Dupe.* Not to diſcourage you wholly, Sir *Martin*; this ſtorm is partly over.

Sir *Mart.* As how? dear Couſin.

La. *Dupe.* When I heard Sir *John* complain of the Landlord, I took the firſt hint of it, and join'd with him, ſaying, if he were ſuch an one, I would have nothing to do with him: in ſhort, I ratled him ſo well, that Sir *John* was the firſt who did deſire they might be lodg'd with me, not knowing that I was your Kinſwoman.

Sir *Mart.* Pox on't, now I think on't, I could have found out this my ſelf.——

Warn. Are you there agen, Sir?——now as I have a Soul.——

Sir *Mart.* Mum, good *Warner*, I did but forget my ſelf a little, I leave my ſelf wholly to you, and my Couſin; get but my Miſtreſs for me, and claim what e'er reward you can deſire.

Warn. Hope of reward will diligence beget,
Find you the Money, and I'll find the Wit. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter Lady Dupe, *and Mrs.* Chriſtian.

Chr. IT happen'd, Madam, juſt as you ſaid it would,
But was he ſo concern'd for my feign'd Sickneſs?

La. *Dupe.* So much, that *Moody* and his Daughter, our new Gueſts, took notice of the trouble, but the Cauſe was kept too cloſe for Strangers to divine.

Chr. Heav'n grant he be but deep enough in love, and then——

La. *Dupe.* And then thou ſhalt diſtil him into Gold my Girl.
Yonder he comes, I'll not be ſeen:——you know
Your Leſſon, Child. [*Exit.*

Chr. I warrant you.

Enter Lord Dartmouth.

Lord. Pretty Miſtreſs *Chriſtian*,
How glad am I to meet you thus alone!

Chr.

Chr. O the Father! what will become of me now?

Lord. No harm, I warrant you, but why are you ſo 'fraid?

Chr. A poor weak innocent Creature as I am, Heav'n of his Mercy, how I quake and tremble! I have not yet claw'd off your laſt ill Uſage, and now I feel my old Fit come again, my Ears tingle already, and my Back ſhuts and opens; I, juſt ſo it began before.

Lord. Nay, my ſweet Miſtreſs, be not ſo unjuſt,
To ſuſpect any new Attempt.
I am too penitent for my laſt Fault,
So ſoon to ſin again——
I hope you did not tell it to your Aunt.

Chr. The more Fool I, I did not.

Lord. You never ſhall repent your Goodneſs to me:
But may not I preſume there was ſome little
Kindneſs in it, which mov'd you to conceal my
Crime?

Chr. Methought I would not have my Aunt angry with you,
For all this Earthly good;
But yet I'll never be alone with you again.

Lord. Pretty Innocence! let me ſit nearer to you:
You do not underſtand what Love I bear you.
I vow it is ſo pure——
My Soul's not ſullied with one ſpot of Sin:
Were you a Daughter, or a Siſter to me,
With a more holy Flame I could not burn.

Chr. Nay, now you ſpeak high words——I cannot underſtand you.

Lord. The Buſineſs of my Life ſhall be but how to make your Fortune, and my Care and Study to advance and ſee you ſettled in the World.

Chr. I humbly thank your Lordſhip.

Lord. Thus I would Sacrifice my Life and Fortunes,
And in return you cruelly deſtroy me.

Chr. I never meant you any harm, not I.

Lord. Then what does this white Enemy ſo near me? [*Touching her Hand-glov'd.*
Sure 'tis your Champion, and you arm it thus to bid defiance to me.

Chr. Nay, fie, my Lord, in Faith you are too blame. [*Pulling her Hand away.*

Lord. But I am for fair Wars, an Enemy muſt firſt be ſearch'd for privy Armour, e'er we do ingage. [*Pulls at her Glove.*

Chr. What does your Lordſhip mean?

Lord. I fear you bear ſome Spells and Charms about you,
And, Madam, that's againſt the Law of Arms.

Chr. My Aunt charg'd me not to pull off my Glove for fear of Sun-burning my Hand.

Lord. She did well to keep it from your Eyes, but I will thus preſerve it.
[*Hugging her bare Hand.*

Chr. Why do you cruſh it ſo? nay, now you hurt me; nay——if you ſqueeze it ne'er ſo hard——there's nothing to come out on't——fie——is this loving one?——What makes you take your Breath ſo ſhort?

Lord. The Devil take me if I can anſwer her a word,
All my Sences are quite employ'd another way.

Chr. Ne'er ſtir, my Lord, I muſt cry out——

Lord. Then I muſt ſtop your Mouth——this Ruby for a Kiſs——that is but one Ruby for another.

Chr. This is worſe and worſe.

Lady within.] Why, Niece, where are you, Niece?

Lord. Pox of her old mouldy Chops.

Chr. Do you hear, my Aunt calls? I ſhall be hang'd for ſtaying with you——let me go, my Lord. [*Gets from him.*

Enter Lady Dupe.

La. *Dupe.* My Lord, Heaven bleſs me, what makes your Lordſhip here?

Lord. I was juſt wiſhing for you, Madam, your Niece and I have been ſo laughing at the blunt humour of your Country-Gentleman——I muſt go paſs an hour with him. [*Exit* Lord.

Chr. You made a little too much haſte;
I was juſt exchanging a Kiſs for a Ruby.

Lady.

La. *Dupe.* No harm done; it will make him come on the faſter:
Never full-gorge an Hawk you mean to fly:
The next will be a Neck-lace of Pearl, I warrant you.
Chr. But what muſt I do next?
La. *Dupe.* Tell him I grew ſuſpitious, and examin'd you
Whether he made not Love, which you deny'd.
Then tell him how my Maids and Daughters watch you;
So that you tremble when you ſee his Lordſhip.
Chr. And that your Daughters are ſo envious, that they would raiſe a falſe Report to ruine me.
La. *Dupe.* Therefore you deſire his Lordſhip,
As he loves you, of which you are confident,
Hence forward to forbear his Viſits to you.
Chr. But how if he ſhould take me at my word?
La. *Dupe.* Why, if the worſt come to the worſt, he leaves you an honeſt Woman, and there's an end on't: but fear not that, hold out his Meſſages, and then he'll write, and that's it, my Bird, which you muſt drive it to: then all his Letters will be ſuch Ecſtaſies, ſuch Vows and Promiſes, which you muſt anſwer ſhort and ſimply, yet ſtill ply out of 'em your Advantages.
Chr. But, Madam! he's i' th' Houſe, he will not write.
La. *Dupe.* You Fool——he'll write from the next Chamber to you. And, rather than fail, ſend his Page-Poſt with it upon a Hobby-Horſe:—— then grant a Meeting, but tell me of it, and I'll prevent him, by my being there; he'll curſe me, but I care not. When you are alone he'll urge his Luſt, which anſwer you with Scorn and Anger.——
Chr. As thus, an't pleaſe you, Madam?
What? Does he think I will be damn'd for him?
Defame my Family, ruine my Name,
To ſatisfie his Pleaſure?
La. *Dupe.* Then he will be prophane in's Arguments,
Urge Natures Laws to you.
Chr. By'r Lady, and thoſe are ſhrewd Arguments;
But I'm reſolv'd I'll ſtop my Ears.
La. *Dupe.* Then when he ſees no other thing will move you,
He'll ſign a Portion to you before hand:
Take hold of that, and then of what you will. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir John, *Mrs.* Milliſent, *and* Roſe.

Sir *John.* Now, fair Mrs. *Milliſent*, you ſee your Chamber,
Your Father will be buſie a few Minutes, and in the mean time permits me the Happineſs to wait on you——
Mill. Methinks you might have choſe us better Lodgings,
This Houſe is full; the other, we ſaw firſt, was more convenient.
Sir *John.* For you perhaps, but not for me:
You might have met a Lover there, but I a Rival.
Mill. What Rival?
Sir *John.* You know Sir *Martin*, I need not name him to you.
Mill. I know more Men beſides him.
Sir *John.* But you love none beſides him: Can you deny your Affection to him?
Mill. You have vex'd me ſo, I will not ſatisfie you.
Sir *John.* Then, I perceive, I am not likely to be ſo much oblig'd to you as I was to him.
Mill. This is Romance——I'll not believe a word on't——
Sir *John.* That's as you pleaſe: however 'tis believ'd
His Wit will not much credit your Choice.
Madam, do Juſtice to us both; pay his Ingratitude and Folly with your Scorn; my Service with your Love.
By this time your Father ſtays for me: I ſhall be diſcreet enough to keep
This Fault of yours from him.
The Lawyers wait for us to draw your Joynture:
And I would beg your Pardon for my Abſence,
But that my Crime is puniſh'd in it ſelf. [*Exit.*
Mill. Could I ſuſpect this uſage from a favour'd Servant!
Roſe Firſt hear Sir *Martin* e'er you quite condemn him.

Conſider,

Conſider, 'tis a Rival who accus'd him.
Mill. Speak not a word in his behalf——
Methought too, Sir *John* call'd him Fool.
Roſe. Indeed he has a rare way of acting a Fool, and does it ſo naturally, it it can be ſcarce diſtinguiſh'd.
Mill. Nay, he has Wit enough, that's certain.
Roſe. How blind Love is!
Enter Warner.
Mill. How now, what's his Buſineſs?
I wonder, after ſuch a Crime,
If his Maſter has the Face to ſend him to me!
Roſe. How durſt you venture hither;
If either Sir *John*, or my old Maſter ſee you.
Warn. Piſh! they are both gone out.
Roſe. They went but to the next ſtreet; ten to one but they return and catch you here.
Warn. Twenty to one I am gone before, and ſave 'em a labour.
Mill. What ſays that Fellow to you? What buſineſs can he have here?
Warn. Lord, that your Ladiſhip ſhould ask that queſtion,
Knowing whom I ſerve!
Mill. I'll hear nothing from your Maſter.
Warn. Never breathe, but this Anger becomes your Ladiſhip moſt admirably; but though you'll hear nothing from him, I hope I may ſpeak a word or two to you from my ſelf, Madam.
Roſe. 'Twas a ſweet Prank your Maſter play'd us: a Lady's well helpt up that truſts her Honour in ſuch a Perſons hands: to tell all ſo —— and to his Rival too. Excuſe him if thou canſt. [*Aſide.*
Warn. How the Devil ſhould I excuſe him! thou knoweſt he is the greateſt Fop in Nature—— [*Aſide to* Roſe.
Roſe. But my Lady does not know it; if ſhe did——
Mill. I'll have no whiſpering.
Warn. Alas, Madam, I have not the confidence to ſpeak out,
Unleſs you can take Mercy on me.
Mill. For what?
Warn. For telling Sir *John* you lov'd my Maſter, Madam.
But ſure I little thought he was his Rival.
Roſe. The witty Rogue has taken't on himſelf. [*Aſide.*
Mill. Your Maſter then is innocent?
Warn. Why, could your Ladiſhip ſuſpect him guilty?
Pray tell me, do you think him ungrateful,
Or a Fool?
Mill. I think him neither.
Warn. Take it from me, you ſee not the depth of him.
But when he knows what Thoughts you harbour of him,
As I am faithful, and muſt tell him ——
I wiſh he does not take ſome pet, and leave you.
Mill. Thou art not mad I hope, to tell him on't;
If thou doſt, I'll be ſworn, I'll forſwear it to him.
Warn. Upon condition then you'll Pardon me,
I'll ſee what I can do to hold my Tongue.
Mill. This Evening, in St. *James*'s Park, I'll meet him. [*Knock within.*
Warn. He ſhall not fail you, Madam.
Roſe. Some body knocks——Oh, Madam, what ſhall we do!
'Tis Sir *John*, I hear his Voice.
Warn. What will become of me?
Mill. Step quickly behind that Door. [*He goes out.*
To them Sir John.
Mill. You've made a quick diſpatch, Sir.
Sir *John.* We have done nothing, Madam, our Man of Law was not within—— but I muſt look ſome Writings.
Mill. Where are they laid!
Sir *John.* In the Portmanteau in the Drawing-Room. [*Is going to the door.*
Mill. Pray ſtay a little, Sir——
Warn. at the door. He muſt paſs juſt by me; and if he ſees me, I am but a dead Man.
Sir *John.* Why are you thus concern'd? why do you hold me. *Mill.*

Mill. Only a Word or two I have to tell you.
'Tis of Importance to you——
Sir *John.* Give me leave——
Mill. I muſt not before I diſcover the Plot to you.
Sir *John.* What Plot?
Mill. Sir *Martin*'s Servant, like a Rogue, comes hither
To tempt me from his Maſter, to have met him.
Warn. at door. Now would I had a good Bag of Gun-powder at my Breech, to ram me into ſome hole.
Mill. For my part, I was ſo ſtartled at the Meſſage,
That I ſhall ſcarcely be my ſelf theſe two days.
Sir *John.* Oh, that I had the Raſcal! I would teach him
To come upon ſuch Errands.
Warn. at the door. Oh, for a gentle Compoſition now!
An Arm or Leg I would give willingly.
Sir *John.* What Anſwer did you make the Villain?
Mill. I over-reach'd him clearly, by a Promiſe
Of an Appointment of a Place I nam'd,
Where I ne'er meant to come: but would have had
The Pleaſure firſt to tell you how I ſerv'd him.
Sir *John.* And then to chide your mean ſuſpition of me,
Indeed I wonder'd you ſhould love a Fool.
But where did you appoint to meet him?
Mill. In *Gray*'s-Inn Walks.
Warn. at the door. By this Light, ſhe has put the Change upon him!
O ſweet Woman-kind! How I love thee for that Heavenly Gift of Lying!
Sir *John.* For this Evening I will be his Miſtreſs;
He ſhall meet another *Penelope* than he ſuſpects.
Mill. But ſtay not long away.
Sir *John.* You over-joy me, Madam. [*Exit.*
Warn. entring, Is he gone, Madam?
Mill. As far as *Gray*'s-Inn Walks: now I have time
To walk the other way, and ſee thy Maſter.
Warn. Rather let him come hither: I have laid
A Plot ſhall ſend his Rival far enough from watching him e'er long.
Mill. Art thou in earneſt?
Warn. 'Tis ſo deſign'd, Fate cannot hinder it.
Our Landlord, where we lie, vex'd that his Lodgings ſhould be ſo left by Sir *John*, is reſolv'd to be reveng'd, and I have found the Way.
You'll ſee th' Effect on't preſently.
Roſe. O Heavens! the door opens again, and Sir *John* is return'd once more.

Enter Sir John.

Sir *John.* Half my buſineſs was forgot; you did not tell me when you were to meet him. Ho! What makes this Raſcal here?
Warn. 'Tis well you're come, Sir, elſe I muſt have left untold a Meſſage I have for you.
Sir *John.* Well, What's your buſineſs, Sirrah?
Warn. We muſt be private firſt; 'Tis only for your Ear.
Roſe. I ſhall admire his Wit, if in this plunge he can get off.
Warn. I came hither, Sir, by my Maſter's Order——
Sir *John.* I'll reward you for it, Sirrah, immediately.
Warn. When you know all, I ſhall deſerve it, Sir;
I came to ſound the Vertue of your Miſtreſs; which I have done ſo cunningly,
I have at laſt obtain'd the Promiſe of a Meeting.
But my good Maſter, whom I muſt confeſs more generous than wiſe,
Knowing you had a Paſſion for her, is reſolv'd to quit:
And, Sir, that you may ſee how much he loves you, ſent me in private
To adviſe you ſtill to have an Eye upon her Actions.
Sir *John.* Take this Diamond for thy good News;
And give thy Maſter my Acknowledgments.
Warn. Thus the World goes, my Maſters, he that will cozen you, commonly gets your good will into the bargain. [*Aſide.*
Sir *John.* Madam, I am now ſatisfied of all ſides; firſt of your Truth, then of Sir *Martin*'s Friendſhip.

In ſhort, I find you two cheated each other,
Both to be true to me.
Mill. Warner is got off, as I would wiſh, and the Knight over-reach'd.
Enter to them the Landlord, *diſguis'd like a Carrier*
Roſe. How now! What would this Carrier have?
Warn. This is our Landlord, whom I told you of; but keep your Countenance—— [*Aſide to her.*
Landl. I was looking here-away for one Sir *John Swallow?* they told me I might hear News of him in this Houſe.
Sir *John.* Friend, I am the Man: What have you to ſay to me?
Landl. Nay, 'Faith, Sir, I am not ſo good a Schollard to ſay much,
But I have a Letter for you in my Pouch:
There's plaguy News in't, I can tell you that.
Sir *John.* From whom is your Letter?
Landl. From your old Uncle *Anthony.*
Sir *John.* Give me your Letter quickly.
Landl. Nay, ſoft and fair goes far—Hold you, hold you.
It is not in this Pocket.
Sir *John.* Search in the other then; I ſtand on Thorns.
Landl. I think I feel it now; this ſhou'd be hoo?
Sir *John.* Pluck it out then.
Landl. I'll pluck out my Spectacles, and ſee firſt. [*Reads.*
To Mr. *Paul Grimbald*——Apprentice to——
No, that's not for you, Sir——that's for the Son of the Brother of the Nephew of the Couſin of my Goſſip *Dobſon.*
Sir *John.* Prithee diſpatch; doſt thou not know the Contents on't?
Landl. Yes, as well as I do my *Pater Noſter.*
Sir *John.* Well, what's the Buſineſs on't?
Landl. Nay, no great Buſineſs; 'tis but only that your Worſhip's Father's dead.
Sir *John.* My Loſs is beyond expreſſion! how dy'd he?
Landl. He went to Bed as well to ſee to as any Man in *England,*
And when he awaken'd the next Morning——
Sir *John.* What then?
Landl. He found himſelf ſtark dead.
Sir *John.* Well, I muſt of neceſſity take Orders for my Father's Funeral, and my Eſtate; Heaven knows with what Regret I leave you, Madam.
Mill. But are you in ſuch haſte, Sir, I ſee you take all Occaſions to be from me.
Sir *John.* Dear Madam, ſay not ſo, a few days will, I hope, return me to you.
To them Sir Martin.
Noble Sir *Martin,* the welcomeſt Man alive!
Let me embrace my Friend.
Roſe. How untowardly he returns the Salute? *Warner* will be found out. [*Aſide.*
Sir *John.* Well, Friend, you have oblig'd me to you eternally.
Sir *Mart.* How have I oblig'd you, Sir? I would have you to know I ſcorn your words; and I would I were hang'd if it be not the fartheſt of my Thoughts.
Mill. O cunning Youth, he acts the Fool moſt naturally.
Were we alone, how would we laugh together? [*Aſide.*
Sir *John.* This is a double Generoſity,
To do me Favours and conceal 'em from me;
But honeſt *Warner* here has told me all.
Sir *Mart.* What has the Raſcal told you?
Sir *John.* Your Plot to try my Miſtreſs for me——you underſtand me, concerning your Appointment.
Warn. Sir, I deſire to ſpeak in private with you.
Sir *Mart.* This impertinent Raſcal, when I am moſt buſie, I am ever troubled with him.
Warn. But it concerns you I ſhould ſpeak with you, good Sir.
Sir *Mart.* That's a good one i'faith, thou knoweſt Breeding well, that I ſhould whiſper with a Serving-man before Company.
Warn. Remember, Sir, laſt time it had been better——
Sir *Mart.* Peace, or I'll make you feel my double Fiſts;
If I don't fright him, the ſawcy Rogue will call me Fool before the Company.
Mill. That was acted moſt naturally again. [*Aſide.*
Sir *John to him.* But what needs this diſſembling, ſince you are reſolv'd to quit my Miſtreſs to me?

Sir

Sir *Mart.* I quit my Miſtreſs! that's a good one i'faith.
Mill. Tell him you have forſaken me. [*Aſide.*
Sir *Mart.* I underſtand you, Madam, you would ſave
A Quarrel; but i'faith I am not ſo baſe:
I'll ſee him hang'd firſt.
Warn. Madam, my Maſter is convinc'd in Prudence
He ſhould ſay ſo; but Love o'rmaſters him:
When you are gone perhaps he may.
Mill. I'll go then: Gentlemen, your Servant;
I ſee my preſence brings conſtraint to the Company. [*Ex.* Mill. Roſe.
Sir *John.* I'm glad ſhe's gone, now we may talk more freely;
For if you have not quitted her, you muſt.
Warn. Pray, Sir, remember your ſelf; did not you ſend me of a Meſſage to Sir *John*, that for his Friendſhip you had left Mrs. *Milliſent?*
Sir *Mart.* Why, what an impudent lying Rogue art thou!
Sir *John.* How's this! Has *Warner* cheated me?
Warn. Do not ſuſpect it in the leaſt: You know, Sir,
It was not generous before a Lady,
To ſay he quitted her.
Sir *John.* O! was that it?
Warn. That was all: ſay, Yes, good Sir *John*——or I'll ſwinge you. [*Aſide.*
Sir *Mart.* Yes, good Sir *John.*
Warn. That's well; once in his Life he has heard good Counſel. [*Aſide.*
Sir *Mart.* Heigh, Heigh, what makes my Landlord here? he has put on a Fool's Coat, I think, to make us laugh.
Warn. The Devil's in him; he's at it again; his Folly's like a Sore in a ſurfeited Horſe, Cure it in one place, and it breaks out in another. [*Aſide.*
Sir *Mart.* Honeſt Landlord, i'faith, and what makes you here?
Sir *John.* Are you acquainted with this honeſt Man?
Landl. Take heed what you ſay, Sir. [*To Sir* Martin *ſoftly.*
Sir *Mart.* Take heed what I ſay, Sir, why? who ſhould I be afraid of? of you, Sir? I ſay, Sir, I know him, Sir; and I have reaſon to know him, Sir, for I am ſure I lodge in his Houſe, Sir —— nay, never think to terrifie me, Sir; 'tis my Landlord here in *Charles-ſtreet*, Sir.
Landl. Now I expect to be paid for the News I brought him.
Sir *John.* Sirrah! Did not you tell me that my Father——
Landl. Is in very good health, for ought I know, Sir; I beſeech you to trouble your ſelf no farther concerning him.
Sir *John.* Who ſet you on to tell this lie?
Sir *Mart.* I, who ſet you on, Sirrah? this was a Rogue that would cozen us both; he thought I did not know him: down on your Marrow bones, and confeſs the Truth: Have you no Tongue, you Raſcal?
Sir *John.* Sure 'tis ſome ſilenc'd Miniſter: he's grown ſo fat, he cannot ſpeak.
Landl. Why, Sir, if you would know, 'twas for your ſake I did it.
Warn. For my Maſter's ſake! why, you impudent Varlet, do you think to 'ſcape us with a Lie?
Sir *John.* How! was it for his ſake?
Warn. 'Twas for his own, Sir; he heard you were th' Occaſion the Lady lodg'd not at his Houſe, and ſo he invented this Lie; partly to revenge himſelf of you; and partly, I believe, in hope to get her once again, when you were gone.
Sir *John.* Fetch me a Cudgel, prithee.
Landl. O good Sir! if you beat me, I ſhall run into Oil immediately.
Warn. Hang him, Rogue, he's below your Anger: I'll maul him for you—— the Rogue's ſo big, I think 'twill ask two days to beat him all over. [*Beats him.*
Landl. O Rogue, O Villain, *Warner*, bid him hold,
And I'll confeſs, Sir.
Warn. Get you gone without replying; muſt ſuch as you be prating? [*Beats him out.*
Enter Roſe. Sir, Dinner waits you on the Table.
Sir *John.* Friend, will you go along, and take part of a bad Repaſt?
Sir *Mart.* Thank you; but I am juſt riſen from Table.
Warn. Now he might ſit with his Miſtreſs, and has not the Wit to find it out. [*Aſide.*
Sir *John.* You ſhall be very welcome.

Sir *Mart.* I have no Stomach, Sir.

Warn. Get you in with a Vengeance: You have a better Stomach than you think you have. [*Puſhes him.*

Sir *Mart.* This hungry *Diego* Rogue would ſhame me;
He thinks a Gentleman can eat like a Servingman.

Sir *John.* If you will not, adieu, dear Sir;
In any thing command me, [*Exit.*

Sir *Mart.* Now we are alone; Han't I carry'd Matters bravely, Sirrah.

Warn. O yes, yes, you deſerve Sugar-Plumbs; Firſt, For
Your quarrelling with Sir *John*; then for diſcovering your Landlord:
And laſtly, For refuſing to dine with your Miſtreſs:
All this is ſince the laſt Reckoning was wip'd out.

Sir *Mart.* Then why did my Landlord diſguiſe himſelf, to make a Fool of us?

Warn. You have ſo little Brains, that a penn'orth of Butter melted under 'em, would ſet 'em afloat: he put on that Diſguiſe to rid you of your Rival.

Sir *Mart.* Why was not I worthy to keep your Counſel then?

Warn. It had been much at one: You would but have drunk the Secret down, and piſs'd it out to the next Company.

Sir *Mart.* Well, I find I am a miſerable Man: I have loſt my Miſtreſs, and may thank my ſelf for't.

Warn. You'll not confeſs you are a Fool, I warrant.

Sir *Mart.* Well, I am a Fool, if that will ſatisfie you:
But what am I the nearer for being one?

Warn. O yes much the nearer; for now Fortune's bound to provide for you; as Hoſpitals are built for lame People, becauſe they cannot help themſelves.
Well; I have yet a Project in my Pate.

Sir *Mart.* Dear Rogue, what is't?

Warn. Excuſe me for that: but while 'tis ſet a working,
You would do well to ſcrue your ſelf into her
Father's good Opinion.

Sir *Mart.* If you will not tell me, my Mind gives me I ſhall diſcover it again.

Warn. I'll lay it as far out of your reach as I can poſſible.

——*For Secrets are edg'd Tools,*
And muſt be kept from Children, and from Fools. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

Enter Roſe *and* Warner *meeting.*

Roſe. YOur Worſhip's moſt happily encounter'd.

Warn. Your Ladiſhip's moſt fortunately met.

Roſe. I was going to your Lodging.

Warn. My Buſineſs was to yours.

Roſe. I have ſomething to ſay to you, that——

Warn. I have that to tell you——

Roſe. Underſtand then——

Warn. If you'll hear me——

Roſe. I believe that——

Warn. I am of Opinion that——

Roſe. Prithee hold thy peace a little till I have done.

Warn. Cry you mercy, Mrs. *Roſe*, I'll not diſpute your antient privileges of talking.

Roſe. My Mrs. knowing Sir *John* was to be abroad upon Buſineſs this Afternoon, has asked leave to ſee a Play: and Sir *John* has ſo great a Confidence of your Maſter, that he will truſt no body with her, but him.

Warn. If my Maſter gets her out, I warrant her, he ſhall ſhow her a better Play than any is at either of the Houſes——here they are: I'll run and prepare him to wait upon her. [*Exit.*

Enter Old Moody, *Mrs.* Milleſent, *and Lady* Dupe.

Mill. My Hoods and Scarfs there, quickly.

La. *Dupe.* Send to call a Coach there.

Mood. But what kind of Man is this Sir *Martin*, with whom you are to go?

La. *Dupe.* A plain downright Country Gentleman, I aſſure you.

Moody.

Moody. I like him much the better for't.
For I hate one of thoſe you call a Man o'th' Town.
One of thoſe empty Fellows of meer outſide:
They've nothing of the true Old *Engliſh* Manlineſs.

Roſe. I confeſs, Sir, a Woman's in a ſad Condition, that has nothing to truſt to, but a Perriwig above, and a well trim'd Shoe below.

To them Sir Martin.

Mill. This, Sir, is Sir *John*'s Friend; he is for your humour, Sir; he is no Man o' th' Town, but bred up in the old *Elizabeth* way of Plainneſs.

Sir *Mart.* I, Madam, your Ladiſhip may ſay your pleaſure of me.

To them Warner.

Warn. How the Devil got he here before me! 'Tis very unlucky I could not ſee him firſt——

Sir *Mart.* But as for Painting, Muſick, Poetry, and the like, I'll ſay this of my ſelf——

Warn. I'll ſay that for him, my Maſter underſtands none of 'em, I aſſure you, Sir.

Sir *Mart.* You impudent Raſcal, hold your tongue: I muſt rid my hands of this Fellow; the Rogue is ever diſcrediting me before Company.

Moody. Never trouble your ſelf about it, Sir, for I like a Man that——

Sir *Mart.* I know you do, Sir, and therefore I hope you'll think never the worſe of me for his prating: for, though I do not boaſt of my own good Parts——

Warn. He has none to boaſt of, upon my Faith, Sir.

Sir *Mart.* Give him not the hearing, Sir; for, if I may believe my Friends, they have flatter'd me with an Opinion of more———

Warn. Of more than their Flattery can make good, Sir——'tis true he tells you they have flatter'd him; but, in my Conſcience, he is the moſt down-right ſimple natur'd Creature in the World.

Sir *Mart.* I ſhall conſider you hereafter, Sirrah; but I am ſure, in all Companies I paſs for a *Vertuoſo.*

Moody. Virtuoſo! What's that too? Is not *Vertue* enough, without *oſo?*

Sir *Mart.* You have Reaſon, Sir!

Moody. There he is again too; The Town-phraſe, a great Compliment I wiſs; You have Reaſon, Sir; that is, You are no Beaſt, Sir.

Warn. A word in private, Sir; You miſtake this old Man; he loves neither Painting, Muſick, nor Poetry; yet recover your Self, if you have any Brains.

[*Aſide to him.*

Sir *Mart.* Say you ſo? I'll bring all about again, I warrant you ——— I beg your Pardon a thouſand times, Sir; I vow to God I am not Maſter of any of thoſe Perfections; for in fine,
Sir, I am wholly ignorant of Painting, Muſick, and Poetry;
Only ſome rude Eſcapes———but, in fine, they are ſuch, that,
In fine, Sir———

Warn. This is worſe than all the reſt. [*Aſide.*

Moody. By Coxbones, one word more of all this Gibberiſh, and old Madge ſhall flie about your Ears: What is this *in fine*, he keeps ſuch a coil with too?

Mill. 'Tis a Phraſe *A-la-mode*, Sir, and is us'd in Converſation now, as a Whiff of Tobacco was formerly, in the midſt of a Diſcourſe, for a thinking while.

La. *Dupe.* In plain Engliſh, *in fine*, is, in the end, Sir.

Mood. But, by Coxbones, there's no end on't methinks: if thou wilt have a fooliſh word to lard thy lean Diſcourſe with, take an *Engliſh* one when thou ſpeakeſt *Engliſh*; as So Sir, and, Then Sir; and So forth: 'tis a more Manly kind of Non-ſence: and a Pox of *in fine*, for I'll hear no more on't.

Warn. He's gravell'd, and I muſt help him out. [*Aſide.*
Madam there's a Coach at door to carry you to the Play.

Sir *Mart.* Which Houſe do you mean to go to?

Mill. The Duke's, I think.

Sir *Mart.* 'Tis a damn'd Play, and has nothing in't.

Mill. Then let's to the King's.

Sir *Mart.* That's e'en as bad.

Warn. This is paſt enduring. [*Aſide.*
There was an ill Play ſet up, Sir, on the Poſts, but I can aſſure you the Bills are altered ſince you ſaw 'em, and now there are two admirable Comedies at both Houſes.

Moody.

Moody. But my Daughter loves ſerious Plays.

Warn. They are Tragi-Comedies, Sir, for both.

Sir *Mart.* I have heard her ſay ſhe loves none but Tragedies.

Moody. Where have you heard her ſay ſo, Sir?

Warn. Sir, you forget your ſelf, you never ſaw her in your life before.

Sir *Mart.* What, not at *Canterbury*, in the Cathedral Church there? This is the impudenteſt Raſcal——

Warn. Mum, Sir——

Sir *Mart.* Ah Lord, what have I done! as I hope to be ſav'd, Sir, it was before I was aware; for if ever I ſet Eyes on her before this day——I wiſh——

Moody. This Fellow is not ſo much Fool, as he makes one believe he is.

Mill. I thought he would be diſcover'd for a Wit: this 'tis to over-act ones part! [*Aſide.*

Moody. Come away, Daughter, I will not truſt you in his hands; there's more in't than I imagin'd. [*Ex.* Moody, Mill. La. Dupe, Roſe.

Sir *Mart.* Why do you frown upon me ſo, when you know your looks go to the heart of me? what have I done beſides a little *lapſus linguæ?*

Warn. Why, who ſays you have done any thing? y'are a meer Innocent.

Sir *Mart.* As the Child that's to be born, in my intentions; if I know how I have offended my ſelf any more than in one word——

Warn. But don't follow me however——I have nothing to ſay to you.

Sir *Mart.* I'll follow you to the Worlds end, till you forgive me.

Warn. I am reſolv'd to lead you a Dance then. [*Exit running.*

Sir *Mart.* The Rogue has no mercy in him, but I muſt mollifie him with Money. [*Exit.*

Enter La. Dupe. Truly my little Couſin's the apteſt Scholar, and takes out Love's Leſſons ſo exactly, that I joy to ſee it: ſhe has got already the Bond of Two thouſand Pounds ſeal'd for her Portion, which I keep for her; a pretty good beginning: 'tis true, I believe he has enjoy'd her, and ſo let him: *Mark Anthony* woed not at ſo dear a price.

To her Chriſtian. O Madam! I fear I am breeding!

La. *Dupe.* A taking Wench! but 'tis no matter; have you told any Body?

Chr. I have been venturing upon your Foundation, a little to diſſemble.

La. *Dupe.* That's a good Child, I hope it will thrive with thee, as it has with me: Heaven has a Bleſſing in ſtore upon our Endeavours.

Chr. I feign'd my ſelf ſick, and kept my Bed; my Lord he came to Viſit me, and in the end, I diſclos'd it to him in the ſaddeſt Paſſion.

La. *Dupe.* This frighted him, I hope, into a ſtudy how to cloak your diſgrace, leſt it ſhould have vent to his Lady.

Chr. 'Tis true; but all the while I ſubt'ly drove it, that he ſhould name you to me, as the fitteſt Inſtrument of the Concealment; but how to break it to you, ſtrangely does perplex him: he has been ſeeking you all o'er the Houſe; therefore I'll leave your Ladyſhip; for fear we ſhould be ſeen together. [*Exit.*

La. *Dupe.* Now I muſt play my part;
Nature, in Women, teaches more than Art.

Enter Lord.

Lord. Madam, I have a Secret to impart;
A ſad one too, and have no Friend to truſt but only you.

La. *Dupe.* Your Lady, or your Children ſick?

Lord. Not that I know.

La. *Dupe.* You ſeem to be in health.

Lord. In Body, not in Mind.

La. *Dupe.* Some Scruple of Conſcience, I warrant; my Chaplain ſhall reſolve you.

Lord. Madam, my Soul's tormented.

La. *Dupe.* O take heed of Deſpair, my Lord!

Lord. Madam, there's no Medicine for this Sickneſs, but only you; your Friendſhip's my ſafe Haven, elſe I am loſt and Shipwrack'd.

La. *Dupe.* Pray tell me what it is.

Lord. Could I expreſs it by ſad Sighs and Groans,
Or drown it with my ſelf in Seas of Tears,
I ſhould be happy, would, and would not tell.

La. *Dupe.* Command whatever I can ſerve you in,
I will be faithful ſtill to all your ends, provided they be juſt and vertuous.

Lord.

Lord. That word has ſtopt me.

La. *Dupe.* Speak out, my Lord, and boldly tell what 'tis.

Lord. Then, in Obedience to your Commands, your Couſin is with Child.

La. *Dupe.* Which Couſin?

Lord. Your Couſin *Chriſtian* here i' the Houſe.

La. *Dupe.* Alas! then ſhe has ſtollen a Marriage, and undone her ſelf:
Some young Fellow, on my Conſcience, that's a Beggar!
Youth will not be advis'd; well, I'll never meddle more with Girls;
One is no more aſſur'd of 'em than Grooms of Mules,
They'll ſtrike when leaſt one thinks on't:
But, pray your Lordſhip, what is her choice then for an Husband?

Lord. She is not Married that I know of, Madam.

La. *Dupe.* Not Married! 'tis impoſſible, the Girl does ſure abuſe you.
I know her Education has been ſuch, the Fleſh could not prevail; therefore ſhe does abuſe you, it muſt be ſo.

Lord. Madam, not to abuſe you longer, ſhe is with Child, and I the unfortunate Man, who did this moſt unlucky Act.

La. *Dupe.* You! I'll never believe it.

Lord. Madam, 'tis too true; believe it, and be ſerious how to hide her ſhame:
I beg it here upon my Knees.

La. *Dupe.* Oh, oh, oh—— [*She faints away.*

Lord. Who's there? who's there? Help, help, help.

Enter two Women, Roſe, Penelope.

1 *Wom.* O merciful God, my Lady's gone!

2 *Wom.* Whither?

1 *Wom.* To Heaven, God knows, to Heaven.

Roſe. Rub her, rub her; fetch warm Cloaths.

2 *Wom.* I ſay, run to the Cabinet of Quinteſſence; *Gilbert*'s Water, *Gilbert*'s Water.

1 *Wom.* Now all the good Folks of Heaven look down upon her.

Mill. Set her in the Chair.

Roſe. Open her Mouth with a Dagger, or a Key; pour, pour; Where's the Spoon?

2 *Wom.* She ſtirs, ſhe revives, merciful to us all; what a thing was this! ſpeak, Lady, ſpeak.

La. *Dupe.* So, ſo, ſo.

Mill. Alas, my Lord, How came this Fit?

Lord. With Sorrow, Madam.

La *Dupe.* Now I am better: *Beſs*, you have not ſeen me thus.

1 *Wom.* Heav'n forefend! that I ſhould live to ſee you ſo again

La. *Dupe.* Go, go, I'm prety well; withdraw into the next Room, but be near, I pray, for fear of the worſt. [*They go out.*
———My Lord, ſit down near me, I pray, I'll ſtrive to ſpeak a few Words to you, and then to Bed—— nearer—— my Voice is faint——— My Lord, Heav'n knows how I have ever Lov'd you, and is this my Reward? Had you none to abuſe but me in that unfortunate fond Girl, that you know was dearer to me than my Life? This was not Love to her, but an inveterate Malice to poor me.
Oh, oh—— [*Faints again.*

Lord. Help, help, help.

All the Women again.

1 *Wom.* This fit will carry her: Alaſs! It is a Letchery!

2 *Wom.* The Balſom, the Balſom!

1 *Wom.* No, no, the Chimiſtry Oyl of Roſemary: Hold her up, and give her Air.

Mill. Feel whether ſhe Breathes, with your Hand before her Mouth.

Roſe. No, Madam, 'tis Key-cold.

1 *Wom.* Look up, dear Madam, if you have any Hope of Salvation!

2 *Wom.* Hold up your Finger, Madam, if you have any Hope of Fraternity.
O the Bleſſed Saints that hear me not, take her Mortality to them.

La. *Dupe.* Enough; ſo, 'tis well——— withdraw, and let me reſt a while, only my dear Lord remain.

1 *Wom.* Pray your Lordſhip keep her from ſwebbing [*Exeunt Women.*

Lord. Here Humbly once again, I beg your Pardon and your Help.

La. *Dupe.* Heav'n forgive you, and I do: Stand up, my Lord, and ſit cloſe by me:
O this

O this naughty Girl! But did your Lordſhip win her ſoon?

Lord. No, Madam, but with much difficulty.

La. *Dupe.* I'm glad on't; it ſhew'd the Girl had ſome Religion in her, all my Precepts were not in vain: But you Men are ſtrange Tempters: Good, my Lord, where was this Wicked Act then firſt committed?

Lord. In an out-Room upon a Trunk.

La. *Dupe.* Poor Heart, what ſhift Love makes! Oh ſhe does Love you dearly, though to her ruin! And then what place, my Lord?

Lord. An old waſte Room, with a decay'd Bed in't.

La. *Dupe.* Out upon that dark Room for Deeds of Darkneſs! And that rotten Bed! I wonder it did hold your Lordſhip's Vigor: But you dealt gently with the Girl. Well, you ſhall ſee I Love you, for I will manage this Buſineſs to both your Advantages, by the aſſiſtance of Heav'n I will: Good, my Lord, help to lead me out. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Warner *and* Roſe.

Roſe. A Miſchief upon all Fools! Do you think your Maſter has not done wiſely? Firſt to miſtake our Old Man's Humour, then to diſpraiſe the Plays: And laſtly, to diſcover his Acquaintance with my Miſtreſs. My Old Maſter has taken ſuch a Jealouſy of him, that he will never admit him into his ſight again.

Warn. Thou mak'ſt thy ſelf a greater Fool than he, by being Angry at what he cannot help—— I have been angry with him too, but theſe Friends have taken up the Quarrel—— [*Shews Gold.*] Look you, he has ſent theſe Mediators to mitigate your Wrath: Here are twenty of 'em have made a long Voyage from *Guinny* to kiſs your Hands: And when the Match is made, there are an hundred more in readineſs to be your Humble Servants.

Roſe, Rather than fall out with you, I'll take 'em; but I confeſs it troubles me to ſee ſo loyal a Lover have the Heart of an Emperour, and yet ſcarce the Brains of a Cobler.

Warn. Well, what device can we two beget betwixt us, to ſeparate Sir *John Swallow* and thy Miſtreſs.

Roſe. I cannot on the ſudden tell; but I hate him worſe than Foul Weather without a Coach.

Warn. Then I'll ſee if my Project will be luckier than thine. Where are the Papers concerning the Joynture I have heard you ſpeak of?

Roſe. They lie within in three great Bags, ſome twenty Reams of Paper in each Bundle, with ſix Lines in a Sheet: But there is a little Paper where all the Buſineſs lies.

Warn. Where is it? Canſt thou help me to it?

Roſe. By good chance he gave it to my Cuſtody before he ſet out for *London.* You came in good time, here it is, I was carrying it to him: Juſt now he ſent for it

Warn. So, this I will ſecure in my Pocket: When thou art ask'd for it, make two or three bad Faces, and ſay 'twas left behind: By this means he muſt of neceſſity leave the Town, to ſee for it in *Kent.*

Enter Sir John, *Sir* Martin, *Mrs.* Milliſent.

Sir *John.* 'Tis no matter, though the Old Man be ſuſpicious; I knew the ſtory all before-hand; and ſince then you have fully ſatisfy'd me of your true Friendſhip to me—— Where are the Writings? [*To* Roſe.

Roſe. Sir, I beg your Pardon; I thought I had put 'em up amongſt my Ladys things, and, it ſeems, in my haſte I quite forgot 'em, and left 'em at *Canterbury.*

Sir *John.* This is horribly unlucky! Where do you think you left 'em?

Roſe. Upon the great Box in my Ladys Chamber; they are ſafe enough I'm ſure.

Sir *John.* It muſt be ſo—— I muſt take Poſt immediately:
Madam, for ſome few Days I muſt be abſent;
And to confirm you, Friend, how much I truſt you,
I leave the deareſt Pledge I have on Earth,
My Miſtreſs, to your care.

Mill. If you Lov'd me, you would not take all Occaſions to leave me thus!

Warn. [*Aſide.*] Do, go to *Kent,* and when you come again,
Here they are ready for you. [*Shews the Papers.*

Sir *Mart.* What's that you have in your Hand there, Sirrah?

Warn. [*Aſide.*] Pox, what ill luck was this! What ſhall I ſay?

Sir *Mart.* Sometimes you've Tongue enough, what are you ſilent?

Warn. 'Tis an Account, Sir, of what Money you have loſt ſince you came to Town.

Sir *Mart.*

Sir *Mart.* I'm very glad on't: now I'll make you all ſee the ſeverity of my Fortune——give me the Paper.

Warn. Heaven! What does he mean to do? It is not fair writ out, Sir.

Sir *John.* Beſides, I am in haſte, another time, Sir——

Sir *Mart.* Pray, oblige me, Sir——'tis but one minute: all people love to be pity'd in their Misfortunes, and ſo do I: will you produce it, Sirrah?

Warn. Dear Maſter!

Sir *Mart.* Dear Raſcal! Am I Maſter or you? You Rogue!

Warn. Hold yet, Sir, and let me read it:——You cannot read my hand.

Sir *Mart.* This is ever his way, to be diſparaging me——but I'll let you ſee, Sirrah, that I can read your hand better than you your ſelf can.

Warn. You'll repent it, there's a Trick in't, Sir——

Sir *Mart.* Is there ſo, Sirrah? But I'll bring you out of all your Tricks with a Vengeance to you—— [*Reads.*

How now! What's this? A true particular of the Eſtate of Sir *John Swallow*, Knight; lying, and ſcituate in, *&c.*

Sir *John.* This is the very Paper I had loſt: [*Takes the Paper.*

I'm very glad on't, it has ſav'd me a moſt unwelcome Journey——

But I will not thank you for the Courteſie, which now I find you never did intend me——this is Confederacy, I ſmoke it now——

Come, Madam, let me wait on you to your Father.

Mill. Well, of a witty Man, this was the fooliſheſt part that ever I beheld.

[*Ex. Sir* John, Milliſent, *and* Roſe.

Sir *Mart.* I am a Fool, I muſt confeſs, and I am the moſt miſerable one without thy Help——but yet it was ſuch a Miſtake, as any Man might have made.

Warn. No doubt on't.

Sir *Mart.* Prithee chide me! This Indifference of thine wounds me to the heart.

Warn. I care not.

Sir *Mart.* Wilt thou not help me for this once?

Warn. Sir, I kiſs your hands, I have other Buſineſs.

Sir *Mart.* Dear *Warner!*

Warn. I am inflexible.

Sir *Mart.* Then I am reſolv'd I'll kill my ſelf.

Warn. You are Maſter of your own Body.

Sir *Mart.* Will you let me damn my Soul?

Warn. At your Pleaſure, as the Devil and you can agree about it.

Sir *Mart.* D'ye ſee, the Point's ready? Will you do nothing to ſave my Life?

Warn. Not in the leaſt.

Sir *Mart.* Farewel, hard-hearted *Warner.*

Warn. Adieu, ſoft-headed Sir *Martin.*

Sir *Mart.* Is it poſſible?

Warn. Why don't you diſpatch, Sir? Why all theſe Preambles?

Sir *Mart.* I'll ſee thee hang'd firſt: I know thou would'ſt have me kill'd, to get my Cloaths.

Warn. I knew it was but a Copy of your Countenance; People in this Age are not ſo apt to kill themſelves.

Sir *Mart.* Here are yet Ten pieces in my Pocket, take 'em, and let's be Friends.

Warn. You know the Eaſineſs of my Nature, and that makes you work upon it ſo. Well, Sir——for this once I caſt an Eye of Pity on you——but I muſt have Ten more in hand, before I can ſtir a foot.

Sir *Mart.* As I am a true Gameſter, I have loſt all but theſe,
——But if thou't lend me them, I'll give 'em thee again.

Warn. I'll rather truſt you till to Morrow;
Once more look up, I bid you hope the beſt.

Why ſhould your Folly make your Love Miſcarry,
Since Men firſt play the Fools, and then they Marry. [Ex.

ACT IV.

Enter Sir Martin *and* Warner.

Sir *Mart.* BUT are they to be Married this day, in private, ſay you?

Warn. 'Tis ſo concluded, Sir, I dare aſſure you.

Sir *Mart.* But why ſo ſoon, and in private?

Warn. So ſoon, to prevent the deſigns upon her; and in private, to ſave the effuſion of Chriſtian Money.

Sir *Mart.* It ſtrikes to my Heart already; in fine, I am a Dead Man—*Warner.*

Warn. Well, go your ways, I'll try what may be done. Look, if he will ſtir now; your Rival and the Old Man will ſee us together, we are juſt below the Window.

Sir *Mart.* Thou can'ſt not do't.

Warn. On the peril of my Twenty Pieces be it.

Sir *Mart.* But I have found a way to help thee out, truſt to my Wit but once.

Warn. Name your Wit, or think you have the leaſt grain of Wit once more, and I'll lay it down for ever.

Sir *Mart.* You are a ſawcy maſterly Companion, and ſo I leave you, [*Exit.*

Warn. Help, help, good People, Murther, Murther!

Enter Sir John *and* Moody.

Sir *John. Mood.* How now, what's the matter?

Warn. I am abus'd, I am beaten, I am lam'd for ever.

Mood. Who has us'd thee ſo?

Warn. The Rogue my Maſter.

Sir *John.* What was the Offence?

Warn. A trifle, juſt nothing.

Sir *John.* That's very ſtrange.

Warn. It was for telling him he loſt too much at Play; I meant him nothing but well, Heav'n knows, and he in a curſed damn'd Humour would needs revenge his Loſſes upon me: He kick'd me, took away my Money, and turn'd me off; but if I take it at his Hands——

Mood. By Coxnowns it was an ill natur'd part; nay, I thought no better could come on't, when I heard him at his Vow to Gads, and in fines.

Warn. But if I live, I'll cry quittance with him: He had engag'd me to get Mrs. *Milliſent*, your Daughter, for him; but if I do not all that ever I can to make her Hate him, a great Booby, an over-grown Oaf, a conceited *Bartlemew*——

Sir *John.* Prithee leave off thy Choler, and hear me a little: I have had a great mind to thee a long time, if thou think'ſt my Service better than his, from this minute I entertain thee.

Warn. With all my Heart, Sir, and ſo much the rather, that I may ſpight him with it—— This was the moſt Propitious Fate——

Mood. Propitious! And Fate! What a damn'd Scander-bag Rogue art thou to talk at this rate? Heark you, Sirrah, one Word more of this Gibberiſh, and I'll ſet you packing from your new Service: I'll have neither Propitious, nor Fate, come within my Doors——

Sir *John.* Nay, pray Father.

Warn. Good Old Sir be pacify'd: I was pouring out a little of the dregs that I had left in me of my former Service, and now they are gone, my Stomach's clear of 'em.

Sir *John.* This Fellow is come in a happy Hour; for now, Sir, you and I may go to prepare the Licence, and in the mean time he may have an Eye upon your Daughter.

Warn. If you pleaſe, I'll wait upon her till ſhe's ready, and then bring her to what Church you ſhall appoint.

Mood. But, Friend, you'll find ſhe'll hang an Arſe, and be very loath to come along with you; and therefore I had beſt ſtay behind and bring her my ſelf.

Warn. I warrant you, I have a Trick for that, Sir: She knows nothing of my being turn'd away: So I'll come to her as from Sir *Martin*, and under pretence of carrying her to him, conduct her to you.

Sir *John.* My better Angel——

Mood. By th' meſs 'twas well thought on; well Son, go you before, I'll ſpeak but one Word for a Diſh or two at Dinner, and follow you to the Licence-Office. Sirrah—— ſtay you here—— till my return. [*Ex. Sir* John *and* Moody.

Warn. [*ſolus.*] Was there ever ſuch a lucky Rogue as I! I had always a good Opinion of my Wit, but could never think I had ſo much as now I find. I have now gained an Opportunity to carry away Mrs. *Milliſent* for my Maſter, to get his Miſtreſs by means of his Rival, to receive all his Happineſs, where he could expect nothing but Miſery: After this Exploit I will have *Lilly* draw me in the Habit of a Hero, with a Laurel on my Temples, and an Inſcription below it, *This is* Warner *the Flower of Serving Men.* *Enter*

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Pray do me the Favour to help me to the Speech of Mr. *Moody.*

Warn. What's your Buſineſs?

Meſſ. I have a Letter to deliver him.

Warn. Here he comes, you may deliver it your ſelf to him. [*Re-enter* Moody.

Meſſ. Sir, a Gentleman met me at the Corner of the next Street, and bid me give this into your own hands.

Moody. Stay, Friend, till I have read it.

Meſſ. He told me, Sir, it requir'd no Anſwer. [*Ex.* Meſſ.

Moody reads. *Sir, permit me, though a Stranger, to give you Counſel; ſome young Gallants have had Intelligence, that this day you intend privately to marry your Daughter, the rich Heireſs; and, in fine, above Twenty of 'em have diſperſed themſelves to watch her going out: therefore put it off, if you will avoid miſchief, and be adviſed by*

Your Unknown Servant.

Moody. By the Mackings, I thought there was no good in't, when, I ſaw *in fine* there; there are ſome Papiſhes, I'll warrant, that lie in wait for my Daughter, or elſe they are no Engliſh-men, but ſome of your French Outalian Rogues; I owe him thanks however, this unknown Friend of mine, that told me on't. *Warner*, no Wedding to day, *Warner.*

Warn. Why, what's the matter, Sir?

Moody. I ſay no more, but ſome wiſer than ſome, I'll keep my Daughter at home this Afternoon, and a Fig for all theſe Outalians. [*Ex.* Moody.

Warn. So here's another Trick of Fortune, as unexpected for bad, as the other was for good. Nothing vexes me, but that I had made my Game Cock-ſure, and then to be Back-gammon'd: it muſt needs be the Devil that writ this Letter; he ow'd my Maſter a ſpight, and has paid him to the purpoſe: and here he comes as merry too, he little thinks what Misfortune has befall'n him. [*Enter Sir* Martin *laughing.*

and for my part I am aſham'd to tell him.

Sir *Mart. Warner*, ſuch a Jeſt, *Warner.* [*Laughs again.*

Warn. What a Murrain is the matter, Sir?

Where lies this Jeſt that tickles you?

Sir *Mart.* Let me laugh out my Laugh, and I'll tell thee? [*Laughs again.*

Warn. I wiſh you may have cauſe for all this Mirth.

Sir *Mart.* Hereafter, *Warner*, be it known unto thee, I will endure no more to be thy May-game: Thou ſhalt no more dare to tell me, I ſpoil thy Projects, and diſcover thy Deſigns; for I have play'd ſuch a Prize, without thy help, of my own Mother-Wit, ('tis true, I am haſty ſometimes, and ſo do harm; but when I have a mind to ſhew my ſelf, there's no Man in *England*, though I ſay't, comes near me, as to a point of Imagination) I'll make thee acknowledge I have laid a Plot that has a Soul in't.

Warn. Pray, Sir, keep me no longer in Ignorance of this rare Invention.

Sir *Mart.* Know then, *Warner*, that when I left thee, I was poſſeſt with a terrible fear, that my Miſtreſs ſhould be married: Well, thought I to my ſelf, and muſt'ring up all the Forces of my Wit, I did produce ſuch a Stratagem.

Warn. But what was it?

Sir *Mart.* I feign'd a Letter, as from an unknown Friend, to *Moody*, wherein I gave him to underſtand, that if his Daughter went out this Afternoon, ſhe would infallibly be ſnapt, by ſome young Fellows, that lay in wait for her.

Warn. Very good.

Sir *Mart.* That which follows, is yet better; for he I ſent aſſures me, that in that very nick of Time my Letter came, her Father was juſt ſending her abroad with a very fooliſh Raſcally Fellow that was with him.

Warn. And did you perform all this a' God's name? could you do this wonderful Miracle, without giving your Soul to the Devil for his help?

Sir *Mart.* I tell thee, Man, I did it, and it was done by the help of no Devil, but this Familiar of my own Brain; how long would it have been, e'er thou could'ſt have thought of ſuch a Project? *Martin* ſaid to his Man, *Who's the Fool now?*

Warn. Who's the Fool? Why, who us'd to be the Fool? he that ever was, ſince I knew him, and will ever be ſo?

Sir *Mart.* What a Pox? I think thou art grown envious; not one word in my Commendations?

Warn. Faith, Sir, my Skill is too little to praiſe you, as you deſerve; but if you would have it according to my poor Ability, You're one that had a Knock in

your Cradle, a conceited Lack-wit, a Deſigning Aſs, a Hair-brain'd Fop, a confounded Buſie-brain, with an Eternal Windmil in it; this, in ſhort, Sir, is the Contents of your Panegyrick.

Sir *Mart.* But what the Devil have I done, to ſet you thus againſt me?

Warn. Only this, Sir, I was the fooliſh Raſcally Fellow that was with *Moody*, and your Worſhip was he to whom I was to bring his Daughter.

Sir *Mart.* But how could I know this? I am no Witch.

Warn. No, I'll be ſworn for you, you are no Conjurer. Will you go, Sir?

Sir *Mart.* Will you hear my Juſtifications?

Warn. Shall I ſee the back of you? Speak not a word in your Defence. [*Shoves him.*

Sir *Mart.* This is the ſtrangeſt Luck now—— [*Exit.*

Warn. I'm reſolv'd this Devil of his ſhall never weary me, I will overcome him; I will invent ſomething that ſhall ſtand good, in ſpight of his Folly. Let me ſee——

Enter Lord.

Lord. Here he is——I muſt venture on him, for the Tyranny of this old Lady is unſupportable, ſince I have made her my Confident, there paſſes not an hour, but ſhe paſſes a pull at my Purſe-ſtrings; I ſhall be ruin'd if I do not quit my ſelf of her ſuddenly: I find now, by ſad experience, that a Miſtreſs is much more chargeable than a Wife, and after a little time too, grows full as dull and inſignificant. Mr. *Warner!* have you a Mind to do your ſelf a Courteſie, and me another?

Warn. I think, my Lord, the Queſtion need not be much diſputed, for I have always had a great Service for your Lordſhip, and ſome little Kindneſs for my ſelf.

Lord. What if you ſhould propoſe Mrs. *Chriſtian* as a Wife to your Maſter? You know he's never like to compaſs t' other.

Warn. I cannot tell that, my Lord——

Lord. 500 *l.* are yours at the Day of Marriage.

Warn. 500 *l.* 'tis true, the Temptation is very ſweet, and powerful; the Devil, I confeſs, has done his part, and many a good Murder and Treaſon have been committed at a cheaper rate; but yet——

Lord. What yet——

Warn. To confeſs the truth, I am reſolv'd to beſtow my Maſter upon that other Lady (as difficult as your Lordſhip thinks it) for the Honour of my Wit is engag'd in it: Will it not be the ſame to your Lordſhip, were ſhe Married to any other?

Lord. The very ſame.

Warn. Come, my Lord, not to diſſemble with you any longer, I know where it is that your Shoe wrings you: I have obſerv'd ſomething in the Houſe, betwixt ſome Parties that ſhall be nameleſs: and know that you have been taking up Linnen at a much dearer rate, than you might have had it at any Drapers in Town.

Lord. I ſee I have not danc'd in a Net before you.

Warn. As for that old Lady, whom Hell confound, ſhe is the greateſt Jilt in Nature, Cheat is her Study, all her Joy to cozen, ſhe loves nothing but her ſelf, and draws all Lines to that corrupted Centre.

Lord. I have found her out, though late: firſt, I'll undertake I ne'er enjoy'd her Niece under the rate of 500 *l.* a time; never was Womans Fleſh held up ſo high: every Night I found out for a new Maidenhead, and ſhe has ſold it me as often as ever Mother *Temple*, *Bennet*, or *Gifford*, have put off boil'd Capons for Quails and Partridges.

Warn. This is nothing to what Bills you'll have, when ſhe's brought to Bed, after her hard bargain, as they call it: then Cram'd Capons, Pea-hens, Chickens in the greaſe, Pottages, and Frigacies, Wine from *Shatling*, and *Lafronds*, with New-River, clearer by Six-pence the Pound, than ever God Almighty made it; then Midwife—— Dry-Nurſe—— Wet-Nurſe—— and all the reſt of their Accomplices, with Cradle, Baby-clouts, and Bearing-Cloaths—— Poſſets, Caudles, Broth, Jellies and Gravies! and behind all theſe, Clyſters, Suppoſiters, and a barbarous Pothecary's Bill, more inhuman than a Taylor's.

Lord. I ſweat to think on't.

Warn. Well, my Lord! chear up! I have found a way to rid you of it all, within

within a ſhort time you ſhall know more; yonder appears a young Lady, whom I muſt needs ſpeak with, pleaſe you go in and prepare the old Lady, and your Miſtreſs.

Lord. Good Luck, and 500*l.* attend thee. [*Exit.*

Enter Milliſent *and* Roſe *above.*

Mill. I am reſolv'd I'll never marry him!

Roſe. So far you are right, Madam.

Mill. But how to hinder it, I cannot poſſibly tell! For my Father preſſes me to it, and will take no denial: Wou'd I knew ſome way——

Warn. Madam, I'll teach you the very neareſt, for I have juſt now found it out.

Roſe. Are you there, Mr. *Littleplot?*

Warn. Studying to deſerve thee, *Roſe*, by my diligence for thy Lady; I ſtand here, methinks, juſt like a Wooden *Mercury*, to point her out the way to Matrimony.

Roſe. Or, Serving-man-like, ready to carry up the hot Meat for your Maſter, and then to fall upon the cold your ſelf.

Warn. I know not what you call the cold, but I believe I ſhall find warm Work on't: in the firſt place, then I muſt acquaint you, that I have ſeemingly put off my Maſter, and enter'd my ſelf into Sir *John*'s Service.

Mill. Moſt excellent!

Warn. And thereupon, but baſe——

Mill. Something he would tell us, but ſee what luck's here!

Enter Moody.

Moody. How now, Sirrah? are you ſo great there already?

Mill. I find my Father's jealous of him ſtill!

Warn. Sir, I was only teaching my young Lady a new Song, and if you pleaſe you ſhall hear it.

SINGS.

Make ready, fair Lady, to Night,
And ſtand at the Door below,
For I will be there
To receive you with Care,
And to your True Love you ſhall go.

Moody. Ods bobs this is very pretty.

Mill. I, ſo is the Lady's Anſwer too, if I could but hit on't.

SINGS.

And when the Stars twinkle ſo bright,
Then down to the Door will I creep,
To my Love will I fly,
E'er the jealous can ſpy,
And leave my old Daddy aſleep.

Moody. Bodikins, I like not that ſo well, to cozen her old Father; it may be my own Caſe another time.

Roſe. Oh, Madam! Yonder's your Perſecutor return'd.

Enter Sir John.

Mill. I'll into my Chamber, to avoid the ſight of him, as long as I can; Lord! that my old doting Father ſhould throw me away upon ſuch an *Ignoramus*, and deny me to ſuch a Wit as Sir *Martin*. [*Ex.* Mill. *and* Roſe *from above.*

Moody. O Son! here has been the moſt villainous Tragedy againſt you.

Sir *John.* What Tragedy? has there been any blood ſhed ſince I went?

Moody. No blood ſhed, but, as I told you, a moſt damnable Tragedy.

Warn. A Tragedy! I'll be hang'd if he does not mean a Stratagem.

Moody. Jack Sawce! if I ſay it is a Tragedy, it ſhall be a Tragedy, in ſpight of you; teach your Grandam how to piſs—— what—— I hope I am old enough how to ſpout Engliſh with you, Sir?

Sir *John.* But what was the reaſon you came not after me?

Moody. 'Twas well I did not, I'll promiſe you, there were thoſe would have made bold with Mrs. Bride; an' if ſhe had ſtirr'd out of doors, there were Whipſters abroad, i'faith, Padders of Maidenheads, that would have truſs'd her up, and pick'd the Lock of her Affections, e'er a Man could have ſaid, what's this? But, by good luck, I had warning of it by a Friend's Letter.

Sir *John.* The Remedy for all ſuch Dangers is eaſie; you may ſend for a Parſon, and have the Buſineſs diſpatch'd at home.

Moody. A Match, i'faith, do you provide a *Domine*, and I'll go tell her our Reſolutions,

Reſolutions, and hearten her up againſt the day of Battel. [*Ex.*

Sir *John.* Now I think on't, this Letter muſt needs come from Sir *Martin*; a Plot of his, upon my Life, to hinder our Marriage.

Warn. I ſee, Sir, you'll ſtill miſtake him for a Wit; but I am much deceiv'd, if that Letter came not from another hand.

Sir *John.* From whom, I prithee?

Warn. Nay, for that you ſhall excuſe me, Sir: I do not love to make a breach betwixt Perſons that are to be ſo near related.

Sir *John.* Thou ſeemſt to imply, that my Miſtreſs was in the Plot.

Warn. Can you make a doubt on't! Do you not know ſhe ever lov'd him? and can you hope ſhe has ſo ſoon forſaken him? You may make your ſelf miſerable if you pleaſe, by ſuch a Marriage.

Sir *John.* When ſhe is once mine, her Vertue will ſecure me.

Warn. Her Vertue!

Sir *John.* What, do you make a Mock on't?

Warn. Not I, I aſſure you, I think it no ſuch jeſting Matter.

Sir *John.* Why, is ſhe not honeſt?

Warn. Yes, in my Conſcience is ſhe, for Sir *Martin*'s Tongue's no ſlander.

Sir *John.* But does he ſay to the contrary?

Warn. If one would believe him, which, for my part, I do not, he has in a manner, confeſs'd it to me.

Sir *John.* Hell and Damnation!

Warn. Courage, Sir, never vex your ſelf, I'll warrant you 'tis all a Lie.

Sir *John.* But how ſhall I be 'ſur'd 'tis ſo?

Warn. When you are married, you'll ſoon make tryal, whether ſhe be a Maid or no?

Sir *John.* I do not love to make that Experiment at my own coſt.

Warn. Then you muſt never marry.

Sir *John.* I, but they have ſo many Tricks to cheat a Man, which are entail'd from Mother to Daughter, through all Generations, there's no keeping a Lock for that Door for which every one has a Key.

Warn. As for Example, their drawing up their breaths with Oh! You hurt me, can you be ſo cruel? Then the next day ſhe ſteals a Viſit to her Lover, that did you the Courteſie before hand, and in private tells him how ſhe cozen'd you; Twenty to one but ſhe takes out another Leſſon with him to practiſe the next Night.

Sir *John.* All this while miſerable I muſt be their May-game.

Warn. 'Tis well if you eſcape ſo; for commonly he ſtrikes in with you, and becomes your Friend.

Sir *John.* Deliver me from ſuch a Friend that ſtays behind with my Wife, when I gird on my Sword to go abroad.

Warn. I, there's your Man, Sir; Beſides, he will be ſure to watch your Haunts, and tell her of them, that if occaſion be, ſhe may have wherewithal to recriminate: at leaſt ſhe will ſeem to be jealous of you, and who would ſuſpect a jealous Wife?

Sir *John.* All manner of ways I am moſt miſerable

Warn. But if ſhe be not a Maid when you marry her, ſhe may make a good Wife afterwards; 'tis but imagining you have taken ſuch a Man's Widow.

Sir *John.* If that were all; but the Man will come and claim her again.

Warn. Examples have been frequent of thoſe that have been wanton, and yet afterwards take up.

Sir *John.* I, the ſame thing they took up before.

Warn. The truth is, an honeſt ſimple Girl that's ignorant of all things, maketh the beſt Matrimony; there is ſuch a pleaſure in inſtructing her, the beſt is, there's not one Dunce in all the Sex; ſuch a one with a good Fortune——

Sir *John.* I, but where is ſhe, *Warner?*

Warn. Near enough, but that you are too far engag'd.

Sir *John.* Engag'd to one that hath given me the earneſt of Cuckoldom before hand?

Warn. What think you then of Mrs. *Chriſtian* here in the Houſe? There's 5000 *l.* and a better Penny.

Sir *John.* Ay, But is ſhe Fool enough?

Warn. She's none of the Wiſe Virgins, I can aſſure you.

Sir *John.* Dear *Warner*, ſtep in the next Room, and inveagle her out this way, that I may ſpeak to her.

Warn.

Warn. Remember, above all things, you keep this Wooing ſecret; if it takes the leaſt Wind, old *Moody* will be ſure to hinder it.

Sir *John.* Doſt thou think I ſhall get her Aunt's Conſent?

Warn. Leave that to me. [*Ex.* Warn.

Sir *John.* How happy a Man ſhall I be, if I can but compaſs this! and what a Precipice have I avoided! then the Revenge too is ſweet, to ſteal a Wife under her Father's Noſe, and leave 'um in the lurch who has abus'd me: Well, ſuch a Servant, as this *Warner*, is a Jewel.

Enter Warner, *and* Mrs. Chriſtian *to him.*

Warn. There ſhe is, Sir, now I'll go to prepare her Aunt.

Sir *John.* Sweet Miſtreſs, I am come to wait upon you.

Chr. Truly, you are too good to wait on me.

Sir *John.* And in the condition of a Suitor.

Chr. As how, forſooth?

Sir *John.* To be ſo happy as to marry you.

Chr. O Lord, I would not marry for any thing!

Sir *John.* Why? 'tis the honeſt end of Woman-kind.

Chr. Twenty Years hence, forſooth: I would not lie in Bed with a Man for a World, their Beards it will ſo prickle one.

Sir *John.* Pah,——What an innocent Girl it is, and very Child! I like a Colt that was never yet back'd, for ſo I ſhall make her what I liſt, and mould her as I will; Lord! her Innocency makes me laugh; my Cheeks all wet,——Sweet Lady—— [*Aſide.*

Chr. I'm but a Gentlewoman, forſooth.

Sir *John.* Well then, ſweet Miſtreſs, if I get your Friends conſent, ſhall I have yours?

Chr. My old Lady may do what ſhe will, forſooth, but by my truly, I hope ſhe will have more care of me, than to marry me yet; Lord bleſs me, What ſhould I do with a Husband?

Sir *John.* Well, ſweet Heart, then inſtead of Wooing you, I muſt Wooe my old Lady.

Chr. Indeed, Gentleman, my old Lady is married already: Cry you mercy, forſooth, I think you are a Knight.

Sir *John.* Happy in that Title only to make you a Lady.

Chr. Believe me, Mr. Knight, I would not be a Lady, it makes Folks proud, and ſo humorous, and ſo ill Huſwifes, forſooth.

Sir *John.* Pah,——ſhe's a Baby, the ſimpleſt think that ever yet I knew, the happieſt Man I ſhall be in the World; for ſhould I have my Wiſh, it ſhould be to keep School, and teach the bigger Girls, and here in one my Wiſh it is abſolv'd.

Enter Lady Dupe.

La. *Dupe.* By your leave, Sir: I hope this noble Knight will make you happy, and you make him.

Chr. What ſhall I make him? [*Sighing.*

La. *Dupe.* Marry, you ſhall make him happy in a good Wife.

Chr. I will not Marry, Madam.

La. *Dupe.* You Fool!

Sir *John.* Pray, Madam, let me ſpeak with you; on my Soul 'tis the pretti'ſt, innocent'ſt Thing in the World.

La. *Dupe.* Indeed, Sir, ſhe knows little beſides her Work, and her Prayers; but I'll talk with the Fool.

Sir *John.* Deal gently with her, dear Madam.

La. *Dupe.* Come, *Chriſtian*, Will not you marry this noble Knight?

Chr. Yes, Yes, Yes—— [*Sobbingly.*

La. *Dupe.* Sir, it ſhall be to Night.

Sir *John.* This Innocence is a Dowry beyond all price.

[*Ex.* Old Lady, *and Mrs.* Chriſtian.

Enter Sir Martin, and *Sir* John, *muſing.*

Sir *Mart.* You are very Melancholy, methinks, Sir.

Sir *John.* You are miſtaken, Sir.

Sir *Mart.* You may diſſemble as you pleaſe, but Mrs. *Milliſent* lies at the bottom of your heart.

Sir *John.* My heart, I aſſure you, has no room for ſo poor a Trifle.

Sir *Mart.* Sure you think to wheadle me, would you have me imagine you do not love her? Sir

Sir *John.* Love her! Why ſhould you think me ſuch a Sot? Love a Proſtitute, and infamous Perſon!

Sir *Mart.* Fair and ſoft, good Sir *John.*

Sir *John.* You ſee I am no very obſtinate Rival, I leave the Field free to you: Go on, Sir, and purſue your good Fortune, and be as happy as ſuch a common Creature can make thee.

Sir *Mart.* This is Hebrew-Greek to me; But I muſt tell you, Sir, I will not ſuffer my Divinity to be prophan'd by ſuch a Tongue as yours.

Sir *John.* Believe it, whate'er I ſay, I can quote my Author for.

Sir *Mart.* Then, Sir, Whoever told it you, ly'd in his Throat, d' you ſee, and deeper than that, d' ye ſee, in his Stomach, and his Guts d' ye ſee: tell me ſhe's a common Perſon! he's a Son of a Whore that ſaid it, and I'll make him eat his words, though he ſpoke 'em in a Privy-houſe.

Sir *John.* What if *Warner* told me ſo? I hope you'll grant him to be a competent Judge in ſuch a buſineſs.

Sir *Mart.* Did that precious Raſcal ſay it?——Now I think on't, I'll not believe you: in fine, Sir, I'll hold you an even Wager he denies it.

Sir *John.* I'll lay you Ten to one, he juſtifies it to your Face.

Sir *Mart.* I'll make him give up the Ghoſt under my Fiſt, if he does not deny it.

Sir *John.* I'll cut off his Ears upon the Spot, if he does not ſtand to't.

Enter Warner.

Sir *Mart.* Here he comes in Pudding-time to reſolve the Queſtion: Come hither, you lying Varlet, hold up your hand at the Bar of Juſtice, and anſwer to what I ſhall demand.

Warn. What a Goodiet is the matter, Sir?

Sir *Mart.* Thou Spawn of the old Serpent, fruitful in nothing but in Lies!

Warn. A very fair beginning this.

Sir *Mart.* Did'ſt thou dare to caſt thy Venom upon ſuch a Saint as Mrs. *Milliſent*, to traduce her Vertue, and ſay it was adulterate?

Warn. Not guilty, my Lord.

Sir *Mart.* I told you ſo.

Sir *John.* How, Mr. Raſcal! Have you forgot what you ſaid but now concerning Sir *Martin* and Mrs. *Milliſent*? I'll ſtop the Lie down your Throat, if you dare deny't.

Sir *Mart.* Say you ſo! Are you there again i'faith?

Warn. Pray pacifie your ſelf, Sir, 'twas a Plot of my own deviſing.

Sir *Mart.* Leave off your winking and your pinking, with a Horſe-Pox t' ye, I'll underſtand none of it; tell me in plain Engliſh the truth of the buſineſs; for an' you were my own Brother, you ſhould pay for it: belye my Miſtreſs! What a Pox d' ye think I have no ſenſe of Honour?

Warn. What the Devil's the matter w'ye? Either be at quiet, or I'll reſolve to take my Heels and be gone.

Sir *Mart.* Stop Thief there! What did you think to 'ſcape the hand of Juſtice? [*Lays hold on him.*
The beſt on't is, Sirrah, your Heels are not altogether ſo nimble as your Tongue. [*Beats him.*

Warn. Help! Murther! Murther!

Sir *Mart.* Confeſs, you Rogue, then.

Warn. Hold your Hands, I think the Devil's in you——I tell you, 'tis a Device of mine.

Sir *Mart.* And have you no body to deviſe it on but my Miſtreſs, the very Map of Innocence?

Sir *John.* Moderate your Anger, good Sir *Martin.*

Sir *Mart.* By your Patience, Sir, I'll chaſtiſe him abundantly.

Sir *John.* That's a little too much, Sir, by your Favour, to beat him in my preſence.

Sir *Mart.* That's a good one i'faith, your preſence ſhall hinder me from beating my own Servant?

Warn. O Traytor to all Senſe and Reaſon! he's going to diſcover that too.

Sir *Mart.* An' I had a mind to beat him to Mummy, he's my own, I hope.

Sir *John.* At preſent, I muſt tell you, he's mine, Sir.

Sir *Mart.* Hey-day! here's fine juggling!

Warn. Stop yet, Sir, you are juſt upon the brink of a Precipice.

Sir *Mart.* What is't thou meaneſt now——ah Lord! my mind miſgives me, I have

have done ſome Fault, but would I were hang'd if I can find it out. [*Aſide.*

Warn. There's no making him underſtand me.

Sir *Mart.* Pox on't, come what will, I'll not be fac'd down with a Lie; I ſay he is my Man.

Sir *John.* Pray remember your ſelf better; did not you turn him away for ſome fault lately, and laid a Livery of black and blue on his Back before he went?

Sir *Mart.* The Devil of any fault, or any black and blue that I remember: either the Raſcal put ſome Trick upon you, or you would upon me.

Sir *John.* O, oh, then it ſeems the cudgelling and turning away, were pure Invention; I am glad I underſtand it.

Sir *Mart. In fine*, it's all ſo damn'd a Lie.——

Warn. Alas! he has forgot it, Sir, good Wits, you know, have bad Memories.

Sir *John.* No, no, Sir, that ſhall not ſerve your turn, you may return when you pleaſe to your old Maſter, I give you a fair Diſcharge, and a glad Man I am to be ſo rid of you: were you thereabouts i'faith? What a Snake I had entertain'd into my Boſom? Fare you well, Sir, and lay your next Plot better between you. [*Ex. Sir* John.

Warn. Lord, Sir, how you ſtand! as you were nip'd i' th' head; have you done any new piece of Folly, that makes you look ſo like an Aſs?

Sir *Mart.* Here's three pieces of Gold yet, if I had the heart to offer it thee. [*Holds the Gold afar off trembling.*

Warn. Noble Sir, what have I done to deſerve ſo great a Liberality. I confeſs if you had beaten me for my own fault, if you had utterly deſtroy'd all my Projects, then it might ha' been expected that ten or twenty Pieces ſhould have been offer'd by way of Recompence or Satisfaction.

Sir *Mart.* Nay, an' you be ſo full of your Flowts, your Friend and Servant; who the Devil could tell the meaning of your Signs and Tokens, an' you go to that?

Warn. You are no Aſs then?

Sir *Mart.* Well, Sir, to do you Service, d'ye ſee, I am an Aſs in a fair way; Will that ſatisfie you?

Warn. For this once, produce thoſe three Pieces, I am contented to receive that inconſiderable Tribute: or make 'em ſix, and I'll take the Fault upon my ſelf.

Sir *Mart.* Are we Friends then? If we are let me adviſe you.——

Warn. Yet adviſing——

Sir *Mart.* For no harm, good *Warner*: But pray next time make me of your Council, let me enter into the Buſineſs, inſtruct me in every Point, and then if I diſcover all, I am reſolv'd to give over Affairs, and retire from the World.

Warn. Agreed, it ſhall be ſo; but let us now take breath awhile, then on again.

For though we had the worſt, thoſe heats were paſt,
We'll whip and ſpur, and fetch him up at laſt. Ex.

ACT V.

Enter Lord, *Lady* Dupe, *Mrs.* Chriſtian, Roſe, *and* Warner.

Lord. YOur Promiſe is admirably made good to me, that Sir *John Swallow* ſhould be this Night Married to Mrs. *Chriſtian*; inſtead of that, he is more deeply engag'd than ever with old *Moody.*

Warn. I cannot help theſe Ebbs and Flows of Fortune.

La. *Dupe.* I am ſure my Niece ſuffers moſt in't, he's come off to her with a cold Complement of a Miſtake in his Miſtreſſes Vertue, which he has now found out, by your Maſter's Folly, to be a Plot of yours to ſeparate them.

Chr. To be forſaken when a Woman has given her Conſent!

Lord. 'Tis the ſame Scorn, as to have a Town render'd up, and afterwards ſlighted.

Roſe. You are a ſweet Youth, Sir, to uſe my Lady ſo, when ſhe depended on you; Is this the Faith of a *Valet de Chambre?* I would be aſham'd to be ſuch a diſhonour to my Profeſſion; it will reflect upon us in time, we ſhall be ruin'd by your good Example.

Warn. As how, my dear Lady Embaſſadreſs?

Roſe. Why, they ſay the Women govern their Ladies, and you govern us: So if you play faſt and looſe, not a Gallant will bribe us for our good wills; the gentle *Guinea* will now go to the Ordinary, which us'd as duly to ſteal into our hands at the Stair-foot, as into Mr. Doctor's at parting.

Lord. Night's come, and I expect your Promiſe.

La. *Dupe.* Fail with me if you think good, Sir.

Chr. I give no more time.

Roſe. And if my Miſtreſs go to Bed a Maid to Night——

Warn. Hey day! You are dealing with me, as they do with the Bankers, call in all your Debts together; there's no poſſibility of payment at this rate, but I'll coin for you all as faſt as I can, I aſſure you.

La. *Dupe.* But you muſt not think to pay us with falſe Money, as you have done hitherto.

Roſe. Leave off your Mountebank Tricks with us, and fall to your Buſineſs in good earneſt.

Warn. Faith, and I will, *Roſe*; for to confeſs the truth, I am a kind of a Mountebank, I have but one Cure for all your Diſeaſes; that is, That my Maſter may marry Mrs. *Milliſent*, for then Sir *John Swallow* will of himſelf return to Mrs. *Chriſtian.*

Lord. He ſays true, and therefore we muſt all be helping to that Deſign.

Warn. I'll put you upon ſomething, give me but a thinking-time in the firſt place, get a Warrant and Bailiffs to Arreſt Sir *John Swallow*, upon a Promiſe of Marriage to Mrs. *Chriſtian.*

Lord. Very good.

La. *Dupe.* We'll all ſwear it.

Warn. I never doubted your Ladiſhip in the leaſt, Madam —— for the reſt we will conſider hereafter.

Lord. Leave this to us. [*Ex.* Lord, *Lady* Dupe, Chr.

Warn. Roſe, Where's thy Lady?

Mill. What have you to ſay to her?

Warn. Only to tell you, Madam, I am going forward in the great work of Projection.

Mill. I know not whether you will deſerve my thanks when the Work's done.

Warn. Madam, I hope you are not become indifferent to my Maſter.

Mill. If he ſhould prove a Fool after all your crying up his Wit, I ſhall be a miſerable Woman.

Warn. A Fool! that were a good Jeſt i'faith: But how comes your Ladiſhip to ſuſpect it?

Roſe. I have heard, Madam, your greateſt Wits have ever a touch of Madneſs and Extravagance in them, ſo perhaps has he.

Warn. There's nothing more diſtant than Wit and Folly, yet like Eaſt and Weſt, they may meet in a Point, and produce Actions that are but a Hairsbreadth from one another.

Roſe. I'll undertake he has Wit enough to make one laugh at him a whole Day together; he's a moſt Comical Perſon.

Mill. For all this, I will not ſwear he is no Fool; he has ſtill diſcover'd all your Plots.

Warn. O Madam, that's the common Fate of your Machivilians, they draw their Deſigns ſo ſubtle, that their very fineneſs breaks them.

Mill. However I'm reſolv'd to be on the ſure ſide, I will have certain Proof of his Wit before I marry him.

Warn. Madam, I'll give you one, he wears his Cloaths like a great Sloven, and that's a ſure ſign of Wit, he neglects his outward parts; beſides, he ſpeaks *French*, Sings, Dances, plays upon the Lute.

Mill. Does he do all this, ſay you?

Warn. Moſt divinely, Madam.

Mill. I ask no more; then let him give me a Serenade immediately: but let him ſtand in the View; I'll not be cheated.

Warn. He ſhall do't, Madam: But how, the Devil knows——for he ſings like a Scritch Owl, and never touch'd the Lute. [*Aſide.*

Mill. You'll ſee't perform'd?

Warn. Now I think on't, Madam; this will but retard our Enterprize.

Mill. Either let him do't, or ſee me no more.

Warn. Well, it ſhall be done, Madam; but where's your Father? Will not he over-hear it?

Mill. As good hap is, he's below Stairs, talking with a Seaman, that has brought him News from the *Eaſt-Indies.*

Warn. What Concernment can he have there?

Mill. He had a Baſtard Son there, whom he loved extremely: but not having any News from him theſe many Years, concluded him dead; this Son he expects within theſe three Days. *Warn.*

Warn. When did he ſee him laſt?

Mill. Not ſince he was ſeven Years old.

Warn. A ſudden Thought comes into my head, to make him appear before his time; let my Maſter paſs for him, and by that means he may come into the Houſe unſuſpected by your Father, or his Rival.

Mill. According as he performs his Serenade, I'll talk with you —— make haſte——I muſt retire a little. [*Ex.* Mill. *from above.*

Roſe. I'll inſtruct him moſt rarely, he ſhall never be found out; but in the mean time, what wilt thou do with a Serenade?

Warn. Faith, I am a little non-pluſs'd on the ſudden, but a warm Conſolation from thy Lips, *Roſe*, would ſet my Wits a working again.

Roſe. Adieu, *Warner.*

Warn. Inhumane *Roſe*, adieu. [*Ex.* Roſe.

Blockhead *Warner*, into what a *Præmunire* haſt thou brought thy ſelf! this 'tis to be ſo forward to promiſe for another——but to be Godfather to a Fool, to promiſe and vow he ſhould do any thing like a Chriſtian——

Enter Sir Martin.

Sir *Mart.* Why, how now, Bully, in a brown Study? for my good, I warrant it; there's Five Shillings for thee, what, we muſt encourage good Wits ſometimes.

Warn. Hang your white Pelf: ſure, Sir, by your largeſs you miſtake me for *Martin Parker*, the Ballad-Maker, your Covetouſneſs has offended my Muſe, and quite dull'd her.

Sir *Mart.* How angry the poor Devil is! *in fine*, thou art as Cholerick as a Cook by a fire-ſide.

Warn. I am over-heated, like a Gun, with continual diſcharging my Wit: 'Slife, Sir, I have rarified my Brains for you, till they are evaporated; but come, Sir, do ſomething for your ſelf like a Man, I have engag'd you ſhall give to your Miſtreſs a Serenade, in your proper Perſon: I'll borrow a Lute for you.

Sir *Mart.* I'll warrant thee I'll do't, Man.

Warn. You never learn'd; I don't think you know one ſtop.

Sir *Mart.* 'Tis no matter for that, Sir; I'll play as faſt as I can, and never ſtop at all.

Warn. Go to, you are an invincible Fool, I ſee! get up into your Window, and ſet two Candles by you, take my Landlord's Lute in your hand, and fumble on't, and make Grimaces with your Mouth, as if you ſung; in the mean time, I'll play in the next Room in the dark, and conſequently your Miſtreſs, who will come to her Balcony over againſt you, will think it to be you; and at the end of every Tune, I'll ring the Bell that hangs between your Chamber and mine, that you may know when to have done.

Sir *Mart.* Why, this is fair Play now, to tell a Man before-hand what he muſt do; Gramercy, i'faith, Boy, now if I fail thee——

Warn. About your buſineſs then, your Miſtreſs and her Maid appear already: I'll give you the ſign with the Bell, when I am prepar'd, for my Lute is at hand in the Barber's Shop. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Milliſent *and* Roſe, *with a Candle by 'em above.*

Roſe. We ſhall have rare Muſick.

Mill. I wiſh it prove ſo; for I ſuſpect the Knight can neither play nor ſing.

Roſe. But if he does, you're bound to pay the Muſick, Madam.

Mill. I'll not believe it, except both my Ears and Eyes are Witneſſes.

Roſe. But 'tis night, Madam, and you cannot ſee 'em; yet he may play admirably in the dark.

Mill. Where's my Father?

Roſe. You need not fear him, he's ſtill employ'd with that ſame Seaman, and I have ſet Mrs. *Chriſtian* to watch their diſcourſe, that betwixt her and me *Warner* may have wherewithal to inſtruct his Maſter.

Mill. But yet there's fear my Father will find out the Plot.

Roſe. Not in the leaſt, for my old Lady has provided two rare Diſguiſes for the Maſter and the Man.

Mill. Peace, I hear them beginning to tune the Lute.

Roſe. And ſee, Madam, where your true Knight, Sir *Martin*, is plac'd yonder, like *Apollo*, with his Lute in his Hand, and his Rays about his Head.

[*Sir* Martin *appears at the adverſe Window, a Tune play'd; when it is done,* Warner *rings, and Sir* Martin *holds.*

Did he not play moſt excellently, Madam?

Mill. He play'd well; and yet methinks he held his Lute but untowardly.

Roſe. Dear Madam, peace; now for the Song.

The SONG.

BLind Love, to this hour,
Had never like me, a Slave under his power.
Then bleſt be the Dart
That he threw at my Heart,
For nothing can prove
A Joy ſo great as to be wounded with Love.

My Days and my Nights
Are fill'd to the purpoſe with Sorrows and Frights;
From my Heart ſtill I ſigh,
And my Eyes are ne'er dry,
So that, Cupid be prais'd,
I am to the Top of Love's Happineſs rais'd.

My Soul's all on fire,
So that I have the Pleaſure to doat and deſire,
Such a pretty ſoft Pain,
That it tickles each Vein,
'Tis the Dream of a Smart,
Which makes me breathe ſhort when it beats at my Heart.

Sometimes in a Pet,
When I am deſpis'd, I my Freedom would get;
But ſtreight a ſweet Smile
Does my Anger beguile,
And my Heart does recal,
Then the more I do ſtruggle, the lower I fall.

Heaven does not impart
Such a Grace, as to love, unto ev'ry one's Heart;
For many may wiſh
To be wounded, and miſs:
Then bleſt be Love's Fire,
And more bleſt her Eyes that firſt taught me Deſire.

[*The Song being done,* Warner *rings again; but Sir* Martin *continues fumbling, and gazing on his Miſtreſs.*

Mill. A pretty humour'd Song——but ſtay, methinks he plays and ſings ſtill, and yet we cannot hear him——Play louder, Sir *Martin*, that we may have the Fruits on't.

Warn. peeping.] Death! this abominable Fool will ſpoil all again. Dam him, he ſtands making his Grimaces yonder, and he looks ſo earneſtly upon his Miſtreſs, that he hears me not. [*Rings again.*

Mill. Ah, ah! have I found you out, Sir? now, as I live and breathe, this is pleaſant, *Roſe*,——his Man play'd and ſung for him, and he, it ſeems, did not know when he ſhould give over. [Mill. *and* Roſe *laugh.*

Warn. They have found him out, and laugh yonder, as if they would ſplit their ſides. Why, Mr. Fool, Oaf, Coxcomb, will you hear none of your Names?

Mill. Sir *Martin*, Sir *Martin*, take your Man's Counſel, and keep time with your Muſick.

Sir *Mart. peeping.*] Hah! what do you ſay, Madam? How does your Ladiſhip like my Muſick?

Mill. O moſt Heavenly! juſt like the Harmony of the Spheres, that is to be admired, and never heard.

Warn. You have ruin'd all, by your not leaving off in time.

Sir *Mart.* What the Devil wou'd you have a Man do, when my hand is in! well, o'my Conſcience, I think there is a Fate upon me. [*Noiſe within.*

Mill Look, *Roſe*, what's the matter?

Roſe. 'Tis Sir *John Swallow*, purſu'd by the Bayliffs, Madam, according to our Plot; it ſeems they have dogg'd him thus late to his Lodging.

Mill. That's well! for though I begin not to love this Fool; yet I am glad I ſhall be rid on him. [*Ex.* Mill. Roſe.

Enter

Enter Sir John, *purſu'd by three Bayliffs over the Stage.*

Sir *Mart.* Now I'll redeem all again, my Miſtreſs ſhall ſee my Valour, I'm reſolv'd on't; Villains, Rogues, Poultroons! what, three upon one? *in fine*, I'll be with you immediately. [*Ex.*

Warn. Why, Sir, are you ſtark mad? have you no grains of ſence left? he's gone! now is he as earneſt in the Quarrel, as *Cokes* among the Puppets; 'tis to no purpoſe what ever I do for him. [*Ex.* Warner.

Re-enter Sir John *and Sir* Martin *(having driven away the Bayliffs) Sir* Martin *flouriſheth his Sword.*

Sir *Mart. Victoria! Victoria!* what heart, Sir *John*, you have received no harm, I hope?

Sir *John.* Not the leaſt, I thank you, Sir, for your timely Aſſiſtance which I will requite with any thing but the reſigning of my Miſtreſs——Dear Sir *Martin*, a good Night.

Sir *Mart.* Pray let me wait upon you in, Sir *John.*

Sir *John.* I can find my way to Mrs. *Milliſent* without you, Sir, I thank you.

Sir *Mart.* But pray, what were you to be arreſted for?

Sir *John.* I know no more than you; ſome little Debts, perhaps, I left unpaid by my negligence: once more good night, Sir. [*Ex.*

Sir *Mart.* He's an ungrateful Fellow; and ſo, *in fine*, I ſhall tell him, when I ſee him next——Monſieur—— [*Enter* Warner.

Warner, a propos! I hope you'll applaud me now, I have defeated the Enemy, and that in ſight of my Miſtreſs; Boy, I have charm'd her, i'faith, with my Valour.

Warn. I, juſt as much as you did e'en now with your Muſick; go, you are ſo beaſtly a Fool, that a chiding is thrown away upon you.

Sir *Mart.* Fool in your Face, Sir; call a Man of Honour, Fool, when I have juſt atchieved ſuch an Enterpriſe——Gad now my Blood's up, I am a dangerous Perſon, I can tell you that, *Warner.*

Warn. Poor Animal, I pity thee.

Sir *Mart.* I grant I am no Muſician, but you muſt allow me for a Swordman, I have beat 'em bravely; and *in fine*, I am come off unhurt, ſave only a little ſcratch i' th' head.

Warn. That's impoſſible, thou haſt a Scull ſo thick, no Sword can pierce it: but much good may't d'ye, Sir, with the fruits of your Valour: You reſcu'd your Rival when he was to be Arreſted, on purpoſe to take him off from your Miſtreſs.

Sir *Mart.* Why, this is ever the Fate of Ingenious Men; nothing thrives they take in hand.

Enter Roſe.

Roſe. Sir *Martin*, You have done your buſineſs with my Lady, ſhe'll never look upon you more; ſhe ſays, ſhe's ſo well ſatisfied of your Wit and Courage, that ſhe will not put you to any farther tryal.

Sir *Mart. Warner*, is there no hopes, *Warner?*

Warn. None that I know.

Sir *Mart.* Let's have but one civil Plot more before we part.

Warn. 'Tis to no purpoſe.

Roſe. Yet if he had ſome golden Friends that would engage for him the next time——

Sir *Mart.* Here's a *Jacobus* and a *Carolus* will enter into Bonds for me.

Roſe. I'll take their Royal words for once. [*She fetches two diſguiſes.*

Warn. The meaning of this, dear *Roſe.*

Roſe. 'Tis in purſuance of thy own Invention, *Warner*; a Child which thy Wit hath begot upon me: but let us loſe no time, help! help! dreſs thy Maſter, that he may be *Anthony*, old *Moody*'s Baſtard, and thou his, come from the *Eaſt-Indies.*

Sir *Mart.* Hey-tarock-it——now we ſhall have *Roſe*'s Device too, I long to be at it, pray let's hear more on't.

Roſe. Old *Moody*, you muſt know, in his younger Years, when he was a *Cambridge* Scholar, made bold with a Townſman's Daughter there, by whom he had a Baſtard, whoſe name was *Anthony*, whom you, Sir *Martin*, are to repreſent.

Sir *Mart.* I warrant you, let me alone for *Tony*: but pray go on, *Roſe.*

Roſe. This Child, in his Father's time, he durſt not own, but bred him privately in the Iſle of *Ely*, till he was ſeven Years old, and from thence ſent him with one *Bonaventure*, a Merchant, for the *Eaſt-Indies.*

Warn.

Warn. But will not this over-burden your Memory, Sir?

Sir *Mart.* There's no anſwering thee any thing, thou think'ſt I am good for nothing.

Roſe. Bonaventure dy'd at *Surat*, within two Years, and this *Anthony* has liv'd up and down in the *Mogul*'s Country, unheard of by his Father till this night, and is expected within theſe three days: now if you can paſs for him, you may have admittance into the Houſe, and make an end of all the buſineſs before the other *Anthony* arrives.

Warn. But hold, *Roſe*, there's one conſiderable Point omitted; what was his Mother's Name.

Roſe. That indeed I had forgot; her Name was *Dorothy*, Daughter to one *Draw-water*, a Vintner at the *Roſe*.

Warn. Come, Sir, are you perfect in your Leſſon? *Anthony Moody*, born in *Cambrige*, bred in the Iſle of *Ely*, ſent into the *Mogul*'s Country at ſeven years old, with one *Bonaventure* a Merchant, who died within two Years; your Mother's Name *Dorothy Draw-water*, the Vintner's Daughter at the *Roſe*.

Sir *Mart.* I have it all *ad unguem*——what doſt think I'm a Sot?
But ſtay a little; how have I liv'd all this while in that ſame Country?

Warn. What Country?——Pox, he has forgot already——

Roſe. The *Mogul*'s Country.

Sir *Mart.* I, I, the *Mogul*'s Country! what the Devil, any Man may miſtake a little, but now I have it perfect: but what have I been doing all this while in the *Mogul*'s Country? he's a Heathen Rogue, I am afraid I ſhall never hit upon his Name.

Warn. Why, you have been paſſing your time there, no matter how.

Roſe. Well, if this paſſes upon the Old Man, I'll bring your buſineſs about again with my Miſtreſs, never fear it; ſtay you here at the door, I'll go tell the Old Man of your Arrival.

Warn. Well, Sir, now play your part exactly, and I'll forgive all your former Errours——

Sir *Mart.* Hang 'em, they were only ſlips of Youth—— how peremptory and domineering this Rogue is! now he ſees I have need of his Service: would I were out of his power again, I would make him lie at my Feet like any Spaniel.

Enter Moody, *Sir* John, Lord, *Lady* Dupe, Milliſent, Chriſtian, Roſe.

Moody. Is he here already, ſay'ſt thou? which is he?

Roſe. That Sun-burn'd Gentleman.

Moody. My dear Boy *Anthony*, do I ſee thee again before I die? Welcome, welcome.

Sir *Mart.* My dear Father, I know it is you by inſtinct, for methinks I am as like you as if I were ſpit out of your Mouth.

Roſe. Keep it up, I beſeech your Lordſhip. [*Aſide to the* Lord.

Lord. He's wond'rous like indeed.

La. *Dupe.* The very Image of him.

Moody. Anthony you muſt ſalute all this Company: this is my Lord *Dartmouth*, this is my Lady *Dupe*, this her Niece Mrs. *Chriſtian*. [*He ſalutes them.*

Sir *Mart.* And that's my Siſter, methinks I have a good reſemblance of her too: honeſt Siſter, I muſt needs kiſs you, Siſter.

Warn. This Fool will diſcover himſelf; I foreſee it already, by his Carriage to her.

Moody. And now, *Anthony*, pray tell's a little of your Travels.

Sir *Mart.* Time enough for that, forſooth Father, but I have ſuch a natural Affection for my Siſter, that methinks I could live and die with her: give me thy hand, ſweet Siſter.

Sir *John.* She's beholding to you, Sir.

Sir *Mart.* What if ſhe be, Sir? What's that to you, Sir?

Sir *John.* I hope, Sir, I have not offended you.

Sir *Mart.* It may be you have, and it may be you have not, Sir; you ſee I have no mind to ſatisfie you, Sir: what a Devil! a Man cannot talk a little to his own Fleſh and Blood, but you muſt be interpoſing, with a murrain to you.

Moody. Enough of this, good *Anthony*; this Gentleman is to marry your Siſter.

Sir *Mart.* He marry my Siſter! ods foot, Sir, there are ſome Baſtards, that ſhall be nameleſs, that are as well worthy to marry her, as any Man, and have as good Blood in their Veins.

Sir *John.* I do not queſtion it in the leaſt, Sir.

Sir

Sir *Mart.* 'Tis not your beſt courſe, Sir; you may marry my Siſter; what have you ſeen of the World, Sir; I have ſeen your Hurricano's, and your Calentures, and your Eclipticks, and your Tropick Lines, Sir, an' you go to that, Sir.

Warn. You muſt excuſe my Maſter, the Sea's a little working in his Brain, Sir.

Sir *Mart.* And your *Preſter Johns* o' th' *Eaſt-Indies*, and your Great Turk of *Rome* and *Perſia*.

Moody. Lord, what a thing it is to be Learned, and a Traveller! Bodikins, it makes me weep for joy; but, *Anthony*, you muſt not bear your ſelf too much upon your Learning, Child.

Mill. Pray, Brother, be civil to this Gentleman, for my ſake.

Sir *Mart.* For your ſake, Siſter *Milliſent*, much may be done, and here I kiſs your hand on't.

Warn. Yet again, ſtupidity?

Mill. Nay, pray, Brother, hands off, now you are too rude——

Sir *Mart.* Dear Siſter, as I am a true *Eaſt-India* Gentleman——

Moody. But pray, Son *Anthony*, let's talk of other Matters, and tell me truly, had you not quite forgot me? and yet I made woundy much of you when you were young.

Sir *Mart.* I remember you as well as if I ſaw you but yeſterday: a fine grey-headed——grey-bearded old Gentleman, as ever I ſaw in all my Life.

Warn. aſide.] Grey-bearded old Gentleman! when he was a Scholar at *Cambrige*.

Moody. But do you remember where you were bred up?

Sir *Mart.* O yes, Sir, moſt perfectly; in the Iſle——ſtay——let me ſee; oh——now I have it——in the Iſle of *Silly*.

Moody. In the Iſle of *Ely*, ſure you mean?

Warn. Without doubt he did, Sir; but this damn'd Iſle of *Silly* runs in's head ever ſince his Sea Voyage.

Moody. And your Mother's name was——come, pray let me examine you——for that I'm ſure you cannot forget.

Sir *Mart. Warner!* What was it, *Warner?*

Warn. Poor Mrs. *Dorothy Draw-water*, if ſhe were now alive, what a joyful day would this be to her?

Moody. Who the Devil bid you ſpeak, Sirrah?

Sir *Mart.* Her name, Sir, was Mrs. *Dorothy Draw-water.*

Sir *John.* I'll be hang'd if this be not ſome Cheat.

Mill. He makes ſo many ſtumbles, he muſt needs fall at laſt.

Moody. But you remember, I hope, where you were born?

Warn. Well, they may talk what they will of *Oxford* for an Univerſity, but *Cambrige* for my Money.

Moody. Hold your tongue, you Scanderbag Rogue you, this is the ſecond time you have been talking when you ſhould not.

Sir *Mart.* I was born at *Cambrige*, I remember it as perfectly as if it were but yeſterday.

Warn. How I ſweat for him! he's remembering ever ſince he was born.

Moody. And who did you go over with to the *Eaſt-Indies?*

Sir *Mart. Warner!*

Warn. 'Twas a happy thing, Sir, you lighted upon ſo honeſt a Merchant, as Mr. *Bonaventure*, to take care of him.

Moody. Sawcy Raſcal! This is paſt all ſufferance.

Roſe. We are undone, *Warner*, if this Diſcourſe go on any farther.

Lord. Pray, Sir, take pity o' th' poor Gentleman, he has more need of a good Supper, than to be ask'd ſo many Queſtions.

Sir *John.* Theſe are Rogues, Sir, I plainly perceive it; pray let me ask him one Queſtion——which way did you come home, Sir?

Sir *Mart.* We came home by Land, Sir.

Warn. That is, from *India* to *Perſia*, from *Perſia* to *Turky*, from *Turky* to *Germany*, from *Germany* to *France*.

Sir *John.* And from thence over the narrow Seas on Horſeback?

Moody. 'Tis ſo, I diſcern it now; but ſome ſhall ſmoke for't.
Stay a little, *Anthony*, I'll be with you preſently. [*Ex.* Moody.

Warn. That wicked old Man is gone for no good, I am afraid, would I were fairly quit of him. [*Aſide.*

Mill. aſide.] Tell me no more of Sir *Martin*, *Roſe*; he wants natural ſenſe, to talk after this rate; but for this *Warner*, I am ſtrangely taken with him, how handſomly he brought him off! *Enter*

Enter Moody, *with two Cudgels.*

Moody. Among half a ſcore tough Cudgels, I had in my Chamber, I have made choice of theſe two, as beſt able to hold out.

Mill. Alas! poor *Warner* muſt be beaten now for all his Wit, would I could bear it for him. [*Aſide.*

Warn. But to what end is all this preparation, Sir?

Moody. In the firſt place, for your Worſhip, and in the next, for this *Eaſt-India* Apoſtle, that will needs be my Son *Anthony.*

Warn. Why, d'ye think he is not?

Moody. No, thou wicked Accomplice in his Deſigns, I know he is not——

Warn. Who, I his Accomplice? I beſeech you, Sir, what is it to me, if he ſhould prove a Counterfeit? I aſſure you he has cozen'd me in the firſt place.

Sir *John.* That's likely, i'faith! cozen his own Servant?

Warn. As I hope for Mercy, Sir, I am an utter Stranger to him, he took me up but Yeſterday, and told me the Story word for word, as he told it you.

Sir *Mart.* What will become of us two now? I truſt to the Rogue's Wit to bring me off. [*Aſide.*

Moody. If thou would'ſt have me believe thee, take one of theſe two Cudgels, and help me to lay it on ſoundly.

Warn. With all my Heart.

Moody. Out, you Cheat, you Hypocrite, you Impoſtor! do you come hither to cozen an honeſt Man? [*Beats him.*

Sir *Mart.* Hold, hold, Sir.

Warn. Do you come hither with a Lie to get a Father, Mr. *Anthony* of *Eaſt-India?*

Sir *Mart.* Hold, you inhumane Butcher.

Warn. I'll teach you to counterfeit again, Sir.

Sir *Mart.* The Rogue will murder me. [*Ex. Sir* Mart.

Moody. A fair riddance of 'em both; let's in and laugh at 'em. [*Ex.*

Re-enter Sir Martin *and* Warner.

Sir *Mart.* Was there ever ſuch an Affront put upon a Man, to be beaten by his Servant?

Warn. After my hearty Salutations upon your back-ſide, Sir, may a Man have leave to ask you, What News from the *Mogul*'s Country?

Sir *Mart.* I wonder where thou hadſt the Impudence to move ſuch a Queſtion to me, knowing how thou haſt us'd me.

Warn. Now, Sir, you may ſee what comes of your Indiſcretion and Stupidity: I always gave you warning of it, but for this time I am content to paſs it by without more words; partly, becauſe I have already corrected you, though not ſo much as you deſerve.

Sir *Mart.* Doſt thou think to carry it off at this rate, after ſuch an Injury?

Warn. You may thank your ſelf for't; nay, 'twas very well I found out that way, otherwiſe I had been ſuſpected as your Accomplice.

Sir *Mart.* But you laid it on with ſuch a vengeance, as if you were beating of a Stock-fiſh.

Warn. To confeſs the truth on't, you had anger'd me, and I was willing to evaporate my Choler; if you will paſs it by ſo, I may chance to help you to your Miſtreſs: no more words of this buſineſs, I adviſe you, but go home and greaſe your Back.

Sir *Mart. In fine*, I muſt ſuffer it at his hands; for if my Shoulders had not paid for this Fault, my Purſe muſt have ſweat Blood for't: The Rogue has got ſuch a hank upon me——

Warn. So, ſo; here's another of our Veſſels come in, [*Enter* Roſe.
after the Storm that parted us: what comfort, *Roſe*, no Harbour near?

Roſe. My Lady, as you may well imagine, is moſt extremely incens'd againſt Sir *Martin*, but ſhe applauds your Ingenuity to the Skies. I'll ſay no more, but thereby hangs a Tale.

Sir *Mart.* I am conſidering with my ſelf about a Plot, to bring all about again.

Roſe. Yet again Plotting! if you have ſuch a mind to't, I know no way ſo proper for you, as to turn Poet to *Pugenello.* [*Muſick Plays.*

Warn. Hark! Is not that Muſick in your Houſe?

Roſe. Yes, Sir *John* has given my Miſtreſs the Fiddles, and our Old Man is as jocund yonder, and does ſo hug himſelf, to think how he has been reveng'd upon you.

Warn.

Warn. Why, he does not know 'twas we, I hope?

Roſe. 'Tis all one for that.

Sir *Mart.* I have ſuch a Plot; I care not, I will ſpeak an' I were to be hang'd for't——ſhall I ſpeak, dear *Warner?* let me now; it does ſo wamble within me, juſt like a Clyſter, i'faith law; and I can keep it no longer for my Heart.

Warn. Well, I am indulgent to you; out with it boldly, in the name of Non-ſenſe.

Sir *Mart.* We two will put on Vizards, and with the help of my Landlord, who ſhall be of the Party, go a Mumming there, and by ſome device of Dancing get my Miſtreſs away unſuſpected by 'em all.

Roſe. What if this ſhould hit now, when all your Projects have fail'd, *Warner.*

Warn. Would I were hang'd if it be not ſomewhat probable: nay now I conſider better on't——exceeding probable: it muſt take; 'tis not in Nature to be avoided.

Sir *Mart.* O muſt it ſo, Sir! and who may you thank for't?

Warn. Now am I ſo mad he ſhould be the Author of this Device. How the Devil, Sir, came you to ſtumble on't?

Sir *Mart.* Why ſhould not my Brains be as fruitful as yours, or any Man's?

Warn. This is ſo good, it ſhall not be your Plot, Sir; either diſown it, or I will proceed no farther.

Sir *Mart.* I would not loſe the credit of my Plot, Sir? to gain my Miſtreſs: the Plot's a good one, and I'll juſtify it upon any ground of *England*; an' you will not work upon't, it ſhall be done without you.

Roſe. I think the Knight has reaſon.

Warn. Well, I'll order it however to the beſt advantage: hark you, *Roſe.* [*Whiſpers.*

Sir *Mart.* If it miſcarry by your ordering, take notice, 'tis your fault, 'tis well invented, I'll take my Oath on't.

Roſe. I muſt in to 'em, for fear I ſhould be ſuſpected; but I'll acquaint my Lord, my Old Lady, and all the reſt who ought to know it, with your Deſign.

Warn. We'll be with you in a twinkling: You and I, *Roſe*, are to follow our Leaders, and be pair'd to night——

Roſe. To have, and to hold, are dreadful words, *Warner*; but for your ſake I'll venture on 'em.

Enter Lord, *Lady* Dupe, *and* Chriſtian.

La. *Dupe.* Nay, good my Lord, be patient.

Lord. Does he think to give Fiddles and Treatments in a Houſe where he has wrong'd a Lady? I'll never ſuffer it.

La. *Dupe.* But upon what ground will you raiſe your Quarrel?

Lord. A very juſt one, as I am her Kinſman.

La. *Dupe.* He does not know yet why he was to be arreſted; try that way again.

Lord. I'll hear of nothing but Revenge. [*Enter* Roſe.

Roſe. Yes, pray hear me one word, my Lord; Sir *Martin* himſelf has made a Plot.

Chr. That's like to be a good one.

Roſe. A Fool's Plot may be as lucky as a Fool's Handſel; 'tis a very likely one, and requires nothing for your part, but to get a Parſon in the next Room, we'll find work for him.

La. *Dupe.* That ſhall be done immediately; *Chriſtian*, make haſte, and ſend for Mr. *Ball*, the Nonconformiſt, tell him here are two or three Angels to be earned.

Chr. And two or three Poſſets to be eaten: may I not put in that, Madam?

La. *Dupe.* Surely you may. [*Ex.* Chriſtian.

Roſe. Then for the reſt——'tis only this——Oh! they are here? pray take it in a whiſper: my Lady knows of it already.

Enter Moody, *Sir* John, Milliſent.

Mill. Strike up agen, Fiddle, I'll have a French Dance.

Sir *John.* Let's have the Brawls.

Moody. No, good Sir *John*, no quarrelling among Friends.

La. *Dupe.* Your Company is like to be increas'd, Sir; ſome Neighbours that heard your Fiddles, are come a Mumming to you.

Mood. Let 'em come in, and we'll be Jovy: an' I had but my Hobby-horſe at home---

Sir *John.* What, are they Men or Women?

La. *Dupe.* I believe ſome Prentices broke looſe.

Mill. Roſe! Go and fetch me down two *Indian* Gowns and Vizard Masks—— You and I will diſguiſe too, and be as good a Mummery to them, as they to us. [*Ex.* Roſe.

Moody. That will be moſt rare.

Enter Sir Martin, Warner, Landlord *diſguis'd like a Tony.*

Moody. O, here they come! Gentlemen Maskers, you are welcom—— [Warner *ſigns to the Muſick for a Dance.*

He ſigns for a Dance I believe; you are welcome, Mr. Muſick, ſtrike up, I'll make one as old as I am.

Sir *John.* And I'll not be out. [*Dance.*

Lord. Gentlemen Maskers, you have had the Frolick, the next turn is mine; bring two Flute-glaſſes, and ſome Stools, Ho, we'll have the Ladies Health.

Sir *John.* But why Stools, my Lord?

Lord. That you ſhall ſee: the humour is, that two Men at a time are hoiſted up; when they are above, they name their Ladies, and the reſt of the Company dance about them while they drink: this they call the Frolick of the Altitudes.

Moody. Some Highlander's Invention, I warrant it.

Lord. Gentlemen Maskers, you ſhall begin. [*They hoiſt Sir* Martin *and* Warner.

Sir *John.* Name the Ladies.

Lord. They point to Mrs. *Milliſent*, and Mrs. *Chriſtian. A Lon's Touche! Touche!*

Moody. A rare toping Health this: come, Sir *John*, now you and I will be in our Altitudes.

[*While they drink, the Company dances and ſings: they are taken down.*

Sir *John.* What new Device is this tro?

Moody. I know not what to make on't.

[*When they are up, the Company dances about 'em: then dance off. Tony dances a Jig.*

Sir *John* to *Tony.* Pray, Mr. Fool, where's the reſt o' your Company? I would fain ſee 'em again.

Landl. Come down and tell 'em ſo, *Cudden.*

Sir *John.* I'll be hang'd if there be not ſome Plot in't, and this Fool is ſet here to ſpin out the time.

Moody. Like enough: Undone! Undone!
My Daughter's gone; let me down, Sirrah.

Landl. Yes, *Cudden.*

Sir *John.* My Miſtreſs is gone, let me down firſt. [*He offers to pull down the Stools.*

Landl. This is the quickeſt way, *Cudden.*

Sir *John.* Hold! hold! or thou wilt break my Neck.

Landl. And you will not come down you may ſtay there, *Cudden.* [*Exit* Landlord, *dancing.*

Moody. O Scanderbag Villains!

Sir *John.* Is there no getting down?

Moody. All this was long of you, Sir *Jack.*

Sir *John.* 'Twas long of your ſelf to invite them hither.

Moody O you young Coxcomb, to be drawn in thus!

Sir *John.* You old Sot, you to be caught ſo fillily!

Moody. Come but an inch nearer, and I'll ſo claw thee.

Sir *John.* I hope I ſhall reach to thee.

Moody. And 'twere not for thy Wooden Breaſt-work there.

Sir *John.* I hope to puſh thee down from *Babylon.*

Enter Lord, *Lady* Dupe, *Sir* Martin, Warner, Roſe, Milliſent *veil'd*, Landlord.

Lord. How, Gentlemen, what quarrelling among your ſelves!

Moody. Coxnowns! help me down, and let me have fair play; he ſhall never Marry my Daughter.

Sir *Martin* leading *Roſe.* No, I'll be ſworn, that he ſhall not, therefore never repine, Sir, for Marriages, you know, are made in Heaven; *in fine*, Sir, we are join'd together in ſpight of Fortune.

Roſe pulling off her Mask. That we are indeed, Sir *Martin*, and theſe are Witneſſes; therefore, *in fine*, never repine, Sir, for Marriages, you know, are made in Heaven.

Omnes. Roſe!

Warn. What, is *Roſe* ſplit in two? ſure I ha' got one *Roſe!*

Mill. I, the beſt *Roſe* you ever got in all your Life. [*Pulls off her Mask.*

Warn. This amazeth me ſo much, I know not what to ſay or think.

Moody. My Daughter Married to *Warner!*

Sir *Mart.* Well, I thought it impoſſible any Man in *England* ſhould have overreach'd me; ſure, *Warner*, there was ſome miſtake in this: prithee, *Billy*, let's go

to

to the Parſon to ſet all right again, that every Man may have his own before the matter go too far.

Warn. Well, Sir! For my part I will have nothing farther to do with theſe Women, for I find they will be too hard for us, but e'en ſit down by the loſs, and content my ſelf with my hard Fortune: But, Madam, do you ever think I will forgive you this, to cheat me into an Eſtate of 2000 *l.* a Year?

Sir *Mart.* And I were as thee, I would not be ſo ſerv'd, *Warner.*

Mill. I have ſerv'd him but right for the cheat he put upon me, when he perſuaded me you were a Wit—— now there's a trick for your trick, Sir.

Warn. Nay, I confeſs you have out-witted me.

Sir *John.* Let me down, and I'll forgive all freely. [*They let him down.*

Mood. What am I kept here for?

Warn. I might in Policy keep you there, till your Daughter and I had been in private, for a little Conſummation: But for once, Sir, I'll truſt your good Nature. [*Takes him down too.*

Mood. And thou wert a Gentleman, it would not grieve me!

Mill. That I was aſſur'd of before I Married him, by my Lord here.

Lord. I cannot refuſe to own him for my Kinſman, though his Father's ſufferings in the late times have ruin'd his Fortunes.

Mood. But yet he has been a Serving Man.

Warn. You are miſtaken, Sir, I have been a Maſter; and beſides, there's an Eſtate of 800 *l.* a Year, only it is mortgaged for 6000 *l.*

Mood. Well, we'll bring it off, and for my part, I am glad my Daughter has miſs'd *in fine*, there.

Sir *John.* I will not be the only Man that muſt ſleep without a Bedfellow to night, if this Lady will once again receive me.

La. *Dupe.* She's your's, Sir.

Lord. And the ſame Parſon, that did the former execution, is ſtill in the next Chamber; what with Cawdles, Wine, and Quidding, which he has taken in abundance, I think he will be able to wheadle two more of you into Matrimony.

Mill. Poor Sir *Martin*, looks Melancholly! I am half afraid he is in Love.

Warn. Not with the Lady that took him for a Wit, I hope!

Roſe. At leaſt, Sir *Martin* can do more than you, Mr. *Warner*, for he can make me a Lady, which you cannot my Miſtreſs.

Sir *Mart.* I have loſt nothing but my Man, and in fine, I ſhall get another.

Mill. You'll do very well, Sir *Martin*, for you'll never be your own Man, I aſſure you.

Warn. For my part, I had Lov'd you before, if I had follow'd my Inclination.

Mill. But now, I am afraid, you begin of the lateſt, except your Love can grow up like a Muſhroom at a Night's Warning.

Warn. For that matter never trouble your ſelf, I can Love as faſt as any Man, when I am nigh poſſeſſion; my Love falls heavy, and never moves quick till it comes near the Centre; he's an ill Falconer that will unhood before the Quarry be in ſight.

Love's an high mettal'd Hawk that beats the Air,
But ſoon grows weary when the Game's not near.

THE TEMPEST, OR, THE Enchanted Iſland.

PREFACE to the *Enchanted Iſland.*

THE writing of Prefaces to Plays was probably invented by ſome very ambitious Poet, who never thought he had done enough: Perhaps by ſome Ape of the French Eloquence, who uſes to make a Buſineſs of a Letter of Gallantry, an Examen of a Farce; and in ſhort, a great Pomp and Oſtentation of Words on every trifle. This is certainly the Talent of that Nation, and ought not to be invaded by any other. They do that out of Gaiety which would be an impoſition upon us.

We may ſatisfie our ſelves with ſurmounting them in the Scene, and ſafely leave them thoſe Trappings of Writing, and Flouriſhes of the Pen, with which they adorn the borders of their Plays, and which are indeed no more than good Landskips to a very indifferent Picture. I muſt proceed no farther in this Argument, leſt I run my ſelf beyond my excuſe for writing this. Give me leave therefore to tell you, Reader, that I do it not to ſet a value on any thing I have written in this Play, but out of gratitude to the Memory of Sir *William Davenant*, who did me the honour to join me with him in the alteration of it.

It was originally *Shakeſpear*'s: a Poet for whom he had particularly a high veneration, and whom he firſt taught me to admire. The Play it ſelf had formerly been acted with ſucceſs in the *Black-Fryers*: and our excellent *Fletcher* had ſo great a value for it, that he thought fit to make uſe of the ſame Deſign, not much varied, a ſecond time. Thoſe who have ſeen his *Sea-Voyage*, may eaſily diſcern that it was a Copy of *Shakeſpear*'s *Tempeſt*: the Storm, the deſart Iſland, and the Woman who had never ſeen a Man, are all ſufficient teſtimonies of it. But *Fletcher* was not the only Poet who made uſe of *Shakeſpear*'s Plot: Sir *John Suckling*, a profeſs'd admirer of our Author, has follow'd his footſteps in his *Goblins*; his *Regmella* being an open imitation of *Shakeſpear*'s *Miranda*; and his Spirits, though counterfeit, yet are copied from *Ariel*. But Sir *William Davenant*, as he was a Man of quick and piercing imagination, ſoon found that ſomewhat might be added to the Deſign of *Shakeſpear*, of which neither *Fletcher* nor *Suckling* had ever thought: and therefore to put the laſt hand to it, he deſign'd the Counterpart to *Shakeſpear*'s Plot, namely, that of a Man who had never ſeen a Woman; that by this means thoſe two Characters of Innocence and Love might the more illuſtrate and commend each other. This excellent contrivance he was pleas'd to communicate to me, and to deſire my aſſiſtance in it. I confeſs that from the very firſt moment it ſo pleas'd me, that I never writ any thing with more delight. I muſt likewiſe do him that juſtice to acknowledge, that my writing received daily his amendments, and that is the reaſon why it is not ſo faulty, as the reſt which I have done without the help or correction of ſo judicious a Friend. The Comical parts of the Saylors were alſo his Invention, and for the moſt part his Writing, as you will eaſily diſcover by the Style. In the time I writ with him, I had the opportunity to obſerve ſomewhat more nearly of him, than I had formerly done, when I had only a bare acquaintance with him: I found him then of ſo quick a Fancy, that nothing was propos'd to him, on which he could not ſuddenly produce a thought extremely pleaſant and ſurprizing: and thoſe firſt thoughts of his, contrary to the old Latine Proverb, were not always the leaſt happy. And as his fancy was quick, ſo likewiſe were the products of it remote and new. He

borrowed

borrowed not of any other; and his imaginations were such as could not easily enter into any other Man. His Corrections were sober and judicious: and he corrected his own Writings much more severely than those of another Man; bestowing twice the time and labour in polishing which he us'd in invention. It had perhaps been easie enough for me to have arrogated more to my self than was my due in the writing of this Play, and to have pass'd by his Name with silence in the Publication of it, with the same Ingratitude which others have us'd to him, whose Writings he hath not only corrected, as he has done this, but has had a greater inspection over them, and sometimes added whole Scenes together, which may as easily be distinguish'd from the rest, as true Gold from counterfeit by the weight. But besides the unworthiness of the action which deterred me from it (there being nothing so base as to rob the dead of his Reputation) I am satisfi'd I could never have receiv'd so much honour in being thought the Author of any Poem, how excellent soever, as I shall from the joining my Imperfections with the Merit and Name of *Shakespear* and Sir *William D'avenant*.

Decemb. 1.
1669.

John Driden.

Prologue to the *Tempest*, or the *Enchanted Island*.

As when a Tree's cut down the secret root
Lives under ground, and thence new Branches shoot;
So, from old Shakespear's *honour'd dust, this day*
Springs up and buds a new reviving Play.
Shakespear, *who (taught by none) did first impart*
To Fletcher *Wit, to labouring* Johnson *Art.*
He Monarch-like gave those his Subjects law,
And is that Nature which they paint and draw.
Fletcher *reach'd that which on his heights did grow,*
Whilst Johnson *crept and gather'd all below.*
This did his Love, and this his Mirth digest:
One imitates him most, the other best.
If they have since out-writ all other Men,
'Tis with the drops which fell from Shakespear's Pen.
The Storm which vanish'd on the Neighb'ring shore,
Was taught by Shakespear's Tempest first to roar.
That Innocence and Beauty which did smile
In Fletcher, *grew on this* Enchanted Isle.
But Shakespear's *Magick could not copy'd be,*
Within that Circle none durst walk but he.
I must confess 'twas bold, nor would you now,
That liberty to vulgar Wits allow,
Which works by Magick supernatural things:
But Shakespear's *Pow'r is sacred as a King's.*
Those Legends from old Priesthood were receiv'd,
And he then writ, as People then believ'd.
But, if for Shakespear *we your grace implore,*
We for our Theatre shall want it more:
Who by our dearth of Youths are forc'd t' employ
One of our Women to present a Boy.
And that's a transformation you will say
Exceeding all the Magick in the Play.
Let none expect in the last Act to find,
Her Sex transform'd from Man to Woman-kind.
What e'er she was before the Play began,
All you shall see of her is perfect Man.
Or if your fancy will be farther led,
To find her Woman, it must be in Bed.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

GAllants, by all good ſigns it does appear,
That Sixty Seven's a very damning year,
For Knaves abroad, and for ill Poets here.

Among the Muſes there's a gen'ral rot,
The Rhyming Monſieur and the Spaniſh Plot:
Deſie or Court, all's one, they go to Pot.

The Ghoſts of Poets walk within this place,
And haunt us Actors whereſoe'er we paſs,
In Viſions bloodier than King Richard's *was.*

For this poor Wretch he has not much to ſay,
But quietly brings in his part o' th' Play,
And begs the favour to be damn'd to day.

He ſends me only like a Sh'riffs Man here
To let you know the Malefactor's near;
And that he means to die, en Cavalier.

For if you ſhou'd be gracious to his Pen,
Th' Example will prove ill to other Men,
And you'll be troubled with 'em all agen.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

ALonzo Duke of *Savoy*, and Uſurper of the Dukedom of *Mantua*.
Ferdinand his Son.
Proſpero right Duke of *Millain*.
Antonio his Brother, Uſurper of the Dukedom.
Gonzalo a Nobleman of *Savoy*.
Hippolito, one that never ſaw Woman, right Heir of the Dukedom of *Mantua*.
Stephano Maſter of the Ship.
Muſtacho his Mate.
Trincalo Boatſwain.
Ventoſo a Mariner.
Several Mariners.
A Cabbin-Boy.
Miranda and *Dorinda* (Daughters to *Proſpero*) that never ſaw Man.
Ariel an airy Spirit, attendant on *Proſpero*.
Several Spirits Guards to *Proſpero*.
Caliban and *Sycorax* his Siſter, Two Monſters of the Iſle.

THE

THE TEMPEST, OR, THE Enchanted Iſland.

ACT I.

Enter Muſtacho *and* Ventoſo.

Vent. WHat a Sea comes in?

Muſt. A hoaming Sea! we ſhall have foul weather.

Enter Trincalo.

Trinc. The Scud comes againſt the Wind, 'twill blow hard. *Enetr* Stephano.

Steph. Boſen!

Trinc. Here, Maſter what cheer?

Steph. Ill weather! let's off to Sea.

Muſt. Let's have Sea-room enough, and then let it blow the Devils head off.

Steph. Boy!

Enter Cabin-Boy.

Boy. Yaw, yaw, here Maſter.

Steph. Give the Pilot a Dram of the Bottle. [*Exeunt* Stephano *and Boy.*

Enter Mariners and paſs over the Stage.

Trinc. Heigh, my hearts, chearly, chearly, my hearts, yare, yare.

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.

Alon. Good Boſen have a care; where's the Maſter? Play the Men.

Trinc. Pray keep below.

Ant. Where's the Maſter, Boſen?

Trinc. Do you not hear him? you mar our labour: keep your Cabins, you help the ſtorm.

Gonz. Nay, good Friend be patient.

Trinc. I, when the Sea is hence; what care theſe Roarers for the name of Duke? to Cabin; ſilence; trouble us not.

Gonz. Good Friend, remember whom thou haſt aboard.

Trinc. None that I love more than my ſelf: you are a Counſellour, if you can adviſe theſe Elements to ſilence: uſe your Wiſdom: if you cannot, make your ſelf ready in the Cabin for the ill hour. Cheerly good hearts! out of our way, Sirs. [*Exeunt* Trincalo *and Mariners.*

Gonz. I have great comfort from this Fellow; methinks his Complexion is perfect Gallows; ſtand faſt, good Fate, to his Hanging; make the Rope of his Deſtiny our Cable, for our own does little advantage us; if he be not born to be hang'd we ſhall be drown'd. [*Exit.*

Enter Trincalo *and* Stephano.

Trinc. Up aloft Lads. Come, reef both Top-ſails.

Steph. Let's weigh, Let's weigh, and off to Sea. [*Exit.* Stephano.

Enter two Mariners and paſs over the Stage.

Trinc. Hands down! Man your Main-Capſtorm.

Enter Muſtacho *and* Ventoſo *at the other door.*

Muſt. Up aloft! and Man your Seere-Capſtorm.

Vent. My Lads, my hearts of Gold, get in your Capſtorm-Bar. Hoa up, hoa up, *&c.* [*Exeunt* Muſtacho *and* Ventoſo.

Enter Stephano.

Steph. Hold on well! hold on well! nip well there;

Quarter-

Quarter-Maſter, get's more Nippers. [*Exit* Stephano.

Enter two Mariners and paſs over again.

Trinc. Turn out, turn out, all hands to Capſtorm?
You Dogs, is this a time to ſleep?
Heave together Lads. [Trincalo *whiſtles.*

[*Exeunt* Muſtacho *and* Ventoſo.

Muſt. within. Our Vall's broke.

Vent. within. 'Tis but our Vial-block has given way. Come heave Lads! we are fix'd again. Heave together Bullyes.

Enter Stephano.

Steph. Cut off the Hamocks! cut off the Hamocks, come my Lads: Come Bullies, chear up! heave luſtily.
The Anchor's a peek.

Trinc. Is the Anchor a peek?

Steph. Is a weigh! Is a weigh!

Trinc. Up aloft my Lads upon the Fore-Caſtle!
Cut the Anchor, cut him.

All within. Haul Catt, Haul Catt, *&c.* Haul Catt, haul:
haul, Catt, haul. Below.

Steph. Aft, Aft! and looſe the Miſen!

Trinc. Get the Miſen-tack aboard. Haul Aft Miſen-ſheet!

Enter Muſtacho.

Muſt. Looſe the main Top-ſail!

Steph. Furle him again, there's too much Wind.

Trinc. Looſe Foreſail! Haul Aft both ſheats! trim her right afore the Wind. Aft! Aft! Lads, and hale up the Miſen here.

Muſt. A Mackrel-Gale, Maſter.

Steph. within. Port hard, port! the Wind grows ſcant, bring the Tack aboard Port is. Star-board, ſtar-board, a little ſteady; now ſteady, keep her thus, no nearer you cannot come.

Enter Ventoſo.

Vent. Some hands down: the Guns are looſe. [*Ex.* Muſt.

Trinc. Try the Pump, try the Pump! [*Exit* Ventoſo.

Enter Muſtacho *at the other door.*

Muſt. O Maſter! ſix foot Water in Hold.

Steph. Clap the Helm hard aboard! Flat, flat, flat in the Fore-ſheat there.

Trinc. Over-haul your fore-boling.

Steph. Brace in the Lar-board. [*Exit.*

Trinc. A Curſe upon this howling, [*A great cry within.*
They are louder than the weather. [*Enter* Antonio *and* Gonzalo.
Yet again, what do you here! ſhall we give o'er, and drown? ha' you a mind to ſink?

Gonz. A Pox o' your throat, you bawling, blaſphemous, uncharitable Dog.

Trinc. Work you then.

Ant. Hang, Cur, hang, you whorſon inſolent Noiſe-maker, we are leſs afraid to be drown'd than thou art.

Trinc. Brace off the Fore-yard. [*Exit.*

Gonz. I'll warrant him for drowning, though the Ship were no ſtronger than a Nut-ſhel, and as leaky as an unſtanch'd Wench.

Enter Alonzo *and* Ferdinand.

Ferd. For my ſelf I care not, but your loſs brings a thouſand Deaths to me.

Alonzo. O name not me, I am grown old, my Son; I now am tedious to the World, and that, by uſe, is ſo to me: but, *Ferdinand*, I grieve my ſubjects loſs in thee: Alas! I ſuffer juſtly for my Crimes, but why thou ſhouldſt——O Heaven! Hark, farewel my Son! a long farewel! [*A cry within.*

Ferd. Some lucky Plank, when we are loſt by Shipwrack, waft hither, and ſubmit it ſelf beneath you.
Your Bleſſing, and I die contented. [*Embrace and Exeunt.*

Enter Trincalo, Muſtacho, *and* Ventoſo.

Trinc. What muſt our Mouths be cold then?

Vent. All's loſt. To Prayers, to Prayers.

Gonz. The Duke and Prince are gone within to Prayers. Let's aſſiſt them.

Muſt. Nay, we may e'en pray too; our caſe is now alike.

Ant. We are mearly cheated of our lives by Drunkards.

This

This wide chopt Raſcal: would thou might'ſt lye drowning
The long waſhing of ten Tides. [*Exeunt* Trincalo, Muſtacho, *and* Ventoſo.

Gonz. He'll be hang'd yet, though every drop of Water ſwears againſt it; now would I give ten thouſand Furlongs of Sea for one Acre of barren ground, Long-heath, Broom-furs, or any thing. The Wills above be done, but I would fain dye a dry death. [*A confuſed noiſe within.*

Ant. Mercy upon us! we ſplit, we ſplit.

Gonz. Let's all ſink with the Duke, and the young Prince. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Stephano, Trincalo.

Trinc. The Ship is ſinking. [*A new cry within.*

Steph. Run her aſhore!

Trinc. Luffe! luffe! or we are all loſt! there's a Rock upon the Star-board Bow.

Steph. She ſtrikes, ſhe ſtrikes! All ſhift for themſelves. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Proſpero *and* Miranda.

Proſp. Miranda! where's your Siſter?

Mir. I left her looking from the pointed Rock, at the Walks end, on the huge beat of Waters.

Proſp. It is a dreadful object.

Mir. If by your Art, my deareſt Father, you have put them in this roar, allay 'em quickly.
Had I been any God of Power, I would have ſunk the Sea into the Earth, before it ſhould the Veſſel ſo have ſwallowed.

Proſp. Collect your ſelf, and tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mir. O woe the day!

Proſp. There is no harm:
I have done nothing but in care of thee,
My Daughter, and thy pretty Siſter:
You both are ignorant of what you are,
Not knowing whence I am, nor that I'm more
Than *Proſpero*, Maſter of a narrow Cell,
And thy unhappy Father.

Mir. I ne'er indeavour'd to know more than you were pleas'd to tell me.

Proſp. I ſhould inform thee farther: wipe thou thine Eyes, have comfort; the direful Spectacle of the Wrack, which touch'd the very virtue of compaſſion in thee, I have with ſuch a pity ſafely order'd, that not one Creature in the Ship is loſt.

Mir. You often, Sir, began to tell me what I am,
But then you ſtopt.

Proſp. The hour's now come;
Obey, and be attentive, Canſt thou remember a time before we came into this Cell? I do not think thou canſt, for then thou wert not full three years old.

Mir. Certainly I can, Sir.

Proſp. Tell me the Image then of any thing which thou doſt keep in thy remembrance ſtill.

Mir. Sir, had I not four or five Women once that tended me?

Proſp. Thou hadſt, and more, *Miranda:* what ſee'ſt thou elſe in the dark back-ward, and abyſs of Time?
If thou remembreſt ought e'er thou cam'ſt here, then, how thou cam'ſt thou may'ſt remember too.

Mir. Sir, that I do not.

Proſp. Fifteen Years ſince, *Miranda*, thy Father was the Duke of *Millan*, and a Prince of Power.

Mir. Sir, are not you my Father?

Proſp. Thy Mother was all Virtue, and ſhe ſaid, thou waſt my Daughter, and thy Siſter too.

Mir. O Heavens! what foul play had we, that we hither came, or was't a a Bleſſing that we did?

Proſp. Both, both, my Girl.

Mir. How my heart bleeds to think what you have ſuffer'd. But, Sir, I pray proceed.

Proſp. My Brother, and thy Uncle, call'd *Antonio*, to whom I truſted then the manage of my State, while I was wrap'd with ſecret Studies: That falſe Uncle (do'ſt thou attend me Child?)

Mir. Sir, moſt heedfully.

Proſp. Having attain'd the craft of granting Suits, and of denying them; whom to advance, or lop, for over-toping, ſoon was grown the Ivy which did hide my Princely Trunk, and ſuckt my verdure out: thou attend'ſt not.

Mir. O good Sir, I do.

Proſp. I thus neglecting Worldly ends, and bent to cloſeneſs, and the bettering of my Mind, wak'd in my falſe Brother an evil Nature:
He did believe
He was indeed the Duke, becauſe he then did execute the outward face of Soveraignty. Do'ſt thou ſtill mark me?

Mir. Your ſtory would Cure Deafneſs.

Proſp. To have no ſcreen between the part he plaid, and whom he plaid it for; he needs would be Abſolute *Millan*, and Confederates (ſo dry he was for Sway) with *Savoy*'s Duke, to give him Tribute, and to do him homage.

Mir. Falſe Man!

Proſp. This Duke of *Savoy* being an Enemy,
To me inveterate, ſtrait grants my Brother's Suit,
And on a night
Mated to his deſign, *Antonio* opened the Gates of *Millan*, and i' th' dead of darkneſs, hurri'd me thence with thy young Sifter, and thy crying ſelf.

Mir. But wherefore did they not that hour deſtroy us?

Proſp. They durſt not, Girl, in *Millan*, for the love my People bore me; in ſhort, they hurri'd us away to *Savoy*, and thence aboard a Bark at *Niſſa*'s Port: bore us ſome Leagues to Sea, where they prepar'd a rotten Carkaſs of a Boat, not rigg'd, no Tackle, Sail, nor Maſt; the very Rats inſtinctively had quit it: they hoiſted us, to cry to Seas which roar'd to us; to ſigh to Winds, whoſe pity ſighing back again, did ſeem to do us loving wrong.

Mir. Alack! what trouble was I then to you?

Proſp. Thou and thy Siſter were two Cherubins, which did preſerve me: you both did ſmile, infus'd with Fortitude from Heaven.

Mir. How came we aſhore?

Proſp. By Providence Divine,
Some food we had, and ſome freſh Water, which a Nobleman of *Savoy*, called *Gonzalo*, appointed Maſter of that black deſign, gave us; with rich Garments, and all neceſſaries, which ſince have ſteaded much: and of his gentleneſs (knowing I lov'd my Books) he furniſht me from mine own Library, with Volumes which I prize above my Dukedom.

Mir. Would I might ſee that Man.

Proſp. Here in this Iſland we arriv'd, and here have I your Tutor been. But by my skill I find that my Mid-Heaven doth depend on a moſt happy Star, whoſe influence if I now court not, but omit, my Fortunes will ever after droop: here ceaſe more queſtion, thou art inclin'd to ſleep: 'tis a good dullneſs, and give it way; I know thou canſt not chuſe. [*She falls aſleep.*
Come away my Spirit: I am ready now, approach
My *Ariel*, Come.

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. All hail great Maſter, grave Sir, hail, I come to anſwer thy beſt pleaſure, be it to fly, to ſwim, to ſhoot into the fire, to ride on the curl'd Clouds; to thy ſtrong bidding, task *Ariel* and all his qualities.

Proſp. Haſt thou, Spirit, perform'd to point the Tempeſt that I bad thee?

Ariel. To every Article.
I boarded the Duke's Ship, now on the Beak, now in the Waſte, the Deck, in every Cabin; I flam'd amazement, and ſometimes I ſeem'd to burn in many places on the Top-Maſt, the Yards and Bore-ſprit; I did flame diſtinctly.

Proſp. My brave Spirit!
Who was ſo firm, ſo conſtant, that this coil did not infect his Reaſon?

Ariel. Not a Soul but felt a Feaver of the Mind, and play'd ſome tricks of deſperation; all, but Mariners, plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the Veſſel: the Duke's Son, *Ferdinand*, with hair upſtairing (more like Reeds than Hair) was the firſt Man that leap'd; cry'd, Hell is empty, and all the Devils are here.

Proſp. Why that's my Spirit;
But was not this nigh Shore?

Ariel. Cloſe by, my Maſter.

Proſp.

Proſ. But, *Ariel*, are they ſafe?

Ariel. Not a hair periſht.
In Troops I have diſper'd them round this Iſle.
The Duke's Son I have landed by himſelf, whom I have left warming the air with ſighs, in an odd angle of the Iſle, and ſitting, his Arms he folded in this ſad knot.

Proſp. Say how thou haſt diſpos'd the Mariners of the Duke's Ship, and all the reſt of the Fleet.

Ariel. Safely in Harbour
Is the Duke's Ship, in the deep Nook, where once thou call'dſt
Me up at Midnight to fetch Dew from the
Still vext *Bermoothes*, there ſhe's hid,
The Mariners all under Hatches ſtow'd,
Whom, with a charm, join'd to their ſuffer'd labour,
I have left aſleep, and for the reſt o' th' Fleet
(Which I diſperſt) they all have met again,
And are upon the *Mediterranean* Float,
Bound ſadly home for *Italy*;
Suppoſing that they ſaw the Duke's Ship wrackt,
And his great Perſon periſh.

Proſp. *Ariel*, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd, but there's more work:
What is the time o' th' day?

Ariel. Paſt the Mid-ſeaſon.

Proſp. At leaſt two Glaſſes: the time 'tween ſix and now muſt by us both be ſpent moſt precioufly.

Ariel. Is there more toyl? ſince thou doſt give me pains, let me remember thee what thou haſt promis'd, which is not yet perform'd me.

Proſp. How now, *Moodie?*
What is't thou canſt demand?

Ariel. My liberty.

Proſp. Before the time be out? no more.

Ariel. I prethee!
Remember I have done thee faithful ſervice,
Told thee no lyes, made thee no miſtakings,
Serv'd without or grudge, or grumblings:
Thou didſt promiſe to bate me a full year.

Proſp. Doſt thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?

Ariel. No.

Proſp. Thou doſt, and think'ſt it much to tread the Ooze
Of the Salt deep:
To run againſt the ſharp wind of the North,
To do my buſineſs in the Veins of the Earth,
When it is bak'd with Froſt.

Ariel. I do not, Sir.

Proſp. Thou ly'ſt, malignant thing! haſt thou forgot the foul Witch *Sycorax*, who with Age and Envy was grown into a Hoop? haſt thou forgot her?

Ariel. No, Sir!

Proſp. Thou haſt; where was ſhe born? ſpeak, tell me.

Ariel. Sir, in *Argier*.

Proſp. Oh, was ſhe ſo! I muſt
Once every Month recount what thou haſt been, which thou forgetteſt. This damn'd Witch *Sycorax* for miſchiefs manifold, and Sorceries too terrible to enter humane hearing, from *Argier* thou knowſt was baniſht: but for one thing ſhe did, they would not take her life: is not this true?

Ariel. I, Sir.

Proſp. This blew-ey'd Hag was hither brought with Child,
And here was left by th' Saylors, thou, my Slave,
As thou report'ſt thy ſelf, waſt then her Servant,
And 'cauſe thou waſt a Spirit too delicate
To act her Earthy and abhorr'd Commands;
Refuſing her grand Heſts, ſhe did confine thee,
By help of her more potent Miniſters,

(In her unmitigable rage) into a cloven Pine,
Within whoſe rift Impriſon'd, thou didſt painfully
Remain a dozen Years; within which ſpace ſhe dy'd,
And left thee there; where thou didſt vent thy
Groans, as faſt as Mill-Wheels ſtrike.
Then was this Iſle (ſave for two Brats, which ſhe did
Litter here, the brutiſh *Caliban*, and his twin Siſter,
Two freckel'd-hag-born Whelps) not honour'd with
A humane ſhape.

Ariel. Yes! *Caliban* her Son, and *Sycorax* his Siſter.

Proſp. Dull thing, I ſay ſo; he, that *Caliban*, and ſhe that *Sycorax*, whom I now keep in ſervice. Thou beſt knowſt what torment I did find thee in, thy groans did make Wolves howl, and penetrate the Breaſts of ever angry Bears, it was a torment to lay upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax* could ne'er again undo: It was my Art, when I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made the Pine to gape and let thee out.

Ariel. I thank thee, Maſter.

Proſp. If thou more murmureſt, I will rend an Oak,
And peg thee in his knotty Entrails, till thou
Haſt howl'd away twelve Winters more.

Ariel. Pardon, Maſter,
I will be correſpondent to command, and be
A gentle Spirit.

Proſp. Do ſo, and after two days I'll diſcharge thee.

Ariel. That's my noble Maſter.
What ſhall I do? ſay? what? what ſhall I do?

Proſp. Be ſubject to no ſight but mine; inviſible to
Every Eye-Ball elſe: hence with diligence.
My Daughter wakes. Anon thou ſhalt know more. [*Ex.* Ariel.
Thou haſt ſlept well my Child.

Mir. The ſadneſs of your ſtory put heavineſs in me.

Proſp. Shake it off; come on, I'll now call *Caliban*, my Slave,
Who never yields us a kind Anſwer.

Mir. 'Tis a Creature, Sir, I do not love to look on.

Proſp. But as 'tis, we cannot miſs him; he does make our Fire, fetch in our Wood, and ſerve in Offices that profit us: What hoa! Slave! *Caliban!* thou Earth thou, ſpeak.

Calib. within. There's Wood enough within.

Proſp. Come forth, I ſay, there's other buſineſs for thee.
Come thou Tortoiſe, when? [*Enter* Ariel.
Fine Apparition, my quaint *Ariel*,
Hark in thy Ear.

Ariel. My Lord it ſhall be done. [*Exit.*

Proſp. Thou poiſonous Slave, got by the Devil himſelf upon thy wicked Dam, come forth. [*Enter* Caliban.

Calib. As wicked Dew, as e'er my Mother bruſh'd with Raven's Feather from unwholſome Fens, drop on you both: A South-weſt blow on you, and bliſter you all o'er.

Proſp. For this beſure, to night thou ſhalt have Cramps, Side-ſtitches, that ſhall pen thy breath up; Urchins ſhall prick thee till thou bleed'ſt: thou ſhalt be pinch'd as thick as Honey-Combs, each pinch more ſtinging than the Bees which made 'em.

Calib. I muſt eat my Dinner: this Iſland's mine by *Sycorax* my Mother, which thou took'ſt from me. When thou cam'ſt firſt, thou ſtroak'ſt me, and mad'ſt much of me, would'ſt give me Water with Berries in't, and teach me how to name the bigger Light, and how the leſs, that burn by day and night; and then I lov'd thee, and ſhew'd thee all the qualities of the Iſle, the freſh-Springs, brine-Pits, barren places, and fertil. Curs'd be I, that I did ſo: All the Charms of *Sycorax*, Toads, Beetles, Batts, light on thee, for I am all the Subjects that thou haſt. I firſt was mine own Lord; and here thou ſtay'ſt me in this hard Rock, whiles thou doſt keep me from the reſt o' th' Iſland.

Proſp. Thou moſt lying Slave, whom ſtripes may move, not kindneſs: I have us'd thee (filth that thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd thee in mine own Cell, till thou didſt ſeek to violate the honour of my Children.

Calib.

Calib. Oh ho, Oh ho, would t' had been done: thou did'ſt prevent me, I had Peopl'd elſe this Iſle with *Calibans*.

Proſp. Abhor'd Slave!
Who ne'er would any print of goodneſs take, being capable of all ill: I pity'd thee, took pains to make thee ſpeak, taught thee each hour one thing or other; when thou didſt not (Savage) know thy own meaning, but would'ſt gabble, like a thing moſt brutiſh, I endow'd thy purpoſes with words which made them known: But thy wild race (though thou did'ſt learn) had that in't, which good Natures could not abide to be with: therefore waſt thou deſervedly pent up into this Rock.

Calib. You taught me Language, and my profit by it is, that I know to Curſe: the Red Botch rid you for learning me your language.

Proſp. Hag-ſeed hence!
Fetch us in fewel, and be quick
To anſwer other buſineſs: ſhrugſt thou (Malice)
If thou neglecteſt or doſt unwillingly what I Command,
I'll wrack thee with old Cramps, fill all thy Bones with
Aches, make thee roar, that Beaſts ſhall tremble
At thy Din.

Calib. No prethee!
I muſt obey. His Art is of ſuch power,
It would control my Dam's God, *Setebos*,
And make a Vaſſal of him.

Proſp. So Slave, hence. [*Exeunt* Proſpero *and* Caliban *ſeverally.*

Enter Dorinda.

Dor. Oh Siſter! what have I beheld?

Mir. What is it moves you ſo?

Dor. From yonder Rock,
As I my Eyes caſt down upon the Seas,
The whiſtling Winds blew rudely on my face,
And the Waves roar'd; at firſt I thought the War
Had been between themſelves, but ſtrait I ſpy'd
A huge great Creature.

Mir. O you mean the Ship.

Dor. Is't not a Creature then? it ſeem'd alive.

Mir. But what of it?

Dor. This floating Ram did bear his Horns above;
All ty'd with Ribbands, ruffling in the Wind,
Sometimes he nodded down his head a while,
And then the Waves did heave him to the Moon;
He clamb'ring to the top of all the Billows,
And then again he curtſy'd down ſo low,
I could not ſee him: till, at laſt, all ſide long
With a great crack his Belly burſt in pieces.

Mir. There all had periſht
Had not my Father's Magick Art reliev'd them.
But, Sifter, I have ſtranger News to tell you;
In this great Creature there were other Creatures,
And ſhortly we may chance to ſee that thing,
Which you have heard my Father call, a Man.

Dor. But what is that? for yet he never told me.

Mir. I know no more than you: but I have heard
My Father ſay we Women were made for him.

Dor. What, that he ſhould eat us, Siſter?

Mir. No ſure, you ſee my Father is a Man, and yet
He does us good. I would he were not old.

Dor. Methinks indeed it would be finer, if we two
Had two young Fathers.

Mir. No Sifter, no, if they were young, my Father
Said that we muſt call them Brothers.

Dor. But pray how does it come that we two are not Brothers then, and have not Beards like him?

Mir. Now I confeſs you poſe me.

Dor. How did he come to be our Father too?

Mir.

Mir. I think he found us when we both were little, and grew within the ground.

Dor. Why could he not find more of us? Pray Sifter let you and I look up and down one day, to find ſome little ones for us to play with.

Mir. Agreed; but now we muſt go in. This is the hour
Wherein my Father's Charm will work,
Which ſeizes all who are in open Air:
Th' effect of his great Art I long to ſee,
Which will perform as much as Magick can.

Dor. And I, methinks, more long to ſee a Man. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo, *Attendants.*

Gonz. BEſeech your Grace be merry; you have cauſe, ſo have we all, of joy for our ſtrange ſcape: then wiſely, good Sir, weigh our ſorrow with our comfort.

Alonzo. Prithee peace! you cram theſe words into my Ears againſt my Stomach, how can I rejoice, when my dear Son, perhaps this very moment, is made a Meal to ſome ſtrange Fiſh?

Ant. Sir, he may live,
I ſaw him beat the Billows under him, and ride upon their Backs; he trod the Water, whoſe enmity he flung aſide, and breaſted the moſt ſwoln ſurge that met him, his bold Head 'bove the contentious Waves he kept, and Oar'd himſelf with his ſtrong Arms to ſhore, I do not doubt he came alive to land.

Alonz. No, no, he's gone, and you and I, *Antonio*, were thoſe who caus'd his Death.

Ant. How could we help it?

Alonz. Then, then, we ſhould have helpt it, when thou betrayedſt thy Brother *Proſpero*, and *Mantua*'s Infant, Sovereign to my Power: And when I, too ambitious, took by force another's right; then loſt we *Ferdinand*, then forfeited our Navy to this Tempeſt.

Ant. Indeed we firſt broke truce with Heav'n;
You to the Waves an Infant Prince expos'd,
And on the Waves have loſt an only Son;
I did uſurp my Brother's fertile lands, and now
Am caſt upon this deſert Iſle.

Gonz. Theſe, Sir, 'tis true, were Crimes of a black Dye,
But both of you have made amends to Heav'n,
By your late Voyage into *Portugal*,
Where, in defence of Chriſtianity,
Your Valour has repuls'd the *Moors* of *Spain*.

Alonz. O name it not, *Gonzalo*.
No act but pénitence can expiate guilt,
Muſt we teach Heaven what prize to ſet on Murthers?
What rate on lawleſs Power, and wild ambition?
Or dare we traffick with the Powers above,
And ſell by weight a good deed for a bad? [*Muſick within.*

Gonz. Muſick! and in the air! ſure we are Shipwrackt on the Dominions of ſome merry Devil.

Ant. This Iſle's inchanted ground, for I have heard
Swift Voices flying by my Ear, and groans
Of lamenting Ghoſts.

Alonz. I pull'd a Tree, and Blood purſu'd my hand; O Heaven! deliver me from this dire place, and all the after actions of my Life ſhall mark my Penitence and my Bounty.
Heark! [*A Dialogue within ſung in parts.*
The ſounds approach us.

1. *D.* Where does proud Ambition dwell?
2. In the loweſt Rooms of Hell.
1. Of the damn'd who leads the Hoſt?
2. He who did oppreſs the moſt.

1. Who

1. Who ſuch Troops of damned brings?
2. Moſt are led by fighting Kings.
Kings who did Crowns unjuſtly get,
Here on burning Thrones are ſet.

Chor. Kings who did Crowns, *&c.*

Ant. Do you hear, Sir, how they lay our Crimes before us?

Gonz. Do evil Spirits imitate the good,
In ſhewing Men their Sins?

Alonz. But in a different way,
Thoſe warn from doing, theſe upbraid 'em done.

1. Who are the Pillars of Ambition's Court?
2. Grim Deaths and Scarlet Murthers it ſupport.
1. What lyes beneath her Feet?
2. Her footſteps tread,
On Orphans tender Breaſts, and Brothers dead.
1. Can Heaven permit ſuch Crimes ſhould be
Rewarded with felicity?
2. Oh no! uneaſily their Crowns they wear,
And their own guilt amidſt their Guards they fear.
Cares when they wake their Minds unquiet keep,
And we in Viſions lord it o'er their ſleep.

Cho. Oh no! uneaſily their Crowns, *&c.*

Alonz. See where they come in horrid ſhapes!

Enter the two that ſung, in ſhape of Devils, placing themſelves at two Corners of the Stage.

Ant. Sure Hell is open to devour us quick.

1. *D.* Say Brother, ſhall we bear theſe Mortals hence?

2. Firſt let us ſhew the ſhapes of their offence.

1. We'll Muſter then their Crimes on either ſide:
Appear! appear! their firſt begotten, Pride. [*Enter Pride.*

Pride. Lo! I am here, who led their hearts aſtray,
And to Ambition did their Minds betray. [*Enter Fraud.*

Fraud. And guileful Fraud does next appear,
Their wandring ſteps who led,
When they from Virtue fled,
And in my crooked paths their courſe did ſteer. [*Enter Rapine.*

Rap. From Fraud to Force they ſoon arrive,
Where Rapine did their actions drive. [*Enter Murther.*

Mur. There long they cannot ſtay,
Down the deep precipice they run,
And to ſecure what they have done,
To murder bend their way.

After which they fall into a round encompaſſing the Duke, &c. *Singing.*

Around, around, we pace
About this curſed place,
Whilſt thus we compaſs in
Theſe Mortals and their ſin.

Dance.

[*All the Spirits vaniſh.*

Ant. Heav'n has heard me! they are vaniſh'd.

Alonz. But they have left me all unman'd;
I feel my Sinews ſlacken'd with the fright,
And a cold ſweat trills down o'er all my Limbs,
As if I were diſſolving into Water.
O *Proſpero!* my Crimes 'gainſt thee ſit heavy on my heart.

Ant. And mine, 'gainſt him and young *Hippolito.*

Gonz. Heav'n have mercy on the penitent!

Alonz. Lead from this curſed ground;
The Seas, in all their rage, are not ſo dreadful.
This is the Region of Deſpair and Death.

Gonz. Shall we not ſeek ſome food?

Alonz. Beware all Fruit but what the Birds have peid,
The ſhadows of the Trees are poiſonous too:
A ſecret venom ſlides from every branch.
My Conſcience doth diſtract me, O my Son!

Why

Why do I ſpeak of eating or repoſe,
Before I know thy fortune? [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ferdinand, *and* Ariel, *inviſible, playing and ſinging.*

Ariel's *Song.*

Come unto theſe yellow ſands
And then take hands,
Curtſy'd when you have and kiſs'd,
The wild Waves whiſt.
Foot it featly here and there, and ſweet ſprights bear
the Burthen. [Burthen diſperſedly.
Hark! hark! Bow-waugh; the Watch-dogs bark,
Bow-waugh.
Ariel. *Hark! hark! I hear the ſtrain of ſtrutting Chanticleer*
Cry Cock a doodle do.

Ferd. Where ſhould this Muſick be? i' th' Air, or th' Earth?
It ſounds no more, and ſure it waits upon ſome God
O' th' Iſland, ſitting on a Bank, weeping againſt the Duke
My Father's Wrack. This Muſick hover'd o'er me
On the Waters, allaying both their Fury and my Paſſion
With charming Airs; thence I have follow'd it (or it
Hath drawn me rather) but 'tis gone;
No, it begins again.

Ariel. *Song.*

Full Fathoms five thy Father lyes,
Of his Bones is Coral made:
Thoſe are Pearls that were his Eyes,
Nothing of him that does fade:
But does ſuffer a Sea-change
Into ſomething rich and ſtrange:
Sea-Nymphs hourly ring his,
Hark now I hear 'em, Ding dong Bell. [Burthen, *Ding dong.*

Ferd. The mournful Ditty mentions my drown'd Father,
This is no mortal buſineſs, nor a ſound which the
Earth owns: I hear it now before me,
However I will on and follow it. [*Ex.* Ferd. *and* Ariel.

Enter Stephano, Muſtacho, Ventoſo.

Vent. The Runlet of Brandy was a loving Runlet, and floated after us out of pure pity.

Muſt. This kind Bottle, like an old acquaintance, ſwam after it. And this Scollop-ſhell is all our Plate now.

Vent. 'Tis well we have found ſomething ſince we landed.
I prethee fill a Soop, and let it go round.
Where haſt thou laid the Runlet?

Muſt. I' th' hollow of an old Tree.

Vent. Fill apace,
We cannot live long in this barren Iſland, and we may
Take a Soop before Death, as well as others drink
At our Funerals.

Muſt. This is Prize-Brandy, we ſteal Cuſtom, and it coſts nothing. Let's have two rounds more.

Vent. Maſter, what have you ſav'd?

Steph. Juſt nothing but my ſelf.

Vent. This works comfortably on a cold Stomach.

Steph. Fill's another round.

Vent. Look! *Muſtacho* weeps. Hang loſſes as long as we have Brandy left. Prithee leave weeping.

Steph. He ſheds his Brandy out of his Eyes: he ſhall drink no more.

Muſt. This will be a doleful day with old *Beſs*, She gave me a gilt Nutmeg at parting. That's loſt too. But as you ſay, hang loſſes. Prithee fill agen.

Vent. Beſhrew thy heart for putting me in mind of thy Wife,
I had not thought of mine elſe, Nature will ſhew it ſelf,
I muſt melt. I prithee fill agen, my Wife's a good old Jade,
And has but one Eye left: but ſhe'll weep out that too,
When ſhe hears that I am dead.

Steph.

Steph. Would you were both hang'd for putting me in thought of mine. But well, If I return not in ſeven Years to my own Country, ſhe may marry again: and 'tis from this Iſland thither at leaſt ſeven Years ſwimming.

Muſt. O at leaſt, having no help of Boat nor Bladders.

Steph. Whoe'er ſhe Marries, poor Soul, ſhe'll weep a Nights when ſhe thinks of *Stephano.*

Vent. But Maſter, ſorrow is dry! there's for you again.

Steph. A Mariner had e'en as good be a Fiſh as a Man, but for the comfort we get aſhore: O for any old dry Wench now I am wet.

Muſt. Poor heart! that would ſoon make you dry again: but all is barren in this Iſle: here we may lye at Hull till the Wind blow Nore and by South, e'er we can cry a Sail, a Sail, at ſight of a white Apron. And therefore here's another ſoop to comfort us.

Vent. This Iſle's our own, that's our comfort, for the Duke, the Prince, and all their train are periſhed.

Muſt. Our Ship is ſunk, and we can never get home again: we muſt e'en turn Salvages, and the next that catches his Fellow may eat him.

Vent. No, no, let us have a Government; for if we live well and orderly, Heav'n will drive the Shipwracks aſhore to make us all rich, therefore let us carry good Conſciences, and not eat one another.

Steph. Whoever eats any of my Subjects, I'll break out his Teeth with my Scepter: for I was Maſter at Sea, and will be Duke on Land: you *Muſtacho* have been my Mate, and ſhall be my Vice-Roy.

Vent. When you are Duke you may chuſe your Vice-Roy; but I am a free Subject in a new Plantation, and will have no Duke without my Voice. And ſo fill me the other ſoop.

Steph. whiſpering. Ventoſo, doſt thou hear, I will advance thee, prithee give me thy Voice.

Vent. I'll have no whiſperings to corrupt the Election; and to ſhow that I have no private ends, I declare aloud, that I will be Vice-Roy, or I'll keep my Voice for my ſelf.

Muſt. Stephano, hear me, I will ſpeak for the People, becauſe they are few, or rather none in the Iſle to ſpeak for themſelves. Know then, that to prevent the farther ſhedding of Chriſtian Blood, we are all content *Ventoſo* ſhall be Vice-Roy, upon condition I may be Vice-Roy over him. Speak good People, are you all agreed? What, no Man Anſwer? Well, you may take their ſilence for conſent.

Vent. You ſpeak for the People, *Muſtacho?* I'll ſpeak for 'em, and declare generally with one Voice, one word and all; That there ſhall be no Vice-Roy but the Duke, unleſs I be he.

Muſt. You declare for the People, who never ſaw your Face! Cold Iron ſhall decide it. [*Both draw.*

Steph. Hold, loving Subjects: we will have no Civil War during our Reign: I do hereby appoint you both to be my Vice-Roys over the whole Iſland.

Both. Agreed! agreed!

Enter Trincalo *with a great Bottle, half drunk.*

Vent. How! *Trincalo* our brave Boſen!

Muſt. He reels: can he be drunk with Sea-water?

Trinc. ſings. I ſhall no more to Sea, to Sea,
Here I ſhall dye aſhore.
This is a very ſcurvy Tune to ſing at a Man's Funeral,
But here's my Comfort. [*Drinks.*

Sings. The Maſter, the Swabber, the Gunner, and I,
The Surgeon, and his Mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, *and* Marrian, *and* Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate.
For ſhe had a tongue with a tang,
Wou'd cry to a Saylor, go hang?
She lov'd not the ſavour of Tar nor of Pitch,
Yet a Taylor might ſcratch her where e'er ſhe did itch.
This is a ſcurvy Tune too, but here's my Comfort again. [*Drinks.*

Steph. We have got another Subject now; welcome,
Welcome into our Dominions!

Trinc. What Subject, or what Dominions? here's old Sack

Boys: the King of good Fellows can be no ſubject.
I will be Old *Simon* the King.

Muſt. Hah, old Boy! how didſt thou ſcape?

Trinc. Upon a Butt of Sack, Boys, which the Saylors
Threw overboard: but are you alive, hoa! for I will
Tipple with no Ghoſts till I'm dead: thy hand *Muſtacho*,
And thine *Ventoſo*; the ſtorm has done its worſt:
Stephano alive too! give thy Boſen thy hand, Maſter.

Vent. You muſt kiſs it then, for, I muſt tell you, we have choſen him Duke in a full Aſſembly.

Trinc. A Duke! where? what's he Duke of?

Muſt. Of this Iſland, Man. Oh *Trincalo* we are all made, the Iſland's empty; all's our own, Boy; and we will ſpeak to his Grace for thee, that thou may'ſt be as great as we are.

Trinc. You great? what the Devil are you?

Vent. We two are Vice-Roys over all the Iſland; and when we are weary of Governing thou ſhalt ſucceed us.

Trinc. Do you hear, *Ventoſo*, I will ſucceed you in both your places before you enter into 'em.

Steph. Trincalo, ſleep and be ſober; and make no more uproars in my Country.

Trinc. Why, what are you, Sir, what are you?

Steph. What I am, I am by free Election, and you *Trincalo* are not your ſelf; but we pardon your firſt fault,
Becauſe it is the firſt day of our Reign.

Trinc. Umph, were matters carried ſo ſwimmingly againſt me, whilſt I was ſwimming, and ſaving my ſelf for the good of the People of this Iſland.

Muſt. Art thou mad, *Trincalo*, wilt thou diſturb a ſetled Government?

Trinc. I ſay this Iſland ſhall be under *Trincalo*, or it ſhall be a Common-wealth; and ſo my Bottle is my Buckler, and ſo I draw my Sword. [*Draws.*

Vent. Ah *Trincalo*, I thought thou hadſt had more grace,
Than to rebel againſt thy old Maſter,
And thy two lawful Vice-Roys.

Muſt. Wilt not thou take advice of two that ſtand
For old Counſellors here, where thou art a meer ſtranger
To the Laws of the Country.

Trinc. I'll have no Laws.

Vent. Then Civil-War begins. [*Vent. Muſt.* draw.

Steph. Hold, hold, I'll have no blood ſhed,
My Subjects are but few: let him make a Rebellion
By himſelf; and a Rebel, I Duke *Stephano* declare him:
Vice-Roys, come away.

Trinc. And Duke *Trincalo* declares, that he will make open War wherever he meets thee or thy Vice-Roys. [*Ex.* Steph. Muſt. Vent.

Enter Caliban *with Wood upon his Back.*

Trinc. Hah! who have we here?

Calib. All the infections that the Sun ſucks up from Fogs, Fens, Flats, on *Proſpero* fall; and make him by inch-meal a Diſeaſe: his Spirits hear me, and yet I needs muſt Curſe, but they'll not pinch, fright me with Urchin ſhows, pitch me i' th' mire, nor lead me in the dark out of my way, unleſs he bid 'em: but for every trifle he ſets them on me; ſometimes like Baboons they mow and chatter at me, and often bite me; like Hedge-hogs then they mount their prickles at me, tumbling before me in my barefoot way. Sometimes I am all wound about with Adders, who with their cloven tongues hiſs me to Madneſs. Hah! yonder ſtands one of his Spirits ſent to torment me.

Trinc. What have we here, a Man, or a Fiſh?
This is ſome Monſter of the Iſle, were I in *England*,
As once I was, and had him painted;
Not a Holy-day Fool there but would give me
Six-pence for the ſight of him; well, if I could make
Him tame, he were a preſent for an Emperour.
Come hither pretty Monſter, I'll do thee no harm.
Come hither!

Calib. Torment me not;
I'll bring the Wood home faſter.

Trinc.

Trinc. He talks none of the wiſeſt, but I'll give him
A dram o' th' Bottle, that will clear his underſtanding.
Come on your ways Maſter Monſter, open your Mouth.
How now, you perverſe Moon-calf! what,
I think you cannot tell who is your Friend!
Open your Chops, I ſay. [*Pours Wine down his throat.*

Calib. This is a brave God, and bears Cœleſtial Liquor,
I'll kneel to him.

Trinc. He is a very hopeful Monſter; Monſter what ſay'ſt thou, art thou content to turn civil and ſober, as I am? for then thou ſhalt be my Subject.

Calib. I'll ſwear upon that Bottle to be true; for the liquor is not Earthly: didſt thou not drop from Heaven?

Trinc. Only out of the Moon, I was the Man in her when time was. By this light, a very ſhallow Monſter.

Calib. I'll ſhew thee every fertile inch i' th' Iſle, and kiſs thy foot: I prithee be my God, and let me drink. [*Drinks again.*

Trinc. Well drawn, Monſter, in good Faith.

Calib. I'le ſhew thee the beſt Springs, I'le pluck thee Berries,
I'le fiſh for thee, and get thee wood enough:
A curſe upon the Tyrant whom I ſerve, I'll bear him
No more ſticks, but follow thee.

Trinc. The poor Monſter is loving in his drink.

Calib. I prithee let me bring thee where Crabs grow,
And I, with my long Nails, will dig thee Pig-nuts,
Shew thee a Jay's Neſt, and inſtruct thee how to ſnare
The Marmazet; I'll bring thee to cluſter'd Filberds;
Wilt thou go with me?

Trinc. This Monſter comes of a good Natur'd Race;
Is there no more of thy Kin in this Iſland?

Calib. Divine, here is but one beſides my ſelf;
My Lovely Siſter, Beautiful and Bright as the full Moon.

Trinc. Where is ſhe?

Calib. I left her clambring up a hollow Oak,
And plucking thence the droping Honey-Combs.
Say my King, ſhall I call her to thee?

Trinc. She ſhall ſwear upon the Bottle too.
If ſhe proves handſome ſhe is mine: Here Monſter,
Drink again for thy good news; thou ſhalt ſpeak
A good word for me. [*Gives him the Bottle.*

Calib. Farewel, Old Maſter, farewel, farewel.

Sings. *No more Damms I'll make for Fiſh,*
Nor fetch in Firing at requiring,
Nor ſcrape Trencher, nor waſh Diſh;
Ban, ban, Cackaliban
Has a new Maſter, get a new Man.
Heigh-day, freedom, freedom!

Trinc. Here's two Subjects got already, the Monſter,
And his Siſter: Well, Duke *Stephano*, I ſay, and ſay again,
Wars will enſue, and ſo I Drink. [*Drinks.*
From this Worſhipful Monſter, and Miſtriſs,
Monſter his Siſter,
I'll lay claim to this Iſland by Alliance:
Monſter, I ſay thy Siſter ſhall be my Spouſe:
Come away Brother Monſter, I'll lead thee to my Butt
And Drink Her Health. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Proſpero *alone.*

Proſp. 'Tis not yet fit to let my Daughters know I kept
The Infant Duke of *Mantua* ſo near them in this Iſle,
Whoſe Father Dying bequeath'd him to my care,
Till my falſe Brother (when he deſign'd t' Uſurp
My Dukedome from me) expos'd him to that Fate
He meant for me. By Calculation of his Birth
I ſaw Death threat'ning him, if, till ſome time were
Paſt, he ſhould behold the Face of any Woman:

And now the danger's nigh: *Hippolito!* [*Enter* Hippolito.

Hip. Sir, I attend your pleaſure.

Proſp. How I have lov'd thee from thy infancy,
Heav'n knows, and thou thy ſelf canſt bear me witneſs,
Therefore accuſe not me for thy reſtraint.

Hip. Since I knew life, you've kept me in a Rock,
And you this day have hurry'd me from thence,
Only to change my Priſon, not to free me.
I murmur not, but I may wonder at it.

Proſp. O gentle Youth, Fate waits for thee abroad,
A black Star threatens thee, and Death unſeen
Stands ready to devour thee.

Hip. You taught me not to fear him in any of his ſhapes:
Let me meet Death rather than be a Priſoner.

Proſp. 'Tis pity he ſhould ſeize thy tender Youth.

Hip. Sir, I have often heard you ſay, no Creature liv'd
Within this Iſle, but thoſe which Man was Lord of,
Why then ſhould I fear?

Proſp. But here are Creatures which I nam'd not to thee,
Who ſhare Man's Sovereignty by Natures Laws,
And oft depoſe him from it.

Hip. What are thoſe Creatures, Sir?

Proſp. Thoſe dangerous Enemies of Men call'd Women.

Hip. Women! I never heard of them before.
But have I Enemies within this Iſle, and do you
Keep me from them? Do you think that I want
Courage to encounter them?

Proſp. No Courage can reſiſt 'em.

Hip. How then have you, Sir,
Liv'd ſo long unharm'd among them?

Proſp. O they deſpiſe Old Age, and ſpare it for that reaſon:
It is below their Conqueſt, their Fury falls
Alone upon the Young.

Hip. Why then the Fury of the Young ſhall fall on them again.
Pray turn me looſe upon 'em: But, good Sir,
What are Women like?

Proſp. Imagine ſomething between Young Men and Angels:
Fatally Beauteous, and have Killing Eyes;
Their Voices Charm beyond the Nightingales;
They are all Enchantment; thoſe who once behold 'em,
Are made their Slaves for ever.

Hip. Then I will wink and Fight with 'em.

Proſp. 'Tis but in vain, for when your Eyes are ſhut,
They through the Lids will ſhine, and Pierce your Soul:
Abſent, they will be preſent to you.
They'll haunt you in your very Sleep.

Hip. Then I'll revenge it on them when I Wake.

Proſp. You are without all poſſibility of revenge;
They are ſo Beautiful that you can ne'er attempt,
Nor wiſh to hurt them.

Hip. Are they ſo Beautiful?

Proſp. Calm Sleep is not ſo ſoft, nor Winter Suns,
Nor Summer Shades ſo pleaſant.

Hip. Can they be Fairer than the Plumes of Swans?
Or more Delightful than the Peacocks Feathers?
Or than the Gloſs upon the Necks of Doves?
Or have more various Beauty than the Rain-Bow?
Theſe I have ſeen, and without danger wondered at.

Proſp. All theſe are far below 'em: Nature made
Nothing but Woman Dangerous and Fair:
Therefore if you ſhould chance to ſee 'em,
Avoid 'em ſtreight, I charge you.

Hip. Well, ſince you ſay they are ſo Dangerous,
I'll ſo far ſhun 'em as I may with ſafety of the

Unblemiſh'd honour which you taught me.
But let 'em not provoke me, for I'm ſure I ſhall
Not then forbear them.
Proſp. Go in and read the Book I gave you laſt.
To Morrow I may bring you better News.
Hip. I ſhall obey you, Sir. [*Exit* Hippolito.
Proſp. So, ſo; I hope this Leſſon has ſecur'd him,
For I have been conſtrain'd to change his Lodging
From yonder Rock where firſt I bred him up,
And here have brought him home to my own Cell,
Becauſe the Shipwrack happen'd near his Manſion.
I hope he will not ſtir beyond his Limits,
For hitherto he has been all Obedience:
The Planets ſeem to ſmile on my deſigns,
And yet there is one ſullen Cloud behind,
I would it were diſperſt. [*Enter* Miranda *and* Dorinda.
How, my Daughters! I thought I had inſtructed
Them enough: Children! Retire;
Why do you walk this way?
Mir. It is within our Bounds, Sir.
Proſp. But both take heed, that Path is very dangerous.
Remember what I told you.
Dor. Is the Man that way, Sir?
Proſp. All that you can imagine ill is there:
The Curled Lyon, and the Rugged Bear
Are not ſo dreadful as that Man.
Mir. Oh me, why ſtay we here then?
Dor. I'll keep far enough from his Den, I warrant him.
Mir. But you have told me, Sir, you are a Man,
And yet you are not Dreadful.
Proſp. I Child! But I am a tame Man: Old Men are tame
By Nature, but all the Danger lies in a Wild
Young Man.
Dor. Do they run Wild about the Woods?
Proſp. No, they are Wild within Doors, in Chambers,
And in Cloſets.
Dor. But Father, I would ſtroak 'em, and make 'em gentle,
Then ſure they would not hurt me.
Proſp. You muſt not truſt them, Child: No Woman can come
Near 'em but ſhe feels a Pain full nine Months:
Well I muſt in, for new Affairs require my
Preſence: Be you, *Miranda*, your Siſter's Guardian. [*Exit* Proſpero.
Dor. Come, Siſter, ſhall we walk the other way,
The Man will catch us elſe, we have but two Legs,
And he perhaps has four.
Mir. Well, Siſter, though he have, yet look about you
And we ſhall ſpy him 'ere he comes too near us.
Dor. Come back, that way is towards his Den.
Mir. Let me alone: I'll venture firſt, for ſure he can
Devour but one of us at once.
Dor. How dare you venture?
Mir. We'll find him ſitting like a Hare in's Form,
And he ſhall not ſee us.
Dor. I, but you know my Father charg'd us both.
Mir. But who ſhall tell him on't? We'll keep each
Others Counſel.
Dor. I dare not for the World.
Mir. But how ſhall we hereafter ſhun him, if we do not
Know him firſt?
Dor. Nay, I confeſs, I would fain ſee him too. I find it in my
Nature, becauſe my Father has forbidden me.
Mir. I, there's it, Siſter, if he had ſaid nothing I had been quiet.
Go ſoftly, and if you ſee him firſt, be quick and becken me away.
Dor. Well, if he does catch me, I'll Humble my ſelf to him,

And ask him Pardon, as I do my Father,
When I have done a Fault.

Mir. And if I can but ſcape with Life, I had rather be in Pain nine Months, as my Father threatn'd, than looſe my Longing. [*Exeunt.*

The Scene changes, and diſcovers Hippolito *in a Cave walking: His Face from the Audience*

Hip. *Proſpero* has often ſaid that Nature makes
Nothing in vain: Why then are Women made?
Are they to ſuck the Poyſon of the Earth,
As gaudy colour'd Serpents are? I'll ask that
Queſtion, when next I ſee him here.

Enter Miranda *and* Dorinda *peeping.*

Dor. O Siſter, there it is; it walks about like one of us.

Mir. I, juſt ſo; and he has Legs as we have too.

Hip. It ſtrangely puzzles me: Yet 'tis moſt likely
Women are ſomewhat between Men and Spirits.

Dor. Heark! It talks, ſure this is not it my Father meant,
For this is juſt like one of us: Methinks I am not half
So much afraid on't as I was: See, now it turns this way.

Mir. Heav'n! What a goodly thing it is?

Dor. I'll go nearer it.

Mir. O no, 'tis Dangerous, Siſter! I'll go to it.
I would not for the World that you ſhould venture.
My Father charg'd me to ſecure you from it.

Dor. I warrant you this is a tame Man, dear Siſter,
He'll not hurt me, I ſee it by his Looks.

Mir. Indeed he will! But go back, and he ſhall Eat me firſt:
Fye, are you not aſham'd to be ſo much inquiſitive?

Dor. You chide me for't, and wou'd give your ſelf.

Mir. Come back, or I will tell my Father.
Obſerve how he begins to ſtare already.
I'll meet the Danger firſt, and then call you.

Dor. Nay, Siſter, you ſhall never vanquiſh me in kindneſs.
I'll venture you, no more than you will me.

Proſp. [*Within.*] *Miranda*, Child, where are you?

Mir. Do you not hear my Father call? Go in.

Dor. 'Twas you he nam'd, not me: I will but ſay my Prayers,
And follow you immediately.

Mir. Well, Siſter, you'll repent it. [*Exit* Miranda.

Dor. Though I Die for't, I muſt have th' other peep.

Hip. [*Seeing her.*] What thing is that? Sure 'tis ſome Infant of the Sun, dreſs'd in its Father's gayeſt Beams, and comes to play with Birds: My Sight is dazl'd, and yet I find I'm loath to ſhut my Eyes.
I muſt go nearer it—— but ſtay a while,
May it not be that Beauteous Murderer, Woman,
Which I was charg'd to ſhun? Speak, what art thou?
Thou ſhining Viſion!

Dor. Alaſs! I know not: But I'm told I am a Woman.
Do not hurt me, pray, Fair Thing.

Hip. I'd ſooner tear my Eyes out, than conſent to do you any harm; though I was told a Woman was my Enemy.

Dor. I never knew what 'twas to be an Enemy, nor can I e'er prove ſo to that which looks like you: For though I have been charg'd by him (whom yet I never Diſobey'd) to ſhun your Preſence, yet I'd rather Die than looſe it; therefore, I hope, you will not have the Heart to hurt me: though I fear you are a Man, that Dangerous Thing of which I have been warn'd: Pray tell me what you are?

Hip. I muſt confeſs, I was inform'd I am a Man,
But if I fright you, I ſhall wiſh I were ſome other Creature.
I was bid to fear you too.

Dor. Ay me! Heav'n grant we be not Poyſon to each other!
Alaſs! can we not meet but we muſt Die?

Hip. I hope not ſo! For when two Poyſonous Creatures,

Both

Both of the ſame kind, meet, yet neither dies.
I've ſeen two Serpents harmleſs to each other,
Though they have twin'd into a mutual Knot:
If we have any venome in us, ſure, we cannot be more
Poyſonous, when we meet, than Serpents are.
You have a hand like mine, may I not gently touch it? [*Takes her hand.*
Dor. I've touch'd my Father's and my Siſter's hands
And felt no pain; but now, alas! there's ſomething,
When I touch yours, which makes me ſigh: juſt ſo
I've ſeen two Turtles mourning when they met;
Yet mine's a pleaſing grief; and ſo methought was theirs;
For ſtill they mourn'd, and ſtill they ſeem'd to murmur too,
And yet they often met.
Hip. Oh Heavens! I have the ſame ſenſe too: your hand
Methinks goes through me; I feel at my heart,
And find it pleaſes, though it pains me.
Proſp. within. Dorinda!
Dor. My Father calls again, ah, I muſt leave you.
Hip. Alas, I'm ſubject to the ſame Command.
Dor. This is my firſt offence againſt my Father,
Which he, by ſevering us, too cruelly does puniſh.
Hip. And this is my firſt treſpaſs too: but he hath more
Offended truth than we have him:
He ſaid our meeting would deſtructive be,
But I no Death but in our parting ſee. [*Exeunt ſeveral ways.*

ACT III.

Enter Proſpero *and* Miranda.

Proſp. EXcuſe it not, *Miranda*, for to you (the Elder, and, I thought the more diſcreet) I gave the conduct of your Siſter's actions.
Mir. Sir, when you call'd me thence, I did not fail to mind her of her duty to depart.
Proſp. How can I think you did remember hers, when you forgot your own? did you not ſee the Man whom I commanded you to ſhun?
Mir. I muſt confeſs I ſaw him at a diſtance.
Proſp. Did not his Eyes infect and poyſon you?
What alteration found you in your ſelf?
Mir. I only wondred at a ſight ſo new.
Proſp. But have you no deſire once more to ſee him?
Come, tell me truly what you think of him?
Mir. As of the gayeſt thing I ever ſaw, ſo fine, that it appear'd more fit to be belov'd than fear'd, and ſeem'd ſo near my kind, that I did think I might have call'd it Siſter.
Proſp. You do not love it?
Mir. How is it likely that I ſhould, except the thing had firſt lov'd me?
Proſp. Cheriſh thoſe thoughts: you have a gen'rous Soul;
And ſince I ſee your Mind not apt to take the light
Impreſſions of a ſudden Love, I will unfold
A Secret to your Knowledge.
That Creature which you ſaw, is of a kind which
Nature made a prop and guide to yours.
Mir. Why did you then propoſe him as an object of terrour to my Mind? you never us'd to teach me any thing but God-like truths, and what you ſaid I did believe as ſacred.
Proſp. I fear'd the pleaſing form of this young Man
Might unawares poſſeſs your tender Breaſt,
Which for a nobler Gueſt I had deſign'd;
For ſhortly, my *Miranda*, you ſhall ſee another of his kind,
The full blown Flower, of which this youth was but the
Op'ning-bud. Go in, and ſend your Siſter to me.
Mir. Heav'n ſtill preſerve you, Sir. [*Ex.* Miranda.

Proſ p.

Proſp. And make thee fortunate.
Dorinda now muſt be examin'd too concerning this
Late interview. I'm ſure unartful truth lies open
In her Mind, as Cryſtal ſtreams their ſandy bottom ſhow.
I muſt take care her love grow not too faſt,
For Innocence is Love's moſt fertile ſoil,
Wherein he ſoon ſhoots up and widely ſpreads,
Nor is that danger which attends *Hippolito* yet overpaſt. [*Enter* Dorinda.

Proſp. O, come hither, you have ſeen a Man to day,
Againſt my ſtrict Command.

Dor. Who I? indeed I ſaw him but a little, Sir.

Proſp. Come, come, be clear, your Siſter told me all.

Dor. Did ſhe? truly ſhe would have ſeen him more than I,
But that I would not let her.

Proſp. Why ſo?

Dor. Becauſe, methought, he would have hurt me leſs
Than he would her. But if I knew you'd not be angry
With him, I could tell you, Sir, that he was much too blame.

Proſp. Hah! was he too blame?
Tell me, with that ſincerity I taught you, how you became ſo bold to ſee the Man?

Dor. I hope you will forgive me, Sir, becauſe I did not ſee him much till he ſaw me. Sir, he would needs come in my way, and ſtar'd, and ſtar'd upon my Face; and ſo I thought I would be reveng'd of him, and therefore I gaz'd on him as long; but if I e'er come near a Man again——

Proſp. I told you he was dangerous; but you would not be warn'd.

Dor. Pray be not angry, Sir, if I tell you, you are miſtaken in him; for he did me no great hurt.

Proſp. But he may do you more harm hereafter.

Dor. No, Sir, I'm as well as e'er I was in all my life,
But that I cannot eat nor drink for thought of him.
That dangerous Man runs ever in my Mind.

Proſp. The way to Cure you, is no more to ſee him.

Dor. Nay pray, Sir, ſay not ſo, I promis'd him
To ſee him once again; and you know, Sir,
You charg'd me I ſhou'd never break my Promiſe.

Proſp. Wou'd you ſee him who did you ſo much miſchief?

Dor. I warrant you I did him as much harm as he did me,
For when I left him, Sir, he ſigh'd ſo as it griev'd
My heart to hear him.

Proſp. Thoſe ſighs were poyſonous, they infected you:
You ſay they griev'd you to the heart.

Dor. 'Tis true; but yet his looks and words were gentle.

Proſp. Theſe are the Day-dreams of a Maid in love,
But ſtill I fear the worſt.

Dor. O fear not him, Sir,
I know he will not hurt you for my ſake;
I'll undertake to tye him to a hair,
And lead him hither as my Pris'ner to you.

Proſp. Take heed, *Dorinda*, you may be deceiv'd;
This Creature is of ſuch a Salvage race,
That no mild uſage can reclaim his Wildneſs;
But, like a Lyon's Whelp bred up by hand,
When leaſt you look for't, Nature will preſent
The Image of his Fathers bloody Paws,
Wherewith he purvey'd for his couching Queen;
And he will leap into his native fury.

Dor He cannot change from what I left him, Sir.

Proſp. You ſpeak of him with too much Paſſion; tell me
(And on your duty tell me true, *Dorinda*)
What paſt betwixt you and that horrid Creature?

Dor. How, horrid, Sir? if any elſe but you ſhould call it ſo, indeed I ſhould be angry.

Proſp. Go too! you are a fooliſh Girl; but anſwer to what I ask, what thought you when you ſaw it?

Dor.

Dor. At firſt it ſtar'd upon me and ſeem'd wild,
And then I trembled, yet it look'd ſo lovely, that when
I would have fled away, my Feet ſeem'd faſten'd to the ground,
Then it drew near, and with amazement askt
To touch my hand; which, as a ranſom for my life,
I gave: but when he had it, with a furious gripe
He put it to his Mouth ſo eagerly, I was afraid he
Would have ſwallow'd it.
Proſp. Well, what was his behaviour afterwards?
Dor. He on a ſudden grew ſo tame and gentle,
That he became more kind to me than you are;
Then, Sir, I grew I know not how, and touching his hand
Again, my heart did beat ſo ſtrong as I lackt breath
To anſwer what he ask'd.
Proſp. You have been too fond, and I ſhould chide you for it.
Dor. Then ſend me to that Creature to be puniſht.
Proſp. Poor Child! thy Paſſion like a lazy Ague
Has ſeiz'd thy Blood, inſtead of ſtriving thou humour'ſt
And feed'ſt thy languiſhing Diſeaſe: thou fight'ſt
The Battels of thy Enemy, and 'tis one part of what
I threatn'd thee, not to perceive thy danger.
Dor. Danger, Sir?
If he would hurt me, yet he knows not how:
He hath no Claws, nor Teeth, nor Horns to hurt me,
But looks about him like a Callow-Bird
Juſt ſtraggl'd from the Neſt: pray truſt me, Sir,
To go to him again.
Proſp. Since you will venture,
I charge you bear your ſelf reſerv'dly to him,
Let him not dare to touch your naked hand,
But keep at diſtance from him.
Dor. This is hard.
Proſp. It is the way to make him love you more;
He will deſpiſe you if you grow too kind.
Dor. I'll ſtruggle with my heart to follow this,
But if I loſe him by it, will you promiſe
To bring him back again?
Proſp. Fear not, *Dorinda*;
But uſe him ill and he'll be yours for ever.
Dor. I hope you have not couzen'd me again. [*Exit* Dorinda.
Proſp. Now my deſigns are gathering to a head.
My Spirits are obedient to my charms.
What, *Ariel!* my Servant *Ariel*, where art thou?
Enter Ariel.
Ariel. What wou'd my potent Maſter? here I am.
Proſp. Thou and thy meaner Fellows your laſt ſervice
Did worthily perform, and I muſt uſe you in ſuch another
Work: how goes the day?
Ariel. On the fourth, my Lord, and on the ſixth
You ſaid our work ſhould ceaſe.
Proſp. And ſo it ſhall;
And thou ſhalt have the open Air at freedom.
Ariel. Thanks my great Lord.
Proſp. But tell me firſt, my Spirit,
How fares the Duke, my Brother, and their Followers?
Ariel. Confin'd together, as you gave me order,
In the Lime-Grove which weather-fends your Cell;
Within that Circuit up and down they wander,
But cannot ſtir one ſtep beyond their compaſs.
Proſp. How do they bear their ſorrows?
Ariel. The two Dukes appear like Men diſtracted, their
Attendants brim-ful of ſorrow mourning over 'em;
But chiefly, he you term'd the good *Gonzalo:*
His tears run down his Beard, like Winter-drops

From Eaves of Reeds, your Viſion did ſo work 'em,
That if you now beheld 'em, your affections
Would become tender.
Proſp. Doſt thou think ſo, Spirit?
Ariel. Mine would, Sir, were I humane.
Proſp. And mine ſhall:
Haſt thou, who art but air, a touch, a feeling of their
Afflictions, and ſhall not I (a Man like them, one
Who as ſharply reliſh Paſſions as they) be kindlier
Mov'd than thou art? though they have pierc'd
Me to the quick with injuries, yet with my nobler
Reaſon 'gainſt my fury I will take part;
The rarer action is in Virtue than in Vengeance.
Go, my *Ariel*, refreſh with needful food their
Famiſh'd Bodies. With ſhows and cheerful
Muſick comfort 'em.
Ariel. Preſently, Maſter.
Proſp. With a twinckle, *Ariel.*
Ariel. Before you can ſay come and go,
And breath twice, and cry ſo; ſo.
Each Spirit tripping on his toe,
Shall bring 'em Meat with mop and moe,
Do you love me, Maſter, I or no?
Proſp. Dearly, my dainty *Ariel*, but ſtay, Spirit;
What is become of my Slave *Caliban*,
And *Sycorax* his Siſter?
Ariel. Potent Sir!
They have caſt off your Service, and revolted
To the wrack'd Mariners, who have already
Parcell'd your Iſland into Governments.
Proſ. No matter, I have now no need of 'em;
But, Spirit, now I ſtay thee on the Wing;
Haſte to perform what I have given in charge:
But ſee they keep within the bounds I ſet 'em.
Ariel. I'll keep 'em in with Walls of Adamant,
Inviſible as air to mortal Eyes,
But yet unpaſſable.
Proſp. Make haſt then. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.

Gonz. I am weary, and can go no farther, Sir,
My old Bones ake, here's a Maze trod indeed
Through Forth-rights and Meanders, by your Patience
I needs muſt reſt.
Alonz. Old Lord, I cannot blame thee, who am my ſelf ſeiz'd
With a wearineſs to the dulling of my Spirits:
Sit and reſt. [*They ſit.*
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it no longer
For my Flatterers: he is drown'd whom thus we
Stray to find, and the Sea mocks our fruſtrate
Search on Land: Well! let him go.
Ant. Do not for one repulſe forego the purpoſe
Which you reſolv'd t' effect.
Alonz. I'm faint with hunger, and muſt deſpair
Of food, Heav'n hath incens'd the Seas and
Shores againſt us for our crimes. [*Muſick.*
What! Harmony again, my good Friends, hark!
Ant. I fear ſome other horrid Apparition.
Give us kind Keepers, Heaven I beſeech thee!
Gonz. 'Tis chearful Muſick, this, unlike the firſt;
And ſeems as 'twere meant t' unbend our cares,
And calm your troubled thoughts.

Ariel *inviſible Sings.*

Dry thoſe eyes which are o'rflowing,
All your ſtorms are over-blowing:

While

While you in this Iſle are biding,
You ſhall feaſt without providing:
Every dainty you can think of,
Ev'ry Wine which you would drink of,
Shall be yours; all want ſhall ſhun you,
Ceres *Bleſſing ſo is on you.*

Alonz. This Voice ſpeaks comfort to us.

Ant. Wou'd 'twere come; there is no Muſick in a Song
To me, my ſtomach being empty.

Gonz. O for a Heavenly Viſion of Boyl'd,
Bak'd, and Roaſted!

Enter eight fat Spirits, with Cornu-Copia *in their hands.*

Alonz. Are theſe plump ſhapes ſent to deride our hunger?

Gonz. No, no: it is a Maſque of fatten'd Devils, the
Burgo-Maſters of the lower Region. [*Dance and vaniſh.*
O for a Collop of that large-haunch'd Devil
Who went out laſt!

Ant. going to the door. My Lord, the Duke, ſee yonder.
A Table, as I live, ſet out and furniſht
With all varieties of Meats and Fruits.

Alonz. 'Tis ſo indeed, but who dares taſt this Feaſt,
Which Fiends provide, perhaps, to poyſon us?

Gonz. Why that dare I; if the black Gentleman be ſo ill-natur'd, he may do his pleaſure.

Ant. 'Tis certain we muſt either eat or famiſh,
I will encounter it, and feed.

Alonz. If both reſolve, I will adventure too.

Gonz. Then good my Lord, make haſte,
And ſay no Grace before it, I beſeech you,
Becauſe the meat will vaniſh ſtrait, if, as I fear,
An evil Spirit be our Cook. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Trincalo *and* Caliban.

Trinc. Brother Monſter, welcome to my private Palace.
But where's thy Siſter, is ſhe ſo brave a Laſs?

Calib. In all this Iſle there are but two more, the Daughters of the Tyrant *Proſpero*; and ſhe is bigger than 'em both. O here ſhe comes; now thou may'ſt judge thy ſelf, my Lord. [*Enter* Sycorax.

Trinc. She's monſtrous fair indeed. Is this to be my Spouſe? Well, ſhe's Heir of all this Iſle (for I will geld Monſter). The *Trincalo*'s, like other wiſe Men, have anciently us'd to Marry for Eſtate more than for Beauty.

Sycorax. I prithee let me have the gay thing about thy Neck, and that which dangles at thy Wriſt. [Sycorax *points to his Boſen's Whiſtle, and his Bottle.*

Trinc. My dear Blobber-lips; this, obſerve my Chuck, is a badge of my Sea-Office; my fair Fuſs, thou doſt not know it.

Syc. No, my dread Lord.

Trinc. It ſhall be a Whiſtle for our firſt Babe, and when the next Shipwrack puts me again to ſwimming, I'll dive to get a Coral to it.

Syc. I'll be thy pretty Child, and wear it firſt.

Trinc. I prithee ſweet Babby do not play the wanton, and cry for my goods e'er I'm dead. When thou art my Widow, thou ſhalt have the Devil and all.

Syc. May I not have the other fine thing?

Trinc. This is a Sucking-Bottle for young *Trincalo.*

Calib. This is a God-A-Mighty Liquor, I did but drink thrice of it, and it hath made me glad e'er ſince.

Syc. He is the braveſt God I ever ſaw.

Calib. You muſt be kind to him, and he will love you.
I prithee ſpeak to her, my Lord, and come neerer her.

Trinc. By this light, I dare not till I have drank: I muſt
Fortifie my Stomach firſt.

Syc. I ſhall have all his fine things when I'm a Widow.
[*Pointing to his Bottle, and Boſen's Whiſtle.*

Calib. I, but you muſt be kind and kiſs him then.

Trinc. My Brother Monſter is a rare Pimp.

Syc. I'll hug thee in my Arms, my Brother's God.

Trinc. Think o' thy Soul, *Trincalo*, thou art a dead Man if this kindneſs continue.

Calib. And he ſhall get thee a young *Sycorax*, wilt thou not, my Lord?

Trinc. Indeed I know not how, they do no ſuch thing in my Country.

Syc. I'll ſhew thee how: thou ſhalt get me twenty *Sycoraxes*; and I'll get thee twenty *Calibans*.

Trinc. Nay, if they are got, ſhe muſt do't all her ſelf, that's certain.

Syc. And we will tumble in cool Plaſhes, and the ſoft Fens, where we will make us Pillows of Flags and Bull-ruſhes.

Calib. My Lord, ſhe would be loving to thee, and thou wilt not let her.

Trinc. Ev'ry thing in its Seaſon, Brother Monſter; but you muſt counſel her; fair Maids muſt not be too forward.

Syc. My Brother's God, I love thee; prithee let me come to thee.

Trinc. Subject Monſter, I charge thee keep the Peace between us.

Calib. Shall ſhe not taſte of that Immortal Liquor?

Trinc. Umph! that's another queſtion: for if ſhe be thus flipant in her Water, what will ſhe be in her Wine?

[*Enter* Ariel (*inviſible*) *and changes the Bottle which ſtands upon the ground.*

Ariel. There's Water for your Wine. [*Exit* Ariel.

Trinc. Well! ſince it muſt be ſo. [*Gives her the Bottle.*

How do you like it now, my Queen that [*She drinks.*
Muſt be?

Syc. Is this your Heavenly Liquor? I'll bring you to a River of the ſame.

Trinc. Wilt thou ſo, Madam Monſter? what a mighty Prince ſhall I be then? I would not change my Dukedom to be great Turk *Trincalo*.

Syc. This is the drink of Frogs.

Trinc. Nay, if the Frogs of this Iſland drink ſuch, they are the merryeſt Frogs in Chriſtendom.

Calib. She does not know the virtue of this liquor:
I prithee let me drink for her.

Trinc. Well ſaid, Subject Monſter. [Caliban *drinks.*

Calib. My Lord, this is meer Water.

Trinc. 'Tis thou haſt chang'd the Wine then, and drunk it up,
Like a debauch'd Fiſh as thou art. Let me ſee't,
I'll taſte it my ſelf. Element! meer Element! as I live.
It was a cold gulph, ſuch as this, which kill'd my famous
Predeceſſor old *Simon* the King.

Calib. How does thy honour? prithee be not angry, and I will lick thy Shoe.

Trinc. I could find in my heart to turn thee out of my Dominions for a liquoriſh Monſter.

Calib. O my Lord, I have found it out; this muſt be done by one of *Proſpero*'s Spirits.

Trinc. There's nothing but Malice in theſe Devils, I never lov'd 'em from my Childhood. The Devil take 'em, I would it had been Holy-water for their ſakes.

Syc. Will not thy mightineſs revenge our wrongs, on this great Sorcerer? I know thou wilt, for thou art Valiant.

Trinc. In my Sack, Madam Monſter, as any fleſh alive.

Syc. Then I will cleave to thee.

Trinc. Lovingly ſaid, in troth: now cannot I hold out againſt her. This Wife-like Vertue of hers, has overcome me.

Syc. Shall I have thee in my Arms?

Trinc. Thou ſhalt have Duke *Trincalo* in thy Arms:
But prithee be not too boiſtrous with me at firſt;
Do not diſcourage a young Beginner. [*They embrace.*
Stand to your Arms, my Spouſe,
And Subject Monſter; [*Enter* Steph. Muſt. Vent.
The Enemy is come to ſurpriſe us in our Quarters.
You ſhall know Rebels that I am Marry'd to a Witch,
And we have a thouſand Spirits of our Party.

Steph. Hold! I ask a Truce; I and my Vice-Roys
(Finding no food, and but a ſmall remainder of Brandy)
Are come to treat a Peace betwixt us,
Which may be for the good of both Armies,
Therefore *Trincalo* disband.

Trinc.

Trinc. Plain *Trincalo*, methinks I might have been a Duke in your Mouth, I'll not accept of your Embaſſy without my Title.

Steph. A Title ſhall break no ſquares betwixt us:
Vice-Roys, give him his ſtile of Duke, and treat with him,
Whilſt I walk by in ſtate.

[Ventoſo *and* Muſtacho *bow whilſt* Trincalo *puts on his Cap.*

Muſt. Our Lord and Maſter, Duke *Stephano*, has ſent us
In the firſt place to demand of you, upon what
Ground you make War againſt him, having no right
To Govern here, as being Elected only by
Your own Voice.

Trinc. To this I Anſwer, that having in the Face of the World
Eſpous'd the lawful Inheritrix of this Iſland,
Queen *Blouze* the Firſt, and having homage done me,
By this hectoring Spark her Brother, from theſe two
I claim a lawful Title to this Iſland.

Muſt. Who, that Monſter? he a Hector?

Calib. Lo! how he mocks me, wilt thou let him, my Lord?

Vent. Lord! quoth he: the Monſter's a very natural.

Syc. Lo! lo! again; bite him to death I prithee.

Trinc. Vice-Roys! keep good Tongues in your Heads
I adviſe you, and proceed to your buſineſs, for I have
Other affairs to diſpatch of more importance betwixt
Queen Slobber-Chops and my ſelf.

Muſt. Firſt and foremoſt, as to your claim that you have anſwer'd.

Vent. But ſecond and foremoſt, we demand of you,
That if we make a Peace, the Butt alſo may be
Comprehended in the Treaty.

Muſt. Is the Butt ſafe, Duke *Trincalo?*

Trinc. The Butt is partly ſafe: but to comprehend it in the Treaty, or indeed to make any Treaty, I cannot, with my honour, without your ſubmiſſion. Theſe two, and the Spirits under me, ſtand likewiſe upon their honours.

Calib. Keep the liquor for us, my Lord, and let them drink Brine, for I will not ſhow 'em the quick freſhes of the Iſland.

Steph. I underſtand, being preſent, from my Embaſſadors what your reſolution is, and ask an hours time of deliberation, and ſo I take our leave; but firſt I deſire to be entertain'd at your Butt, as becomes a Prince, and his Embaſſadors.

Trinc. That I refuſe, till acts of Hoſtility be ceas'd.
Theſe Rogues are rather Spies than Embaſſadors;
I muſt take heed of my Butt. They come to pry
Into the ſecrets of my Dukedom.

Vent. Trincalo you are a barbarous Prince, and ſo farewel.

[*Exeunt* Steph. Muſt. Vent.

Trinc. Subject Monſter! ſtand you Sentry before my Cellar; my Queen and I will enter and feaſt our ſelves within.

Syc. May I not Marry that other King and his two Subjects, to help you a-nights?

Trinc. What a careful Spouſe have I? Well! if ſhe does Cornute me, the care is taken.
When underneath my Power my Foes have truckl'd,
To be a Prince, who would not be a Cuckold? [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ferdinand, *and* Ariel (*inviſible.*)

Ferd. How far will this inviſible Muſician conduct
My ſteps? he hovers ſtill about me, whether
For good or ill I cannot tell, nor care I much;
For I have been ſo long a Slave to chance, that
I'm as weary of her Flatteries as her Frowns,
But here I am ——

Ariel. Here I am.

Ferd. Hah! art thou ſo? the Spirit's turn'd an Eccho:
This might ſeem pleaſant, could the burthen of my
Griefs accord with any thing but ſighs.
And my laſt words, like thoſe of dying Men
Need no reply. Fain I would go to ſhades, where

Few

Few would wiſh to follow me.
Ariel. Follow me.
Ferd. This evil Spirit grows importunate,
But I'll not take his counſel.
Ariel. Take his counſel.
Ferd. It may be the Devil's counſel. I'll never take it.
Ariel. Take it.
Ferd. I will diſcourſe no more with thee,
Nor follow one ſtep farther.
Ariel. One ſtep farther.
Ferd. This muſt have more importance than an Eccho.
Some Spirit tempts to a precipice.
I'll try if it will anſwer when I ſing
My Sorrows to the murmurs of this Brook.
He Sings.

Go thy way.
Ariel. *Go thy way.*
Ferd. *Why ſhould'ſt thou ſtay?*
Ariel. *Why ſhould'ſt thou ſtay?*
Ferd. *Where the Winds whiſtle, and where the ſtreams creep,*
Under yond Willow-tree, fain would I ſleep.
Then let me alone,
For 'tis time to be gone.
Ariel. *For 'tis time to be gone.*
Ferd. *What cares or pleaſures can be in this Iſle?*
Within this deſart place
There lives no humane race;
Fate cannot frown here, nor kind fortune ſmile.
Ariel. *Kind Fortune ſmiles, and ſhe*
Has yet in ſtore for thee
Some ſtrange felicity.
Follow me, follow me,
And thou ſhalt ſee.
Ferd. I'll take thy word for once;
Lead on Muſician. [*Exeunt and return.*

Scene changes, and diſcovers Proſpero *and* Miranda.

Proſp. Advance the fringed Curtains of thine Eyes, and ſay what thou ſeeſt yonder.
Mir. Is it a Spirit?
Lord! how it looks about! Sir, I confeſs it carries a brave form.
But 'tis a Spirit.
Proſp. No Girl, it eats and ſleeps, and has ſuch ſenſes as we have. This young Gallant, whom thou ſee'ſt, was in the wrack; were he not ſomewhat ſtain'd with grief (Beauty's worſt Cancer) thou might'ſt call him a goodly Perſon; he has loſt his Company, and ſtrays about to find 'em.
Mir. I might call him a thing divine, for nothing natural I ever ſaw ſo noble.
Proſp. It goes on as my Soul prompts it: Spirit, fine Spirit.
I'll free thee within two days for this.
Ferd. She's ſure the Miſtreſs, on whom theſe Airs attend. Fair Excellence, if, as your form declares, you are divine, be pleas'd to inſtruct me how you will be worſhiped; ſo bright a Beauty cannot ſure belong to humane kind.
Mir. I am, like you, a Mortal, if ſuch you are.
Ferd. My language too! O Heavens! I am the beſt of them who ſpeak this Speech, when I'm in my own Country.
Proſp. How, the beſt? what wert thou if the Duke of *Savoy* heard thee?
Ferd. As I am now, who wonders to here thee ſpeak of *Savoy*: he does hear me, and that he does I weep, my ſelf am *Savoy*, whoſe fatal Eyes (e'er ſince at ebb) beheld the Duke my Father wrackt.
Mir. Alack! for pity.
Proſp. At the firſt ſight they have chang'd Eyes, dear *Ariel*,
I'll ſet thee free for this—— young Sir, a word.
With hazard of your ſelf you do me wrong.
Mir. Why ſpeaks my Father ſo urgently?
This is the third Man that e'er I ſaw, the firſt whom

E'er

E'er I ſigh'd for, ſweet Heaven move my Father
To be inclin'd my way.
Ferd. O! if a Virgin! and your affection not gone forth,
I'll make you Miſtreſs of *Savoy*.
Proſp. Soft, Sir! one word more.
They are in each others Powers, but this ſwift
Bus'neſs I muſt uneaſie make, leſt too light
Winning make the prize light——one word more.
Thou uſurp'ſt the name not due to thee, and haſt
Put thy ſelf upon this Iſland as a Spy to get the
Government from me, the Lord of it.
Ferd. No, as I'm a Man.
Mir. There's nothing ill can dwell in ſuch a Temple,
If th' Evil Spirit hath ſo fair a Houſe,
Good things will ſtrive to dwell with it.
Proſp. No more. Speak not you for him, he's a Traytor,
Come! thou art my Pris'ner and ſhalt be in
Bonds. Sea-water ſhalt thou drink, thy food
Shall be the Freſh-Brook-Muſcles, wither'd Roots,
And Husks, wherein the Acorn crawl'd; follow.
Ferd. No, I will reſiſt ſuch entertainment
Till my Enemy has more power. [*He draws, and is charm'd from moving.*
Mir. O dear Father! make not too raſh a tryal
Of him, for he's gentle and not fearful.
Proſp. My Child my Tutor! put thy Sword up Traytor,
Who mak'ſt a ſhow, but dar'ſt not ſtrike: thy
Conſcience is poſſeſt with guilt. Come from
Thy Ward, for I can here diſarm thee with
This Wand, and make thy Weapon drop.
Mir. Beſeech you Father.
Proſp. Hence: hang not on my Garment.
Mir. Sir, have pity,
I'll be his Surety.
Proſp. Silence! one word more ſhall make me chide thee,
If not hate thee: what, an Advocate for an
Impoſtor? ſure thou think'ſt there are no more
Such ſhapes as his?
To the moſt of Men this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are Angels.
Mir. My affections are then moſt humble,
I have no ambition to ſee a goodlier Man.
Proſp. Come on, obey:
Thy Nerves are in their Infancy again, and have
No vigour in them.
Ferd. So they are:
My Spirits, as in a Dream, are all bound up:
My Father's loſs, the weakneſs which I feel,
The wrack of all my Friends, and this Man's threats,
To whom I am ſubdu'd, would ſeem light to me,
Might I but once a day through my Priſon behold this Maid:
All Corners elſe o' th' Earth let liberty make uſe of:
I have ſpace enough in ſuch a Priſon.
Proſp. It works: come on:
Thou haſt done well, fine *Ariel*: follow me.
Hark what thou ſhalt more do for me [*Whiſpers* Ariel.
Mir. Be of comfort!
My Father's of a better nature, Sir,
Than he appears by Speech: this is unwonted
Which now came from him.
Proſp. Thou ſhalt be as free as Mountain Winds:
But then exactly do all points of my Command.
Ariel. To a Syllable. [*Exit* Ariel.
Proſp. to *Mir.* Go in that way, ſpeak not a word for him:
I'll ſeparate you. [*Exit* Miranda.

Ferd.

Ferd. As ſoon thou may'ſt divide the Waters
When thou ſtrik'ſt 'em, which purſue thy bootleſs blow,
And meet when 'tis paſt.
Proſp. Go practiſe your Philoſophy within,
And if you are the ſame you ſpeak your ſelf,
Bear your afflictions like a Prince——That Door
Shews you your Lodging.
Ferd. 'Tis in vain to ſtrive, I muſt obey. [*Exit* Ferd.
Proſp. This goes as I would wiſh it.
Now for my ſecond care, *Hippolito*.
I ſhall not need to chide him for his fault,
His Paſſion is become his puniſhment.
Come forth, *Hippolito*. [*Enter* Hippolito.
Hip. entring. 'Tis *Proſpero*'s Voice.
Proſp. Hippolito! I know you now expect I ſhould ſeverely chide you: you have ſeen a Woman in contempt of my Commands.
Hip. But, Sir, you ſee I am come off unharm'd;
I told you, that you need not doubt my Courage.
Proſp. You think you have receiv'd no hurt.
Hip. No, none Sir.
Try me again, when e'er you pleaſe I'm ready:
I think I cannot fear an Army of 'em.
Proſp. How much in vain it is to bridle Nature! [*Aſide.*
Well! what was the ſucceſs of your Encounter?
Hip. Sir, we had none, we yielded both at firſt,
For I took her to mercy, and ſhe me.
Proſp. But are you not much chang'd from what you were?
Hip. Methinks I wiſh and wiſh! for what I know not,
But ſtill I wiſh——yet if I had that Woman,
She, I believe, could tell me what I wiſh for.
Proſp. What wou'd you do to make that Woman yours?
Hip. I'd quit the reſt o' th' World that I might live alone with Her, ſhe never ſhould be from me.
We two would ſit and look till our Eyes ak'd.
Proſp. You'd ſoon be weary of her.
Hip. O, Sir, never.
Proſp. But you'l grow old and wrinckl'd, as you ſee me now,
And then you will not care for her.
Hip. You may do what you pleaſe, but, Sir, we two can Never poſſibly grow old.
Proſp. You muſt, *Hippolito*.
Hip. Whether we will or no, Sir, who ſhall make us?
Proſp. Nature, which made me ſo.
Hip. But you have told me her works are various;
She made you old, but ſhe has made us young.
Proſp. Time will convince you,
Mean while be ſure you tread in honours paths,
That you may merit her, and that you may not want
Fit occaſions to employ your Virtue, in this next
Cave there is a Stranger lodg'd, one of your kind,
Young, of a noble preſence, and as he ſays himſelf,
Of Princely Birth, he is my Pris'ner and in deep
Affliction, viſit, and comfort him; it will become you.
Hip. It is my duty, Sir. [*Exit* Hippolito.
Proſp. True, he has ſeen a Woman, yet he lives, perhaps I took the moment of his Birth amiſs, perhaps my Art it ſelf is falſe: on what ſtrange grounds we build our hopes and fears, Mans Life is all a Miſt, and in the dark, our Fortunes meet us.
If Fate be not, then what can we foreſee,
Or how can we avoid it, if it be?
If by Free-will in our own paths we move,
How are we bounded by Decrees above?
Whether we drive, or whether we are driven,
If ill 'tis ours, if good the act of Heaven. [*Exit* Proſpero.

SCENE,

SCENE, *A Cave.*

Enter Hippolito *and* Ferdinand.

Ferd. Your pity, noble Youth, doth much oblige me,
Indeed 'twas ſad to loſe a Father ſo.

Hip. I, and an only Father too, for ſure you ſaid
You had but one.

Ferd. But one Father! he's wondrous ſimple! [*Aſide.*

Hip. Are ſuch misfortunes frequent in your World,
Where many Men live?

Ferd. Such we are born to.
But gentle Youth, as you have queſtion'd me,
So give me leave to ask you, what you are?

Hip. Do not you know?

Ferd. How ſhould I?

Hip. I well hop'd I was a Man, but by your ignorance
Of what I am, I fear it is not ſo:
Well, *Proſpero!* this is now the ſecond time
You have deceiv'd me.

Ferd. Sir, there is no doubt you are a Man:
But I would know of whence?

Hip. Why, of this World, I never was in yours.

Ferd. Have you a Father?

Hip. I was told I had one, and that he was a Man, yet I have been ſo much deceived, I dare not tell't you for a truth; but I have ſtill been kept a Priſoner for fear of Women.

Ferd. They indeed are dangerous, for ſince I came I have beheld one here, whoſe Beauty pierc'd my heart.

Hip. How did ſhe pierce? you ſeem not hurt.

Ferd. Alas! the wound was made by her bright Eyes,
And feſters by her abſence.
But to ſpeak plainer to you, Sir, I love her.

Hip. Now I ſuſpect that Love's the very thing, that I feel too! pray tell me truly, Sir, are you not grown unquiet ſince you ſaw her?

Ferd. I take no reſt.

Hip. Juſt, juſt my Diſeaſe.
Do you not wiſh you do not know for what?

Ferd. O no! I know too well for what I wiſh.

Hip. There, I confeſs, I differ from you, Sir:
But you deſire ſhe may be always with you?

Ferd. I can have no felicity without her.

Hip. Juſt my condition! alas, gentle Sir,
I'll pity you, and you ſhall pity me.

Ferd. I love ſo much, that if I have her not,
I find I cannot live.

Hip. How! do you love her?
And would you have her too? that muſt not be:
For none but I muſt have her.

Ferd. But perhaps, we do not love the ſame:
All Beauties are not pleaſing alike to all.

Hip. Why are there more fair Women, Sir,
Beſides that one I love?

Ferd. That's a ſtrange queſtion. There are many more beſides that Beauty which you love.

Hip. I will have all of that kind, if there be a hundred of 'em.

Ferd. But noble Youth, you know not what you ſay.

Hip. Sir, they are things I love, I cannot be without 'em:
O, how I rejoyce! more Women!

Ferd. Sir, if you love you muſt be ty'd to one.

Hip. Ty'd! how ty'd to her?

Ferd. To love none but her.

Hip. But, Sir, I find it is againſt my Nature.
I muſt love where I like, and I believe I may like all,

All that are fair: come! bring me to this Woman,
For I muſt have her.
Ferd. His ſimplicity
Is ſuch that I can ſcarce be angry with him. [*Aſide.*
Perhaps, ſweet Youth, when you behold her,
You will find you do not love her.
Hip. I find already I love, becauſe ſhe is another Woman.
Ferd. You cannot love two Women, both at once.
Hip. Sure 'tis my duty to love all who do reſemble
Her whom I've already ſeen. I'll have as many as I can,
That are ſo good, and Angel-like, as ſhe I love.
And will have yours.
Ferd. Pretty Youth, you cannot.
Hip. I can do any thing for that I love.
Ferd. I may, perhaps, by force reſtrain you from it.
Hip. Why do ſo if you can. But either promiſe me
To love no Woman, or you muſt try your force.
Ferd. I cannot help it, I muſt love.
Hip. Well you may love, for *Proſpero* taught me Friendſhip too: you ſhall love me and other Men if you can find 'em, but all the Angel-Women ſhall be mine.
Ferd. I muſt break off this Conference, or he will
Urge me elſe beyond what I can bear.
Sweet Youth! ſome other time we will ſpeak
Farther concerning both our loves; at preſent
I am indiſpos'd with wearineſs and grief,
And would, if you were pleas'd, retire a while.
Hip. Some other time be it; but, Sir, remember
That I both ſeek and much intreat your Friendſhip,
For next to Women, I find I can love you.
Ferd. I thank you, Sir, I will conſider of it. [*Exit* Ferdinand.
Hip. This Stranger does inſult and comes into my
World to take thoſe Heavenly Beauties from me,
Which I believe I am inſpir'd to love,
And yet he ſaid he did deſire but one.
He would be poor in love, but I'll be rich:
I now perceive that *Proſpero* was cunning;
For when he frighted me from Woman-kind,
Thoſe precious things he for himſelf deſign'd. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

Enter Proſpero, *and* Miranda.

Proſp. YOur ſuit has pity in't, and has prevail'd.
Within this Cave he lies, and you may ſee him:
But yet take heed; let Prudence be your Guide;
You muſt not ſtay, your viſit muſt be ſhort. [*She's going.*
One thing I had forgot; inſinuate into his Mind
A kindneſs to that Youth, whom firſt you ſaw;
I would have Friendſhip grow betwixt 'em.
Mir. You ſhall be obey'd in all things.
Proſp. Be earneſt to unite their very Souls.
Mir. I ſhall endeavour it.
Proſp. This may ſecure *Hippolito* from that dark danger which my art forebodes; for Friendſhip does provide a double ſtrength t' oppoſe th' aſſaults of Fortune. [*Exit* Proſpero.

Enter Ferdinand.

Ferd. To be a Priſ'ner where I dearly love, is but a double tye; a Link of Fortune join'd to the Chain of Love; but not to ſee her, and yet to be ſo near her, there's the hardſhip; I feel my ſelf as on a Rack, ſtretch'd out, and nigh the ground, on which I might have eaſe, yet cannot reach it.
Mir. Sir! my Lord? where are you?
Ferd. Is it your Voice, my Love? or do I dream?

Mir.

Mir. Speak ſoftly, it is I.

Ferd. O Heavenly Creature! ten times more gentle, than your Father's cruel; how on a ſudden all my griefs are vaniſh'd!

Mir. I come to help you to ſupport your griefs.

Ferd. While I ſtand gazing thus, and thus have leave to touch your hand, I do not envy freedom.

Mir. Hark! hark! is't not my Father's Voice I hear? I fear he calls me back again too ſoon.

Ferd. Leave fear to guilty Minds: 'tis ſcarce a Virtue when it is paid to Heaven.

Mir. But there 'tis mix'd with love, and ſo is mine; yet I may fear, for I am guilty when I diſobey my Father's will in loving you too much.

Ferd. But you pleaſe Heav'n in diſobeying him,
Heav'n bids you ſuccour Captives in diſtreſs.

Mir. How do you bear your Priſon?

Ferd. 'Tis my Palace while you are here, and love and ſilence wait upon our wiſhes; do but think we chuſe it, and 'tis what we would chuſe.

Mir. I'm ſure what I would.
But how can I be certain that you love me?
Look to't; for I will dye when you are falſe.
I've heard my Father tell of Maids, who dy'd,
And haunted their falſe Lovers with their Ghoſts.

Ferd. Your Ghoſt muſt take another form to fright me,
This ſhape will be too pleaſing: do I love you?
O Heav'n! O Earth! bear witneſs to this ſound,
If I prove falſe——

Mir. Oh hold, you ſhall not ſwear;
For Heav'n will hate you if you prove forſworn.

Ferd. Did I not love, I could no more endure this undeſerved Captivity, than I could wiſh to gain my freedom with the loſs of you.

Mir. I am a Fool to weep at what I'm glad of: but I have a ſuit to you, and that, Sir, ſhall be now the only tryal of your love.

Ferd. Y'ave ſaid enough, never to be deny'd, were it my life; for you have far o'erbid the price of all that humane life is worth.

Mir. Sir, 'tis to love one for my ſake, who for his own deſerves all the reſpect which you can ever pay him.

Ferd. You mean your Father: do not think his uſage can make me hate him; when he gave you being, he then did that which cancell'd all theſe wrongs.

Mir. I meant not him, for that was a requeſt, which if you love I ſhould not need to urge.

Ferd. Is there another whom I ought to love?
And love him for your ſake?

Mir. Yes ſuch a one, who for his ſweetneſs and his goodly ſhape, (if I, who am unskill'd in forms, may judge) I think can ſcarce be equall'd: 'Tis a Youth, a Stranger too as you are.

Ferd. Of ſuch a graceful feature, and muſt I for your ſake love?

Mir. Yes, Sir, do you ſcruple to grant the firſt requeſt I ever made? he's wholly unacquainted with the World, and wants your Converſation. You ſhould have compaſſion on ſo meer a Stranger.

Ferd. Thoſe need compaſſion whom you diſcommend, not whom you praiſe.

Mir. I only ask this eaſie tryal of you.

Ferd. Perhaps it might have eaſier been
If you had never ask'd it.

Mir. I cannot underſtand you; and methinks am loth
To be more knowing.

Ferd. He has his freedom, and may get acceſs, when my Confinement makes me want that bleſſing.
I his compaſſion need, and not he mine.

Mir. If that be all you doubt, truſt me for him.
He has a melting heart, and ſoft to all the Seals.
Of kindneſs; I will undertake for his compaſſion.

Ferd. O Heavens! would I were ſure I did not need it.

Mir. Come, you muſt love him for my ſake: you ſhall.

Ferd. Muſt I for yours, and cannot for my own?

Either you do not love, or think that I do not:
But when you bid me love him, I muſt hate him.
Mir. Have I ſo far offended you already,
That he offends you only for my ſake?
Yet ſure you would not hate him, if you ſaw
Him as I have done, ſo full of Youth and Beauty.
Ferd. O poyſon to my hopes! [*Aſide.*
When he did viſit me, and I did mention this
Beauteous Creature to him, he did then tell me
He would have her.
Mir. Alas, what mean you?
Ferd. It is too plain: like moſt of her frail Sex, ſhe's falſe,
But has not learnt the art to hide it;
Nature has done her part, ſhe loves variety:
Why did I think that any Woman could be innocent,
Becauſe ſhe's young? No, no, their Nurſes teach them
Change, when with two Nipples they divide their
Liking.
Mir. I fear I have offended you, and yet I meant no harm:
But if you pleaſe to hear me— [*A noiſe within.*
Hark! Sir! now I am ſure my Father comes, I know
His ſteps; dear Love retire a while, I fear
I've ſtay'd too long.
Ferd. Too long indeed, and yet not long enough: Oh Jealouſie!
Oh Love! how you diſtract me? [*Exit* Ferdinand.
Mir. He appears diſpleas'd with that young Man, I know
Not why: but, till I find from whence his hate proceeds,
I muſt conceal it from my Father's Knowledge,
For he will think that guiltleſs I have caus'd it;
And ſuffer me no more to ſee my Love.
Enter Proſpero.
Proſp. Now I have been indulgent to your wiſh,
You have ſeen the Priſoner?
Mir. Yes,
Proſp. And he ſpake to you?
Mir. He ſpoke; but he receiv'd ſhort anſwers from me.
Proſp. How like you his converſe?
Mir. At ſecond ſight
A Man does not appear ſo rare a Creature.
Proſp. aſide. I find ſhe loves him much becauſe ſhe hides it.
Love teaches cunning even to innocence,
And where he gets poſſeſſion, his firſt work is to
Dig deep within a heart, and there lie hid,
And like a Miſer in the dark to feaſt alone.
But tell me, dear *Miranda*, how does he ſuffer
His Impriſonment?
Mir. I think he ſeems diſpleas'd.
Proſp. O then 'tis plain his temper is not noble,
For the brave with equal Minds bear good
And evil Fortune.
Mir. O, Sir, but he's pleas'd again ſo ſoon
That 'tis not worth your noting.
Proſp. To be ſoon diſpleas'd and pleas'd ſo ſuddenly again,
Does ſhew him of a various froward Nature.
Mir. The truth is, Sir, he was not vex'd at all, but only
Seem'd to be ſo.
Proſp. If he be not and yet ſeems angry, he is a Diſſembler,
Which ſhews the worſt of Natures.
Mir. Truly, Sir, the Man has faults enough; but in my Conſcience that's none of 'em. He can be no Diſſembler.
Proſp. aſide. How ſhe excuſes him, and yet deſires that I ſhould judge her heart indifferent to him? Well, ſince his faults are many, I am glad you love him not.
Mir. 'Tis like, Sir, they are many,
But I know none he has, yet let me often ſee him,

And

And I ſhall find 'em all in time.
Proſp. I'll think on't.
Go in, this is your hour of Orizons.
Mir. aſide. Forgive me, truth, for thus diſguiſing thee; if I can make him think I do not love the ſtranger much, he'll let me ſee him oftner. [*Exit* Miranda.
Proſp. Stay! ſtay——I had forgot to ask her what ſhe has ſaid
Of young *Hippolito:* Oh! here he comes! and with him
My *Dorinda.* I'll not be ſeen, let [*Enter* Hippolito *and* Dorinda.
Their loves grow in ſecret. [*Exit* Proſpero.
Hip. But why are you ſo ſad?
Dor. But why are you ſo joyful?
Hip. I have within me all, all the various Muſick of
The Woods. Since laſt I ſaw you I have heard brave news!
I'll tell you, and make you joyful for me.
Dor. Sir, when I ſaw you firſt, I through my Eyes drew
Something in, I know not what it is;
But ſtill it entertains me with ſuch thoughts
As makes me doubtful whether joy becomes me.
Hip. Pray believe me;
As I'm a Man, I'll tell you bleſſed news.
I have heard there are more Women in the World,
As fair as you are too.
Dor. Is this your news? you ſee it moves not me.
Hip. And I'll have 'em all.
Dor. What will become of me then?
Hip. I'll have you too.
But are not you acquainted with theſe Women?
Dor. I never ſaw but one.
Hip. Is there but one here?
This is a baſe poor World, I'll go to th' other;
I've heard Men have abundance of 'em there.
But pray where is that one Woman?
Dor. Who, my Siſter?
Hip. Is ſhe your Siſter? I'm glad o' that: you ſhall help me to her, and I'll love you for't. [*Offers to take her hand.*
Dor. Away! I will not have you touch my hand.
My Father's counſel which enjoyn'd reſervedneſs, [*Aſide.*
Was not in vain I ſee.
Hip. What makes you ſhun me?
Dor. You need not care, you'll have my Siſters hand.
Hip. Why, muſt not he who touches hers touch yours?
Dor. You mean to love her too.
Hip. Do not you love her?
Then why ſhould not I do ſo?
Dor. She is my Siſter, and therefore I muſt love her:
But you cannot love both of us.
Hip. I warrant you I can:
Oh that you had more Siſters!
Dor. You may love her, but then I'll not love you.
Hip. O but you muſt;
One is enough for you, but not for me.
Dor. My Siſter told me ſhe had ſeen another;
A Man like you, and ſhe lik'd only him;
Therefore if one muſt be enough for her,
He is that one, and then you cannot have her.
Hip. If ſhe like him, ſhe may like both of us.
Dor. But how if I ſhould change and like that Man?
Would you be willing to permit that change?
Hip. No, for you lik'd me firſt.
Dor. So you did me.
Hip. But I would never have you ſee that Man;
I cannot bear it.
Dor. I'll ſee neither of you.
Hip. Yes, me you may, for we are now acquainted;

But he's the Man of whom your Father warn'd you:
O! he's a terrible, huge, monſtrous Creature,
I am but a Woman to him.
Dor. I will ſee him,
Except you'l promiſe not to ſee my Siſter.
Hip. Yes for your ſake I needs muſt ſee your Siſter.
Dor. But ſhe's a terrible, huge Creature too; if I were not
Her Siſter ſhe would eat me; therefore take heed.
Hip. I heard that ſhe was fair, and like you.
Dor. No, indeed, ſhe's like my Father, with a great Beard,
'Twould fright you to look on her,
Therefore that Man and ſhe may go together,
They are fit for no body but one another.
Hip. looking in. Yonder he comes with glaring Eyes, fly! fly!
Before he ſees you.
Dor. Muſt we part ſo ſoon?
Hip. Y'are a loſt Woman if you ſee him.
Dor. I would not willingly be loſt, for fear you
Should not find me. I'll avoid him. [*Exit* Dorinda.
Hip. She fain would have deceived me, but I know her
Siſter muſt be fair, for ſhe's a Woman;
All of a Kind that I have ſeen are like to one
Another: all the Creatures of the Rivers and
The Woods are ſo.

Enter Ferdinand.

Ferd. O! well encounter'd, you are the happy Man!
Y' have got the hearts of both the beauteous Women.
Hip. How! Sir? pray, are you ſure on't?
Ferd. One of 'em charg'd me to love you for her ſake.
Hip. Then I muſt have her.
Ferd. No, not till I am dead
Hip. How dead? what's that? but whatſoe'er it be
I long to have her.
Ferd. Time and my grief may make me dye.
Hip. But for a Friend you ſhould make haſte; I ne'er ask'd
Any thing of you before.
Ferd. I ſee your Ignorance;
And therefore will inſtruct you in my meaning.
The Woman, whom I love, ſaw you and lov'd you.
Now, Sir, if you love her you'l cauſe my death.
Hip. Be ſure I'll do't then.
Ferd. But I am your Friend;
And I requeſt you that you would not love her.
Hip. When Friends requeſt unreaſonable things,
Sure th' are to be deny'd: you ſay ſhe's fair,
And I muſt love all who are fair; for, to tell
You a ſecret, Sir, which I have lately found
Within my ſelf; they all are made for me.
Ferd. That's but a fond conceit: you are made for one, and one for you.
Hip. You cannot tell me, Sir.
I know I'm made for twenty hundred Women.
(I mean if there ſo many be i' th' World)
So that if once I ſee her I ſhall love her.
Ferd. Then do not ſee her.
Hip. Yes, Sir, I muſt ſee her.
For I wou'd fain have my heart beat again,
Juſt as it did when I firſt ſaw her Siſter.
Ferd. I find I muſt not let you ſee her then.
Hip. How will you hinder me?
Ferd. By force of Arms?
Hip. By force of Arms?
My Arms perhaps may be as ſtrong as yours.
Ferd. He's ſtill ſo ignorant that I pity him, and fain
Would avoid force: pray, do not ſee her, ſhe was

Mine

Mine firſt; you have no right to her.
Hip. I have nót yet conſider'd what is right, but, Sir,
I know my inclinations are to love all Women:
And I have been taught that to diſſemble what I
Think is baſe. In honour then of truth, I muſt
Declare that I do love, and I will ſee your Woman.
Ferd. Wou'd you be willing I ſhould ſee and Love your
Woman, and endeavour to ſeduce her from that
Affection which She vow'd to you?
Hip. I wou'd not you ſhould do it, but if She ſhould
Love you beſt, I cannot hinder her.
But, Sir, for fear She ſhou'd, I will provide againſt
The worſt, and try to get your Woman.
Ferd. But I pretend no claim at all to yours;
Beſides you are more beautiful than I,
And fitter to allure unpractis'd hearts.
Therefore I once more beg you will not ſee her.
Hip. I'm glad you let me know I have ſuch Beauty.
If that will get me Women, they ſhall have it
As far as e'er 'twill go: I'll never want 'em.
Ferd. Then ſince you have refuſed this act of Friendſhip,
Provide your ſelf a Sword; for we muſt fight.
Hip. A Sword, what's that?
Ferd. Why ſuch a thing as this.
Hip. What ſhould I do with it?
Ferd. You muſt ſtand thus, and puſh againſt me,
While I puſh at you, till one of us fall dead.
Hip. This is brave ſport,
But we have no Swords growing in our World.
Ferd. What ſhall we do then to decide our quarrel?
Hip. We'll take the Sword by turns, and fight with it.
Ferd. Strange Ignorance! you muſt defend your Life,
And ſo muſt I: but ſince you have no Sword
Take this; for in a Corner of my Cave [*Gives him his Sword.*
I found a ruſty one, perhaps 'twas his who keeps
Me Pris'ner here: that I will fit:
When next we meet prepare your ſelf to fight.
Hip. Make haſte then, this ſhall ne'er be yours agen.
I mean to fight with all the Men I meet, and
When they are dead, their Women ſhall be mine.
Ferd. I ſee you are unſkilful; I deſire not to take
Your Life, but if you pleaſe we'll fight on
Theſe conditions; He who firſt draws bloud,
Or who can take the others Weapon from him,
Shall be acknowledg'd as the Conquerour,
And both the Women ſhall be his.
Hip. Agreed: And ev'ry day I'll fight for two more with you.
Ferd. But win theſe firſt.
Hip. I'll warrant you I'll puſh you. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Trincalo, Caliban, Sycorax.

Calib. My Lord, I ſee 'em coming yonder.
Trinc. Who?
Calib. The ſtarv'd Prince, and his two thirſty Subjects,
That would have our Liquor.
Trinc. If thou wert a Monſter of parts I would make thee
My Maſter of Ceremonies, to conduct 'em in.
The Devil take all Dunces, thou haſt loſt a brave
Employment by not being a Linguiſt, and for want
Of behaviour.
Syc. My Lord, ſhall I go meet 'em? I'll be kind to all of 'em,
Juſt as I am to thee.
Trinc. No, that's againſt the fundamental Laws of my Dukedom: you are in a high place, Spouſe, and muſt give good Example. Here they come, we'll put on the gravity of Stateſmen, and be very dull, that we may be held wiſe.

Enter

Enter Stephano, Ventoſo, Muſtacho.

Vent. Duke *Trincalo*, we have conſider'd.

Trinc. Peace, or War?

Muſt. Peace, and the Butt.

Steph. I come now as a private Perſon, and promiſe to live peaceably under your Government.

Trinc. You ſhall enjoy the benefits of Peace; and the firſt Fruits of it, amongſt all civil Nations, is to be drunk for joy: *Caliban* Skink about.

Steph. I long to have a Rowſe to her Graces health, and to the *Haunſe in Kelder*, or rather *Haddock in Kelder*, for I gueſs it will be half Fiſh. [*Aſide.*

Trinc. Subject *Stephano* here's to thee; and let old quarrels be drown'd in this draught. [*Drinks.*

Steph. Great Magiſtrate, here's thy Siſter's health to thee. [*Drinks to* Caliban.

Syc. He ſhall not drink of that Immortal Liquor,
My Lord, let him drink Water.

Trinc. O ſweet heart, you muſt not ſhame your ſelf to day.
Gentlemen Subjects, pray bear with her good Huſwifry:
She wants a little breeding, but ſhe's hearty.

Muſt. Ventoſo here's to thee. Is it not better to pierce the Butt, than to quarrel and pierce one anothers Bellies?

Vent. Let it come Boy.

Trinc. Now wou'd I lay greatneſs aſide, and ſhake my heels, if I had but Muſick.

Calib. O my Lord! my Mother left us in her Will a hundred Spirits to attend us, Devils of all ſorts, ſome great roaring Devils, and ſome little ſinging Sprights.

Syc. Shall we call? and thou ſhalt hear them in the Air.

Trinc. I accept the motion: let us have our Mother-in-Law's Legacy immediately.

Calib. ſings. *We want Muſick, we want Mirth,*
Up Dam and cleave the Earth,
We have now no Lords that wrong us,
Send thy merry Sprights among us. [*Muſick heard.*

Trinc. What a merry Tyrant am I, to have my
Muſick and pay nothing for't? Come, hands, hands,
Let's loſe no time while the Devil's in the Humour, [*A Dance.*

Trinc. Enough, enough: now to our Sack agen.

Vent. The Bottle's drunk.

Muſt. Then the Bottle's a weak ſhallow Fellow if it be drunk firſt.

Trinc. Caliban, give Bottle the Belly full agen.

Steph. May I ask your Grace a queſtion? pray is that Hectoring Spark, as you call'd him, Fleſh or Fiſh?

Trinc. Subject I know not, but he drinks like a Fiſh. [*Enter* Caliban.

Steph. O here's the Bottle agen; he has made a good Voyage,
Come, who begins a Brindis to the Duke?

Trinc. I'll begin it my ſelf: give me the Bottle; 'tis my
Prerogative to drink firſt; *Stephano*, give me thy hand,
Thou haſt been a Rebel, but here's to thee, [*Drinks.*
Prithee why ſhould we quarrel? ſhall I ſwear
Two Oaths? by Bottle, and by Butt I love thee:
In witneſs whereof I drink ſoundly.

Steph. Your Grace ſhall find there's no love loſt, For I will pledge you ſoundly.

Trinc. Thou haſt been a falſe Rebel, but that's all one;
Pledge my Grace faithfully.

Steph. I will pledge your Grace Up ſe Dutch.

Trinc. But thou ſhalt not pledge me before I have drunk agen, would'ſt thou take the Liquor of Life out of my hands; I ſee thou art a piece of a Rebel ſtill, but here's to thee, now thou ſhalt have it. [Stephano *drinks.*

Vent. We loyal Subjects may be choak'd for any drink we can get.

Trinc. Have Patience good People, you are unreaſonable, you'd be drunk as ſoon as I. *Ventoſo* you ſhall have your time, but you muſt give place to *Stephano*.

Muſt. Brother *Ventoſo*, I am afraid we ſhall looſe our Places.
The Duke grows fond of *Stephano*, and will declare him Vice-Roy.

Steph. I ha' done my worſt at your Grace's Bottle.

Trinc. Then the Folks may have it. *Caliban*
Go to the Butt, and tell me how it ſounds:
Peer *Stephano*, doſt thou love me?

Steph.

Steph. I Love your Grace and all your Princely Family.

Trinc. 'Tis no matter if thou Lov'ſt me; hang my Family:
Thou art my Friend, prithee tell me what
Thou think'ſt of my Princeſs.

Steph. I look on her as a very Noble Princeſs.

Trinc. Noble! Indeed ſhe had a Witch to her Mother, and the Wiches are of great Families in *Lapland*, but the Devil was her Father, and I have heard of the Monſieur *de Viles* in *France*; but look on her Beauty, is ſhe a fit Wife for Duke *Trincalo*? Mark her Behaviour too, ſhe's Tippling yonder with the Serving-Men.

Steph. An pleaſe your Grace ſhe's ſomewhat Homely, but that's no blemiſh in a Princeſs. She is Vertuous.

Trinc. Umph! Vertuous! I am loath to diſparage her:
But thou art my Friend, can'ſt thou be cloſe?

Steph. As a ſtopt Bottle, an 't pleaſe your Grace. [*Enter* Calib. *agen with a Bottle.*

Trinc. Why then I'll tell thee, I found her an hour ago under and Elder-Tree, upon a ſweet Bed of Nettles, ſinging Tory, Rory, and Ranthum, Scantum, with her own Natural Brother.

Steph. O Jew! Make Love in her own Tribe!

Trinc. But 'tis no matter, to tell thee true, I Marry'd her to be a Great Man and ſo forth: But make no words on 't, for I care not who knows it, and ſo here's to thee agen, give me the Bottle, *Caliban!* Did you knock the Butt? How does it ſound?

Calib. It ſounds as though it had a noiſe within.

Trinc. I fear the Butt begins to rattle in the Throat, and is departing: Give me the Bottle. [*Drinks.*

Muſt. A ſhort Life and a merry, I ſay. [Steph. *whiſpers* Sycorax.

Syc. But did he tell you ſo?

Steph. He ſaid you were as ugly as your Mother, and that he Marry'd you only to get Poſſeſſion of the Iſland.

Syc. My Mothers Devils fetch him for 't.

Steph. And your Father's too, hem! Skink about his Grace's Health agen. O if you would but caſt an Eye of pity upon me——

Syc. I will caſt two Eyes of pity on thee, I Love thee more than Haws, or Black-Berries; I have a hoard of Wildings in the Moſs, my Brother knows not of 'em, but I'll bring thee where they are.

Steph. *Trincalo* was but my Man when time was.

Syc. Wert thou his God, and didſt thou give him Liquor?

Steph. I gave him Brandy, and drunk Sack my ſelf; wilt thou leave him, and thou ſhalt be my Princeſs?

Sic. If thou canſt make me glad with this Liquor.

Steph. I warrant thee we'll ride into the Country where it grows.

Syc. How wilt thou carry me thither?

Steph. Upon a Hackney-Devil of thy Mothers.

Trinc. What's that you will do? Hah! I hope you have not betray'd me? How does my Pigs-nye? [*To* Sycorax.

Syc. Be gone! Thou ſhalt not be my Lord, thou ſay'ſt Im ugly.

Trinc. Did you tell her ſo—— Hah! He's a Rogue, do not believe him Chuck.

Steph. The foul Words were yours: I will not eat 'em for you.

Trinc. I ſee if once a Rebel, then ever a Rebel. Did I receive thee into Grace for this? I will Correct thee with my Royal Hand. [*Strikes* Stephano.

Syc. Doſt thou hurt my Love? [*Flies at* Trincalo.

Trinc. Where are our Guards? Treaſon, Treaſon!

[Vent. Muſt. Calib. *run betwixt.*

Vent. Who took up Arms firſt, the Prince or the People?

Trinc. This falſe Traytor has corrupted the Wife of my Boſom.

[*Whiſpers* Muſtacho *haſtily.*

Muſtacho ſtrike on my ſide, and thou ſhalt be my Vice-Roy

Muſt. I'm againſt Rebels! *Ventoſo*, obey your Vice-Roy.

Vent. You a Vice-Roy? [*They two Fight off from the reſt.*

Steph. Hah! Hector Monſter! Do you ſtand neuter?

Calib. Thou would'ſt drink my Liquor, I will not help thee.

Syc. 'Twas his doing that I had ſuch a Husband, but I'll claw him.

[Syc. *and* Calib. *Fight*, Syc. *beating him off the Stage.*

Trinc. The whole Nation is up in Arms, and ſhall I ſtand idle?
[Trincalo *beats off* Stephano *to the door.* *Exit* Stephano.
I'll not purſue too far,
For fear the Enemy ſhould rally agen and ſurpriſe my Butt in the Cittadel; Well, I muſt be rid of my Lady *Trincalo*, ſhe will be in the faſhion elſe; firſt Cuckold her Husband, and then ſue for a Separation, to get Alimony. [*Exit.*

Enter Ferdinand, Hippolito, *(with their Swords drawn.)*

Ferd. Come, Sir, our Cave affords no choice of place,
But the ground's firm and even: are you ready?
Hip. As ready as your ſelf, Sir.
Ferd. You remember on what conditions we muſt fight?
Who firſt receives a Wound is to ſubmit.
Hip. Come, come, this loſes time, now for the
Women, Sir. [*They fight a little,* Ferdinand *hurts him.*
Ferd. Sir, you are wounded.
Hip. No.
Ferd. Believe your blood.
Hip. I feel no hurt, no matter for my blood.
Ferd. Remember our Conditions.
Hip. I'll not leave, till my Sword hits you too.
[Hippolito *preſſes on,* Ferdinand *retires and wards.*
Ferd. I'm loth to kill you, you are unskilful, Sir.
Hip. You beat aſide my Sword, but let it come as near
As yours, and you ſhall ſee my skill.
Ferd. You faint for loſs of blood, I ſee you ſtagger,
Pray, Sir, retire.
Hip. No! I will ne'er go back——
Methinks the Cave turns round, I cannot find——
Ferd. Your Eyes begin to dazle.
Hip. Why do you ſwim ſo, and dance about me?
Stand but ſtill till I have made one thruſt. [Hippolito *thruſts and falls.*
Ferd. O help, help, help!
Unhappy Man! what have I done?
Hip. I'm going to a cold ſleep, but when I wake
I'll fight agen. Pray ſtay for me. [*Swounds.*
Ferd. He's gone! he's gone! O ſtay ſweet lovely Youth!
Help, help!

Enter Proſpero.

Proſp. What diſmal noiſe is that?
Ferd. O ſee, Sir, ſee!
What miſchief my unhappy hand has wrought.
Proſp. Alas! how much in vain doth feeble Art endeavour
To reſiſt the will of Heaven? [*Rubs* Hippolito.
He's gone for ever; O thou cruel Son of an
Inhumane Father! all my deſigns are ruin'd
And unravell'd by this blow.
No pleaſure now is left me but Revenge.
Ferd. Sir, if you knew my Innocence——
Proſp. Peace, peace,
Can thy excuſes give me back his Life?
What *Ariel!* ſluggiſh Spirit, where art thou?

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. Here, at thy beck, my Lord.
Proſp. I, now thou com'ſt, when Fate is paſt and not to be
Recall'd. Look there, and glut the Malice of
Thy Nature, for as thou art thy ſelf, thou
Canſt not be but glad to ſee young Virtue
Nipt i' th' Bloſſom.
Ariel. My Lord, the Being high above can witneſs
I am not glad, we Airy Spirits are not of temper
So malicious as the Earthy,
But of a Nature more approaching good.
For which we meet in ſwarms, and often Combat
Betwixt the Confines of the Air and Earth.

Proſp.

Proſp. Why did'ſt thou not prevent, at leaſt foretel,
This fatal action then?
Ariel. Pardon, great Sir,
I meant to do it, but I was forbidden
By the ill Genius of *Hippolito*,
Who came and threatn'd me if I diſclos'd it,
To bind me in the bottom of the Sea,
Far from the lightſome Regions of the Air,
(My native Fields) above a hundred Years.
Proſp. I'll chain thee in the North for thy neglect,
Within the burning Bowels of Mount *Heila*,
I'll ſinge thy airy Wings with ſulph'rous Flames,
And choak thy tender Noſtrils with blew Smoak,
At ev'ry Hick-up of the belching Mountain
Thou ſhalt be lifted up to taſte freſh Air,
And then fall down agen.
Ariel. Pardon, dread Lord.
Proſp. No more of Pardon than juſt Heav'n intends thee,
Shalt thou e'er find from me: hence! flye with ſpeed,
Unbind the Charms which hold this Murtherer's
Father, and bring him with my Brother ſtreight
Before me.
Ariel. Mercy, my potent Lord, and I'll outfly thy thought. [*Exit* Ariel.
Ferd. O Heavens! what words are thoſe I heard?
Yet cannot ſee who ſpoke 'em: ſure the Woman
Whom I lov'd was like this, ſome aiery Viſion.
Proſp. No, Murd'rer, ſhe's, like thee, of Mortal Mould,
But much too pure to mix with thy black Crimes;
Yet ſhe had faults and muſt be puniſh'd for 'em.
Miranda and *Dorinda!* where are ye?
The Will of Heaven's accompliſh'd: I have
Now no more to fear, and nothing left to hope,
Now you may enter.

Enter Miranda *and* Dorinda.

Mir. My Love! is it permitted me to ſee you once again?
Proſp. You come to look your laſt; I will
For ever take him from your Eyes.
But, on my Bleſſing, ſpeak not, nor approach him.
Dor. Pray, Father, is not this my Sifters Man?
He has a noble form; but yet he's not ſo excellent
As my *Hippolito.*
Proſp. Alas poor Girl, thou haſt no Man: look yonder;
There's all of him that's left.
Dor. Why was there ever any more of him?
He lies aſleep, Sir, ſhall I waken him? [*She kneels by* Hippolito, *and jogs him.*
Ferd. Alas! he's never to be wak'd agen.
Dor. My Love, my Love! will you not ſpeak to me?
I fear you have diſpleas'd him, Sir, and now
He will not anſwer me, he's dumb and cold too,
But I'll run ſtreight, and make a fire to warm him. [*Exit* Dorinda *running.*

Enter Alonzo, Gonzalo, Antonio. Ariel *(inviſible.)*

Alonz. Never were Beaſts ſo hunted into toyls,
As we have been purſu'd by dreadful ſhapes.
But is not that my Son? O *Ferdinand!*
If thou art not a Ghoſt, let me embrace thee.
Ferd. My Father! O ſiniſter happineſs! Is it
Decreed I ſhould recover you alive, juſt in that
Fatal hour when this brave Youth is loſt in Death,
And by my hand?
Ant. Heaven! what new wonder's this?
Gonz. This Iſle is full of nothing elſe.
Alonz. I thought to dye, and in the Walks above,
Wand'ring by Star-light, to have ſought thee out;
But now I ſhould have gone to Heaven in vain,

Whilſt thou art here behind.
Ferd. You muſt indeed in vain have gone thither
To look for me. Thoſe who are ſtain'd with ſuch black
Crimes as mine, come ſeldom there.
Proſp. And thoſe who are, like him, all foul with guilt,
More ſeldom upward go. You ſtare upon me as
You ne'er had ſeen me; have fifteen Years
So loſt me to your Knowledge, that you retain
No Memory of *Proſpero?*
Gonz. The good old Duke of *Millain!*
Proſp. I wonder leſs, that thou *Antonio* know'ſt me not,
Becauſe thou did'ſt long ſince forget I was thy Brother,
Elſe I never had been here.
Ant. Shame choaks my words.
Alonz. And wonder mine.
Proſ. For you, uſurping Prince, [*To Alonzo.*
Know, by my Art, you Shipwrackt on this Iſle,
Where, after I a while had puniſh'd you, my Vengeance
Wou'd have ended, I deſign'd to match that Son
Of yours with this my Daughter.
Alonz. Purſue it ſtill, I am moſt willing to't.
Proſp. So am not I. No Marriages can proſper
Which are with Murd'rers made; look on that Corps,
This, whilſt he liv'd, was young *Hippolito*, that
Infant Duke of *Mantua*, Sir, whom you expos'd
With me; and here I bred him up till that Blood-thirſty
Man, that *Ferdinand*——
But why do I exclaim on him, when Juſtice calls
To unſheath her Sword againſt his guilt?
Alonz. What do you mean?
Proſp. To execute Heav'ns Laws.
Here I am plac'd by Heav'n, here I am Prince,
Though you have diſpoſſeſs'd me of my *Millain.*
Blood calls for blood; your *Ferdinand* ſhall die,
And I in bitterneſs have ſent for you
To have the ſudden joy of ſeeing him alive,
And then the greater grief to ſee him die.
Alonz. And think'ſt thou I or theſe will tamely ſtand
To view the Execution? [*Lays hand upon his Sword.*
Ferd. Hold, dear Father! I cannot ſuffer you
T' attempt againſt his Life who gave her being
Whom I love.
Proſp. Nay then appear my Guards——I thought no more to
Uſe their aids; (I am curs'd becauſe I us'd it) [*He ſtamps, and many Spirits appear.*
But they are now the Miniſters of Heaven,
Whilſt I revenge this Murder.
Alonz. Have I for this found thee my Son, ſo ſoon agen
To loſe thee? *Antonio*, *Gonzalo*, ſpeak for pity:
He may hear you.
Ant. I dare not draw that blood upon my ſelf, by
Interceeding for him.
Gonz. You drew this judgment down when you uſurp'd
That Dukedom which was this dead Prince's right.
Alonz. Is this a time t' upbraid me with my ſins, when
Grief lies heavy on me? y' are no more my Friends,
But Crueller than he, whoſe Sentence has
Doom'd my Son to Death.
Ant. You did unworthily t' upbraid him.
Gonz. And you do worſe t' endure his Crimes.
Ant. Gonzalo we'll meet no more as Friends.
Gonz. Agreed *Antonio:* and we agree in diſcord.
Ferd. to *Mir.* Adieu my faireſt Miſtreſs.
Mir. Now I can hold no longer; I muſt ſpeak.
Though I am loth to diſobey you, Sir,

Be

Be not ſo cruel to the Man I love,
Or be ſo kind to let me ſuffer with him.
Ferd. Recal that Pray'r, or I ſhall wiſh to live,
Though death be all the mends that I can make.
Proſp. This night I will allow you, *Ferdinand*, to fit
You for your Death, that Cave's your Priſon.
Alonz. Ah, *Proſpero!* hear me ſpeak. You are a Father,
Look on my Age, and look upon his Youth.
Proſp. No more! all you can ſay is urg'd in vain,
I have no room for pity left within me.
Do you refuſe! help *Ariel* with your Fellows
To drive 'em in; *Alonzo* and his Son beſtow in
Yonder Cave, and here *Gonzalo* ſhall with
Antonio lodge. [*Spirits drive 'em in, as they are appointed.*

Enter Dorinda.

Dor. Sir, I have made a fire, ſhall he be warm'd?
Proſp. He's dead, and vital warmth will ne'er return.
Dor. Dead, Sir, what's that?
Proſp. His Soul has left his Body.
Dor. When will it come agen?
Proſp. O never, never!
He muſt be laid in Earth, and there conſume.
Dor. He ſhall not lye in Earth, you do not know
How well he loves me: indeed he'll come agen;
He told me he would go a little while,
But promis'd me he would not tarry long.
Proſp. He's Murder'd by the Man who lov'd your Siſter.
Now both of you may ſee what 'tis to break
A Father's Precept; you would needs ſee Men, and by
That ſight are made for ever wretched.
Hippolito is dead, and *Ferdinand* muſt die
For murdering him.
Mir. Have you no pity?
Proſp. Your diſobedience has ſo much incens'd me, that
I this night can leave no bleſſing with you.
Help to convey the Body to my Couch,
Then leave me to mourn over it alone. [*They bear off the Body of* Hippolito.

Enter Miranda, *and* Dorinda *again.* Ariel *behind 'em.*

Ariel. I've been ſo chid for my neglect by *Proſpero*,
That I muſt now watch all and be unſeen.
Mir. Siſter, I ſay agen, 'twas long of you
That all this miſchief happen'd.
Dor. Blame not me for your own fault, your
Curioſity brought me to ſee the Man.
Mir. You ſafely might have ſeen him and retir'd, but
You wou'd needs go near him and converſe, you may
Remember my Father call'd me thence, and I call'd you.
Dor. That was your envy, Siſter, not your love;
You call'd me thence, becauſe you could not be
Alone with him your ſelf; but I am ſure my
Man had never gone to Heaven ſo ſoon, but
That yours made him go. [*Crying.*
Mir. Siſter I could not wiſh that either of 'em ſhou'd
Go to Heaven without us, but it was his Fortune,
And you muſt be ſatisfi'd?
Dor. I'll not be ſatisfi'd: My Father ſays he'll make
Your Man as cold as mine is now, and when he
Is made cold, my Father will not let you ſtrive
To make him warm agen.
Mir. In ſpight of you mine never ſhall be cold.
Dor. I'm ſure 'twas he that made me miſerable,
And I will be reveng'd. Perhaps you think 'tis
Nothing to loſe a Man.
Mir. Yes, but there is ſome difference betwixt

My

My *Ferdinand*, and your *Hippolito*.
Dor. I, there's your judgment. Your's is the oldeſt
Man I ever ſaw, except it were my Father.
Mir. Siſter, no more. It is not comely in a Daughter,
When ſhe ſays her Father's old.
Dor. But why do I ſtay here, whilſt my cold Love
Perhaps may want me?
I'll pray my Father to make yours cold too.
Mir. Siſter, I'll never ſleep with you agen.
Dor. I'll never more meet in a Bed with you,
But lodge on the bare ground, and watch my Love.
Mir. And at the entrance of that Cave I'll lye,
And eccho to each blaſt of wind a ſigh.
[*Exeunt ſeverally, looking diſcontentedly on one another.*
Ariel. Harſh diſcord reigns throughout this fatal Iſle,
At which good Angels mourn, ill Spirits ſmile;
Old *Proſpero*, by his Daughters rob'd of reſt,
Has in diſpleaſure left 'em both unbleſt.
Unkindly they abjure each others Bed,
To ſave the Living, and revenge the dead.
Alonzo and his Son are Pris'ners made,
And good *Gonzalo* does their Crimes upbraid.
Antonio and *Gonzalo* diſagree,
And wou'd, though in one Cave, at diſtance be.
The Seamen all that curſed Wine have ſpent,
Which ſtill renew'd their thirſt of Government;
And, wanting Subjects for the food of Pow'r,
Each wou'd to rule alone the reſt devour.
The Monſters *Sycorax* and *Caliban*
More monſtrous grow by Paſſions learn'd from Man.
Even I not fram'd of warring Elements,
Partake and ſuffer in theſe diſcontents.
Why ſhou'd a mortal by Enchantments hold
In Chains a Spirit of Ætherial Mould?
Accurſed Magick we our ſelves have taught,
And our own Pow'r has our Subjection wrought! [*Exit.*

ACT V.

Enter Proſpero *and* Miranda.

Proſp. YOU beg in vain; I cannot Pardon him,
He has offended Heaven.
Mir. Then let Heaven puniſh him.
Proſp. It will by me.
Mir. Grant him at leaſt ſome reſpite for my ſake.
Proſp. I by deferring Juſtice ſhould incenſe the Deity
Againſt my ſelf and you.
Mir. Yet I have heard you ſay, The Powers above are ſlow
In puniſhing, and ſhou'd not you reſemble them?
Proſp. The Powers above may Pardon or Reprieve,
As Sovereign Princes may diſpenſe with Laws,
Which we, as Officers, muſt Execute. Our Acts of Grace
To Criminals are Treaſon to Heavens Prerogative.
Mir. Do you condemn him for ſhedding Blood?
Proſp. Why do you ask that queſtion? you know I do.
Mir. Then you muſt be condemn'd for ſhedding his,
And he who condemns you, muſt dye for ſhedding
Yours, and that's the way at laſt to leave none living.
Proſp. The Argument is weak, but I want time
To let you ſee your errours; retire, and, if you love him,
Pray for him. [*He's going.*
Mir. O ſtay, Sir, I have yet more Arguments.

Proſp.

Proſp. But none of any weight.
Mir. Have you not ſaid you are his Judge?
Proſp. 'Tis true, I am; what then?
Mir. And can you be his Executioner?
If that be ſo, then all Men may declare their
Enemies in fault; and Pow'r without the Sword
Of Juſtice, will preſume to puniſh what e'er
It calls a Crime.
Proſp. I cannot force *Gonzalo* or my Brother, much
Leſs the Father to deſtroy the Son, it muſt
Be then the Monſter *Caliban*, and he's not here,
But *Ariel* ſtrait ſhall fetch him.

Enter Ariel.

Ariel. My potent Lord, before thou call'ſt, I come,
To ſerve thy will.
Proſp. Then Spirit fetch me here my Salvage Slave.
Ariel. My Lord, it does not need.
Proſp. Art thou then prone to miſchief, wilt thou be thy ſelf the Executioner?
Ariel. Think better of thy airy Miniſter, who
For thy ſake, unbid, this night has flown
O'er almoſt all the habitable World.
Proſp. But to what purpoſe was all thy diligence?
Ariel. When I was chidden by my mighty Lord for my
Neglect of young *Hippolito*, I went to view
His Body, and ſoon found his Soul was but retir'd,
Not ſally'd out, and frighted lay at skulk in
Th' inmoſt corner of his ſcarce-beating heart.
Proſp. Is he not dead?
Ariel. Hear me my Lord! I prun'd my Wings, and, fitted for a Journey, from the next Iſles of our *Heſperides*, I gather'd Moly firſt, thence ſhot my ſelf to *Paleſtine*, and watch'd the trickling Balm, which caught, I glided to the *Britiſh* Iſles, and there the purple Panacea found.
Proſp. All this to night?
Ariel. All this, my Lord, I did,
Nor was *Hippolito*'s good Angel wanting, who
Climbing up the Circle of the Moon,
While I below got Simples for the Cure, went to
Each Planet which o'er-rul'd thoſe Herbs,
And drew it's virtue to increaſe their pow'r:
Long e'er this hour had I been back again,
But that a Storm took me returning back
And flag'd my tender Wings.
Proſp. Thou ſhalt have reſt my Spirit,
But haſt thou ſearch'd the wound?
Ariel. My Lord I have, and 'twas in time I did it; for
The Soul ſtood almoſt at Life's Door, all bare
And naked, ſhivering like Boys upon a River's
Bank, and loth to tempt the cold air, but I took
Her and ſtop'd her in; and pour'd into his Mouth
The healing juice of vulnerary Herbs.
Proſp. Thou art my faithful Servant.
Ariel. His only danger was his loſs of blood, but now
He's wak'd, my Lord, and juſt this hour
He muſt be dreſs'd again, as I have done it.
Anoint the Sword which pierc'd him with this
Weapon-Salve, and wrap it cloſe from Air till
I have time to viſit him again.
Proſp. It ſhall be done, be it your task, *Miranda*, becauſe your
Siſter is not preſent here, while I go viſit your
Dear *Ferdinand*, from whom I will a while conceal
This News, that it may be more welcome.
Mir. I obey you, and with a double duty, Sir: for now
You twice have given me Life.

Proſp.

Proſp. My *Ariel*, follow me. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Hippolito *diſcovered on a Couch*, Dorinda *by him.*

Dor. How do you find your ſelf?
Hip. I'm ſomewhat cold, can you not draw me nearer
To the Sun, I am too weak to walk?
Dor. My Love, I'll try. [*She draws the Chair nearer to the Audience.*
I thought you never would have walk'd agen,
They told me you were gone away to Heaven;
Have you been there?
Hip. I know not where I was.
Dor. I will not leave you till you promiſe me you
Will not Die agen.
Hip. Indeed I will not.
Dor. You muſt not go to Heav'n unleſs we go together;
For I've heard my Father ſay that we muſt ſtrive
To be each others Guide, the way to it will elſe
Be difficult, eſpecially to thoſe who are ſo Young.
But I much wonder what it is to Die.
Hip. Sure 'tis to Dream, a kind of Breathleſs Sleep
When once the Soul's gone out.
Dor. What is the Soul?
Hip. A ſmall blew thing that runs about within us.
Dor. Then I have ſeen it in a Frofty Morning run
Smoaking from my Mouth.
Hip. But if my Soul had gone, it ſhould have walk'd upon
A Cloud juſt over you, and peep'd, and thence I would have
Call'd you.
Dor. But I ſhould not have heard you, 'tis ſo far.
Hip. Why then I would have Rain'd and Snow'd upon you,
And thrown down Hail-Stones gently till I hit you,
And make you look at leaſt. But Dear *Dorinda*
What is become of him who Fought with me?
Dor. O, I can tell you joyful news of him,
My Father means to make him Die to day,
For what he did to you.
Hip. That muſt not be, my dear *Dorinda*; go and beg your
Father he may not Die, it was my fault he hurt me,
I urg'd him to it firſt.
Dor. But if he Live, he'll never leave Killing you.
Hip. O no! I juſt remember when I fell aſleep, I heard
Him calling me a great way off, and Crying over me as
You wou'd do, beſides we have no cauſe of quarrel now.
Dor. Pray how began your Difference firſt?
Hip. I fought with him for all the Women in the World.
Dor. That Hurt you had was juſtly ſent from Heaven,
For wiſhing to have any more but me.
Hip. Indeed I think it was, but I repent it, the fault
Was only in my Blood, for now 'tis gone, I find
I do not Love ſo many.
Dor. In confidence of this, I'll beg my Father, that he
May Live, I'm glad the naughty Blood, that made
You Love ſo many, is gone out.
Hip. My Dear, go quickly, leaſt you come too late. [*Exit* Dor.

Enter Miranda *at the other Door, with* Hippolito's *Sword wrap'd up.*

Hip. Who's this who looks ſo Fair and Beautiful, as
Nothing but *Dorinda* can ſurpaſs her? O!
I believe it is that Angel, Woman,
Whom ſhe calls Siſter
Mir. Sir, I am ſent hither to dreſs your Wound,
How do you find your Strength?
Hip. Fair Creature, I am Faint with loſs of Bloud.
Mir. I'm ſorry for't.
Hip. Indeed ſo am I, for if I had that Bloud, I then
Should find a great Delight in Loving you.

Mir.

Mir. But, Sir, I am anothers, and your love is given
Already to my Siſter.
Hip. Yet I find that if you pleaſe I can love ſtill a little.
Mir. I cannot be inconſtant, nor ſhou'd you.
Hip. O my wound pains me.
Mir. I am come to eaſe you. [*She unwraps the Sword.*
Hip. Alas! I feel the cold Air come to me,
My wound ſhoots worſe than ever. [*She wipes and anoints the Sword.*
Mir. Does it ſtill grieve you?
Hip. Now methinks there's ſomething laid juſt upon it.
Mir. Do you find no eaſe?
Hip. Yes, yes, upon the ſudden all the pain
Is leaving me, ſweet Heaven how am I eas'd!
Enter Ferdinand *and* Dorinda *to them.*
Ferd. to Dor. Madam, I muſt confeſs my life is yours,
I owe it to your generoſity.
Dor. I am o'rejoy'd my Father lets you live, and proud
of my good fortune, that he gave your life to me,
Mir. How? gave his life to her!
Hip. Alas! I think ſhe ſaid ſo, and he ſaid he ow'd it
To her generoſity.
Ferd. But is not that your Siſter with *Hippolito*?
Dor. So kind already?
Ferd. I came to welcome Life, and I have met the
Cruelleſt of deaths.
Hip. My dear *Dorinda* with another man?
Dor. Siſter, what bus'neſs have you here?
Mir. You ſee I dreſs *Hippolito.*
Dor. Y'are very charitable to a Stranger.
Mir. You are not much behind in Charity, to beg a Pardon
For a Man, whom you ſcarce ever ſaw before.
Dor. Henceforward let your Surgery alone, for I had
Rather he ſhould dye, than you ſhould cure his wound.
Mir. And I wiſh *Ferdinand* had dy'd before
He ow'd his Life to your entreaty.
Ferd. to Hip. Sir, I'm glad you are ſo well recover'd, you
Keep your humour ſtill to have all Women.
Hip. Not all, Sir, you except one of the number,
Your new Love there, *Dorinda.*
Mir. Ah *Ferdinand!* can you become inconſtant?
If I muſt loſe you, I had rather death ſhould take
You from me than you take your ſelf.
Ferd. And if I might have choſe, I would have wiſh'd
That death from *Proſpero*, and not this from you.
Dor. I, now I find why I was ſent away.
That you might have my Siſters company.
Hip. Dorinda, kill me not with your unkindneſs,
This is too much, firſt to be falſe your ſelf,
And then accuſe me too.
Ferd. We all accuſe each other, and each one denies their guilt,
I ſhould be glad it were a mutual errour.
And therefore firſt to clear my ſelf from fault,
Madam, I beg your pardon, while I ſay I only love
Your Siſter. [*to* Dorinda.
Mir. O bleſt Word!
I'm ſure I love no man but *Ferdinand.*
Dor. Nor I, Heav'n knows, but my *Hippolito.*
Hip. I never knew I lov'd ſo much, before I fear'd
Dorinda's conſtancy; but now I am convinc'd that
I lov'd none but her, becauſe none elſe can
Recompence her loſs.
Ferd. 'Twas happy then you had this little tryal.
But how we all ſo much miſtook, I know not.
Mir. I have only this to ſay in my defence: my Father ſent

Me hither, to attend the wounded Stranger.
Dor. And *Hippolito* ſent me to beg the life of *Ferdinand.*
Ferd. From ſuch ſmall Errours, left at firſt unheeded,
Have often ſprung ſad accidents in Love:
But ſee, our Fathers and our Friends are come
To mix their joys with ours.
Enter Proſpero, Alonzo, Antonio, Gonzalo.
Alon. to Proſp. Let it no more be thought of, your purpoſe
Though it was ſevere was juſt. In loſing *Ferdinand*
I ſhould have mourn'd, but could not have complain'd.
Proſp. Sir, I am glad kind Heaven decree'd it otherwiſe.
Dor. O wonder!
How many goodly Creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is!
Hip. O brave new World that has ſuch People in't!
Alon. to Ferd. Now all the bleſſings of a glad Father
Compaſs thee about,
And make thee happy in thy beauteous choice.
Gonz. I've inward wept, or ſhould have ſpoke e're this.
Look down ſweet Heav'n, and on this Couple drop
A bleſſed Crown, for it is you chalk'd out the
Way which brought us hither
Ant. Though Penitence forc'd by neceſſity can ſcarce
Seem real, yet deareſt Brother I have hope
My Blood may plead for pardon with you, I reſign
Dominion, which 'tis true I could not keep,
But Heaven knows too I would not.
Proſp. All paſt crimes I bury in the joy of this
Bleſſed day.
Alonz. And that I may not be behind in juſtice, to this
Young Prince I render back his Dukedom,
And as the Duke of *Mantua* thus ſalute him.
Hip. What is it that you render back, methinks
You give me nothing.
Proſp. You are to be Lord of a great People,
And o're Towns and Cities.
Hip. And ſhall theſe People be all Men and Women?
Gonz. Yes, and ſhall call you Lord.
Hip. Why then I'le live no longer in a Priſon, but
Have a whole Cave to my ſelf hereafter.
Proſp. And that your happineſs may be complete,
I give you my *Dorinda* for your Wife, ſhe ſhall
Be yours for ever, when the Prieſt has made you one.
Hip. How ſhall he make us one, ſhall I grow to her?
Proſp. By ſaying holy words you ſhall be joyn'd in marriage
To each other.
Dor. I warrant you thoſe holy words are charms.
My Father means to conjure us together.
Proſp. to his daughter. My *Ariel* told me, when laſt night you quarrel'd,
You ſaid you would for ever part your Beds,
But what you threaten'd in your anger, Heaven
Has turn'd to Prophecy.
For you, *Miranda*, muſt with *Ferdinand*,
And you, *Dorinda*, with *Hippolito* lye in
One Bed hereafter.
Alonz. And Heaven make thoſe Beds ſtill fruitful in
Producing Children to bleſs their Parents
Youth, and Grandſires age.
Mir. to Dor. If Children come by lying in a Bed, I wonder you
And I had none between us.
Dor. Sifter it was our fault, we meant like fools
To look 'em in the fields, and they it ſeems
Are only found in Beds.
Hip. I am o'rejoy'd that I ſhall have *Dorinda* in a bed,

We'll

We'll lye all night and day together there,
And never riſe again.
Ferd. aſide to him. Hippolito! you are ignorant of your great
Happineſs, but there is ſomewhat which for
Your own and fair *Dorinda*'s ſake I muſt inſtruct
You in.
Hip. Pray teach me quickly how Men and Women in your
World make love, I ſhall ſoon learn
I warrant you.
Enter Ariel *driving in* Steph. Trinc. Muſt. Vent. Calib. Syc.
Proſp. Why that's my dainty *Ariel*, I ſhall miſs thee,
But yet thou ſhalt have freedom.
Gonz. O look, Sir, look the Maſter and the Saylors——
The Boſen too——my Prophecy is out, that if
A Gallows were on land, that Man could ne'er
Be drown'd.
Alonz. to *Trinc.* Now Blaſphemy, what not one Oath aſhore?
Haſt thou no mouth by land? why ſtar'ſt thou ſo?
Trinc. What more Dukes yet, I muſt reſign my Dukedom,
But 'tis no matter, I was almoſt ſtarv'd in't.
Muſt. Here's nothing but wild Sallads, without Oyl or Vinegar.
Steph. The Duke and Prince alive! would I had now our gallant Ship agen, and were her Maſter, I'd willingly give all my Iſland for her.
Vent. And I my Vice-Roy-ſhip.
Trinc. I ſhall need no Hangman, for I ſhall e'en hang
My ſelf, now my Friend Butt has ſhed his
Laſt drop of Life. Poor Butt is quite departed.
Ant. They talk like Mad Men.
Proſp. No matter, time will bring 'em to themſelves, and
Now their Wine is gone they will not quarrel.
Your Ship is ſafe and tight, and bravely rigg'd,
As when you firſt ſet Sail.
Alonz. This news is wonderful.
Ariel. Was it well done, my Lord?
Proſp. Rarely, my diligence.
Gonz. But pray, Sir, what are thoſe miſhapen Creatures?
Proſp. Their Mother was a Witch, and one ſo ſtrong
She would control the Moon, make Flows
And Ebbs, and deal in her Command without
Her Power.
Syc. O *Setebos!* theſe be brave Sprights indeed.
Proſp. to *Calib.* Go Sirrah to my Cell, and as you hope for
Pardon, trim it up.
Calib. Moſt carefully. I will be wiſe hereafter.
What a dull Fool was I to take thoſe Drunkards
For Gods, when ſuch as theſe were in the World?
Proſp. Sir, I invite your Highneſs and your Train
To my poor Cave this night; a part of which
I will imploy in telling you my ſtory.
Alonz. No doubt it muſt be ſtrangely taking, Sir.
Proſp. When the Morn dawns I'll bring you to your Ship,
And promiſe you calm Seas and happy Gales.
My *Ariel*, that's thy charge: then to the Elements
Be free, and fare thee well.
Ariel. I'll do it Maſter.

Sings. *Where the Bee ſucks there ſuck I,*
In a Cowſlips Bell, I lye,
There I couch when Owls do cry,
On the Swallows Wing I flye
After Summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily ſhall I live now
Under the Bloſſom that hangs on the Bough.

Syc. I'll to Sea with thee, and keep thee warm in thy Cabin.
Trinc. No my dainty Dy-dapper, you have a tender Conſtitution, and will be

ſick a Ship-board. You are partly Fiſh and may ſwim after me. I wiſh you a good Voyage.

Proſp. Now to this Royal Company, my Servant, be viſible,
And entertain them with a Dance before they part.

Ariel. I have a gentle Spirit for my Love,
Who twice ſeven Years hath waited for my Freedom,
It ſhall appear and foot it featly with me.
Milcha, my Love, thy *Ariel* calls thee.

Enter Milcha.

Milcha. Here! [*They dance a Sarabband.*

Proſp. Henceforth this Iſle to the afflicted be
A place of Refuge as it was to me;
The Promiſes of blooming Spring live here,
And all the Bleſſings of the rip'ning Year;
On my retreat let Heaven and Nature ſmile,
And ever flouriſh the *Enchanted Iſle.* [*Exeunt.*

AN

AN EVENING'S LOVE: OR, THE Mock-Astrologer.

To his GRACE,

WILLIAM,

DUKE of *NEWCASTLE.*

One of His Majesties most Honourable Privy Council; and of the most Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

May it please your Grace,

AMongst those few persons of Wit and Honour, whose favourable Opinion I have desir'd, your own Virtue and my great Obligations to your Grace, have justly given you the Precedence. For what could be more glorious to me, than to have acquir'd some part of your esteem, who are admir'd and honour'd by all good Men; who have been, for so many years together, the Pattern and Standard of Honor to the Nation: and whose whole Life has been so great an Example of Heroick Virtue, that we might wonder how it happen'd into an Age so corrupt as ours, if it had not likewise been a part of the former? As you came into the World with all the advantages of a noble Birth *and* Education, *so you have rendred both, yet more conspicuous by your Virtue. Fortune, indeed, has perpetually crown'd your undertakings with success, but she has only waited on your Valour, not conducted it. She has ministred to your Glory like a Slave, and has been led in triumph by it, or at most, while Honour led you by the Hand to Greatness, Fortune only follow'd to keep you from sliding back in the ascent. That which* Plutarch *accounted her favour to* Cymon *and* Lucullus, *was but her justice to your Grace: and, never to have been overcome where you led in Person, as it was more than* Hannibal *could boast, so it was all that providence could do for that Party which it had resolv'd to ruine. Thus, my Lord, the last smiles of Victory were on your Arms: and, every where else, declaring for the Rebels, she seem'd to suspend her self, and to doubt, before she took her flight, whether she were able wholly to abandon that Cause for which you fought.*

But the greatest tryals of your Courage and Constancy were yet to come: many had ventur'd their Fortunes, and expos'd their Lives to the utmost dangers for their King and Country, who ended their Loyalty with the War: and submitting to the iniquity of the times, chose rather to redeem their former plenty by acknowledging an Usurper, than to suffer with an unprofitable Fidelity (as those meaner Spirits call'd it) for their lawful Sovereign. But, as I dare not accuse so many of our Nobility, who were content to accept their Patrimonies from the Clemency of the Conquerour, *and to retain only a secret veneration for their Prince, amidst the open worship which they were forc'd to pay to the Usurper, who had Dethron'd him; so, I hope, I may have leave to extol that Virtue which acted more generously; and which was not satisfy'd with an inward devotion to Monarchy, but produc'd it self to view, and asserted the Cause by open Martyrdom. Of these rare Patterns of Loyalty your Grace was Chief: those Examples you cou'd not find, you made. Some few* Cato's *there were with you, whose invincible resolution could not be Conquer'd by that* Usurping Cæsar: *your Virtue oppos'd it self to his Fortune, and over-*

came

came it, by not ſubmitting to it. The laſt and moſt difficult enterprize he had to effect, when he had conquer'd three Nations, was to ſubdue your Spirits: and he dy'd weary of that War, and unable to finiſh it.

In the mean time you liv'd more happily in your exile than the other on his Throne: your Loyalty made you Friends and Servants amongſt Foreigners: and you liv'd plentifully without a Fortune; for you liv'd on your own Deſert and Reputation. The glorious Name of the Valiant and Faithful Newcaſtle, *was a Patrimony which cou'd never be exhauſted.*

Thus, my Lord, the Morning of your Life was clear, and calm; and though it was afterwards overcaſt; yet, in that general ſtorm, you were never without a ſhelter. And now you are happily arriv'd to the Evening of a Day as Serene, as the Dawn of it was Glorious: But ſuch an Evening as, I hope, and almoſt Prophecy, is far from Night: 'Tis the Evening of a Summer's Sun, which keeps the Day-Light long within the Skies. The Health of your Body is maintain'd by the Vigour of your Mind: Neither does the one ſhrink from the Fatiegue of Exerciſe, nor the other bend under the Pains of Study. Methinks I behold in you another Caius Marius, *who in the Extremity of his Age, Exercis'd himſelf almoſt every Morning in the* Campus Martius, *amongſt the Youthful Nobility of* Rome. *And afterwards in your Retirements, when you do Honour to Poetry, by employing part of your Leiſure in it, I regard you as another* Silius Italicus, *who having paſs'd over his Conſulſhip with Applauſe, diſmiſs'd himſelf from Buſineſs, and from the Gown, and employ'd his Age, amongſt the Shades, in the Reading and Imitation of* Virgil.

In which, leaſt any thing ſhould be wanting to your Happineſs, you have by a rare effect of Fortune, found in the Perſon of your Excellent Lady, not only a Lover, *but a Part'ner of your Studies. A Lady whom our Age may juſtly equal with the* Sappho *of the* Greeks, *or the* Sulpitia *of the* Romans. *Who, by being taken into your Boſom, ſeems to be Inſpir'd with your Genius: And by Writing the Hiſtory of your Life, in ſo maſculine a Style, has already plac'd you in the Number of the Heroes. She has Anticipated that Great Portion of Fame which Envy often hinders a living Vertue from poſſeſſing: Which wou'd, indeed, have been given to your Aſhes, but with a latter Payment: And, of which you could have no preſent uſe, except it were by a ſecret Preſage of that which was to come, when you were no longer in a poſſibility of knowing it. So that if that were a Praiſe, or Satisfaction to the greateſt of Emperours, which the moſt Judicious of Poets gives him,*

Præſenti tibi maturos largimur honores, *&c.*

That the Adoration which was not allowed to Hercules *and* Romulus *till after Death, was given to* Auguſtus *living; then certainly it cannot be deny'd but that your Grace has receiv'd a double Satisfaction: The one, to ſee your ſelf Conſecrated to Immortality while you are yet alive: The other, to have your Praiſes Celebrated by ſo Dear, ſo Juſt, and ſo Pious an Hiſtorian.*

'Tis the Conſideration of this that ſtops my Pen: Though I am loath to leave ſo fair a Subject, which gives me as much field as Poetry cou'd wiſh, and yet no more than Truth can juſtify. But to attempt any thing of a Peneg yrick, were to Enterprize on your Lady's Right; and to ſeem to effect thoſe Praiſes, which none but the Dutcheſs of Newcaſtle *can deſerve, when ſhe Writes the Actions of her Lord. I ſhall therefore leave that wider ſpace, and contract my ſelf to thoſe narrow bounds which beſt become my* Fortune *and* Employment.

I am oblig'd, my Lord, to return you not only my own Acknowledgments, but to thank you in the Names of former Poets; the Manes *of* Johnſon *and* D'avenant *ſeem to require it from me, that thoſe Favours which you plac'd on them, and which they wanted opportunity to own in Publick, yet might not be loſt to the knowledge of Poſterity, with a forgetfulneſs unbecoming of the Muſes, who are the Daughters of Memory. And give me leave, my Lord, to avow ſo much of Vanity, as to ſay, I am Proud to be their Remembrancer: For, by relating how Gracious you have been to them, and are to me, I, in ſome meaſure, join my Name with Theirs: And the continu'd deſcent of your Favours to me is the beſt Title which I can plead for my ſucceſſion. I only wiſh, that I had as great Reaſon to be ſatisfy'd with my ſelf, in the return of our common Acknowledgments, as your Grace may juſtly take in the confering* Them: *For I cannot but be very ſenſible that the Preſent of an ill Comedy, which I here make you, is a very unſuitable way of giving Thanks for them, who, themſelves,*

themſelves, have Written ſo many better. This pretends to nothing more than to be a Foyl to thoſe Scenes, which are Compos'd by the moſt Noble Poet of our Age, and Nation: And to be ſet as a Water-Mark of the loweſt Ebb, *to which the Wit of my Predeceſſor has ſunk and run down in me: But, though all of them have ſurpaſs'd me in the* Scene; *there is one part of Glory in which I will not yield to any of them. I mean, my Lord, that Honour and Veneration which they had for you in their Lives; and which I preſerve after them, more Holily than the Veſtal Fires were maintain'd from Age to Age; but with a greater degree of Heat, and of Devotion than theirs, as being with more Reſpect and Paſſion than they ever were,*

Your GRACE's

Moſt Obliged,

moſt Humble, and

moſt Obedient Servant,

John Dryden.

PRE-

PREFACE.

I Had thought, Reader, in this Preface to have written ſomewhat concerning the difference betwixt the Plays of our Age, and thoſe of our Predeceſſors, on the *Engliſh* Stage: to have ſhown in what parts of Dramatick Poeſie we were excell'd by *Ben. Johnſon*, I mean, Humour, and Contrivance of Comedy; and in what we may juſtly claim precedence of *Shakeſpear* and *Fletcher*, namely in Heroick Plays: but this deſign I have wav'd on ſecond conſiderations; at leaſt deferr'd it till I publiſh the Conqueſt of *Granada*, where the Diſcourſe will be more proper. I had alſo prepar'd to Treat of the improvement of our Language ſince *Fletcher*'s and *Johnſon*'s days, and conſequently of our refining the Courtſhip, Raillery, and Converſation of Plays: but as I am willing to decline that envy which I ſhou'd draw on my ſelf from ſome old opiniative Judges of the Stage; ſo likewiſe I am preſt in time ſo much that I have not leiſure, at preſent, to go thorough with it. Neither, indeed, do I value a reputation gain'd from Comedy, ſo far as to concern my ſelf about it any more than I needs muſt in my own defence: for I think it, in its own nature, inferior to all ſorts of Dramatick writing. Low Comedy eſpecially requires, on the Writers part, much of converſation with the vulgar, and much of ill nature in the obſervation of their Follies. But let all Men pleaſe themſelves according to their ſeveral taſts: that which is not pleaſant to me, may be to others who judge better. And, to prevent an accuſation from my Enemies, I am ſometimes ready to imagine that my diſguſt of Low Comedy proceeds not ſo much from my judgment as from my temper; which is the reaſon why I ſo ſeldom write it; and that when I ſucceed in it, (I mean ſo far as to pleaſe the Audience) yet I am nothing ſatisfy'd with what I have done; but am often vex'd to hear the People laugh, and clap, as they perpetually do, where I intended 'em no jeſt; while they let paſs the better things without taking notice of them. Yet, even this confirms me in my opinion of ſlighting popular applauſe, and of contemning that approbation which thoſe very People give, equally with me, to the Zany of a Mountebank; or to the appearance of an Antick on the Theatre, without Wit on the Poet's part, or any occaſion of laughter from the Actor, beſides the ridiculouſneſs of his Habit and his Grimaces.

But I have deſcended before I was aware, from Comedy to Farce; which conſiſts principally of Grimaces. That I admire not any Comedy equally with Tragedy, is, perhaps, from the ſullenneſs of my humor; but that I deteſt thoſe Farces, which are now the moſt frequent Entertainments of the Stage, I am ſure I have reaſon on my ſide. Comedy conſiſts, though of low Perſons, yet of natural actions, and Characters; I mean ſome humors, adventures, and deſigns, as are to be found and met with in the World. Farce, on the other ſide, conſiſts of forc'd humors, and unnatural events: Comedy preſents us with the imperfections of humane nature. Farce entertains us with what is monſtrous and chimerical: the one cauſes laughter in thoſe who can judge of Men and Manners; by the lively repreſentation of their folly or corruption; the other produces the ſame effect in thoſe who can judge of neither, and that only by its extravagances. The firſt works on the judgment and fancy; the latter on the fancy only: There is more of ſatisfaction in the former kind of laughter, and in the latter more of ſcorn. But, how it happens, that an impoſſible adventure ſhould cauſe our mirth, I cannot ſo eaſily imagine. Something there may be in the oddneſs of it, becauſe on the Stage it is the common effect of things unexpected to ſurprize us into a delight: and that is to be aſcrib'd to the ſtrange appetite, as I may call it, of the fancy; which, like that of a longing Woman, often runs out into the moſt extravagant deſires; and is better ſatisfy'd ſometimes with Loam, or with the Rinds of Trees, than with the wholeſome nouriſhments of life. In ſhort, there is the ſame difference betwixt Farce and Comedy, as betwixt an Empirick and a true Phyſitian: both of them may attain their ends; but what the one performs by hazard, the other does by skill. And as the Artiſt is often unſucceſsful, while the Mountebank ſucceeds; ſo Farces more commonly take the People than Comedies. For to write unnatural things, is the moſt probable way of pleaſing them, who underſtand not Nature. And a true Poet often miſſes of applauſe, becauſe he cannot debaſe himſelf to write ſo ill as to pleaſe his Audience.

After all, it is to be acknowledg'd, that moſt of thoſe Comedies, which have been lately written, have been ally'd too much to Farce: and this muſt of neceſſity fall out till we forbear the Tranſlation of *French Plays:* for their Poets wanting judgment

ment to make, or to maintain true Characters, ſtrive to cover their defects with ridiculous Figures and Grimaces. While I ſay this, I accuſe my ſelf as well as others: and this very Play would riſe up in judgment againſt me, if I would defend all things I have written to be natural: but I confeſs I have given too much to the People in it, and am aſham'd for them as well as for my ſelf, that I have pleas'd them at ſo cheap a rate: not that there is any thing here which I would not defend to an ill-natur'd judge: (for I deſpiſe their Cenſures, who I am ſure wou'd write worſe on the ſame ſubject:) but becauſe I love to deal clearly and plainly, and to ſpeak of my own faults with more criticiſm, than I would of another Poets; Yet I think it no vanity to ſay that this Comedy has as much of entertainment in it as many others which have been lately written: and, if I find my own errors in it, I am able at the ſame time, to arraign all my Contemporaries for greater. As I pretend not that I can write Humor, ſo none of them can reaſonably pretend to have written it as they ought. *Johnſon* was the only Man of all Ages and Nations, who has perform'd it well; and that but in three or four of his Comedies: the reſt are but a *Crambe bis cocta*; the ſame humours a little vary'd and written worſe: neither was it more allowable in him, than it is in our preſent Poets, to repreſent the Follies of particular Perſons; of which many have accus'd him. *Parcere perſonis, dicere de vitiis*, is the rule of Plays. And *Horace* tells you, that the old Comedy amongſt the *Grecians* was ſilenc'd for the too great liberties of the Poets.

——In vitium libertas excidit & vim
Dignam lege regi: lex eſt accepta choruſque
Turpiter obticuit, ſublato jure nocendi.

Of which he gives you the reaſon in another place: where having given the Precept.

Neve immunda crepent; ignominioſáque dicta:

He immediately ſubjoins,

Offenduntur enim, quibus eſt equus, & pater, & res.

But *Ben. Johnſon* is to be admir'd for many excellencies; and can be tax'd with fewer failings than any *Engliſh* Poet. I know I have been accus'd as an Enemy of his Writings; but without any other reaſon than that I do not admire him blindly, and without looking into his imperfections. For why ſhould he only be exempted from thoſe frailties, from which *Homer* and *Virgil* are not free? Or why ſhould there be any *ipſe dixit* in our Poetry, any more than there is in our Philoſophy, I admire and applaud him where I ought: thoſe who do more do but value themſelves in their admiration of him: and by telling you they extol *Ben. Johnſon*'s way, would inſinuate to you that they can practice it. For my part I declare that I want judgment to imitate him: and ſhould think it a great impudence in my ſelf to attempt it. To make Men appear pleaſantly ridiculous on the Stage was, as I have ſaid, his talent: and in this he needed not the acumen of Wit, but that of Judgment. For the Characters and Repreſentations of Folly are only the effects of Obſervation; and Obſervation is an effect of Judgment. Some ingenious Men, for whom I have a particular eſteem, have thought I have much injur'd *Ben. Johnſon*, when I have not allow'd his Wit to be extraordinary: but they confound the notion of what is witty, with what is pleaſant. That *Ben. Johnſon*'s Plays were pleaſant, he muſt want reaſon who denies: But that pleaſantneſs was not properly Wit, or the ſharpneſs of Conceit; but the natural imitation of Folly: which I confeſs to be excellent in its kind, but not to be of that kind which they pretend. Yet if we will believe *Quintilian* in his Chapter *de Movendo riſu*, he gives his opinion of both in theſe following words, *Stulta reprehendere facillimum eſt; nam per ſe ſunt ridicula: & à deriſu non procul abeſt riſus: ſed rem urbanam facit aliqua ex nobis adjectio.*

And ſome perhaps, would be apt to ſay of *Johnſon*, as it was ſaid of *Demoſthenes*; *Non diſplicuiſſe illi jocos, ſed non contigiſſe*, I will not deny but that I approve moſt the mixt way of Comedy; that which is neither all Wit, nor all Humour, but the reſult of both. Neither ſo little of Humor as *Fletcher* ſhews, nor ſo little of Love and Wit, as *Johnſon*. Neither all cheat, with which the beſt Plays of the one are fill'd, nor all adventure, which is the common practice of the other. I would have the Characters well choſen, and kept diſtant from interfaring with each other; which is more than *Fletcher* or *Shakeſpear* did: but I would have more of the *Urbana, venuſta, ſalſa, faceta*, and the reſt which *Quintilian* reckons up as the Ornaments of Wit; and theſe are extremely wanting in *Ben. Johnſon*. As for re-

party in particular, as it is the very Soul of Converſation, ſo it is the greateſt grace of Comedy, where it is proper to the Characters: there may be much of acuteneſs in a thing well ſaid; but there is more in a quick reply: *ſunt, enim, longè venuſtiora omnia in reſpondendo quàm in provocando.* Of one thing I am ſure, that no Man ever will decry Wit, but he who deſpairs of it himſelf; and who has no other quarrel to it but that which the Fox had to the Grapes. Yet, as Mr. *Cowley*, (who had a greater Portion of it than any Man I know) tells us in his *Character of Wit*, rather than all Wit let there be none; I think there's no Folly ſo great in any Poet of our Age as the ſuperfluity and waſte of Wit was in ſome of our Predeceſſors: particularly we may ſay of *Fletcher* and of *Shakeſpear*, what was ſaid of *Ovid*, *In omni ejus ingenio, facilius quod rejici, quàm quod adjici poteſt, invenies.* The contrary of which was true in *Virgil*, and our incomparable *Johnſon*.

Some Enemies of Repartee have obſerv'd to us, that there is a great latitude in their Characters, which are made to ſpeak it: And that it is eaſier to write Wit than Humour; becauſe in the Characters of Humor, the Poet is confin'd to make the Perſon ſpeak what is only proper to it. Whereas all kind of Wit is proper in the Character of a Witty Perſon. But by their favour, there are as different Characters in Wit as in Folly. Neither is all kind of Wit proper in the Mouth of every ingenious Perſon. A witty Coward, and a witty Brave, muſt ſpeak differently. *Falſtaffe* and the *Lyar*, ſpeak not like *Don John* in the *Chances*, and *Valentine* in *Wit without Money*, and *Johnſon*'s *Truwit* in the *Silent Woman*, is a Character different from all of them. Yet it appears that this one Character of Wit was more difficult to the Author, than all his Images of Humor in the Play: For thoſe he could deſcribe and manage from his obſervation of Men; this he has taken, at leaſt a part of it, from Books: witneſs the Speeches in the Firſt Act, tranſlated *verbatim* out of *Ovid de Arte Amandi*. To omit what afterwards he borrowed from the ſixth Satyr of *Juvenal* againſt Women.

However, if I ſhould grant, that there were a greater latitude in Characters of Wit, than in thoſe of Humour; yet that latitude would be of ſmall advantage to ſuch Poets who have too narrow an imagination to write it. And to entertain an Audience perpetually with Humour, is to carry them from the converſation of Gentlemen, and treat them with the Follies and Extravagances of *Bedlam*.

I find I have launch'd out farther than I intended in the beginning of this Preface. And that in the heat of Writing, I have touch'd at ſomething, which I thought to have avoided. 'Tis time now to draw homeward: and to think rather of defending my ſelf, than aſſaulting others. I have already acknowledg'd that this Play is far from perfect: but I do not think my ſelf oblig'd to diſcover the imperfections of it to my Adverſaries, any more than a guilty Perſon is bound to accuſe himſelf before his Judges. 'Tis charg'd upon me that I make debauch'd Perſons (ſuch as they ſay my Aſtrologer and Gameſter are) my Protagoniſts, or the chief Perſons of the *Drama*; and that I make them happy in the concluſion of my Play; againſt the Law of Comedy, which is to reward Virtue, and puniſh Vice. I anſwer firſt, that I know no ſuch Law to have been conſtantly obſerv'd in Comedy, either by the antient or Modern Poets. *Chærea* is made happy in the Eunuch, after having deflour'd a Virgin: and *Terence* generally does the ſame through all his Plays; where you perpetually ſee, not only debauch'd young Men enjoy their Miſtreſſes, but even the Courtezans themſelves rewarded and honour'd in the Cataſtrophe. The ſame may be obſerv'd in *Plautus* almoſt every where. *Ben. Johnſon* himſelf, after whom I may be proud to err, has given me more than once the Example of it. That in the *Alchimiſt* is notorious, where *Face*, after having contriv'd and carried on the great Cozenage of the Play, and continued in it, without repentance, to the laſt, is not only forgiven by his Maſter, but inrich'd by his conſent, with the ſpoils of thoſe whom he had cheated. And, which is more, his Maſter himſelf, a grave Man, and a Widower, is introduc'd taking his Man's Counſel, debauching the Widow firſt, in hope to marry her afterward. In the *Silent Woman*, *Dauphine* (who with the other two Gentlemen, is of the ſame Character with my *Celadon* in the *Maiden Queen*, and with *Wildblood* in this) profeſſes himſelf in love with all the Collegiate Ladies: and they likewiſe are all of the ſame Character with each other, excepting only Madam *Otter*, who has ſomething ſingular:) yet this naughty *Dauphine*, is Crown'd in the end with the poſſeſſion of his Uncle's Eſtate, and with the hopes of enjoying all his Miſtreſſes. And his Friend Mr. *Tru-*

Mr. *Truwit* (the beſt Character of a Gentleman which *Ben. Johnſon* ever made) is not aſham'd to pimp for him. As for *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, I need not alledge examples out of them; for that were to quote almoſt all their Comedies. But now it will be objected that I patronize Vice by the Authority of former Poets, and extenuate my own faults by recrimination. I anſwer, that as I defend my ſelf by their example; ſo that example I defend by reaſon, and by the end of all Dramatick Poeſie. In the firſt place therefore give me leave to ſhew you their miſtake who have accus'd me. They have not diſtinguiſh'd as they ought, betwixt the rules of Tragedy and Comedy. In Tragedy, where the Actions and Perſons are great, and the Crimes horrid, the Laws of Juſtice are more ſtrictly to be obſerv'd: and examples of puniſhment to be made to deter Mankind from the purſuit of Vice. Faults of this kind have been rare amongſt the antient Poets: for they have puniſh'd in *Oedipus*, and in his poſterity, the ſin which he knew not he had committed. *Medea* is the only example I remember, at preſent, who eſcapes from puniſhment after murder. Thus Tragedy fulfils one great part of its inſtitution; which is by example to inſtruct. But in Comedy it is not ſo; for the chief end of it is divertiſement and delight: and that ſo much, that it is diſputed, I think, by *Heinſius*, before *Horace* his Art of Poetry, whether inſtruction be any part of its employment. At leaſt I am ſure it can be but its ſecondary end: for the buſineſs of the Poet is to make you laugh: when he writes Humor, he makes Folly ridiculous; when Wit, he moves you, if not always to Laughter, yet to a Pleaſure that is more noble. And if he works a cure on Folly, and the ſmall imperfections in Mankind, by expoſing them to publick view, that cure is not perform'd by an immediate operation. For it works firſt on the ill nature of the Audience; they are mov'd to laugh by the repreſentation of deformity; and the ſhame of that laughter, teaches us to amend what is ridiculous in our manners. This being then eſtabliſh'd, That the firſt end of Comedy is delight, and inſtruction only the ſecond; it may reaſonably be inferr'd, that Comedy is not ſo much oblig'd to the puniſhment of the faults which it repreſents, as Tragedy. For the Perſons in Comedy are of a lower quality, the Action is little, and the faults and vices are but the ſallies of Youth, and the frailties of Humane Nature, and not premeditated Crimes: ſuch to which all Men are obnoxious, not ſuch as are attempted only by few, and thoſe abandon'd to all ſenſe of Virtue: ſuch as move pity and commiſeration; not deteſtation and horror; ſuch, in ſhort, as may be forgiven, not ſuch as muſt of neceſſity be puniſh'd. But, leſt any man ſhould think that I write this to make libertiniſm amiable; or that I car'd not to debaſe the end and inſtitution of Comedy, ſo I might thereby maintain my own errors, and thoſe of better Poets; I muſt farther declare, both for them and for my ſelf, that we make not vicious Perſons happy, but only as Heaven makes ſinners ſo: that is, by reclaiming them firſt from Vice; for ſo 'tis to be ſuppos'd they are, when they reſolve to marry; for then enjoying what they deſire in one, they ceaſe to purſue the love of many. So *Chærea* is made happy by *Terence*, in marrying her whom he had deflour'd: and ſo are *Wildblood*, and the *Aſtrologer* in this Play.

There is another crime with which I am charg'd, at which I am yet much leſs concern'd, becauſe it does not relate to my manners, as the former did, but only to my reputation as a Poet: A name of which I aſſure the Reader I am nothing proud; and therefore cannot be very ſollicitous to defend it. I am tax'd with ſtealing all my Plays, and that by ſome who ſhould be the laſt men from whom I would ſteal any part of 'em. There is one anſwer which I will not make; but it has been made for me by Him to whoſe Grace and Patronage I owe all things,

Et ſpes & ratio ſtudiorum, in Cæſare *tantum.*

And without whoſe command they ſhou'd no longer be troubl'd with any thing of mine; that he only deſir'd that they who accus'd me of Theft, would always ſteal him Plays like mine. But though I have reaſon to be proud of this defence, yet I ſhould wave it, becauſe I have a worſe opinion of my own Comedies than any of my Enemies can have. 'Tis true, that where ever I have lik'd any ſtory in a Romance, Novel, or foreign Play, I have made no difficulty, nor ever ſhall, to take the foundation of it, to build it up, and to make it proper for the *Engliſh* Stage. And I will be ſo vain to ſay it has loſt nothing in my hands: But it always coſt me ſo much trouble to heighten it; for our Theatre (which is incomparably more curious in all the ornaments of Dramatick Poeſie, than the *French*, or *Spaniſh*) that when I had finiſh'd my Play, it was like the hulk of Sir *Francis Drake*,

Drake, ſo ſtrangely alter'd, that there ſcarce remain'd any Plank of the Timber which firſt built it. To witneſs this I need go no farther than this Play: It was firſt *Spaniſh*, and call'd *El Aſtrologo fingido*; then made *French* by the younger *Corneille*: and is now tranſlated into *Engliſh*, and in Print, under the name of the *Feign'd Aſtrologer*. What I have perform'd in this, will beſt appear, by comparing it with thoſe: you will ſee that I have rejected ſome adventures which I judg'd were not divertiſing: that I have heightned thoſe which I have choſen, and that I have added others which were neither in the *French* nor *Spaniſh*. And beſides you will eaſily diſcover that the Walk of the *Aſtrologer* is the leaſt conſiderable in my Play: for the deſign of it turns more on the parts of *Wildblood* and *Jacinta*, who are the chief perſons in it. I have farther to add, that I ſeldom uſe the Wit and Language of any Romance, or Play which I undertake to alter; becauſe my own Invention (as bad as it is) can furniſh me with nothing ſo dull as what is there. Thoſe who have call'd *Virgil*, *Terence*, and *Taſſo Plagiaries* (though they much injur'd them,) had yet a better colour for their accuſation; for *Virgil* has evidently tranſlated *Theocritus*, *Heſiod*, and *Homer*, in many places; beſides what he has taken from *Ennius* in his own Language. *Terence* was not only known to tranſlate *Menander*, (which he avows alſo in his Prologues) but was ſaid alſo to be help't in thoſe Tranſlations by *Scipio* the *African*, and *Lelius*. And *Taſſo*, the moſt excellent of modern Poets, and whom I reverence next to *Virgil*, has taken both from *Homer* many admirable things which were left untouch'd by *Virgil*, and from *Virgil* himſelf where *Homer* cou'd not furniſh him. Yet the bodies of *Virgil*'s and *Taſſo*'s Poems were their own: and ſo are all the Ornaments of Language and Elocution in them. The ſame (if there were any thing commendable in this Play) I could ſay for it. But I will come nearer to our own Countreymen. Moſt of *Shakeſpear*'s Plays, I mean the ſtories of them, are to be found in the *Hecatommithi*, or hundred Novels of *Cinthio*. I have, my ſelf, read in his *Italian*, that of *Romeo*, and *Juliet*, the *Moor of Venice*, and many others of them. *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* had moſt of theirs from *Spaniſh* Novels: Witneſs the *Ceanthes*, the *Spaniſh Curate*, *Rule a Wife, and have a Wife*, the *Little French Lawyer*, and ſo many others of them, as compoſe the greateſt part of their Volume in Folio. *Ben. Johnſon*, indeed, has deſign'd his Plots himſelf; but no man has borrow'd ſo much from the Ancients as he has done: And he did well in it, for he has thereby beautifi'd our Language.

But theſe little Criticks do not well conſider what is the work of a Poet, and what the Graces of a Poem: The Story is the leaſt part of either: I mean the foundation of it, before it is modell'd by the Art of him who writes it; who forms it with more care, by expoſing only the beautiful parts of it to view, than a skilful Lapidary ſets a Jewel. On this foundation of the Story the Characters are rais'd: And, ſince no Story can afford Characters enough for the variety of the *Engliſh* Stage, it follows that it is to be alter'd, and inlarg'd, with new Perſons, Accidents and Deſigns, which will almoſt make it new. When this is done, the forming it into Acts and Scenes, diſpoſing of Actions and Paſſions into their proper places, and beautifying both with deſcriptions, ſimilitudes, and propriety of Language, is the principal employment of the Poet; as being the largeſt field of fancy which is the principal quality requir'd in him: For ſo much the word implies. Judgment, indeed, is neceſſary in him; but 'tis Fancy that gives the Life touches, and the ſecret graces to it; eſpecially in ſerious Plays, which depend not much on obſervation. For to write Humor in Comedy (which is the Theft of Poets from mankind) little of Fancy is requir'd; the Poet obſerves only what is ridiculous, and pleaſant folly, and by judging exactly what is ſo, he pleaſes in the repreſentation of it.

But in general, the employment of a Poet, is like that of a curious Gunſmith or Watchmaker: the Iron or Silver is not his own; but they are the leaſt part of that which gives the value: the price lies wholly in the Workmanſhip. And he who works dully on a Story, without moving laughter in a Comedy, or raiſing concernments in a ſerious Play, is no more to be counted a good Poet, than a Gunſmith of the *Minories* is to be compar'd with the beſt workman of the Town.

But I have ſaid more of this than I intended; and more, perhaps, than I needed to have done: I ſhall but laugh at them hereafter, who accuſe me with ſo little reaſon; and withal, contemn their dulneſs, who, if they could ruine that little reputation I have got, and which I value not, yet would want both Wit and Learning to eſtabliſh their own, or to be remembred in after Ages for any thing, but only that which makes them ridiculous in this.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

When first our Poet set himself to write,
Like a young Bridegroom on his Wedding-night
He laid about him, and did so bestir him,
His Muse could never lye in quiet for him:
But now his Hony-moon is gone and past,
Tet the ungrateful drudgery must last:
And he is bound, as civil Husbands do,
To strain himself, in complaisance to you:
To write in pain, and counterfeit a Bliss,
Like the faint smacking of an after-Kiss.
But you, like Wives ill pleas'd, supply his want;
Each Writing Monsieur, *is a fresh Gallant:*
And though, perhaps, 'twas done as well before,
Tet still there's something in a new Amour.
Your several Poets work with several tools,
One gets you Wits, another gets you Fools:
This pleases you with some by-stroke of Wit,
This finds some cranny that was never hit.
But should these jaunty Lovers daily come
To do your Work, like your good Man at home,
Their fine small timber'd Wits would soon decay;
These are Gallants but for a Holiday.
Others you had who oftner have appear'd,
Whom, for meer impotence you have cashier'd:
Such as at first came on with Pomp and Glory,
But, over-straining, soon fell flat before ye.
Their useless weight, with patience long was born,
But at the last you threw 'em off with scorn.
As for the Poet of this present night,
Though now he claims in you a Husband's right,
He will not hinder you of fresh delight.
He, like a Seaman, seldom will appear;
And means to trouble home but thrice a year:
That only time from your Gallants he'll borrow;
Be kind to day, and Cuckold him to morrow,

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

		By
Wildblood, *Bellamy*,	TWo young English Gentlemen.	Mr. *Hart*. Mr. *Mohun*.
Maskal,	their Servant.	Mr. *Shatterel*.
Don *Alonzo de Ribera*,	an old *Spanish* Gentleman.	Mr *Wintershal*.
Don *Lopez de Gamboa*,	a young Noble *Spaniard*	Mr. *Burt*.
Don *Melchor de Guzman*,	A Gentleman of a great Family; but of a decay'd fortune.	Mr *Lydal*.

WOMEN.

		By
Donna Theodosia, *Donna Jacintha*,	Daughters to Don *Alonzo*.	Mrs. *Bowtel*. Mrs. *Ellen Guynn*.
Donna Aurelia,	Their Cousin.	Mrs. *Marshal* and formerly by Mrs. *Quin*.
Beatrix,	Woman and Confident to the two Sisters.	Mrs. *Knepp*.
Camilla,	Woman to *Aurelia*.	Mrs. *Betty Slate*.

Servants to Don *Lopez*, and Don *Alonzo*.

The Scene *Madrid*, in the Year, 1665.

The Time, the last evening of the Carnival.

AN

AN EVENING'S LOVE: OR, THE Mock-Astrologer.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Don Lopez, *and a Servant, walking over the Stage.*

Enter another Servant and follows him.

Ser. DOn *Lopez*?

Lop. Any new buſineſs?

Ser. My Maſter had forgot this Letter.
Which he conjures you, as you are his friend,
To give *Aurelia* from him.

Lop. Tell Don *Melchor* 'tis a hard task which he enjoyns me:
He knows I love her, and much more than he;
For I love her alone, but he divides
His paſſion betwixt two: Did he conſider
How great a pain 'tis to diſſemble love,
He would never practiſe it.

Ser. He knows his fault, but cannot mend it.

Lop. To make the poor *Aurelia* believe
He's gone for *Flanders*, whilſt he lies conceal'd,
And every night makes viſits to her Couſin.
When will he leave this ſtrange extravagance?

Ser. When he can love one more, or t'other leſs.

Lop. Before I lov'd my ſelf, I promis'd him
To ſerve him in his love; and I'll perform it,
Howe'r repugnant to my own concernments.

Serv. You are a noble Cavalier. [*Exit Servant.*

Enter Bellamy, Wildblood, Maskal.

2. *Serv.* Sir, your Gueſts of the *Engliſh* Ambaſſador's Retinue.

Lop. Cavaliers, will you pleaſe to command my Coach to take the Air this evening?

Bell. We have not yet reſolv'd how to diſpoſe of our ſelves; but however, we are highly acknowledging to you, for your civility.

Lop. You cannot more oblige me, than by laying your Commands on me.

Wild. We kiſs your hands. [*Exit.* Lopez *cum Servo.*

Bell. Give the *Don* his due, he entertain'd us nobly this Carnival.

Wild. Give the Devil the *Don*, for any thing I lik'd in his Entertainment.

Bell. I hope we had variety enough.

Wild. I, it look'd like variety, till we came to taſte it; there were twenty ſeveral Diſhes to the Eye, but in the pallat nothing but Spices. I had a mind to eat of a Pheaſant, and as ſoon as I got it into my mouth, I found I was chawing a limb of Cinamon; then I went to cut a piece of Kid, and no ſooner it had touch'd my Lips, but it turn'd to red Pepper: at laſt I began to think my ſelf another kind of *Midas*, that every thing I touch'd ſhould be turn'd into Spice.

Bell. And for my part, I imagin'd his Catholick Majeſty had invited us to eat his *Indies*. But prethee let's leave the diſcourſe of it, and contrive together how we may ſpend the evening; for in this hot Countrey, 'tis as in the Creation, the Eveningand the Morning make the day.

Wild. I have a little ſerious buſineſs.

Bell. Put it off till a fitter ſeaſon: for the truth is, buſineſs is then only tolerable,

able, when the World and the Fleſh have no baits to ſet before us for the day.

Wild. But mine perhaps is publick buſineſs.

Bell. Why is any buſineſs more publick than Drinking and Wenching? Look on thoſe grave plodding Fellows, that paſs by us, as though they were meditating the re-conqueſt of *Flanders*: fly 'em to a Mark, and I'll undertake three parts of four are going to their Courtezans. I tell thee *Jack*, the whisking of a Silk Gown, and the raſh of a Tabby-Petticoat, are as comfortable ſounds to one of theſe rich Citizens, as the chink of their Pieces of Eight.

Wild. This being granted to be the common deſign of humane kind, 'tis more than probable 'tis yours; therefore I'll leave you to the proſecution of it.

Bell. Nay, good *Jack*, mine is but a Miſtreſs in Embrio; the poſſeſſion of her is at leaſt ſome ten days off, and till that time, thy company will be pleaſant, and may be profitable to carry on the work. I would uſe thee like an under-kind of Chymiſt, to blow the Coals; 'twill be time enough for me to be alone when I come to projection.

Wild. You muſt excuſe me, *Frank*; I have made an appointment at the Gaming-houſe.

Bell. What to do there I prithee? to miſpend that Money, which kind fortune intended for a Miſtreſs? or to learn new Oaths and Curſes to carry into *England*? that is not it————I heard you were to marry when you left home: perhaps that may be ſtill running in your Head, and keep you virtuous.

Wild. Marriage quoth-a! what doſt thou think I have been bred in the Deſarts of *Africk*, or among the Savages of *America*? nay, if I had, I muſt needs have known better things than ſo; the light of Nature would not have let me gone ſo far aſtray.

Bell. Well! What think you of the *Prado* this evening?

Wild. Pox upon't, 'tis worſe than our contemplative *Hide-Park*.

Bell. O! but we muſt ſubmit to the cuſtom of the Countrey for Courtſhip: whatever the means are, we are ſure the end is ſtill the ſame in all places. But who are theſe?

Enter Don Alonzo de Ribera, *with his two Daughters* Theodoſia *and* Jacinta, *and* Beatrix *their Woman paſſing by.*

Theo. Do you ſee thoſe ſtrangers, Siſter, that eye us ſo earneſtly?

Jac. Yes, and I gueſs 'em to be feathers of the *Engliſh* Ambaſſador's Train; for I think I ſaw 'em at the grand Audience——And have the ſtrangeſt temptation in the world to talk to 'em: A miſchief on this modeſty.

Beat. A miſchief of this Father of yours that haunts you ſo.

Jac. 'Tis very true *Beatrix*; for though I am the younger Siſter, I ſhould have the grace to lay modeſty firſt aſide: however, Siſter, let us pull up our Vails, and give 'em an Eſſay of our Faces. [*They pull up their Vails, and pull 'em down agen.*

Wild. Ah *Bellamy*! undone, undone! doſt thou ſee thoſe Beauties?

Bell. Prithee *Wildblood* hold thy tongue, and do not ſpoil my Contemplation; I am undoing my ſelf as faſt as e're I can too.

Wild. I muſt go to 'em.

Bell. Hold Madman; doſt thou not ſee their Father? haſt thou a mind to have our Throats cut?

Wild. By a Hector of fourſcore? Hang our Throats, what a Lover and cautious? [*Is going towards them.*

Alon. Come away Daughters, we ſhall be late elſe.

Bell. Look, you, they are on the wing already.

Wild. Prithee, dear *Frank*, let's follow 'em: I long to know who they are.

Mask. Let me alone, I'll dog 'em for you.

Bell. I am glad on't, for my ſhooes ſo pinch me, I can ſcarce go a ſtep farther.

Wild. Croſs the way there lives a Shoomaker: away quickly, that we may not ſpoil our Man's deſign. [*Exit* Bell. Wild.

Alon. *offers to go off*— Now friend! what's your buſineſs to follow us?

Mask. Noble Don; 'tis only to recommend my ſervice to you: a certain violent paſſion I have had for your worſhip ſince the firſt moment that I ſaw you.

Alon. I never ſaw thee before to my remembrance.

Mask. No matter, Sir, true Love never ſtands upon ceremony.

Alon. Prithee be gone my fancy companion, I'll clap an Alguazile upon thy heels; I tell thee I have no need of thy ſervice.

Mask. Having no ſervant of your own, I cannot in good manners leave you deſtitute.

Alon. I'll beat thee if thou follow'ſt me.

Mask.

Mask. I am your Spaniel, Sir, the more you beat me, the better I'll wait on you.

Alon. Let me intreat you to be gone; the Boys will hoot at me to ſee me follow'd thus againſt my will.

Mask. Shall you and I concern our ſelves for what the Boys do, Sir? Pray do you hear the news at Court?

Alon. Prithee what's the news to thee or me?

Mask. Will you be at the next *Juego de cannas*?

Alon. If I think good.

Mask. Pray go on Sir, we can diſcourſe as we walk together: And whither were you now a going, Sir?

Alon. To the Devil I think.

Mask. O! not this year or two, Sir, by your age.

Jac. My Father was never ſo match'd for talking in all his life before; he who loves to hear nothing but himſelf: Prithee, *Beatrix*, ſtay behind, and ſee what this impudent *Engliſhman* would have.

Beat. Sir! if you'll not let my Maſter go, I'll be his pawn.

Mask. Well, Sir, I kiſs your hand, in hope to wait on you another time.

Alon. Let us mend our pace to get clear of him.

Theo. If you do not, he'll be with you agen, like *Atalanta* in the Fable, and make you drop another of your golden Apples.

[*Exit* Alon. Theod. Jacinta.

[Maskal *whiſpers* Beatrix *the while.*

Beat. How much good Language is here thrown away to make me betray my Ladies?

Mask. If you will diſcover nothing of 'em, let me diſcourſe with you a little.

Beat. As little as you pleaſe.

Mask. They are rich I ſuppoſe.

Beat. Now you are talking of them agen: but they are as rich, as they are fair.

Mask. Then they have the *Indies:* well, but their Names my ſweet Miſtreſs.

Beat. Sweet Servant, their names are———

Mask. Their Names are——out with it boldly———

Beat. A ſecret not to be diſclos'd.

Mask. A ſecret ſay you? Nay, then I conjure you as you are a Woman, tell it me

Beat. Not a ſyllable.

Mask. Why then, as you are a Waiting-woman, as you are the Sieve of all your Ladies Secrets, tell it me.

Beat. You loſe your labour, nothing will ſtrain through me.

Mask. Are you ſo well ſtop'd i' th' bottom?

Beat. It was enjoyn'd me ſtrictly as a Secret.

Mask. Was it enjoyn'd thee ſtrictly, and canſt thou hold it? Nay then thou art invincible: but, by that face, that more than ugly face, which I ſuſpect to be under thy Vail, diſcloſe it to me.

Beat. By that face of thine which is a Natural Viſor: I will not tell thee.

Mask. By thy——

Beat. No more Swearing I beſeech you.

Mask. That Woman's worth little, that is not worth an Oath: well, get thee gone, now I think on't thou ſhalt not tell me.

Beat. Shall I not? who ſhall hinder me? They are Don *Alonzo de Ribera*'s Daughters.

Mask. Out, out: I'll ſtop my Ears.

Beat.———They live hard by in the *Calle maior.*

Mask. O infernal Tongue———

Beat. And are going to the next Chappel with their Father.

Mask. Wilt thou never have done tormenting me? in my Conſcience anon thou wilt blab out their Names too.

Beat. Their Names are *Theodoſia* and *Jacinta.*

Mask. And where's your great ſecret now?

Beat. Now I think I am reveng'd on you for running down my poor old Maſter.

Mask. Thou art not fully reveng'd till thou haſt told me thy own Name too.

Beat. 'Tis *Beatrix*, at your ſervice, Sir, pray remember I wait on 'em.

Mask. Now I have enough, I muſt be going.

Beat. I perceive you are juſt like other Men; when you have got your ends, you care not how ſoon you are going.———

——Fare-

——Farewel,——you'll be conſtant to me——

Mask. If thy Face when I ſee it, do not give me occaſion to be otherwiſe.

Beat. You ſhall take a Sample that you may praiſe it when you ſee it next. [*She pulls up her Vail.*

Enter Wildblood *and* Bellamy.

Wild. Look, there's your Dog with a Duck in's Mouth—— Oh ſhe's got looſe and div'd again—— [*Exit* Beatrix.

Bell. Well *Maskal*, what news of the Ladies of the Lake?

Mask. I have learn'd enough to embark you in an Adventure; they are Daughters to one Don *Alonzo de Ribera* in the *Calle major*, their Names *Theodoſia* and *Jacinta*, and they are going to their Devotions in the next Chappel.

Wild. Away then, let us loſe no time, I thank Heaven, I never found my ſelf better enclin'd to Godlineſs than at this preſent.—— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Chappel.*

Enter Alonzo, Theodoſia, Jacinta, Beatrix, *other* Ladies *and* Cavaliers *as at their Devotion.*

Alon. By that time you have told your Beads I'll be agen with you. [*Exit.*

Jac. Do you think the *Engliſh* Men will come after us?

Beat. Do you think they can ſtay from you?

Jac. For my part I feel a certain qualm upon my Heart, which makes me believe I am breeding Love to one of 'em.

Theo. How, Love, *Jacinta*, in ſo ſhort a time? *Cupid*'s Arrow was well Feather'd to reach you ſo ſuddenly.

Jac. Faith as good at firſt as at laſt Siſter, 'tis a thing that muſt be done, and therefore 'tis beſt diſpatching it out o' th' way.

Theo. But you do not mean to tell him ſo, whom you love?

Jac. Why ſhould I keep my Self and Servant in pain, for that which may be Cur'd at a days warning?

Beat. My Lady tells you true, Madam, long tedious Courtſhip may be proper for cold Countreys, where their Froſts are long a thawing; but Heaven be prais'd we live in a warm Climate.

Theo. The truth is, in other Countreys they have opportunities for Courtſhip, which we have not, they are not mew'd up with double Locks and grated Windows; but may receive Addreſſes at their leiſure.

Jac. But our Love here is like our Graſs; if it be not mow'd quickly 'tis burnt up.

Enter Bellamy, Wildblood, Maskal: *they look about 'em.*

Theo. Yonder are your Gallants, ſend you comfort of 'em: I am for my Devotions.

Jac. Now for my heart can I think of no other Prayer, but only that they may not miſtake us——Why Siſter, Siſter,——will you Pray? What injury have I ever done you, that you ſhould pray in my Company? If your Servant Don *Melchor* were here, we ſhould have you mind Heaven as little as the beſt on's.

Beat. They are at a loſs, Madam, ſhall I put up my Vail that they may take aim?

Jac. No, let 'em take their Fortune in the dark: we ſhall ſee what Archers theſe *Engliſh* are.

Bell. Which are they think'ſt thou?

Wild. There's no knowing them, they are all Children of darkneſs.

Bell. I'll be ſworn they have one ſign of Godlineſs among 'em, there's no diſtinction of Perſons here.

Wild. Pox o' this Blind-Mans-buff; they may be aſham'd to provoke a Man thus by their keeping themſelves ſo cloſe.

Bell. You are for the youngeſt you ſay; 'tis the eldeſt has ſmitten me. And here I fix, if I am right——happy Man be his dole. [*By* Theodoſia.

Wild. I'll take my Fortune here. [*By* Jacinta. Madam I hope a Stranger may take the liberty, without offence, to offer his Devotions by you.

Jac. That, Sir, would interrupt mine, without being any advantage to your own.

Wild. My advantage, Madam, is very evident; for the kind Saint to whom you pray, may by the Neighbourhood miſtake my Devotions for yours.

Jac. O Sir! our Saints can better diſtinguiſh between the Prayers of a Catholick and a Lutheran.

Wild. I beſeech you Madam, trouble not your ſelf for my Religion; for though I am a Heretick to the Men of your Country, to your Ladies I am a very zealous

Catholick: and for Fornication and Adultery, I assure you I hold with both Churches.

Theo. to *Bell.* Sir, if you will not be more devout, be at least more civil, you see you are observ'd.

Bell. And pray, Madam what do you think the lookers on imagine I am imploy'd about?

Theo. I will not trouble my self to guess.

Bell. Why, by all circumstances, they must conclude that I am making love to you: and methinks it were scarce civil to give the opinion of so much good company the lye.

Theo. If this were true, you would have little reason to thank 'em for their Divination.

Bell. Meaning I should not be lov'd again.

Theo. You have interpreted my Riddle, and may take it for your pains.

Enter Alonzo, (*and goes apart to his Devotion*)

Beat. Madam, your Father is return'd.

Bell. She has netled me, would I could be reveng'd on her.

Wild. Do you see their Father: let us make as though we talk'd to one another, that we may not be suspected.

Beat. You have lost your *Englishmen.*

Jac. No, no, 'tis but design I warrant you: you shall see these Island Cocks wheel about immediately.

Beat. Perhaps they thought they were observ'd. [*The English gather up close to them.*

Wild to *Bell.* Talk not of our Countrey Ladies: I declare my self for the *Spanish* Beauties.

Bell. Prithee tell me what thou canst find to dote on in these *Castilians.*

Wild. Their Wit and Beauty.

Theo. Now for our Champion S. *Jago* for *Spain* there.

Bell. Faith, I can speak no such miracles of either; for their beauty 'tis much as the *Moors* left it; not altogether so deep a black as the true *Æthiopian*: a kind of Beauty that is too civil to the lookers on to do them any mischief.

Jac. This was your forwardness that provok'd him, Sister.

Theo. But they shall not carry it off so.

Bell. As for their Wit, you may judge it by their breeding, which is commonly in a Nunnery; where the want of Mankind while they are there, makes them value the Blessing ever after.

Theo. Prithee dear *Jacinta* tell me, what kind of Creatures were those we saw yesterday at the Audience? those I mean, that look'd so like *Frenchmen* in their Habits, but only became their apishness so much worse.

Jac. Englishmen I think they call 'em.

Theo. Cry you mercy; they were of your wild *English* indeed, that is a kind of *Northern* Beasts, that is taught its feats of activity in *Monsieurland*, and for doing 'em too lubberly, is laugh'd at all the world over.

Bell. Wildblood, I perceive the Women understand little of discourse; their Gallants do not use them to it: they get upon their Gennits, and prance before their Ladies Windows; there the Palfry curvets and bounds, and in short, entertains 'em for his Master.

Wild. And this Horse-play they call making love,

Beat. Your Father Madam. ———

Alon. Daughters; what Cavaliers are those which were talking by you?

Jac. Englishmen, I believe Sir, at their Devotions: Cavalier, would you would try to pray a little better than you have rallied. [*aside to* Wildblood.

Wild. Hang me if I put all my Devotions out of order for you: I remember I pray'd but on Tuesday last, and my time comes not till Tuesday next.

Mask. You had as good Pray, Sir; she will not stir till you have: Say any thing.

Wild. Fair Lady, though I am not worthy of the least of your favours, yet give me the happiness this Evening to see you at your Father's door, that I may acquaint you with part of my sufferings. [*Aside to* Jacinta.

Alon. Come Daughters, have you done?

Jac. Immediately, Sir,———Cavalier, I will not fail to be there at the time appointed, if it be but to teach you more wit, henceforward, than to engage your Heart so lightly. [*Aside to* Wildblood.

Wild. I have engag'd my Heart with so much Zeal and true Devotion to your Divine Beauty, that ———

Alon.

Alon. What means this Cavalier?
Jac. Some zealous Ejaculation.
Alon. May the Saint hear him.
Jac. I'll anſwer for her. [*Exit Father and Daughters.*
Wild. Now *Bellamy*, what ſucceſs?
Bell. I pray'd to a more marble Saint than that was in the Shrine, but you, it ſeems, have been ſucceſsful.
Wild. And ſo ſhalt thou; let me alone for both.
Bell. If you'll undertake it, I will make bold to indulge my love; and within this two hours be a deſperate Inamorado. I feel I am coming apace to it.
Wild. Faith I can love at any time with a wiſh at my rate: I give my Heart according to the old Law of pawns, to be return'd me before Sun-ſet.
Bell. I love only that I may keep my heart warm; for a Man's a Pool if Love ſtir him not; and to bring him to that paſs, I firſt reſolve whom to love, and preſently after imagine I am in love; for a ſtrong imagination is requir'd in a Lover, as much as in a Witch.
Wild. And is this all your Receipt?
Bell. Theſe are my principal ingredients; as for Piques, Jealouſies, Duels, Daggers, and Halters, I let 'em alone to the vulgar.
Wild. Prithee let's round the ſtreet a little; till *Maskal* watches for their Woman.
Bell. That's well thought on: he ſhall about it immediately.
We will attempt the Miſtreſs by the Maid:
Women by Women ſtill are beſt betray'd. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Wildblood, Bellamy, Maskal.

Wild. DId you ſpeak with her Woman?
Mask. Yes, but ſhe was in haſte, and bid me wait her hereabouts when ſhe return'd.
Bell. Then you have diſcover'd nothing more?
Mask. Only, in general, that *Donna Theodoſia* is engag'd elſewhere; ſo that all your Courtſhip will be to no purpoſe.
To Wild.] But for your Miſtreſs, Sir, ſhe is waded out of her depth in love to you already.
Wild. That's very hard, when I am ſcarce knee deep with her: 'tis true, I have given her hold of my Heart, but if ſhe take not heed, it will ſlip through her Fingers.
Bell. You are Prince of the Soil, Sir, and may take your pleaſure when you pleaſe; but I am the Eve to your Holy-day, and muſt faſt, for being joyn'd to you.
Wild. Were I as thou art, I would content my ſelf with having had one fair ſlight at her, without wearying my ſelf on the Wing for a retrieve; for when all's done, the Quarry is but Woman.
Bell. Thank you, Sir, you would fly 'em both your ſelf, and while I turn tail, we ſhould have you come gingling with your Bells in the Neck of my Patridge; do you remember who incourag'd me to love, and promis'd me his aſſiſtance?
Wild. I, while there was hope *Frank*, while there was hope; but there's no contending with one's deſtiny.
Bell. Nay, it may be I care as little for her as another Man; but while ſhe flies before me I muſt follow: I can leave a Woman firſt with eaſe, but if ſhe begins to fly before me, I grow opiniatre as the Devil.
Wild. What a ſecret have you found out? why 'tis the nature of all Mankind; we love to get our Miſtreſſes, and purr over 'em, as Cats do over Mice, and then let 'em go a little way; and all the pleaſure is, to pat 'em back again: But yours, I take it, *Frank*, is gone too far; prithee how long doſt thou intend to love at this rate?
Bell. Till the evil conſtellation be paſt over me: yet I believe it would haſten my recovery, if I knew whom ſhe lov'd.
Mask. You ſhall not be long without that ſatisfaction.
Wild. 'St, the door opens, and two Women are coming out.
Bell. By this ſtature, they ſhould be thy gracious Miſtreſs and *Beatrix*.
Wild. Methinks you ſhould know your Q. then and withdraw.

Bell. Well, I'll leave you to your fortune; but if you come to cloſe fighting, I ſhall make bold to run in and part you. [Bellamy *and* Maskal *withdraw.*

Wild. Yonder ſhe comes with full Sails y' faith; I'll hail her a-main for *England.*

Enter Jacinta *and* Beatrix *at the other end of the Stage.*

Beat. You do love him then?

Jac. Yes, moſt vehemently.

Beat. But ſet ſome bounds to your affection.

Jac. None but fools confine their pleaſure: what Uſurer ever thought his Coffers held too much? No, I'll give my ſelf the ſwinge, and love without reſerve. If I'll keep a Paſſion, I'll never ſtarve it in my ſervice.

Beat. But are you ſure he will deſerve this kindneſs?

Jac. I never trouble my ſelf ſo long before hand: Jealouſies and diſquiets are the dregs of an Amour; but I'll leave mine before I have drawn it off ſo low: when it once grows troubled, I'll give vent to a freſh draught.

Beat. Yet it is but prudence to try him firſt; no Pilate ventures on an unknown Coaſt without ſounding.

Jac. Well, to ſatisfie thee I am content; partly too becauſe I find a kind of pleaſure in laying baits for him.

Beat. The two great virtues of a Lover are conſtancy and liberality; if he profeſſes thoſe two, you may be happy in him.

Jac. Nay, if he be not Lord and Maſter of both thoſe qualities, I diſown him—— but who goes there?

Beat. He, I warrant you, Madam; for his Servant told me, he was waiting hereabout.

Jac. ~~Watch the door, give me notice if any come?~~

Beat. I'll ſecure you, Madam.—— *Exit* Beatrix.

Jac. to *Wild.* What have you laid an ambuſh for me?

Wild. Only to make a Repriſal of my Heart.

Jac. 'Tis ſo wild, that the Lady who has it in her keeping, would be glad ſhe were rid on't: it does ſo flutter about the Cage. 'Tis a meer *Bajazet*; and if it be not let out the ſooner, will beat out the Brains againſt the Gates.

Wild. I am afraid the Lady has not fed it, and 'tis wild for hunger.

Jac. Or perhaps it wants Company; ſhall ſhe put another to it?

Wild. I; but then 'twere beſt to truſt 'em out of the Cage together; let 'em hop about at liberty.

Jac. But if they ſhould loſe one another in the wide world!

Wild. They'll meet at night, I warrant 'em.

Jac. But is not your Heart of the nature of thoſe Birds, that breed in one Countrey, and go to winter in another?

Wild. Suppoſe it does ſo; yet I take my Mate along with me. And now to leave our Parable, and ſpeak in the Language of the Vulgar, What think you of a Voyage to merry *England*?

Jac. Juſt as *Æſop*'s Frog did, of leaping into a deep Well in a drought: if he ventur'd the leap, there might be Water; but if there were no Water, how ſhould he get out again?

Wild. Faith we live in a good honeſt Countrey, where we are content with our old Vices, partly becauſe we want wit to invent more new. A Colony of *Spaniards*, or ſpiritual *Italians* planted among us, would make us much more racy. 'Tis true, our variety is not much; but to ſpeak nobly of our way of living, 'tis like that of the Sun, which riſes and looks upon the ſame things he ſaw yeſterday, and goes to bed again.

Jac. But I hear your Women live moſt bleſſedly; ther's no ſuch thing as jealouſie among the Husbands; if any Man has Horns, he bears them as loftily as a Stag, and as inoffenſively.

Wild. All this I hope, gives you no ill character of the Countrey.

Jac. But what need we go into another Climate; as our love was born here, ſo let it live and dye here, and be honeſtly buried in its native Countrey.

Wild. Faith agreed with all my heart. For I am none of thoſe unreaſonable Lovers, that propoſe to themſelves the loving to Eternity; the truth is, a month is commonly my ſtint; but in that month I love ſo dreadfully, that it is after a twelvemonths rate of common love.

Jac. Or would not a fortnight ſerve our turn? for in troth a month looks ſomewhat diſmally; 'tis a whole *Ægyptian* year, if a Moon changes in my love, I ſhall think my *Cupid* grown dull, or fallen into an Apoplexy.

Wild. Well, I pray Heaven we both get off as clear as we imagine; for my part,

part, I like your humour ſo damnably well, that I fear I am in for a week longer than I propos'd; I am half afraid your *Spaniſh* Planet, and my *Engliſh* one have been acquainted, and have found out ſome by-room or other in the 12. Houſes: I wiſh they have been honourable.

Jac. The beſt way for both were to take up in time; yet I am afraid our forces are engag'd ſo far, that we muſt make a battel on't. What think you of diſobliging one another from this day forward; and ſhewing all our ill humours at the firſt; which Lovers uſe to keep as a reſerve till they are married?

Wild. Or let us encourage one another to a breach by the dangers of poſſeſſion: I have a Song to that purpoſe.

Jac. Pray let me hear it: I hope it will go to the tune of one of our *Paſſa calles*.

SONG.

You charm'd me not with that fair face
Though it was all Divine:
To be another's is the Grace,
That makes me wiſh you mine.
The God's and Fortune take their part
Who like young Monarchs fight;
And boldly dare invade that Heart
Which is another's right.
Firſt mad with hope we undertake
To pull up every Bar;
But once poſſeſs'd, we faintly make
A dull defenſive War.
Now every friend is turn'd a foe
In hope to get our ſtore:
And paſſion makes us Cowards grow,
Which made us brave before.

Jac. Believe it, Cavalier, you are a dangerous perſon: do you hold forth your gifts in hopes to make me love you leſs?

Wild. They would ſignifie little, if we were once married: thoſe gaieties are all nipt, and froſt-bitten in the Marriage-bed y'faith.

Jack. I am ſorry to hear 'tis ſo cold a place: but 'tis all one to us, who do not mean to trouble it: the truth is, your humor pleaſes me exceedingly; how long it will do ſo, I know not; but ſo long as it does, I am reſolv'd to give my ſelf the content of ſeeing you. For if I ſhould once conſtrain my ſelf, I might fall in love in good earneſt: but I have ſtay'd too long with you, and would be loth to ſurfet you at firſt.

Wild. Surfet me, Madam, why you have but tantaliz'd me all this while.

Jac. What would you have?

Wild. A Hand or Lip, or any thing that you can ſpare; when you have conjur'd up a Spirit he muſt have ſome employment, or he'll tear you a pieces.

Jac. Well, Here's my Picture; to help your contemplation in my abſence.

Wild. You have already the Original of mine: but ſome revenge you muſt allow me: a Locket of Diamonds, or ſome ſuch a trifle, the next time I kiſs your hand.

Jac. Fy, fy; you do not think me mercenary! yet now I think on't, I'll put you into our *Spaniſh* Mode of Love: our Ladies here uſe to be the Banquiers of their ſervants, and to have their Gold in keeping.

Wild. This is the leaſt trial you could have made of me: I have ſome 300. Piſtols by me; thoſe I'll ſend you by my ſervant.

Jac. Confeſs freely; you miſtruſt me: but if you find the leaſt qualm about your Gold, pray keep it for a Cordial.

Wild. The Cordial muſt be apply'd to the Heart, and mine's with you Madam: Well, I ſay no more; but theſe are dangerous beginnings for holding on: I find my month will have more than one and thirty days in't.

Enter Beatrix *running.*

Beat. Madam, your Father calls in haſte for you; and is looking you about the houſe.

Jac. Adieu ſervant, be a good manager of your ſtock of Love, that it may hold out your month; I am afraid you'll waſte ſo much of it before to morrow night that you'll ſhine but with a quarter Moon upon me.

Wild. It ſhall be a Creſcent. *Exit* Wild. Jacinta, *ſeverally.*

Beatrix *is going, and* Maskal *runs and ſtops her.*

Mask. Pay your Ranſom; you are my Priſoner.

Beat. What do fight after the *French* faſhion; take Towns before you declare a War?

Mask. I

Mask. I ſhould be glad to imitate them ſo far, to be in the middle of the Country before you could reſiſt me.

Beat. Well, what compoſition Monſieur?

Mask. Deliver up your Lady's Secret; what makes her ſo cruel to my Maſter?

Beat. Which of my Ladies, and which of your Maſters? For I ſuppoſe we are Factors for both of them.

Mask. Your eldeſt Lady *Theodoſia.*

Beat. How dare you preſs your Miſtreſs to an inconvenience?

Mask. My Miſtreſs? I underſtand not that Language; the fortune of the Varlet, ever follows that of the Maſter; and his is deſperate; if his fate were alter'd for the better, I ſhould not care if I ventur'd upon you for the worſe.

Beat. I have told you already *Donna Theodoſia* loves another.

Mask. Has he no name?

Beat. Let it ſuffice, he is born noble, though without a Fortune. His Poverty makes him conceal his love from her Father; but ſhe ſees him every night in private: and to blind the World about a fortnight ago, he took a ſolemn leave of her, as if he were going into *Flanders:* in the mean time he lodges at the Houſe of Don *Lopez de Gamboa,* and is himſelf call'd Don *Melchor de Guzman.*

Mask. Don *Melchor de Guzman!* O Heavens!

Beat. What amazes you!

Theo. within. Why, *Beatrix,* where are you?

Beat. You hear I am call'd; Adieu; and be ſure you keep my Counſel.

Mask. Come, Sir, you ſee the Coaſt is clear. [*Exit* Beatrix.

Enter Bellamy.

Bell. Clear, doſt thou ſay? no, 'tis full of Rocks and Quickſands: yet nothing vexes me ſo much as that ſhe is in love with ſuch a poor Rogue.

Mask. But that he ſhould lodge privately in the ſame Houſe with us! 'twas odly contriv'd of Fortune.

Bell. Hang him Rogue, methinks I ſee him perching like an Owl by day, and not daring to flutter out till Moon-light. The Raſcal invents new Love, and brews his Compliments all day, and broaches 'em at night; juſt as ſome of our dry Wits do their ſtories before they come into Company; Well, if I could be reveng'd on either of 'em.

Mask. Here ſhe comes again with *Beatrix*; but good Sir, moderate your Paſſion.

Enter Theodoſia *and* Beatrix.

Bell. Nay, Madam, you are known; and muſt not paſs till I have ſpoke with you. [Bellamy *lifts up* Theodoſia's *Vail.*

Theo. This rudeneſs to a Perſon of my Quality may coſt you dear. Pray when did I give you encouragement for ſo much familiarity?

Bell. When you ſcorn'd me in the Chappel.

Theo. The truth is, I deny'd you as heartily as I could; that I might not be twice troubled with you.

Bell. Yet you have not this averſion for all the World: however I was in hope, though the day frown'd, the night might prove as propitious to me, as it is to others.

Theo. I have now a quarrel both to the Sun and Moon, becauſe I have ſeen you by both their lights.

Bell. Spare the Moon I beſeech you, Madam, ſhe is a very truſty Planet to you.

Beat. O *Maskal* you have ruin'd me.

Mask. Dear Sir, hold yet.

Bell. Away.

Theo. Pray, Sir, expound your meaning; for I confeſs I am in the dark.

Bell. Methinks you ſhould diſcover it by Moon-light. Or if you would have me ſpeak clearer to you, give me leave to wait on you at a Midnight Aſſignation; and that it may not be diſcover'd, I'll feign a Voyage beyond Sea, as if I were gone a Captaining to *Flanders.*

Mask. A pox on's Memory, he has not forgot one ſyllable.

Theo. Ah *Beatrix,* you have betray'd and ſold me.

Beat. You have betray'd and ſold your ſelf, Madam, by your own raſhneſs to confeſs it; Heaven knows I have ſerv'd you but too faithfully.

Theo. Peace, Impudence; and ſee my Face no more.

Mask. Do you know what work you have made, Sir?

Bea. Let her ſee what ſhe has got by ſlighting me.

Mask. You had beſt let *Beatrix* be turn'd away for me to keep: if you do, I know whoſe Purſe ſhall pay for't.

Bell. That's a Curſe I never thought on: caſt about quickly and ſave all yet. Range, Queſt, and ſpring a Lye immediately. *Theo.*

Theo. to *Beat.* Never importune me farther; you ſhall go, there's no removing me.

Beat. Well; this is ever the reward of Innocence——— *(going)*

Mask. Stay, guiltleſs Virgin, ſtay; thou ſhalt not go.

Theo. Why, who ſhall hinder it?

Mask. That will I, in the name of truth, (if this hard-bound Lye would but come from me:) Madam, I muſt tell you it lies in my power to appeaſe this tempeſt with one word.

Beat. Would it were come once.

Mask. Nay, Sir, 'tis all one to me, if you turn me away upon't; I can hold no longer.

Theo. What does the fellow mean?

Mask. For all your noddings, and your Mathematical grimaces, in ſhort, Madam, my Maſter has been converſing with the Planets; and from them has had the knowledge of your affairs.

Bell. This Rogue amazes me.

Mask. I care not, Sir, I am for truth; that will ſhame you and all your Devils: in ſhort, Madam, this Maſter of mine that ſtands before you, without a word to ſay for himſelf, ſo like an Oph, as I may ſay with reverence to him———

Bell. The Raskal makes me mad.

Mask. Is the greateſt *Aſtrologer* in Chriſtendom.

Theo. Your Maſter an *Aſtrologer?* *Mask.* A moſt profound one.

Bell. Why you Dog, do you conſider what an improbable lye this is; which you know I can never make good: diſgorge it you Cormorant, or I'll pinch your throat out——— [*Takes him by the Throat*

Mask. 'Tis all in vain, Sir, you are and ſhall be an *Aſtrologer* what e'er I ſuffer: you know all things, ſee into all things, foretel all things; and if you pinch more truth out of me, I will confeſs you are a Conjurer.

Bell. How, ſirrah, a Conjurer?

Mask. I mean, Sir, the Devil is in your Fingers: own it you had beſt, Sir, and do not provoke me farther; what did not I ſee you an hour ago, turning over a great *Folio* with ſtrange Figures in it, and then muttering to your ſelf like any Poet, and then naming *Theodoſia*, and then ſtaring up in the Sky, and then poring upon the ground; ſo that betwixt God and the Devil, Madam, he came to know your Love? *(While he is ſpeaking Bellamy ſtops his mouth by fits.)*

Bell. Madam, if ever I knew the leaſt term in *Aſtrology*, I am the arranteſt Son of a Whore breathing.

Beat. O, Sir, for that matter you ſhall excuſe my Lady: Nay, hide your Talents if you can, Sir.

Th. The more you pretend ignorance, the more we are reſolv'd to believe you skilful.

Bell. You'll hold your tongue yet.

Mask. You ſhall never make me to hold my tongue, except you conjure me to ſilence: what did you not call me to look into a Cryſtal, and there ſhew'd me a fair Garden, and a *Spaniard* ſtalking in his narrow Breeches, and walking underneath a Window? I ſhould know him agen amongſt a thouſand.

Beat. Don *Melchor*, in my Conſcience, Madam.

Bell. This Rogue will invent more ſtories of me, than e'er were father'd upon *Lilly*.

Mask. Will you confeſs then; do you think I'll ſtain my Honour to ſwallow a Lye for you?

Bell. Well, a pox on you, I am an *Aſtrologer*.

Beat. O, are you ſo, Sir?

Theo. I hope then, learned Sir, as you have been curious in enquiring into my ſecrets, you will be ſo much a Cavalier as to conceal 'em.

Bell. You need not doubt me, Madam; I am more in your power than you can be in mine: beſides, if I were once known in Town, the next thing, for ought I know, would be to bring me before the Fathers of the Inquiſition.

Beat. Well, Madam, what do you think of me now; I have betray'd you, I have ſold you; how can you ever make me amends for this imputation? I did not think you could have us'd me ſo.——— [*Cries and claps her hands at her.*

Theo. Nay, prithee *Beatrix* do not cry; I'll leave off my new Gown to morrow, and thou ſhalt have it.

Beat. No, I'll cry eternally; you have taken away my good name from me; and you can never make me recompence——except you give me your new Gorget too.

Theo. No more words; thou ſhalt have it Girl.

Beat. O, Madam, your Father has ſurpriz'd us!

Enter Don Alonzo, *and frowns.*

Bell. Then I'll be gone to avoid ſuſpition. *Theo.*

Theo. By your favour, Sir, you ſhall ſtay a little; the happineſs of ſo rare an acquaintance, ought to be cheriſh'd on my ſide, by a longer converſation.

Alon. Theodoſia, what buſineſs have you with this Cavalier?

Theo. That, Sir, which will make you as ambitious of being known to him, as I have been: under the habit of a Gallant he conceals the greateſt *Aſtrologer* this day living. *Alon.* You amaze me Daughter.

Theo. For my own part I have been conſulting with him about ſome particulars of my Fortunes paſt and future; both which he has reſolv'd me with that admirable knowledge.——

Bell. Yes, faith, Sir, I was foretelling her of a diſaſter, that ſeverely threaten'd her: and (one thing I foreſee already by my Stars, that I muſt bear up boldly, or I am loſt.)

Mask. to Bellamy. Never fear him, Sir; he's an ignorant Fellow, and credulous I warrant him.

Alon. Daughter, be not too confident in your belief; there's nothing more uncertain than the cold Prophecies of theſe *Noſtradamuſſes*; but of what Nature was the queſtion which you ask'd him?

Theo. What ſhould be my Fortune in Marriage.

Alon. And, pray, what did you anſwer, Sir?

Bell. I anſwer'd her the truth, that ſhe is in danger of Marrying a Gentleman without a Fortune.

Theo. And this, Sir, has put me into ſuch a fright——

Alon. Never trouble your ſelf about it, Daughter; follow my advice, and I warrant you a rich Husband.

Bell. But the Stars ſay, ſhe ſhall not follow your advice: if it happens otherwiſe, I'll burn my *Folio* Volumes, and my Manuſcripts too, I aſſure you that, Sir.

Alon. Be not too confident, young Man; I know ſomewhat in *Aſtrology* my ſelf; for in my younger years I ſtudied it; and though I ſay it, made ſome ſmall proficience in it.

Bell. Marry Heaven forbid.—— [*Aſide.*

Alon. And I could only find it was no way demonſtrative, but altogether fallacious.

Mask. On what a Rock have we ſplit our ſelves!

Bell. Now my ignorance will certainly come out!

Beat. Sir, remember you are old and crazy, Sir; and if the Evening Air ſhould take you——beſeech you, Sir, retire.

Alon. Knowledge is to be prefer'd before health; I muſt needs diſcuſs a point with this Learned Cavalier, concerning a difficult queſtion in that Art, which almoſt gravels me.

Mask. How I ſweat for him, *Beatrix*, and my ſelf too, who have brought him into this *Premunire!*

Beat. You muſt be impudent; for our old Man will ſtick like a Burr to you, now he's in a diſpute.

Alon. What Judgment may a Man reaſonably form from the Trine Aſpect of the two Infortunes in Angular Houſes?

Bell. That's a matter of nothing, Sir; I'll turn my Man looſe to you for ſuch a queſtion. [*Puts* Maskal *forward.*

Alon. Come on, Sir, I am the quærent.

Mask. Meaning me, Sir! I vow to God, and your Worſhip knows it, I never made that Science my ſtudy in the leaſt, Sir.

Bell. The gleanings of mine are enough for that: why, you impudent Rogue you, hold forth your gifts, or I'll——What a Devil muſt I be peſter'd with every trivial queſtion, when there's not a Maſter in Town of any Science, but has his Uſher for theſe mean Offices?

Theo. Try him in ſome deeper queſtion, Sir; you ſee he will not put himſelf forth for this.

Alon. Then I'll be more abſtruſe with him: what think you, Sir, of the taking *Hyleg?* or of the beſt way of rectification for a Nativity? have you been converſant in the *Centiloquium* of *Triſmegiſtus:* What think you of *Mars* in the Tenth, when 'tis his own Houſe, or of *Jupiter* configurated with malevolent Planets?

Bell. I thought what your skill was! to anſwer your queſtion in two words, *Mars* rules over the Martial, and *Jupiter* over the Jovial; and ſo of the reſt, Sir.

Alon. This every School-Boy could have told me.

Bell. Why then you muſt not ask ſuch School-Boys-Queſtions. (But your Carkas, Sirrah, ſhall pay for this.) [*Aſide to* Maskal.

Alon.

Alon. You ſeem not to underſtand the Terms, Sir?

Bell. By your favour, Sir, I know there are five of 'em; do not I know your *Michaelmas*, your *Hillary*, your *Eaſter*, your *Trinity*, and your *Long Vacation* Term, Sir?

Alon. I do not underſtand a word of this *Jargon*.

Bell. It may be not, Sir; I believe the terms are not the ſame in *Spain* they are in *England*.

Mask. Did one ever hear ſo impudent an Ignorance?

Alon. The terms of Art are the ſame every where.

Bell. Tell me that! you are an old Man, and they are alter'd ſince you ſtudied them.

Alon. That may be I muſt confeſs; however, if you pleaſe to diſcourſe ſomething of the Art to me, you ſhall find me an apt Scholar.

Enter a Servant to Alonzo.

Ser. Sir.——— [*Whiſpers.*

Alon. Sir, I am ſorry a buſineſs of importance calls me hence; but I'll wait on you ſome other time, to diſcourſe more at large of *Aſtrology*.

Bell. Is your buſineſs very preſſing?

Alon. It is, I aſſure you, Sir.

Bell. I am very ſorry, for I ſhould have inſtructed you in ſuch rare ſecrets; I have no fault, but that I am too communicative.

Alon. I'll diſpatch my buſineſs, and return immediately; come away Daughter.

[*Exeunt* Alonzo, Theodoſia, Beatrix, Servus.

Bell. A Devil on's Learning; he had brought me to my laſt Legs; I was fighting as low as ever was Squire *Widdrington*.

Mask. Who would have ſuſpected it from that wicked Elder?

Bell. Suſpected it? why 'twas palpable from his very Phyſnomy; he looks like *Haly*, and the Spirit *Fircu* in the Fortune-Book.

Enter Wildblood.

Wild. How now *Bellamy*, in wrath? prithee what's the matter?

Bell. The ſtory is too long to tell you; but this Rogue here, has made me paſs for an errand Fortune-teller.

Mask. If I had not, I'm ſure he muſt have paſs'd for an errand Mad-man; he had diſcovered, in a rage, all that *Beatrix* had confeſs'd to me concerning her Miſtreſſes Love; and I had no other way to bring him off, but to ſay he knew it by the Planets.

Wild. And art thou ſuch an Oph to be vex'd at this? as the adventure may be manag'd it may make the moſt pleaſant one in all the Carnaval.

Bell. Death! I ſhall have all *Madrid* about me within theſe two days.

Wild. Nay, all *Spain*, 'ifaith, as faſt as I can divulge thee; not a Ship ſhall paſs out from any Port, but ſhall ask thee for a Wind; thou ſhalt have all the Trade of *Lapland* within a Month.

Bell. And do you think it reaſonable for me to ſtand defendant to all the impertinent Queſtions that the Town can ask me?

Wild. Thou ſhalt do't Boy, pox on thee, thou doſt not know thine own happineſs; thou wilt have the Ladies come to thee; and if thou doſt not fit them with Fortunes, thou art bewitch'd.

Mask. Sir, 'tis the eaſieſt thing in Nature; you need but ſpeak doubtfully, or keep your ſelf in general terms, and for the moſt part tell good rather than bad Fortune.

Wild. And if at any time thou ventur'ſt at particulars, have an evaſion ready, like *Lilly*; as thus, It will infallibly happen if our Sins hinder not. I would undertake, with one of his Almanacks, to give very good content to all Chriſtendom, and what good luck fell not out in one Kingdom, ſhould in another.

Mask. The pleaſure on't will be to ſee how all his Cuſtomers will contribute to their own deceiving; and verily believe he told them that, which they told him.

Bell. Umh! now I begin to taſte it; I am like the drunken Tinker in the Play, a great Prince, and never knew it.

Wild. A great Prince, a great Turk; we ſhall have thee within theſe two days, do grace to the Ladies, by throwing out a Handkerchief; 'slife, I could Feaſt upon thy Fragments.

Bell. If the Women come, you ſhall be ſure to help me to undergo the bur-

den; for though you make me an *Aſtronomer*, I am no *Atlas*, to bear all upon my back.

But who are theſe?

Enter Muſicians with diſguiſes, and ſome in their hands.

Wild. You know the Men if their Masquing Habits were off; they are the Muſick of our Ambaſſador's Retinue; my Project is to give our Miſtreſſes a Serenade; this being the laſt evening of the Carnaval; and to prevent diſcovery, here are diſguiſes for us too.——

Bell. 'Tis very well; come *Maskal* help on with 'em, while they tune their Inſtruments.

Wild. Strike up, Gentlemen; we'll entertain 'em with a Song *à l'Angloiſe*, pray be ready with your *Chorus*.

SONG.

After the pangs of a deſperate Lover,
When Day and Night I have ſigh'd all in vain,
Ah what a pleaſure it is to diſcover
In her Eyes pity, who cauſes my pain!

2

When with unkindneſs our Love at a ſtand is,
And both have puniſh'd our ſelves with the pain,
Ah what a pleaſure the touch of her hand is,
Ah what a pleaſure to preſs it again!

3.

When the denial comes fainter and fainter,
And her Eyes give what her Tongue does deny,
Ah what a trembling I feel when I venture,
Ah what a trembling does uſher my joy!

4.

When, with a Sigh, ſhe accords me the Bleſſing,
And her Eyes twinkle 'twixt pleaſure and pain;
Ah what a joy 'tis, beyond all expreſſing,
Ah what a joy to hear, ſhall we again!

Theodoſia *and* Jacinta *above.*

[Jacinta *throws down her Handkerchief with a Favour ty'd to it.*

Jac. Ill Muſicians muſt be rewarded; there, Cavalier, 'tis to buy your ſilence.—— [*Exeunt Women from above.*

Wild. By this light, which at preſent is ſcarce an Oath, an Handkerchief and a Favour.

Muſick and Guittars tuning on the other ſide of the Stage.

Bell. Hark *Wildblood*, do you hear; there's more melody; on my Life ſome *Spaniards* have taken up this Poſt for the ſame deſign.

Wild. I'll be with their Cats-guts immediately.

Bell. Prithee be patient; we ſhall loſe the ſport elſe.

Don Lopez *and Don* Melchor *diſguis'd with Servants and Muſicians on the other ſide.*

Wild. 'Tis ſome Rival of yours or mine, *Bellamy*? for he addreſſes to this Window.

Bell. Damn him, let's fall on then.

The two Spaniards *and the* Engliſh *fight*; *the* Spaniards *are beaten off the Stage*; *the Muſicians on both ſides, and Servants, fall confuſedly one over the other. They all get off, only* Maskal *remains upon the ground.*

Mask. (*riſing*). So, all's paſt, and I am ſafe; A pox on theſe fighting Maſters of mine, to bring me into this danger with their Valours and Magnanimities. When I go a Serenading again with 'em, I'll give 'em leave to make Fiddle-ſtrings of my ſmall Guts.

To him Don Lopez.

Lop. Who goes there?

Mask. 'Tis Don *Lopez* by his Voice.

Lop. The ſame; and by yours you ſhould belong to my two *Engliſh* Gueſts. Did you hear no Tumult hereabouts?

Mask. I heard a claſhing of Swords, and Men a fighting.

Lop. I had my ſhare in't; but how came you here?

Mask.

Mask. I came hither by my Maſter's order, to ſee if you were in any danger.

Lop. But how could he imagine I was in any?

Mask. 'Tis all one for that, Sir, he knew it, by----Heaven, what was I a going to ſay, I had like to have diſcover'd all!

Lop. I find there is ſome Secret in't; and you dare not truſt me.

Mask. If you will ſwear on your Honour to be very ſecret, I will tell you.

Lop. As I am a Cavalier, and by my Beard, I will.

Mask. Then, in few words, he knew it by *Aſtrology* or *Magick*.

Lop. You amaze me! Is he converſant in the occult Sciences?

Mask. Moſt profoundly.

Lop. I always thought him an extraordinary Perſon; but I could never imagine his Head lay that way.

Mask. He ſhew'd me yeſterday in a Glaſs a Ladies Maid at *London*, whom I well knew; and with whom I uſed to converſe on a Pallet in a Drawing-room, while he was paying his Devotions to her Lady in the Bed-chamber.

Lop. Lord, what a Treaſure for a State were here! and how much might we ſave by this Man, in Foreign Intelligence!

Mask. And juſt now he ſhew'd me how you were aſſaulted in the dark by Foreigners.

Lop. Could you gueſs what Countrymen?

Mask. I imagin'd them to be *Italians*.

Lop. Not unlikely; for they play'd moſt furiouſly at our backſides

Mask. I will return to my Maſter with the good News of your ſafety; but once again be ſecret; or diſcloſe it to none but Friends. So there's one Woodcock more in the Springe. [*Exit.*

Lop. Yes, I will be very ſecret; for I will tell it only to one Perſon; but ſhe is a Woman. I will to *Aurelia*, and acquaint her with the skill of this rare Artiſt: ſhe is curious as all Women are; and 'tis probable, will deſire to look into the Glaſs to ſee *Don Melchor*, whom ſhe believes abſent. So that by this means, without breaking my Oath to him, he will be diſcover'd to be in Town: Then his intrigue with *Theodoſia* will come to light too, for which *Aurelia* will, I hope, diſcard him, and receive me. I will about it inſtantly.

Succeſs, in Love, on diligence depends;
No lazy Lover e'er attain'd his ends.

ACT III.

Enter Bellamy, Maskal.

Bell. THen they were certainly *Don Lopez* and *Don Melchor* with whom we fought!

Mask. Yes, Sir.

Bell. And when you met *Lopez*, he ſwallow'd all you told him?

Mask. As greedily, as if it had been a new Saint's Miracle.

Bell. I ſee 'twill ſpread.

Mask. And the fame of it will be of uſe to you in your next Amour; for the Women you know run mad after Fortune-tellers and Preachers.

Bell. But for all my bragging, this Amour is not yet worn off. I find conſtancy, and once a Night come naturally upon a Man towards thirty; only we ſet a Face on't; and call our ſelves unconſtant for our reputation.

Mask. But, what ſay the Stars, Sir?

Bell. They move faſter than you imagine; for I have got me an *Argol*, and an *Engliſh Almanack*; by help of which, in one half hour, I have learnt to Cant with an indifferent good Grace: *Conjunction*, *Oppoſition*, *Trine*, *Square*, and *Sextile*, are now no longer Bug-bears to me, I thank my Stars for't.

Enter Wildblood.

—— Monſieur *Wildblood*, in good time! What, you have been taking pains too, to divulge my Talent?

Wild. So ſucceſsfully, that ſhortly there will be no talk in Town but of you only; another Miracle or two, and a ſharp Sword, and you ſtand fair for a new Prophet.

Bell. But where did you begin to blow the Trumpet?

Wild. In the Gaming-houſe; where I found moſt of the Town-Wits; the Proſe-Wits Playing, and the Verſe-Wits Rooking.

Bell. All ſorts of Gameſters are ſo ſuperſtitious, that I need not doubt of my Reception there.

Wild. From thence I went to the latter end of a Comedy, and there whiſper'd it to the next Man I knew, who had a Woman by him.

Mask. Nay, then it went like a Train of Powder, if once they had it by the end.

Wild. Like a Squib upon a Line, 'ifaith it ran through one row, and came back upon me in the next; at my going out, I met a knot of *Spaniards*, who were formally liſtening to one who was relating it; but he told the ſtory ſo ridiculouſly, with his Marginal Notes upon it, that I was forc'd to contradict him.

Bell. 'Twas diſcreetly done.

Wild. I, for you, but not for me: What, ſays he, muſt ſuch *Boracho*'s as you, take upon you to villify a Man of Science? I tell you, he's of my intimate acquaintance, and I have known him long, for a prodigious Perſon —— When I ſaw my *Don* ſo fierce, I thought it not wiſdom to quarrel for ſo ſlight a matter as your Reputation, and ſo withdrew.

Bell. A pox of your ſucceſs! now ſhall I have my Chamber beſieg'd to morrow morning; there will be no ſtirring out for me; but I muſt be fain to take up their Queſtions in a cleft Cane, or a Begging-box, as they do Charity in Priſons.

Wild. Faith, I cannot help what your Learning has brought you to: Go in, and ſtudy; I foreſee you will have but few Holidays; in the mean time, I'll not fail to give the World an account of your endowments. Farewel: I'll to the Gaming-houſe. [*Exit* Wildblood.

Mask. O, Sir, here is the rareſt adventure, and which is more, come home to you.

Bell. What is it?

Mask. A fair Lady, and her Woman, wait in the outer room to ſpeak with you.

Bell. But how know you ſhe is fair?

Mask. Her Woman pluck'd up her Veil when ſhe ſpake to me; ſo that having ſeen her this Evening, I know her Miſtreſs to be *Donna Aurelia*, Couſin to your Miſtreſs *Theodoſia*, and who lodges in the ſame Houſe with her: She wants a Star or two, I warrant you.

Bell. My whole Conſtellation is at her Service: But what is ſhe for a Woman?

Mask. Fair enough, as *Beatrix* has told me; but ſufficiently impertinent. She is one of thoſe Ladies who make ten Viſits in an afternoon; and entertain her they ſee, with ſpeaking ill of the laſt from whom they parted; in few words, ſhe is one of the greateſt Coquettes in *Madrid*; and to ſhew ſhe is one, ſhe cannot ſpeak ten words without ſome affected phraſe that is in faſhion.

Bell. For my part I can ſuffer any impertinence from a Woman, provided ſhe be handſome; my buſineſs is with her Beauty, not with her Morals; let her Confeſſor look to them.

Mask. I wonder what ſhe has to ſay to you?

Bell. I know not; but I ſweat for fear I ſhould be gravell'd.

Mask. Venture out of your depth, and plunge boldly, Sir; I warrant you will ſwim.

Bell. Do not leave me I charge you; but when I look mornfully upon you help me out.

Enter Aurelia *and* Camilla.

Mask. Here they are already. [Aurelia *plucks up her Veil.*

Aur. How am I dreſt to Night, *Camilla*? Is nothing diſorder'd in my Head?

Cam. Not the leaſt hair, Madam.

Aur. No? Let me ſee: Give me the Counſellor of the Graces.

Cam. The Counſellor of the Graces, Madam?

Aur. My Glaſs I mean: What will you never be ſo ſpiritual as to underſtand refin'd Language?

Cam. Madam!

Aur. Madam me no Madam, but learn to retrench your words; and ſay Mam; as Yes Mam, and No Mam, as other Ladies Women do. Madam! 'tis a year in pronouncing.

Cam. Pardon me, Madam.

Aur.

Aur. Yet again ignorance: Par-don Madam, fy, fy, what a ſuperfluity is there, and how much ſweeter the Cadence is, Parn me Mam! And for your Ladyſhip, your Laſhip.——Out upon't, what a furious indigence of Ribonds is here upon my Head! This dreſs is a Libel to my Beauty; a meer Lampoon. Would any one that had the leaſt revenue of common ſenſe, have done this?

Cam. Mam, the Cavalier approaches your Laſhip.

Bell. (to *Mask.*) *Maskal*, pump the Woman; and ſee if you can diſcover any thing to ſave my credit.

Aur. Out upon't; now I ſhould ſpeak I want aſſurance.

Bell. Madam, I was told you meant to Honour me with your Commands.

Aur. I believe, Sir, you wonder at my confidence in this viſit: But I may be excus'd for waving a little modeſty to know the only Perſon of the Age.

Bell. I wiſh my skill were more to ſerve you, Madam.

Aur. Sir, you are an unfit Judge of your own Merits: For my own part I confeſs I have a furious inclination for the occult Sciences; but at preſent 'tis my misfortune —— [*Sighs.*

Bell. But why that ſigh, Madam?

Aur. You might ſpare me the ſhame of telling you; ſince I am ſure you can divine my thoughts: I will therefore tell you nothing.

Bell. What the Devil will become of me now! —— [*Aſide.*

Aur. You may give me an Eſſay of your Science, by declaring to me the ſecret of my thoughts.

Bell. If I know your thoughts, Madam, 'tis in vain for you to diſguiſe them to me: Therefore as you tender your own ſatisfaction, lay them open without baſhfulneſs.

Aur. I beſeech you let us paſs over that Chapter, for I am ſhame-fac'd to the laſt point: Since therefore I cannot put off my modeſty, ſuccour it, and tell me what I think.

Bell. Madam, Madam, that baſhfulneſs muſt be laid aſide: Not but that I know your buſineſs perfectly; and will, if you pleaſe, unfold it to you all, immediately.

Aur. Favour me ſo far, I beſeech you, Sir; for I furiouſly deſire it.

Bell. But then I muſt call up before you a moſt dreadful Spirit, with Head upon Head, and Horns upon Horns; therefore conſider how you can endure it.

Aur. This is furiouſly furious; but rather than fail of my expectances, I'll try my aſſurance.

Bell. Well then, I find you will force me to this unlawful, and abominable act of Conjuration: remember the ſin is yours too.

Aur. I eſpouſe the Crime alſo.

Bell. I ſee when a Woman has a mind to't, ſhe'll never boggle at a ſin. Pox on her, what ſhall I do? —— Well, I'll tell you your thoughts, Madam; but after that expect no farther ſervice from me; for 'tis your confidence muſt make my Art ſucceſsful:——Well, you are obſtinate then; I muſt tell you your thoughts?

Aur. Hold, hold, Sir, I am content to paſs over that Chapter, rather than be depriv'd of your aſſiſtance.

Bell. 'Tis very well; what need theſe circumſtances between us two? Confeſs freely, is not Love your buſineſs?

Aur. You have touch'd me to the quick, Sir.

Bell. Lau you there; you ſee I knew it; nay, I'll tell you more, 'tis a Man you love.

Aur. O prodigious Science! I confeſs I love a Man moſt furiouſly, to the laſt point, Sir.

Bell. Now proceed, Lady, your way is open; I am reſolv'd I'll not tell you a word farther.

Aur. Well then, ſince I muſt acquaint you with what you know much better than my ſelf; I will tell you I lov'd a Cavalier, who was noble, young, and handſome; this Gentleman is ſince gone for *Flanders*; now whether he has preſerv'd his paſſion inviolate or not, is that which cauſes my inquietude.

Bell. Trouble not your ſelf, Madam; he's as conſtant as a Romance Hero.

Aur. Sir, your good News has raviſh'd moſt furiouſly; but that I may have a confirmation of it, I beg only, that you would lay your Commands upon his *Genius*, or *Idea*, to appear to me this Night, that I may have my Sentence from his Mouth. This, Sir, I know is a ſlight effect of your Science, and yet will infinitely oblige me.

Bell.

Bell. What the Devil does ſhe call a ſlight effect! (*aſide.*) Why Lady, do you conſider what you ſay? You deſire me to ſhew you a Man whom your ſelf confeſs to be in *Flanders.*

Aur. To view him in a Glaſs is nothing, I would ſpeak with him in Perſon, I mean his *Idea*, Sir.

Bell. I but Madam, there is a vaſt Sea betwixt us and *Flanders*; and Water is an Enemy to Conjuration: A Witch's Horſe, you know, when he enters into Water, returns into a Bottle of Hay again.

Aur. But, Sir, I am not ſo ill a *Geographer*, or to ſpeak more properly, a *Chorographer*, as not to know there is a paſſage by Land from hence to *Flanders.*

Bell. That's true, Madam, but Magick Works in a direct Line. Why ſhould you think the Devil ſuch an Aſs to go about? 'Gad he'll not ſtir a ſtep out of his road for you or any Man.

Aur. Yes, for a Lady, Sir; I hope he's a Perſon that wants not that civility for a Lady; eſpecially a Spirit that has the Honour to belong to you, Sir.

Bell. For that matter he's your Servant, Madam; but his education has been in the Fire, and he's naturally an Enemy to Water I aſſure you.

Aur. I beg his Pardon for forgetting his Antipathy; but it imports not much, Sir; for I have lately receiv'd a Letter from my Servant, that he is yet in *Spain*; and ſtays for a Wind in *St. Sebaſtians.*

Bell. Now I am loſt paſt all redemption.----*Maskal.*----muſt you be ſmickering after Wenches while I am in calamity? [*Aſide.*

Mask. It muſt be he, I'll venture on't. (*Aſide.*) Alas, Sir, I was complaining to my ſelf of the condition of poor Don *Melchor*, who you know is Windbound at *St. Sebaſtians.*

Bell. Why you impudent Villain, muſt you offer to Name him publickly, when I have taken ſo much care to conceal him all this while?

Aur. Mitigate your diſpleaſure I beſeech you; and, without making farther Teſtimony of it, gratifie my expectances.

Bell. Well, Madam, ſince the Sea hinders not, you ſhall have your deſire. Look upon me with a fix'd Eye---ſo---or a little more amorouſly if you pleaſe.---Good. Now favour me with your hand.

Aur. Is it abſolutely neceſſary you ſhould preſs my hand thus?

Bell. Furiouſly neceſſary, I aſſure you, Madam; for now I take poſſeſſion of it in the Name of the *Idea* of Don *Melchor.* Now, Madam, I am farther to deſire of you, to write a Note to his Genius, wherein you deſire him to appear, and this, we Men of Art, call a Compact with the *Idea*'s.

Aur. I tremble furiouſly.

Bell. Give me your hand, I'll guide it. [*They write.*

Mask. (to *Cam.*) Now, Lady mine, what think you of my Maſter?

Cam. I think I would not ſerve him for the World; nay, if he can know our thoughts by looking on us, we Women are Hypocrites to little purpoſe.

Mask. He can do that and more; for by caſting his Eyes but once upon them, he knows whether they are Maids, better than a whole Jury of Midwives.

Cam. Now Heaven defend me from him.

Mask. He has a certain ſmall Familiar which he carries ſtill about him, that never fails to make diſcovery.

Cam. See, they have done Writing; not a Word more, for fear he knows my Voice.

Bell. One thing I had forgot, Madam, you muſt ſubſcribe your Name to't.

Aur. There 'tis; farewel Cavalier, keep your promiſe, for I expect it furiouſly.

Cam. If he ſees me I am undone. [*Hiding her Face.*

Bell. Camilla!

Cam. (*Starts and ſkreeks.*) Ah he has found me; I am ruin'd!

Bell. You hide your Face in vain; for I ſee into your Heart.

Cam. Then, ſweet Sir, have pity on my frailty; for if my Lady has the leaſt inkling of what we did laſt Night, the poor Coachman will be turn'd away. [*Exit after her Lady.*

Mask. Well, Sir, how like you your new Profeſſion?

Bell. Would I were well quit on't; I ſweat all over.

Mask. But what faint-hearted Devils yours are, that will not go by Water? Are they all *Lancaſhire* Devils, of the Brood of *Tybert* and *Grimalkin*, that they dare not wet their Feet? *Bell.*

Bell. Mine are honeſt Land-Devils, good plain Foot-Poſts, that beat upon the hoof for me; but to ſave their labour, here take this, and in ſome diſguiſe deliver it to *Don Melchor*.

Mask. I'll ſerve it upon him within this hour, when he ſallies out to his Aſſignation with *Theodoſia*: 'Tis but counterfeiting my Voice a little; for he cannot know me in the dark. But let me ſee what are the Words? [*Reads.*

Don Melchor, *if the Magick of Love have any power upon your Spirit, I conjure you to appear this Night before me: You may gueſs the greatneſs of my Paſſion, ſince it has forc'd me to have recourſe to Art: But no ſhape which reſembles you can fright*

Aurelia.

Bell. Well, I am glad there's one point gain'd; for by this means he will be hindred to Night from entertaining *Theodoſia*.—— Pox on him, is he here again?

Enter Don Alonzo.

Alon. Cavalier *Ingles* I have been ſeeking you: I have a Preſent in my Pocket for you; read it by your Art and take it.

Bell. That I could do eaſily;——but to ſhew you I am generous, I'll none of your Preſent; do you think I am mercenary?

Alon. I know you will ſay now 'tis ſome Aſtrological Queſtion, and ſo 'tis perhaps.

Bell. I, 'tis the Devil of a Queſtion without diſpute.

Alon. No, 'tis within diſpute; 'tis a certain difficulty in the Art; a Problem which you and I will diſcuſs; with the Arguments on both ſides.

Bell. At this time I am not problematically given; I have a humour of complaiſance upon me, and will contradict no Man.

Alon. We'll but diſcuſs a little.

Bell. By your favour, I'll not diſcuſs; for I ſee by the Stars, that if I diſpute to day, I am infallibly threatned to be thought ignorant all my Life after.

Alon. Well, then, we'll but caſt an Eye together, upon my eldeſt Daughter's Nativity.

Bell. Nativity!

Alon. I know what you would ſay now, that there wants the Table of Direction for the five Hylegyacals; the Aſcendant, *Medium Cæli*, Sun, Moon, and *Sors*; but we'll take it as it is.

Bell. Never tell me that, Sir——

Alon. I know what you would ſay again, Sir ——

Bell. 'Tis well you do, for I'll be ſworn I do not—— [*Aſide.*

Alon. You would ſay, Sir——

Bell. I ſay, Sir, there is no doing without the Sun and Moon, and all that, Sir. And ſo you may make uſe of your Paper for your occaſions. Come to a Man of Art without [*tears it*] the Sun and Moon, and all that, Sir ----

Alon. 'Tis no matter; this ſhall break no ſquares betwixt us. [*Gathers up the torn Papers.*] I know what you would ſay now, that Men of parts are always cholerick; I know it by my ſelf, Sir. [*He goes to match the Papers.*

Enter Don Lopez.

Lop. Don Alonzo in my Houſe! This is a moſt happy opportunity to put my other deſign in execution; for if I can perſwade him to beſtow his Daughter on Don *Melchor*, I ſhall ſerve my Friend, though againſt his will; and when *Aurelia* ſees ſhe cannot be his, perhaps ſhe will accept my Love.

Alon. I warrant you, Sir, 'tis all piec'd right, both top, ſides, and bottom; for, look you, Sir, here was *Aldebaran*, and there *Cor Scorpii*----

Lop. Don Alonzo, I am happy to ſee you under my roof! And ſhall take it—

Alon. I know what you would ſay, Sir, that though I am your Neighbour, this is the firſt time I have been here. [*to* Bellamy.] ——But, come, Sir, by Don *Lopez* his permiſſion let us return to our Nativity.

Bell. Would thou wert there in thy Mother's Belly again. [*Aſide.*

Lop. But *Sennor*—— (to *Alonzo.*)

Alon. It needs not *Sennor*; I'll ſuppoſe your Compliment; you would ſay that your Houſe, and all things in it are at my ſervice; but let us proceed without his interruption.

Bell.

Bell. By no means, Sir; this Cavalier is come on purpoſe to perform the civilities of his Houſe to you.

Alon. But, good Sir-----

Bell. I know what you would ſay, Sir. [*Exeunt* Bellamy *and* Maskal.

Lop. No matter, let him go, Sir; I have long deſir'd this opportunity to move a Sute to you in the behalf of a Friend of mine; if you pleaſe to allow me the hearing of it.

Alon. With all my Heart, Sir.

Lop. He is a Perſon of Worth and Vertue, and is infinitely ambitious of the Honour-----

Alon. Of being known to me; I underſtand you, Sir.

Lop. If you will pleaſe to favour me with your Patience, which I beg of you a ſecond time.

Alon. I am dumb, Sir.

Lop. This Cavalier, of whom I was ſpeaking, is in Love—

Alon. Satisfie your ſelf, Sir, I'll not interrupt you.

Lop. Sir, I am ſatisfied of your promiſe.

Alon. If I ſpeak one ſyllable more, the Devil take me: Speak when you pleaſe.

Lop. I am going, Sir.

Alon. You need not ſpeak twice to me to be ſilent; though I take it ſomewhat ill of you to be tutor'd-----

Lop. This eternal old Man will make me mad. [*Aſide.*

Alon. Why when do you begin, Sir? How long muſt a Man wait for you? Pray make an end of what you have to ſay quickly, that I may ſpeak in my turn too.

Lop. This Cavalier is in Love----

Alon. You told me that before, Sir: Do you ſpeak Oracles, that you require this ſtrict attention? Either let me ſhare the talk with you, or I am gone.

Lop. Why, Sir, I am almoſt mad to tell you, and you will not ſuffer me.

Alon. Will you never have done, Sir: I muſt tell you, Sir, you have tatled long enough; and 'tis now good manners to hear me ſpeak. Here's a Torrent of Words indeed; a very *impetus dicendi*, Will you never have done?

Lop. I will be heard in ſpight of you.

This next Speech of Lopez, *and the next of* Alonzo's, *with both their Replies, are to be ſpoken at one time; both raiſing their Voices by little and little, till they baul, and come up cloſe to ſhoulder one another.*

Lop. There's one Don *Melchor de Guzman*, a Friend and Acquaintance of mine, that is deſperately in Love with your eldeſt Daughter *Donna Theodoſia.*

Alon. (*at the ſame time*) 'Tis the Sentence of a Philoſopher, *Loquere ut te videam:* Speak that I may know thee; now if you take away the power of ſpeaking from me----

Both pauſe a little, then ſpeak together again.

Lop. I'll try the Language of the Law; ſure the Devil cannot out-talk that Gibberiſh----For this Don *Melchor* of *Madrid* aforeſaid, as premiſed, I requeſt, move, and ſupplicate, that you would Give, Beſtow, Marry, and give in Marriage, this your Daughter aforeſaid, to the Cavalier aforeſaid----not yet, thou Devil of a Man thou ſhalt be ſilent----

[*Exit* Lopez *running.*

Alon. *at the ſame time with* Lopez *his laſt Speech, and after* Lopez *is run out.*

Oh, how I hate, abominate, deteſt and abhor, theſe perpetual Talkers, Diſputants, Controverters, and Duellers of the Tongue! But, on the other ſide, if it be not permitted to prudent Men to ſpeak their minds, appoſitely, and to the purpoſe, and in few words---If, I ſay, the Prudent muſt be Tongue-ty'd; then let Great Nature be deſtroy'd; let the order of all things be turn'd topſy-turvy; let the Gooſe devour the Fox; let the Infants preach to their Great Grandſires; let the tender Lamb purſue the Wolf; and the Sick preſcribe to the Phyſician. Let Fiſhes live upon dry Land, and the Beaſts of the Earth inhabit in the Water.—

Let the fearful Hare-----

Enter Lopez *with a Bell, and rings it in his Ears.*

Alon. Help, help, murder, murder, murder. [*Exit* Alon. *running.*

There was no way but this to be rid of him.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, there are ſome Women without in Maſquerade; and, I believe, Perſons of Quality, who are come to play here.

Lop. Bring 'em in with all reſpect.

Enter again the Servant, after him Jacinta, Beatrix, *and other Ladies and Gentlemen; all Maſqued.*

Lop. Cavaliers, and Ladies, you are welcome: I wiſh I had more company to entertain you:----Oh, here comes one ſooner than I expected.

Enter Wildblood *and* Maskal.

Wild. I have ſwept your Gaming-houſe, i'faith, *Ecce ſignum.* [*Shows Gold.*

Lop. Well, here's more to be had of theſe Ladies, if it be your Fortune.

Wild. The firſt Stakes I would play for, ſhould be their Veils and Viſor-Maſques.

Jac. (to *Beat.*) Do you think he will not know us?

Beat. If you keep your deſign of paſſing for an *African.*

Jac. Well, now I ſhall make an abſolute trial of him; for, being thus *incognita*, I ſhall diſcover if he make Love to any of you. As for the Gallantry of his Serenade, we will not be indebted to him, for we will make him another with our Guittars.

Beat. I'll whiſper your intention to the Servant, who ſhall deliver it to Don *Lopez.* [Beatrix *whiſpers to the Servant.*

Serv. (to *Lopez*) Sir, the Ladies have commanded me to tell you, that they are willing, before they play, to preſent you with a Dance; and to give you an Eſſay of their Guittars.

Lop. They much Honour me.

A DANCE.

After the Dance the Cavaliers *take the* Ladies, *and Court them.* Wildblood *takes* Jacinta.

Wild. While you have been Singing, Lady, I have been Praying: I mean, that your Face and Wit may not prove equal to your Dancing, for, if they be, there's an Heart gone aſtray to my knowledge.

Jac. If you pray againſt me before you have ſeen me, you'll curſe me when you have look'd on me.

Wild. I believe I ſhall have cauſe to do ſo, if your Beauty be as killing as I imagine it.

Jac. 'Tis true, I have been flatter'd in my own Country, with an Opinion of a little handſomeneſs; but, how it will paſs in *Spain* is a Queſtion.

Wild. Why, Madam, Are you not of *Spain*?

Jac. No, Sir, of *Morocco*: I only came hither to ſee ſome of my Relations who are ſettled here, and turn'd *Chriſtians*, ſince the expulſion of my Countrymen, the *Moors.*

Wild. Are you then a *Mahometan?*

Jac. A *Muſſulman* at your Service.

Wild. A *Muſſulwoman* ſay you? I proteſt by your Voice I ſhould have taken you for a *Chriſtian* Lady of my acquaintance.

Jac. It ſeems you are in love then; if ſo, I have done with you. I dare not invade the Dominions of another Lady; eſpecially in a Country where my Anceſtors have been ſo unfortunate.

Wild. Some little liking I might have, but that was only a Morning-dew, 'tis drawn up by the Sun-ſhine of your Beauty: I find your *African Cupid* is a much ſurer Archer, than our's of *Europe.* Yet would I could ſee you; one look would ſecure your Victory.

Jac. I'll reſerve my Face to gratifie your imagination with it, make what Head you pleaſe, and ſet it on my Shoulders.

Wild. Well, Madam, an Eye, a Noſe, or a Lip ſhall break no ſquares; the Face is but a Span's breadth of Beauty; and where there is ſo much beſides, I'll never ſtand with you for that.

Jac. But, in earneſt, Do you love me?

Wild. I, by *Alha*, do I, moſt extreamly: You have Wit in abundance, you

Dance to a Miracle, you Sing like an Angel, and I believe you look like a Cherubim.

Jac. And can you be conſtant to me?

Wild. By *Mahomet*, can I.

Jac. You ſwear like a *Turk*, Sir: But, take heed; for our Prophet is a ſevere Puniſher of Promiſe-breakers.

Wild. Your Prophet's a Cavalier: I honour your Prophet and his Law, for providing ſo well for us Lovers in the other World, Black Eyes, and Freſh Maidenheads every day: Go thy way, little *Mahomet*, i'faith thou ſhalt have my good Word. But, by his favour, Lady, give me leave to tell you, that we of the Uncircumciſed, in a civil way, as Lovers, have ſomewhat the advantage of your *Muſſulman*.

Jac. The Company are rejoin'd, and ſet to play; we muſt go to 'em: Adieu, and when you have a thought to throw away, beſtow it on your Servant *Fatyma*. [*She goes to the Company.*

Wild. This Lady *Fatyma* pleaſes me moſt infinitely; now am I got among the *Hamets*, the *Zegrys*, and the *Bencerrages*. Hey, what work will the *Wildbloods* make among the *Cids*, and the *Bens* of the *Arabians!*

Beat. (to *Jac.*) Falſe or true, Madam?

Jac. Falſe, as Hell; but by Heav'n I'll fit him for't: Have you the high-running Dice about you?

Beat. I got them on purpoſe, Madam.

Jac. You ſhall ſee me win all their Money; and when I have done, I'll return in my own Perſon, and ask him for the Money, which he promiſed me.

Beat. 'Twill put him upon a ſtreight to be ſo ſurpriz'd; but, let us to the Table, the Company ſtays for us. [*The Company ſit.*

Wild. What is the Ladies Game, Sir?

Lop. Moſt commonly they uſe Raffle. That is, to throw with three Dice, till Duplets and a Chance be thrown; and the higheſt Duplets wins, except you throw *In and In*, which is call'd Raffle; and that wins all.

Wild. I underſtand it: Come, Lady, 'tis no matter what I loſe; the greateſt Stake, my Heart, is gone already. (*To* Jacinta.)

[*They play; and the reſt by Couples.*

Wild. So, I have a good Chance, two Quarters and a Sice.

Jac. Two Sixes and a Trey wins it. [*Sweeps the Money.*

Wild. No matter; I'll try my Fortune once again; what have I here? two Sixes and a Quarter? ——an hundred Piſtols on that throw.

Jac. I take you, Sir,---*Beatrix* the high running Dice.——

Beat. Here Madam ——

Jac. Three Fives: I have won you, Sir.

Wild. I, the pox take me for't, you have won me; it would never have vex'd me to have loſt my Money to a *Chriſtian*; but to a Pagan, an Infidel.——

Mask. Pray, Sir, leave off while you have ſome Money.

Wild. Pox of this Lady *Fatyma!* Raffle thrice together, I am out of Patience.

Mask. (*to him*) Sir, I beſeech you, if you will loſe, to loſe *en Cavalier*.

Wild. Tol-de-ra, Tol-de-ra---Pox and Curſe Tol-de-ra, *&c.* What the Devil did I mean to play with this Brunet of *Africk*? [*The Ladies riſe.*

Wild. Will you be gone already Ladies?

Lop. You have won our Money, but however we are acknowledging to you for the Honour of your Company.

Jacinta *makes a ſign of farewel to* Wildblood.

Wild. Farewel Lady *Fatyma*. [*Exeunt all but* Wild *and* Mask.

Mask. All the Company took notice of your concernment.

Wild. 'Tis no matter; I do not love to fret inwardly, as your ſilent loſers do, and in the mean time be ready to choak for want of vent.

Mask. Pray conſider your condition a little; a younger Brother in a Foreign Country, living at a high rate, your Money loſt, and without hope of a ſupply. Now curſe if you think good.

Wild. No, now I will laugh at my ſelf moſt unmercifully; for my condition is ſo ridiculous, that 'tis paſt curſing. The pleaſant'ſt part of the adventure is, that I have promis'd 300 Piſtols to *Jacinta*: But there is no remedy, they are now fair *Fatyma*'s.

Mask. Fatyma!

Wild.

Wild. I, I, a certain *African* Lady of my Acquaintance, whom you know not.

Mask. But who is here, Sir!

Enter Jacinta *and* Beatrix *in their own ſhapes.*

Wild. Madam, what happy Star has conducted you hither to Night! A thouſand Devils of this Fortune? [*Aſide.*

Jac. I was told you had Ladies here and Fiddles; ſo I came partly for the divertiſement, and partly out of jealouſie.

Wild. Jealouſie! why ſure you do not think me a Pagan, an Infidel? But the Company's broke up you ſee. Am I to wait upon you home, or will you be ſo kind to take a hard lodging with me to Night?

Jac. You ſhall have the Honour to lead me to my Father's.

Wild. No more Words then, let's away to prevent diſcovery.

Beat. For my part I think he has a mind to be rid of you.

Wild. No; but if your Lady ſhould want ſleep, 'twould ſpoil the luſtre of her Eyes to morrow. There were a Conqueſt loſt.

Jac. I am a peaceable Princeſs, and content with my own; I mean your Heart and Purſe; for the Truth is, I have loſt my Money to Night in *Maſquerade*, and am come to claim your promiſe of ſupplying me.

Wild. You make me happy by commanding me; to morrow morning my Servant ſhall wait upon you with 300 Piſtols.

Jac. But I left my Company with Promiſe to return to play.

Wild. Play on tick, and loſe the *Indies*, I'll diſcharge it all to morrow.

Jac. To night, if you'll oblige me.

Wild. Maskal, go and bring me 300 Piſtols immediately.

Mask. Are you mad, Sir?

Wild. Do you expoſtulate you Raſcal! how he ſtares! I'll be hang'd if he have not loſt my Gold at Play; if you have, confeſs you had beſt, and perhaps I'll pardon you; but if you do not confeſs, I'll have no Mercy: Did you loſe it?

Mask. Sir, 'tis not for me to diſpute with you.

Wild. Why then let me tell you, you did loſe it.

Jac. I, as ſure as e'er he had it, I dare ſwear for him: But commend me you for a kind Maſter, that can let your Servant play off 300 Piſtols, without the leaſt ſign of anger to him.

Beat. 'Tis a ſign he has a greater bank in ſtore to comfort him.

Wild. Well, Madam, I muſt confeſs I have more than I will ſpeak of at this time; but till you have given me ſatisfaction ——

Jac. Satisfaction; why are you offended, Sir?

Wild. Heaven! That you ſhould not perceive it in me: I tell you, I am mortally offended with you.

Jac. Sure 'tis impoſſible.

Wild. You have done nothing I warrant, to make a Man jealous; going out a gaming in Maſquerade, at unſeaſonable hours, and loſing your Money at play; that loſs, above all, provokes me.

Beat. I believe you; becauſe ſhe comes to you for more. [*Aſide.*

Jac. Is this the Quarrel? I'll clear it immediately.

Wild. 'Tis impoſſible you ſhould clear it; I'll ſtop my Ears if you but offer it. There's no ſatisfaction in the point.

Jac. You'll hear me? ——

Wild. To do this in the beginning of an Amour, and to a jealous Servant as I am, had I all the wealth of *Peru*, I would not let go one Maravedis to you.

Jac. To this I anſwer——

Wild. Anſwer nothing, for it will but enflame the Quarrel betwixt us: I muſt come to my ſelf by little and little; and when I am ready for ſatisfaction I will take it; but at preſent it is not for my Honour to be Friends.

Beat. Pray let us Neighbour-Princes interpoſe a little.

Wild. When I have conquer'd, you may interpoſe; but at preſent, the mediation of all *Chriſtendom* would be fruitleſs.

Jac. Though *Chriſtendom* can do nothing with you, yet I hope an *African* may prevail. Let me beg you for the ſake of the Lady *Fatyma*.

Wild. I begin to ſuſpect that Lady *Fatyma* is no better than ſhe ſhould be. If ſhe be turn'd Chriſtian again I am undone.

Jac. By *Alha* I am afraid on't too: By *Mahomet* I am.

Wild. Well, well, Madam, any Man may be overtaken with an Oath; but I never meant to perform it with her: You know no Oaths are to be kept with Infidels. But ——

Jac. No, the love you made was certainly a deſign of the Charity you had to reconcile the two Religions. There's ſcarce ſuch another Man in *Europe* to be ſent Apoſtle to convert the *Moor* Ladies.

Wild. Faith I would rather widen their Breaches than make 'em up.

Jac. I ſee there's no hope of a reconcilement with you; and therefore I give it o'er as deſperate.

Wild. You have gain'd your point, you have my Money; and I was only angry, becauſe I did not know 'twas you who had it.

Jac. This will not ſerve your turn, Sir; what I have got, I have conquer'd from you.

Wild. Indeed you uſe me like one that's conquer'd; for you have plunder'd me of all I had.

Jac. I only diſarm'd you for fear you ſhould rebel again; for if you had the ſinews of War, I am ſure you would be flying out.

Wild. Dare but to ſtay without a new Servant till I am fluſh again, and I will love you, and treat you, and preſent you at that unreaſonable rate; that I will make you an Example to all unbelieving Miſtreſſes.

Jac. Well, I will try you once more; but you muſt make haſte then, that we may be within our time; methinks our love is drawn out ſo ſubtle already, that 'tis near breaking.

Wild. I will have more care of it on my part, than the kindred of an old Pope have to preſerve him.

Jac. Adieu; for this time I wipe off your ſcore,
Till you're caught tripping in ſome new Amour. [*Ex. Women.*

Mask. You have us'd me very kindly, Sir, I thank you.

Wild. You deſerv'd it, for not having a Lye ready for my occaſions. A good Servant ſhould be no more without it, than a Soldier without his Arms. But prithee adviſe me what's to be done to get *Jacinta*.

Mask. You have loſt her, or will loſe her by your ſubmitting: If we Men could but learn to value our ſelves, we ſhould ſoon take down our Miſtreſſes from all their Altitudes, and make 'em Dance after our Pipes, longer perhaps than we had a mind to't —— But I muſt make haſte, or I ſhall loſe *Don Melchor*.

Wild. Call *Bellamy*, we'll both be preſent at thy enterprize: Then I'll once more to the Gaming-houſe with my ſmall Stock, for my laſt refuge: if I win, I have wherewithal to mollifie *Jacinta*.

If I throw out, I'll bear it off with huffing;
And ſnatch the Money like a Bulli-Ruffin. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Bellamy, Wildblood, Maskal *in a Viſor*.

Bell. HEre comes one, and in all probability it muſt be *Don Melchor* going to *Theodoſia*.

Mask. Stand cloſe, and you ſhall ſee me ſerve the Writ upon him.

Enter Don Melchor.

Wild. Now, *Maskal*.

Mask. I ſtay'd here, Sir, by expreſs order from the Lady *Aurelia*, to deliver you this Note; and to deſire you from her, to meet her immediately in the Garden.

Mel. Do you hear, Friend!

Mask. Not a Syllable more, Sir, I have perform'd my Orders.
[Maskal *retires to his Maſters.*

Mel. He's gone; and 'tis in vain for me to look after him. What envious Devil has diſcover'd to *Aurelia* that I am in Town! it muſt be *Don Lopez*, who, to advance his own pretenſions to her, has endeavour'd to ruine mine.

Wild. It works rarely.

Mel

Mel. But I am reſolv'd to ſee *Aurelia*; if it be but to defeat him. [*Exit* Melchor.

Wild. Let's make haſte after him; I long to ſee the end of this adventure.

Mask. Sir, I think I ſee ſome Women coming yonder.

Bell. Well; I'll leave you to your adventures; while I proſecute my own.

Wild. I warrant you have made an Aſſignation to inſtruct ſome Lady in the *Mathematicks*.

Bell. I'll not tell you my deſign; becauſe if it does not ſucceed, you ſhall not laugh at me. [*Exit* Bellamy.

Enter Beatrix, *and* Jacinta *in the Habit of a Mulatta.*

Wild. Let us withdraw a little, and ſee if they will come this way.

Beat. We are right, Madam, 'tis certainly your *Engliſhman*, and his Servant with him. But why this ſecond trial, when you engag'd to break with him, if he fail'd in the firſt?

Jac. 'Tis true, he has been a little inconſtant, cholerick, or ſo.

Beat. And it ſeems you are not contented with thoſe Vices; but are ſearching him for more. This is the folly of a bleeding Gameſter, who will obſtinately purſue a loſing Hand.

Jac. On t'other ſide, you would have me throw up my Cards before the Game be loſt; let me make this one more trial, when he has Money, whether he will give it me, and then if he fails—

Beat. You'll forgive him agen.

Jac. He's already in Purgatory; but the next Offence ſhall put him in the pit, paſt all redemption; prithee ſing, to draw him nearer: Sure he cannot know me in this diſguiſe.

Beat. Make haſte then; for I have more Irons in the Fire; when I have done with you, I have another Aſſignation of my Lady *Theodoſia*'s to Don *Melchor*.

SONG.

CAlm was the Even, and clear was the Sky,
And the new budding Flowers did ſpring,
When all alone went Amyntas *and I*
To hear the ſweet Nightingal ſing;
I ſate, and he laid him down by me;
But ſcarcely his breath he could draw;
For when with a fear, he began to draw near,
He was daſh'd with A ha ha ha ha!

2.

He bluſh'd to himſelf, and lay ſtill for a while,
And his modeſty curb'd his deſire;
But ſtreight I convinc'd all his fear with a ſmile,
Which added new Flames to his Fire.
) Sylvia, ſaid he, you are cruel,
To keep your poor Lover in awe;
Then once more he preſt with his hand to my breaſt,
But was daſh'd with A ha ha ha ha!

3.

I knew 'twas his paſſion that caus'd all his fear;
And therefore I pity'd his Caſe:
I whiſper'd him ſoftly, there's no Body near,
And laid my Cheek cloſe to his Face:
But as he grew bolder and bolder,
A Shepherd came by us and ſaw;
And juſt as our bliſs we began with a Kiſs,
He laugh'd out with A ha ha ha ha!

Wild. If you dare be the *Sylvia*, Lady, I have brought you a more confident *Amyntas*, than that baſhful Gentleman in your Song——— [*Goes to lay hold of her.*

Jac. Hold, hold, Sir, I am only an Ambaſſadreſs ſent you from a Lady, I hope you will not violate the Laws of Nations.

Wild.

Wild. I was only ſearching for your Letters of Credence: But methinks with that Beauty, you look more like a Herald, that comes to denounce War to all Mankind ——

Jac. One of the Ladies in the Masque to Night has taken a liking to you; and ſent you, by me, this Purſe of Gold, in recompence of that ſhe ſaw you loſe.

Wild. And ſhe expects in return of it, that I ſhall wait on her; I'll do't, Where lives ſhe? I am deſperately in love with her.

Jac. Why, Can you love her unknown?

Wild. I have a bank of Love, to ſupply every ones occaſions; ſome for her, ſome for another, and ſome for you; charge what you will upon me, I pay all at ſight, and without queſtioning who brought the Bill.

Jac. Heyday, You diſpatch your Miſtreſſes as faſt, as if you meant to over-run all Woman-kind: Sure you aim at the Univerſal Monarchy.

Wild. Now I think on't, I have a fooliſh fancy to ſend thy Lady a taſte of my Love by thee.

Jac. 'Tis impoſſible your Love ſhould be ſo humble, to deſcend to a *Mulatta.*

Wild. One would think ſo, but I cannot help it. Gad, I think the reaſon is, becauſe there's ſomething more of Sin in thy colonr than in ours. I know not what's the matter, but a *Turky-Cock* is not more provok'd at Red, then I briſtle at the ſight of Black. Come, be kinder to me. Young, and ſlip an opportunity? 'Tis an Evening loſt out of your Life.

Jac. Theſe fine things you have ſaid over a thouſand times; your cold Compliment's the cold Pye of Love, which you ſerve up to every new Gueſt whom you invite.

Wild. Come, becauſe thou art very moving, here's part of the Gold, which thou brought'ſt to corrupt me for thy Lady; truth is, I had promis'd a ſumm to a *Spaniſh* Lady—but thy Eyes have allur'd it from me.

Jac. You'll repent to morrow.

Wild. Let to Morrow ſtarve; or provide for himſelf, as to Night has done; to Morrow is a cheat in love, and I will not truſt it.

Jac. I, but Heaven that ſees all things——

Wild. Heaven that ſees all things, will ſay nothing; that is, all Eyes, and no Tongue; *Et la lune & les eſtoiles,*——you know the Song.

Jac. A poor Slave as I am——

Wild. It has been always my Humour to love down ward. I love to ſtoop to my prey, and to have it in my power to ſowſe at when I pleaſe. When a Man comes to a great Lady, he is fain to approach her with fear and reverence; methinks there's ſomething of Godlineſs in't.

Jac. Yet I cannot believe, but the meanneſs of my Habit muſt needs ſcandalize you.

Wild. I'll tell thee my Friend and ſo forth, that I exceedingly Honour courſe Linen; 'tis as proper ſometimes in an under Garment, as a courſe Towel is to rub and ſcrub me.

Jac. Now I am altogether of the other ſide, I can love no where but above me: Methinks the ratling of a Coach and ſix Horſes, ſounds more eloquently, than the beſt Harangue a Wit could make me.

Wild. Do you make no more eſteem of a Wit then?

Jac. His commendations ſerve only to make others have a Mind to me; he does but ſay Grace to me like a Chaplain; and like him is the laſt that ſhall fall on. He ought to get no more by it, than a poor Silk-Weaver does by the Ribbond which he works, to make a Gallant fine.

Wild. Then what is a Gentleman to hope from you?

Jac. To be admitted to paſs my time with, while a better comes; to be the loweſt ſtep in my Stair-caſe, for a Knight to mount upon him, and a Lord upon him, and a Marqueſs upon him, and a Duke upon him, till I get as high as I can climb.

Wild. For ought I ſee, the Great Ladies have the Appetites which you Slaves ſhould have; and you Slaves the Pride which ought to be in Ladies. For, I obſerve, that all Women of your condition are like the Women of the Play-houſe, ſtill Piquing at each other, who ſhall go the beſt Dreſs'd, and in the richeſt Habits; till you work up one another by your high flying, as the *Heron* and *Jerfalcon* do. If you cannot out-ſhine your Fellow with one Lover, you fetch her

up

up with another; and, in ſhort, all you get by it is only to put Finery out of countenance; and to make the Ladies of Quality go plain, becauſe they will avoid the ſcandal of your Bravery.

Beat. (*running in*) Madam, come away; I hear Company in the Garden.

Wild. You are not going?

Jac. Yes, to cry out a Rape if you follow me.

Wild. However, I am glad you have left your Treaſure behind you: Farewel Fairy.

Jac. Farewel Changling---Come *Beatrix.* [*Exeunt Women.*

Mask. Do you know how you came by this Money, Sir? You think, I warrant, that it came by Fortune.

Wild. No, Sirrah, I know it came by my own induſtry. Did not I come out diligently to meet this Gold, in the very way it was to come? What could Fate do leſs for me? They are ſuch thoughtleſs and undeſigning Rogues as you, that make a drudge of poor Providence, and ſet it a ſhifting for you. Give me a brave Fellow, like my ſelf; that if you throw him down into the World, lights every where upon his Legs, and helps himſelf, without being beholding to Fate, that is the Hoſpital of Fools.

Mask. But after all your jollity, what think you if it was *Jacinta* that gave it you in this diſguiſe? I am ſure I heard her call *Beatrix* as ſhe went away.

Wild. Umh! Thou awaken'ſt a moſt villainous apprehenſion in me! Methought indeed I knew the voice; but the Face was ſuch an evidence againſt it! If it were ſo, ſhe is loſt for ever.

Mask. And ſo is *Beatrix!*

Wild. Now could I cut my Throat for madneſs.

Mask. Now could I break my Neck for deſpair; if I could find a Precipice abſolutely to my liking.

Wild. 'Tis in vain to conſider on't. There's but one way; go you *Maskal*, and find her out, and invent ſome excuſe for me, and be ſure to beg leave I may come and wait upon her with the Gold before ſhe ſleeps.

Mask. In the mean time you'll be thinking at your Lodging.

Wild. But make haſte then to relieve me; for I think over all my thoughts in half an hour. [*Exit* Maskal.

Wild. ſolus. Hang't, now I think on't, I ſhall be but melancholique at my Lodging, I'll go paſs my hour at the Gaming-houſe, and make uſe of this Money while I have Tools, to win more to it. Stay, let me ſee, I have the Box and Throw. My *Don* he ſets me ten Piſtols; I nick him; ten more, I ſweep them too. Now in all reaſon he is nettled, and ſets me twenty: I win them too. Now he kindles and butters me with forty. They are all my own: In fine, he is vehement, and bleeds on to fourſcore or an hundred; and I not willing to tempt Fortune, come away a moderate winner of 200 Piſtols.

The Scene *opens and diſcovers* Aurelia *and* Camilla; *behind them a Table and Lights ſet on it.*

The Scene *is a Garden with an Arbour in it. The Garden door opens.*

How now! *Aurelia* and *Camilla* in expectation of Don *Melchor* at the Garden door; I'll away leſt I prevent the deſign, and within this half hour come ſailing back with full pockets, as wantonly as a laden Galleon from the *Indies.* [*Exit.*

Aur. But doſt thou think the *Engliſhman* can keep his promiſe? for I confeſs I furiouſly deſire to ſee the *Idea* of Don *Melchor.*

Cam. But, Madam, if you ſhould ſee him, it will not be he, but the Devil in his likeneſs; and then why ſhould you deſire it?

Aur. In effect 'tis a very dark *Enigma*; and one muſt be very ſpiritual to underſtand it. But be what it will, Body or Fantome, I am reſolv'd to meet it.

Cam. Can you do it without fear?

Aur. No; I muſt avow it, I am furiouſly fearful; but yet I am reſolv'd to ſacrifice all things to my Love. Therefore let us paſs over that Chapter.

[*Don* Melchor *without.*

Cam. Do you hear, Madam, there's one treading already; how if it be he?

Aur. If it be he; that is to ſay, his Specter; that is to ſay, his Fantome; that is to ſay, his Idea; that is to ſay, He and not he.

Cam. (*crying out*) Ah, Madam, 'tis he himſelf; but he's as big again as he us'd to be, with Eyes like Sawcers.—— I'll ſave my ſelf.

[*Runs under the Table.*

Enter

Enter Don Melchor, *they both ſhreek.*

Aur. Oh Heaven! Humanity is not able to ſupport it. [*Running.*

Mel. Dear *Aurelia*, what mean you?

Aur. The Tempter has imitated his Voice too; avoid, avoid Specter.

Cam. If he ſhould find me under the Table now!

Mel. Is it thus, my Dear, that you treat your Servant?

Aur. I am not thy Dear; I renounce thee, Spirit of Darkneſs.

Mel. This Spirit of Darkneſs, is come to ſee an Angel of Light, by her Command; and to aſſure her of his conſtancy, that he will be hers eternally.

Aur. Away Infernal, 'tis not thee, 'tis the true Don *Melchor* that I would ſee.

Mel. Hell and Furies.

Aur. Heaven and Angels! Ah—— [*Runs out ſhreeking.*

Mel. This is a Riddle, paſt my finding out, to ſend for me, and then to ſhun me; but here's one ſhall reſolve it for me: *Camilla*, what doſt thou there?

Cam. Help, help, I ſhall be carried away, bodily.

She riſes up, overthrows the Table and Lights, and runs out.

The Scene *ſhuts.*

Mel. (*alone*) Why *Aurelia*, *Camilla!* They are both run out of hearing! This amazes me; What can the meaning of it be? Sure ſhe has heard of my unfaithfulneſs, and was reſolv'd to puniſh me by this contrivance! To put an Affront upon me by this abrupt departure, as I did on her by my ſeeming abſence.

Enter Theodoſia *and* Beatrix.

Theo. Don *Melchor*? Is it you my Love that have frighted *Aurelia* ſo terribly?

Mel. Alas, Madam, I know not; but coming hither by your appointment, and thinking my ſelf ſecure in the Night without diſguiſe, perhaps it might work upon her fancy, becauſe ſhe thought me abſent.

Theo. Since 'tis ſo unluckily faln out, that ſhe knows you are at *Madrid*, it can no longer be kept a ſecret; therefore you muſt now pretend openly to me, and run the riſque of a denial from my Father.

Mel. O, Madam, there's no queſtion but he'll refuſe me; for alas, what is it he can ſee in me worthy of that Honour? Or if he ſhould be ſo partial to me, as ſome in the World are, to think me Valiant, Learned, and not altogether a Fool, yet my want of Fortune would weigh down all.

Theo. When he has refus'd you his conſent, I may with Juſtice diſpoſe of my ſelf; and that, while you are conſtant, ſhall never be to any but your ſelf: In witneſs of which, accept this Diamond as a Pledge of my Hearts firmneſs to you.

Beat. Madam, your Father is coming this way.

Theo. 'Tis no matter; do not ſtir; ſince he muſt know you are return'd, let him now ſee you.

Enter Don Alonzo.

Alon. Daughter, What make you here at this unſeaſonable hour?

Theo. Sir,——

Alon. I know what you would ſay, That you heard a noiſe, and ran hither to ſee what it might be — Bleſs us! Who is this with you?

Mel. 'Tis your Servant, Don *Melchor*, juſt return'd from *St. Sebaſtians.*

Alon. But, Sir, I thought you had been upon the Sea for *Flanders.*

Mel. I had ſo deſign'd it.

Alon. But, why came you back from *St. Sebaſtians?*

Mel. As for that, Sir, 'tis not material——

Theo. An unexpected Law-Suit has call'd him back from *St. Sebaſtians.*

Alon. And, how fares my Son-in-Law, that lives there?

Mel. In Catholique health, Sir.

Alon. Have you brought no Letters from him?

Mel. I had, Sir, but I was ſet on by the way, by Pickeroons, and, in ſpight of my reſiſtance, rob'd, and my Portmantue taken from me.

Theo. And this was that which he was now deſiring me to excuſe to you.

Alon. If my Credit, Friends, or Counſel, can do you any ſervice in your Sute, I hope you will command them freely.

Mel. When I have diſpatch'd ſome private buſineſs, I ſhall not fail to trouble you; till then, humbly kiſſes your hands, the moſt oblig'd of your Servants—

[*Exit* Melchor.

Alon.

Alon. Daughter, now this Cavalier is gone, What occaſion brought you out ſo late? I know what you would ſay, That it is Melancholy; a Tincture of the Hypochondriaque you mean: But, what cauſe have you for this Melancholy? Give me your hand, and anſwer me without Ambages or Ambiguities.

Theo. He will find out I have given away my Ring----I muſt prevent him---Sir, I am aſham'd to confeſs it to you; but, in hope of your indulgence, I have loſt the Table-Diamond you gave me.

Alon. You would ſay, the fear of my diſpleaſure has caus'd this perturbation in you; well, do not diſquiet your ſelf too much, you ſay 'tis gone; I ſay ſo too. 'Tis ſtoln; and that by ſome Thief I take it; but, I will go and conſult the *Aſtrologer* immediately. [*He is going.*

Theo. What have I done? to avoid one inconvenience, I have run into another: This Devil of an *Aſtrologer* will diſcover that Don *Melchor* has it. [*Aſide.*

Alon. When did you loſe this Diamond? The Minute and Second I ſhould know; but the Hour will ſerve for the Degree aſcending.

Theo. Sir, the preciſe time I know not; but, it was betwixt ſix and ſeven this Evening, as near as I can gueſs.

Alon. 'Tis enough; by all the Stars I'll have it for you; therefore go in, and ſuppoſe it on your Finger.

Beat. I'll watch you at a diſtance, Sir, that my *Engliſhman* may have wherewithal to anſwer you —— (*Aſide*) [*Exit* Theo. Beat.

Alon. This melancholy wherewith my Daughter laboureth, is ——a —— I know what I would ſay, is a certain Species of the Hyſterical Diſeaſes; or a certain motion, cauſed by a certain Appetite, which at a certain time heaveth in her like a certain motion of an Earthquake ——

Enter Bellamy.

Bell. This is the place, and very near the time that *Theodoſia* appoints her meeting with Don *Melchor*. He is this Night otherwiſe diſpos'd of with *Aurelia*: 'Tis but trying my Fortune to tell her of his Infidelity, and my Love. If ſhe yields ſhe makes me happy; if not, I ſhall be ſure Don *Melchor* has not planted the Arms of *Spain* in the Fort before me. However, I'll puſh my Fortune as ſure as I am an *Engliſhman*.

Alon. Sennor *Ingles*, I know your Voice, though I cannot perfectly diſcern you.

Bell. How the Devil came he to croſs me?

Alon. I was juſt coming to have ask'd another Favour of you.

Bell. Without Ceremony command me, Sir.

Alon. My Daughter *Theodoſia* has loſt a fair Diamond from her Finger, the time betwixt ſix and ſeven this Evening; now I deſire you, Sir, to erect a Scheme for it, and if it be loſt, or ſtoln, to reſtore it to me ---- This is all, Sir.

Bell. There is no end of this old Fellow; thus will he bait me from day to day, till my ignorance be found out —— [*Aſide.*

Alon. Now he is caſting a Figure by the Art of Memory, and making a Judgment of it to himſelf. This *Aſtrology* is a very myſterious ſpeculation —— [*Aſide.*

Bell. 'Tis a madneſs for me to hope I can deceive him longer. Since then he muſt know I am no *Aſtrologer*, I'll diſcover it my ſelf to him, and bluſh once for all—— [*Aſide.*

Alon. Well, Sir, and what do the Stars hold forth? What ſays nimble Maſter *Mercury* to the matter?

Bell. Sir, not to keep you longer in ignorance, I muſt ingeniouſly declare to you, that I am not the Man for whom you take me. Some ſmattering in *Aſtrology* I have; which my Friends, by their indiſcretion, have blown abroad, beyond my intentions. But, you are not a Perſon to be impos'd on like the Vulgar; therefore, to ſatisfie you in one word, my skill goes not far enough to give you knowledge of what you deſire from me.

Alon. You have ſaid enough, Sir, to perſwade me of your Science, if Fame had not publiſh'd it, yet this very humility of yours, were enough to confirm me in the belief of it.

Bell. Death, you make me mad, Sir: Will you have me ſwear? As I am a Gentleman, a Man of the Town, one who wears good Cloaths, Eats, Drinks, and Wenches abundantly; I am a damn'd ignorant and ſenceleſs Fellow.

Enter Beatrix.

Alon. How now, Gentlewoman ——— What, Are you going to relief by Moonſhine?

Beat. I was going on a very charitable Office, to help a Friend that was gravel'd in a very doubtful buſineſs.

Bell. Some good News, Fortune, I beſeech thee.

Beat. But now I have found this Learned Gentleman, I ſhall make bold to propound a queſtion to him from a Lady.

Alon. I will have my own Queſtion firſt reſolv'd.

Bell. O, Sir, 'tis from a Lady ———

Beat. If you pleaſe, Sir, I'll tell it in your Ear —— My Lady has given Don *Melchor* the Ring; in whoſe Company her Father found her but juſt now at the Garden door. [*In whiſper.*

Bell. (*aloud*) Come to me to morrow, and you ſhall receive an anſwer ——

Beat. Your Servant. Sir,—— [*Exit* Beatrix.

Alon. Sir, I ſhall take it very unkindly if you ſatisfie any other, and leave me in this perplexity.

Bell. Sir, if my knowledge were according----

Alon. No more of that, Sir, I beſeech you.

Bell. Perhaps I may know ſomething by my Art concerning it; but, for your quiet, I wiſh you would not preſs me.

Alon. Do you think I am not Maſter of my Paſſions?

Bell. Since you will needs know what I would willingly have conceal'd, the Perſon who has your Diamond, is he whom you ſaw laſt in your Daughters Company.

Alon. You would ſay 'tis Don *Melchor de Guzman.* Who, the Devil would have ſuſpected him of ſuch an Action? But he is of a decay'd Family, and poverty, it ſeems, has enforc'd him to it: Now I think on't better, he has e'en ſtoln it for a Fee to bribe his Lawyer; to requite a Lye with a Theft; I'll ſeek him out, and tell him part of my Mind before I ſleep. [*Exit* Alon.

Bell. So, once more I am at Liberty: But this *Aſtrology* is ſo troubleſome a Science----would I were well rid on't.

Enter Don Lopez *and a Servant.*

Lop. Aſtrology does he ſay? O Cavalier is it you; not finding you at home, I came on purpoſe to ſeek you out: I have a ſmall requeſt to the Stars by your Mediation.

Bell. Sir, for pity let 'em ſhine in quiet a little; for what for Ladies and their Servants, and younger Brothers, they ſcarce get a Holiday in a Twelvemonth.

Lop. Pray Pardon me, if I am a little curious of my deſtiny, ſince all my happineſs depends on your Anſwer.

Bell. Well, Sir, what is it you expect?

Lop. To know whether my Love to a Lady will be ſucceſsful.

Bell. 'Tis *Aurelia* he means — (*Aſide*) Sir, in one word, I anſwer you, that your Miſtreſs loves another; one who is your Friend; but comfort your ſelf; the Dragon's Tail is between him and home, he ſhall never enjoy her.

Lop. But what hope for me?

Bell. The Stars have partly aſſur'd me you ſhall be happy, if you acquaint her with your Paſſion, and with the double-dealing of your Friend, who is falſe to her.

Lop. You ſpeak like an Oracle. But I have engag'd my promiſe to that Friend to ſerve him in his Paſſion to my Miſtreſs.

Bell. We *Engliſh* ſeldom make ſuch ſcruples: Women are not compriz'd in our Laws of Friendſhip; they are *Feræ Naturæ*, our common Game, like Hare and Partridge; every Man has equal right to them, as he has to the Sun and Elements.

Lop. Muſt I then betray my Friend?

Bell. In that caſe my Friend is a *Turk* to me, if he will be ſo barbarous as to retain two Women to his private uſe; I will be factious for all diſtreſſed Damſels; who would much rather have their Cauſe try'd by a full Jury, than a ſingle Judge.

Lop. Well, Sir, I will take your Counſel; and if I err, the fault be on Love and you —— [*Exit* Lopez.

Bell.

Bell. Were it not for Love, I would run out of the Town, that's the ſhort on't; for I have engag'd my ſelf in ſo many promiſes for the Sun and Moon, and thoſe little minc'd-meats of 'em, that I muſt hide before my day of payment comes. In the mean time I forget *Theodoſia*; but now I defie the Devil to hinder me.

As he is going out, he meets Aurelia, *and almoſt juſtles her down: With her* Camilla *enters.*

Aur. What rudeneſs is this?

Bell. Madam *Aurelia*, is it you?

Aur. Monſieur *Bellamy*?

Bell. The ſame, Madam.

Aur. My Unkle told me he left you here; and indeed I came hither to complain of you; for you have treated me ſo inhumanely, that I have ſome reaſon to reſent it.

Bell. What occaſion can I have given you for a complaint?

Aur. Don *Melchor*, as I am inform'd by my Unkle, is effectively at *Madrid*; ſo that it was not his *Idea*, but himſelf in Perſon who I ſaw; and ſince you knew this, why did you conceal it from me?

Bell. When I ſpoke with you I knew it not; but I diſcover'd it in the erecting of my Figure. Yet if inſtead of his *Idea* I conſtrain'd himſelf to come, in ſpight of his reſolution to remain conceal'd, I think I have ſhewn a greater effect of my Art than what I promis'd.

Aur. I render my ſelf to ſo convincing an argument; but by over-hearing a diſcourſe juſt now, betwixt my Couſin *Theodoſia* and her Maid, I find that he has conceal'd himſelf upon her account, which has given me jealouſie to the laſt point; for to avow an inconteſtable Truth, my Couſin is furiouſly handſome.

Bell. Madam, Madam, truſt not your Ears too far; ſhe talk'd on purpoſe that you might hear her; but I aſſure you, the true cauſe of Don *Melchor*'s concealment, was not love of her, but jealouſie of you; he ſtaid in private to obſerve Actions; build upon't Madam, he is inviolably yours.

Aur. Then will he ſacrifice my Couſin to me?

Bell. 'Tis furiouſly true, Madam.

Aur. O moſt agreeable aſſurance!

Cam. Albricias, Madam, for my good News; Don *Melchor* is coming this way; I know him by his Voice; but he is in Company with another Perſon.

Aur. It will not be convenient to give him any umbrage, by ſeeing me with another Perſon; therefore I will go before; do you ſtay here and conduct him to my Apartment. Good night, Sir. [*Exit.*

Bell. I have promiſed Don *Lopez* he ſhall poſſeſs her; and I have promis'd her ſhe ſhall poſſeſs Don *Melchor*; 'tis a little difficult, I confeſs, as to the Matrimonial part of it; but if Don *Melchor* will be civil to her, and ſhe be civil to Don *Lopez*, my credit is ſafe without the benefit of my Clergy. But all this is nothing to *Theodoſia*. [*Exit* Bellamy.

Enter Don Alonzo *and Don* Melchor.

Cam. Don *Melchor*, a Word in private.

Mel. Your pleaſure, Lady; Sir, I will wait on you immediately.

Cam. I am ſent to you from a fair Lady, who bears you no ill will. You may gueſs whom I mean.

Mel. Not by my own merits, but by knowing whom you ſerve; but I confeſs I wonder at her late ſtrange uſage when ſhe fled from me.

Cam. That was only a miſtake; but I have now, by her command, been in a thouſand places in queſt of you.

Mel. You overjoy me.

Cam. And where amongſt the reſt do you think I have been looking you?

Mel. Pray refreſh my Memory.

Cam. In that ſame Street, by that ſame Shop; you know where, by a good token.

Mel. By what token?

Cam. Juſt by that Shop, where out of your Nobleneſs, you promis'd me a new Silk Gown.

Mel. O, now I underſtand you.

Cam. Not that I preſs you to a performance ——

Mel. Take this, and pleaſe your ſelf in the choice of it— [*Gives her Money.*

Cam. Nay, dear Sir, now you make me bluſh; in faith I —— am aſham'd—— I ſwear 'tis only becauſe I would keep ſomething for your ſake—— But my Lady expects you immediately in her Apartment.

Mel. I'll wait on her if I can poſſibly —— [*Exit* Camill.] But if I can prevail with Don *Alonzo* for his Daughter, then will I again conſider, which of the Ladies beſt deſerves me —— [*Aſide.*

To Alonzo. Sir, I beg your Pardon for this rudeneſs, in leaving you.

Alon. I cannot poſſibly reſolve with my ſelf to tell him openly he is a Thief; but I'll gild the Pill for him to ſwallow. [*Aſide.*

Mel. I believe he has diſcover'd our Amour; how he ſurveys me for a Son-in-Law!

Alon. Sir, I am ſorry for your ſake, that true Nobility is not always accompanied with Riches to ſupport it in its luſtre.

Mel. You have a juſt exception againſt the Capriciouſneſs of Deſtiny; yet if I were owner of any Noble Qualities, (which I am not) I ſhould not much eſteem the Goods of Fortune.

Alon. But pray conceive me, Sir, your Father did not leave you flouriſhing in Wealth.

Mel. Only a very fair Seat in *Andaluſia*, with all the pleaſures imaginable about it; that alone, were my poor deſerts according, which I confeſs they are not, were enough to make a Woman happy in it.

Alon. But give me leave to come to the point, I beſeech you, Sir, I have loſt a Jewel which I value infinitely, and I hear it is in your poſſeſſion; but I accuſe your wants, not you, for it.

Mel. Your Daughter is indeed a Jewel, but ſhe were not loſt, were ſhe in poſſeſſion of a Man of parts.

Alon. A precious Diamond, Sir ——

Mel. But a Man of Honour, Sir.

Alon. I know what you would ſay, Sir, that a Man of Honour is not capable of an unworthy Action; but therefore I do not accuſe you of the Theft, I ſuppoſe the Jewel was only put into your hands.

Mel. By honourable ways I aſſure you, Sir.

Alon. Sir, Sir, will you reſtore my Jewel?

Mel. Will you pleaſe, Sir, to give me leave to be the unworthy Poſſeſſor of her? I know how to uſe her with that reſpect ——

Alon. I know what you would ſay, Sir, but if it belongs to our Family; otherwiſe I aſſure you it were at your Service.

Mel. As it belongs to your Family I covet it; not that I plead my own deſerts, Sir,

Alon. Sir, I know your deſerts; but I proteſt I cannot part with it; for I muſt tell you, this Diamond Ring was originally my Great Grandfathers.

Mel. A Diamond Ring, Sir, do you mean? ——

Alon. By your patience, Sir, when I have done you may ſpeak your pleaſure. I only lent it to my Daughter; but, how ſhe loſt it, and how it came upon your Finger, I am yet in *tenebris.*

Mel. Sir ——

Alon. I know it, Sir; but ſpare your ſelf the trouble, I'll ſpeak for you; you would ſay you had it from ſome other hand; I believe it, Sir.

Mel. But, Sir —

Alon. I warrant you, Sir, I'll bring you off without your ſpeaking; from another hand you had it; and now, Sir, as you ſay, Sir, and as I am ſaying for you, Sir, you are loath to part with it.

Mel. Good Sir,—let me—

Alon. I underſtand you already, Sir, that you have taken a fancy to it, and would buy it; but, to that I anſwer as I did before, that it is a Relique of my Family: Now, Sir, if you can urge ought farther, you have liberty to ſpeak without interruption.

Mel. This Diamond you ſpeak on, I confeſs —

Alon. But, What need you confeſs, Sir, before you are accus'd?

Mel. You promis'd you would hear me in my turn, Sir, but —

Alon. But, as you were ſaying, it is needleſs, becauſe I have already ſpoken for you.

Mel. The Truth is, Sir, I was too preſumptuous to take this Pledge from *Theodoſia* without your knowledge; but, you will pardon the invincible neceſſity, when I tell you—

Alon.

Alon. You need not tell me, I know your neceſſity was the reaſon of it, and that place and opportunity have caus'd your Error.

Mel. This is the goodeſt old Man I ever knew; he prevents me in my motion for his Daughter. Since, Sir, you know the cauſe of my Errors, and are pleas'd to lay part of the blame upon Youth and Opportunity; I beſeech you favour me ſo far, to accept me as fair *Theodoſia* already has——

Alon. I conceive you, Sir, that I would accept of your excuſe: Why reſtore the Diamond, and 'tis done.

Mel. More joyfully than I receiv'd it; and with it I beg the Honour to be receiv'd by you as your Son-in-Law.

Alon. My Son-in-Law! This is the moſt pleaſant Propoſition I ever heard.

Mel. I am proud you think it ſo; but, I proteſt I think not I deſerve this Honour.

Alon. Nor I, I aſſure you, Sir; marry my Daughter---ha, ha, ha.

Mel. But, Sir---

Alon. I know what you would ſay, Sir, that there is too much hazard in the profeſſion of a Thief, and therefore you would marry my Daughter to become rich, without venturing your Neck for't. I beſeech you, Sir, ſteal on, be apprehended, and if you pleaſe, be hang'd, it ſhall make no breach betwixt us. For my part, I'll keep your Counſel, and ſo good Night, Sir. [*Exit* Alon.

Mel. Is the Devil in this old Man, firſt, to give me occaſion to confeſs my Love, and, when he knew it, to promiſe he would keep my Counſel? But who are theſe? I'll not be ſeen; but to my old appointment with *Theodoſia*, and deſire her to unriddle it— [*Exit* Melchor.

Enter Maskal, Jacinta, Beatrix.

Mask. But, Madam, do you take me for a Man of Honour.

Jac. No.

Mask. Why there's it; if you had, I would have ſworn that my Maſter has neither done nor intended you any injury; I ſuppoſe you'll grant he knew you in diſguiſe?

Beat. Nay, to know her, and uſe her ſo, is an aggravation of his Crime.

Mask. Unconſcionable *Beatrix!* Would you two have all the Carnival to your ſelves? He knew you, Madam, and was reſolv'd to countermine you in all your Plots. But when he ſaw you ſo much piqued, he was too good natur'd to let you ſleep in wrath, and ſent me to you to diſabuſe you; for, if the buſineſs had gone on till to morrow, when *Lent* begins, you would have grown ſo peeviſh (as all good Catholicks are with Faſting) that the Quarrel would never have been ended.

Jac. Well, this mollifies a little: I am content he ſhall ſee me.

Mask. But, that you may be ſure he knew you, he will bring the Certificate of the Purſe along with him.

Jac. I ſhall be glad to find him innocent

Enter Wildblood *at the other end of the Stage.*

Wild. No mortal Man ever threw out ſo often. It could not be me, it muſt be the Devil that did it; he took all the Chances, and chang'd 'em, after I had thrown 'em: But, I'll be even with him; for I'll never throw one of his Dice more.

Mask. Madam, 'tis certainly my Maſter; and he is ſo zealous to make his Peace, that he could not ſtay till I call'd him to you——Sir.

Wild. Sirrah, I'll teach you more manners than to leave me another time; you Rogue, you have loſt me two hundred Piſtols, you, and the Devil your Accomplice; you, by leaving me to my ſelf, and he by tempting me to play it off.

Mask. Is the Wind in that Door? Here's like to be fine doings.

Wild. Oh miſchief! am I faln into her ambuſh? I muſt Face it out with another Quarrel.—— [*Aſide.*

Jac. Your Man has been treating your Accommodation; 'tis half made already.

Wild. I, on your part it may be.

Jac. He ſays you knew me.

Wild. Yes, I do know you ſo well, that my poor Heart akes for't: I was going to Bed without telling you my Mind; but, upon conſideration I am come.

Jac. To bring the Money with you.

Wild. To declare my Grievances, which are great and many.

Mask.

Mask. Well, for impudence, let thee alone.

Wild. As in the firſt place ——

Jac. I'll hear no Grievances; Where's the Money?

Beat. I; keep to that, Madam.

Wild. Do you think me a Perſon to be ſo us'd?

Jac. We will not quarrel; Where's the Money?

Wild. By your favour we will quarrel.

Beat. Money, Money ——

Wild. I am angry, and can hear nothing.

Beat. Money, Money, Money, Money.

Wild. Do you think it a reaſonable thing to put on two diſguiſes in a Night, to tempt a Man? (Help me, *Maskal*, for I want Arguments abominably) I thank Heaven I was never ſo barbarouſly us'd in all my Life.

Jac. He begins to anger me in good earneſt.

Mask. A thing ſo much againſt the Rules of Modeſty; ſo undecent a thing.

Wild. I, ſo undecent a thing; nay, now I do not wonder at my ſelf for being angry. And then to wonder I ſhould love her in thoſe Diſguiſes? to quarrel at the natural deſires of Humane kind, aſſaulted by powerful temptations; I am enrag'd at that ——

Jac. Hey day! You had beſt quarrel too for my bringing you the Money!

Wild. I have a grudging to you for't: (*Maskal*, the Money, *Maskal*; now help, or we are gone.)

Mask. Would ſhe offer to bring Money to you? Firſt, to affront your Poverty. ——

Wild. I; to affront my Poverty. But, that's no great matter; and then——

Mask. And then, to bring you Money (I ſtick faſt, Sir.)

Wild. (Forward, you Dog, and invent, or I'll cut your Throat;) and then, as I was ſaying, to bring me Money ——

Mask. Which is the greateſt and moſt ſweet of all Temptations; and to think you could reſiſt it; being alſo aggravated by her handſomneſs who brought it?

Wild. Reſiſt it? No, I would ſhe would underſtand it, I know better what belongs to Fleſh and Blood than ſo.

Beat. (to *Jac.*) This is plain confederacy; I ſmoak it; he came on purpoſe to quarrel with you; break firſt with him and prevent it.

Jac. If it be come to that once, the Devil take the hindmoſt; I'll not be laſt in love; for that will be a diſhonour to my Sex.

Wild. And then ——

Jac. Hold, Sir, there needs no more; you ſhall fall out; and I'll gratifie you with a new occaſion: I only try'd you, in hope you would be falſe; and rather than fail of my deſign, brought Gold to bribe you to't.

Beat. As People when they have an ill bargain, are content to loſe by't, that they may get it off their hands.

Mask. Beatrix, while our Principals are engag'd, I hold it not for our Honour to ſtand idle.

Beat. With all my Heart; pleaſe you let us draw off to ſome other ground.

Mask. I dare meet you on any Spot, but one.

Wild. I think we ſhall do well to put it to an iſſue; this is the laſt time you ſhall ever be troubled with my Addreſſes.

Jac. The favour had been greater to have ſpar'd this too.

Mask. Beatrix, let us diſpatch; or they'll break off before us.

Beat. Break as faſt as thou wilt, I am as brittle as thou art for thy Heart.

Wild. Becauſe I will abſolutely break off with you, I will keep nothing that belongs to you; therefore take back your Picture, and your Handkerchief.

Jac. I have nothing of yours to keep; therefore take back your liberal Promiſes. Take 'em in imagination.

Wild. Not to be behind hand with you in your frumps, I give you back your Purſe of Gold; take you that —— in imagination.

Jac. To conclude with you, take back your Oaths and Proteſtations; they are never the worſe for the wearing, I aſſure you; therefore take 'em, ſpick and ſpan new, for the uſe of your next Miſtreſs.

Mask. Beatrix, follow your Leader; here's the ſixpenny Whittle you gave me, with the Mutton-Haft: I can ſpare it, for Knives are of little uſe in *Spain*.

Beat. There's your Sciſſars with the ſtinking Braſs Chain to 'em: 'Tis well there was no Love betwixt us; for they had been too dull to cut it.

Mask.

Mask. There's the Dandriff-Comb you lent me.

Beat. There's your Ferret Riboning for Garters.

Mask. I would never have come ſo near as to have taken 'em from you.

Beat. For your Letter I have it not about me; but upon reputation I'll burn it.

Mask. And for yours, I have already put it to a fitting imployment.----Courage, Sir, how goes the Battle on your Wing?

Wild. Juſt drawing off on both ſides. Adieu *Spain.*

Jac. Farewel old *England.*

Beat. Come away in Triumph; the day's your own, Madam.

Mask. I'll bear you off upon my Shoulders, Sir; we have broke their Hearts.

Wild. Let her go firſt then; I'll ſtay and keep the Honour of the Field.

Jac. I'll not retreat, if you ſtay till midnight.

Wild. Are you ſure then we have done loving?

Jac. Yes, very ſure; I think ſo.

Wild. 'Tis well you are; for otherwiſe I feel my Stomach a little maukiſh. I ſhould have doubted another fit of Love were coming up.

Jac. No, no; your inconſtancy ſecures you enough for that.

Wild. That's it which makes me fear my own returning; nothing vexes me but that you ſhould part with me ſo ſlightly, as though I were not worth your keeping; well, 'tis a ſign you never lov'd me.

Jac. 'Tis the leaſt of your care whether I did or did not; it may be it had been more for the quiet of my ſelf, if I but 'tis no matter, I'll not give you that ſatisfaction.

Wild. But what's the reaſon you will not give it me?

Jac. For the reaſon that we are quite broke off.

Wild. Why, are we quite broke off.

Jac. Why, are we not?

Wild. Well, ſince 'tis paſt, 'tis paſt; but a pox of all fooliſh quarreling, for my part.

Jac. And a miſchief of all fooliſh diſguiſements, for my part.

Wild. But if it were to do again with another Miſtreſs, I would e'en plainly confeſs, I had loſt my Money.

Jac. And if I had to deal with another Servant, I would learn more wit than to tempt him in diſguiſes; for that ſto throw a *Venice* Glaſs to the Ground, to try if it would not break.

Wild. If it were not to pleaſe you, I ſee no neceſſity of our parting.

Jac. I proteſt I do it only out of complaiſance to you.

Wild. But if I ſhould play the Fool, and ask your pardon, you would refuſe it.

Jac. No, never ſubmit, for I ſhould ſpoil you again with pardoning you.

Mask. Do you hear this, *Beatrix*; they are juſt upon the point of accommodation; we muſt make haſte, or they'll make a Peace by themſelves; and exclude us from the Treaty.

Beat. Declare your ſelf the Aggreſſor then; and I'll take you into Mercy.

Wild. The worſt that you can ſay of me is, that I have lov'd you thrice over.

Jac. The prime Articles between *Spain* and *England* are ſeal'd; for the reſt, concerning a more ſtrict Alliance; if you pleaſe we ll diſpute them in the Garden.

Wild. But in the firſt place, let us agree on the Article of Navigation, I beſeech you.

Beat. Theſe Leagues offenſive and defenſive will be too ſtrict for us, *Maskal:* A Treaty of Commerce will ſerve our turn.

Mask. With all my Heart; and when our Loves are veering,
We'll make no Words, but fall to Privateering.

[*Exeunt the Men leading the Women.*

ACT V.

Lopez, Aurelia, *and* Camilla.

Lop. 'TIS true, if he had continued conſtant to you, I ſhould have thought my ſelf oblig'd in Honour to be his Friend; but I could no longer ſuffer him to abuſe a Perſon of your worth and beauty with a feign'd affection.

Aur.

Aur. But is it poſſible Don *Melchor* ſhould be falſe to Love? I'll be ſworn I did not imagine ſuch a Treachery could have been in Nature; eſpecially to a Lady who had ſo oblig'd him.

Lop. 'Twas this, Madam, which gave me the confidence to wait upon you at an hour, which would be otherwiſe unſeaſonable.

Aur. You are the moſt obliging Perſon in the World.

Lop. But to clear it to you that he is falſe; he is at this very minute at an Aſſignation with your Couſin in the Garden; I am ſure he was endeavouring it not an hour ago.

Aur. I ſwear this Evening's Air begins to incommode me extreamly with a cold; but yet in hope of detecting this perjur'd Man I am content to ſtay abroad.

Lop. But withal you muſt permit me to tell you, Madam, that it is but juſt I ſhould have ſome ſhare in a Heart which I endeavour to redeem: In the Law of Arms you know, that they who pay the Ranſom have right to diſpoſe of the Priſoner.

Aur. The Prize is ſo very inconſiderable, that 'tis not worth the claiming.

Lop. If I thought the boon were ſmall, I would not importune my Princeſs with the asking it; but ſince my Life depends upon the Grant—

Cam. Mam, I muſt needs tell your Laſhip, that Don *Lopez* has deſerv'd you; for he has acted all along like a Cavalier; and more for your intereſt than his own; beſides, Mam, Don *Melchor*, is as poor as he is falſe; for my part, I ſhall ne'er endure to call him Maſter.

Aur. Don *Lopez* go along with me, I can promiſe nothing, but I ſwear, I will do my beſt, to diſingage my Heart from this furious tender which I have for him.

Cam. If I had been a Man, I could never have forſaken you: Ah thoſe languiſhing Caſts, Mam; and that pouting Lip of your Laſhip, like a Cherry-bough weigh'd down with the weight of Fruit.

Aur. And that ſigh too, I think is not altogether diſagreeable; but ſomething *charmante* and *magnonye*.

Cam. Well, Don *Lopez*, you'll be but too happy.

Lop. If I were once Poſſeſſor—

Enter Bellamy *and* Theodoſia.

Theo. O we are ſurpriz'd.

Bell. Fear nothing, Madam, I think I know 'em: Don *Lopez*?

Lop. Our famous *Aſtrologer*, how came you here!

Bell. I am infinitely happy to have met you with *Donna Aurelia*, that you may do me the favour to ſatisfie this Lady of a Truth which I can ſcarce perſwade her to believe.

Lop. I am glad our concernments are ſo equal; for I have the like favour to ask from *Donna Theodoſia*.

Theo. Don *Lopez* is too Noble to be refus'd any thing within my power; and I am ready to do him any ſervice after I have ask'd my Couſin if ever Don *Melchor* pretended to her?

Aur. 'Tis the very queſtion which I was furiouſly reſolv'd to have ask'd of you.

Theo. I muſt confeſs he has made ſome Profeſſions to me; and withal I will acknowledge my own weakneſs ſo far as to tell you I have given way he ſhould often viſit me when the World believ'd him abſent.

Aur. O Cavalier *Aſtrologer*; how have you betray'd me! Did not you aſſure me, that Don *Melchor*'s tender Love and Inclination was for me only?

Bell. I had it from his Star, Madam, I do aſſure you, and if that twinkled falſe, I cannot help it: The Truth is, there's no truſting the Planet of an inconſtant Man; his was moving to you when I look'd on't, and if ſince it has chang'd the courſe, I am not to be blam'd for't.

Lop. Now, Madam, the Truth is evident. And for this Cavalier he might eaſily be deceiv'd in Don *Melchor*, for I dare affirm it to you both, he never knew to which of you he was moſt inclin'd; for he viſited one, and writ Letters to the other.

Bell. (to *Theo.*) Then, Madam, I muſt claim your promiſe, (ſince I have diſcover'd to you, that Don *Melchor* is unworthy of your Favours) that you would make me happy, who amongſt my many imperfections can never be guilty of ſuch a falſhood.

Theo. If I have been deceiv'd in *Melchor*, whom I have known ſo long, you cannot

cannot reaſonably expect I ſhould truſt you at a days acquaintance.

Bell. For that, Madam, you may know as much of me in a day, as you can in all your Life: All my Humours circulate like my Blood, at fartheſt, within 24 hours. I am plain and true, like all my Countrymen; you ſee to the bottom of me as eaſily as you do to the Gravel of a clear Stream in Autumn.

Lop. You plead ſo well, Sir, that I deſire you would ſpeak for me too: My Cauſe is the ſame with yours, only it has not ſo good an Advocate.

Aur. Since I cannot make my ſelf happy, I will have the Glory to felicitate another; and therefore I declare I will reward the fidelity of Don *Lopez*.

Theo. All that I can ſay at preſent is, that I will never be *Don Melchor*'s; the reſt, time and your ſervice muſt make out.

Bell. I have all I can expect, to be admitted as eldeſt Servant; as preferment falls, I hope you will remember my ſeniority.

Gaw. Mam, Don *Melchor*.

Aur. Cavaliers retire a little; we ſhall ſee to which of us he will make his Court. [*The Men withdraw.*

Enter Don Melchor.

Don *Melchor*, I thought you had been a-Bed before this time.

Mel. Fair *Aurelia*, this is a Bleſſing beyond expectation to ſee you again ſo ſoon.

Aur. What important buſineſs brought you hither?

Mel. Only to make my Peace with you before I ſlept. You know you are the Saint to whom I pay my Devotions.

Aur. And yet it was beyond your expectances to meet mee? This is furiouſly incongruous.

Theo. (advancing) Don *Melchor*, whither were you bound ſo late?

Mel. What ſhall I ſay? I am ſo confounded that I know not to which of them I ſhould excuſe my ſelf. [*Aſide.*

Theo. Pray anſwer me truly to one queſtion: Did you never make any Addreſſes to my Couſin?

Mel. Fy, fy, Madam, there's a queſtion indeed.

Aur. How! Monſter of Ingratitude! Can you deny the Declaration of your Paſſion to me?

Mel. I ſay nothing, Madam.

Theo. Which of us is it for whom you are concern'd?

Mel. For that, Madam, you muſt excuſe me; I have more diſcretion than to boaſt a Ladies favour.

Aur. Did you counterfeit an Addreſs to me?

Mel. Still I ſay nothing, Madam; but I will ſatisfie either of you in private; for theſe matters are too tender for publick diſcourſe.

Enter Lopez *and* Bellamy *haſtily, with their Swords drawn.*

Bellamy and *Lopez!* This is ſtrange!

Lop. Ladies, we would not have diſturb'd you, but as we were walking to the Garden-door, it open'd ſuddenly againſt us, and we confuſedly ſaw, by Moonlight, ſome Perſons entring, but who they were we know not.

Bell. You had beſt retire into the Garden-houſe, and leave us to take our Fortunes, without prejudice to your reputations.

Enter Wildblood, Maskal, Jacinta, Beatrix.

Wild. (*to* Jacinta *entring.*) Do not fear, Madam, I think I heard my Friend's Voice.

Bell. Marry hang you, is it you that have given us this hot allarm?

Wild. There's more in't than you imagine, the whole Houſe is up; for ſeeing you two, and not knowing you after I had entred the Garden-door, I made too much haſte to get out again, and have left the Key broken in it. With the noiſe one of the Servants came running in, whom I forc'd back; and doubtleſs he is gone for Company, for you may ſee Lights running through every Chamber.

Theo. and *Jac.* What will become of us?

Bell. We muſt have recourſe to our former reſolution. Let the Ladies retire into the Garden-houſe. And now I think on't you, Gentlemen, ſhall go in with 'em, and leave me and *Maskal* to bear the brunt on't.

Mask. Me, Sir? I beſeech you let me go in with the Ladies too; dear *Beatrix* ſpeak a good Word for me, I proteſt 'tis more out of love to thy Company than for any fear I have.

Bell. You Dog I have need of your Wit and Counſel. We have no time to deliberate.

liberste. Will you ſtay, Sir? [*To* Maskal.

Mask. No, Sir, 'tis not for my ſafety.

Bell. Will you in, Sir? [*To* Melchor.

Mel. No Sir, 'tis not for my Honour, to be aſſiſting to you: I'll to Don *Alonzo*, and help to revenge the injury you are doing him.

Bell. Then we are loſt, I can do nothing.

Wild. Nay, and you talk of Honour, by your leave, Sir. I hate your *Spaniſh* Honour, ever ſince it ſpoil'd our *Engliſh* Plays, with Faces about and t'other ſide. [*Falls upon him, and throws him down.*

Mel. What do you mean, you will not murder me? Muſt valour be oppreſs'd by multitudes?

Wild. Come yarly my Mates, every Man to his ſhare of the burden. Come yarly hay.

[*The four Men take him each by a Limb, and carry him out, he crying Murder.*

Theo. If this *Engliſhman* ſave us now, I ſhall admire his Wit.

Beat. Good Wits never think themſelves admir'd till they are well rewarded: You muſt pay him in *ſpecie*, Madam, give him Love for his Wit.

Enter the Men again.

Bell. Ladies fear nothing, but enter into the Garden-houſe with theſe Cavaliers ——

Mask. Oh that I were a Cavalier too! [*Is going with them.*

Bell. Come you back, Sirrah. [*Stops him.*

Think your ſelves as ſafe as in a Sanctuary, only keep quiet, whatever happens.

Jac. Come away then, they are upon us. [*Exeunt all but* Bell. *and* Mask.

Mask. Hark, I hear the Foe coming; methinks they threaten too, Sir; pray let me go in for a Guard to the Ladies, and poor *Beatrix*. I can fight much better when there is a Wall betwixt me and danger.

Bell. Peace, I have occaſion for your Wit to help me lie.

Mask. Sir, upon the Faith of a Sinner you have had my laſt lie already; I have not one more to do me credit, as I hope to be ſav'd, Sir.

Bell. Victore, Victore; knock under you Rogue, and confeſs me Conqueror, and you ſhall ſee I'll bring all off.

Enter Don Alonzo *and ſix Servants, with Lights, and Swords drawn.*

Alon. Search about there.

Bell. Fear nothing, do but vouch what I ſhall ſay.

Mask. For a *Paſſive* Lye I can yet do ſomething.

Alon. Stand: Who goes there?

Bell. Friends.

Alon. Friends? Who are you?

Bell. Noble Don *Alonzo*, ſuch as are watching for your good.

Alon. Is it you, Sennor *Ingles*? Why all this Noiſe and Tumult? Where are my Daughters and my Neece? But, in the firſt place, though laſt nam'd, how came you hither, Sir?

Bell. I came hither —— —— by Aſtrology, Sir.

Mask. My Maſter's in, Heavens ſend him good Shipping with his Lye, and all kind Devils ſtand his Friends.

Alon. How, by Aſtrology, Sir? meaning you came hither by Art-Magick.

Bell. I ſay, by pure Aſtrology, Sir, I foreſaw by my Art a little after I had left you, that your Neece and Daughters would this Night run a risque of being carried away from this very Garden.

Alon. O the wonders of this ſpeculation!

Bell. Thereupon I call'd immediately for my Sword, and came in all haſte to advertiſe you; but I ſee there's no reſiſting Deſtiny, for juſt as I was entring the Garden-door I met the Women with their Gallants all under ſail, and outward bound.

Mask. Thereupon what does me, he but draws by my advice. ——

Bell. How now, Mr. Raskal? Are you itching to be in?

Mask. Pray, Sir, let me go ſnip with you in this Lye, and be not too covetous of Honour? You know I never ſtood with you; now my Courage is come to me, I cannot reſiſt the Temptation.

Bell. Content; tell on.

Mask. So, in ſhort, Sir, we drew, firſt I, and then my Maſter; but, being over-power'd, they have eſcap'd us, ſo that I think you may go to Bed, and trouble your ſelf no farther, for gone they are.

Bell.

Bell. You tell a Lye! You have curtail'd my invention; you are not fit to invent a Lye for Bawd when ſhe would wheedle a young Squire.

Alon. Call up the Officers of Juſtice, I'll have the Town ſearch'd immediately.

Bell. 'Tis in vain, Sir; I know, by my Art, you'll never recover 'em; beſides, 'tis an affront to my Friends the Stars, who have otherwiſe diſpos'd of 'em.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Sir, the Key is broken in the Garden-door, and the door lock'd, ſo that of neceſſity they muſt be in the Garden yet.

Alon. Diſperſe your ſelves, ſome into the Wilderneſs, ſome into the Allies, and ſome into the Parterre: You, *Diego*, go try to get out the Key, and run to the Corrigidor for his aſſiſtance; in the mean time I'll ſearch the Garden-houſe my ſelf. [*Exeunt all the Servants but one.*

Mask. I'll be unbetted again, if you pleaſe, Sir, and leave you all the Honour of it. [*To* Bellamy *aſide.*

Alon. Come, Cavalier, let us in together.

Bell. (*holding him*) Hold, Sir, for the Love of Heaven, you are not mad!

Alon. We muſt leave no place unſearch'd. A Light there.

Bell. Hold, I ſay, do you know what you are undertaking? And have you arm'd your ſelf with reſolution for ſuch an adventure?

Alon. What adventure?

Bell. A word in private—The place you would go into is full of enchantments; there are at this time, for ought I know, a Legion of Spirits in it.

Alon. You confound me with wonder, Sir!

Bell. I have been making there my Magical Operations, to know the event of your Daughters flight; and, to perform it rightly, have been forc'd to call up Spirits of ſeveral Orders: And there they are humming like a Swarm of Bees, ſome ſtalking about upon the ground, ſome flying, and ſome ſticking upon the Walls like Rear-mice.

Mask. The Devil's in him, he's got off again.

Alon. Now, Sir, I ſhall try the truth of your Friendſhip to me. To confeſs the ſecret of my Soul to you, I have all my Life been curious to ſee a Devil: And to that purpoſe have conn'd *Agrippa* through and through, and made experiment of all his Rules, *Pari die & incremento Lunæ*, and yet could never compaſs the ſight of one of theſe *Dæmoniums*: If you will ever oblige me let it be on this occaſion.

Mask. There's another ſtorm ariſing.

Bell. You ſhall pardon me, Sir, I'll not expoſe you to that peril for the World, without due preparations of Ceremony.

Alon. For that, Sir, I always carry a *Taliſman* about me; that will ſecure me; and therefore I will venture in, a-God's Name, and defie 'em all at once.

[*Going in.*

Mask. How the pox will he get off from this?

Bell. Well, Sir, ſince you are ſo reſolv'd, ſend off your Servant that there may be no noiſe made on't, and we'll take our venture.

Alon. *Pedro*, leave your Light, and help the Fellow ſearch the Garden.

[*Exit Servant*

Mask. What does your incomprehenſible Maſter mean?

Bell. Now I muſt tell you, Sir, you will ſee that which will very much aſtoniſh you, if my Art fail me not. [*Goes to the door*] You, Spirits and Intelligences, that are within there, ſtand cloſe, and ſilent, at your peril, and fear nothing, but appear in your own ſhapes, boldly.——Maskal *open the door.*

Maskal *goes to one ſide of the Scene, which draws and diſcovers* Theo. Jac. Aur. Beat. Cam. Lop. Wild. *ſtanding all without motion in a rank.*

Now, Sir, what think you?

Alon. They are here, they are here; we need ſearch no farther. Ah, you ungracious Baggages!

Bell. Stay, or you'll be torn in pieces: Theſe are the very ſhapes I conjur'd up, and truly repreſent to you in what company your Niece and Daughters are, this very moment.

Alon. Why are they not they? I durſt have ſworn that ſome of 'em had been my own Fleſh and Blood——Look, one of them is juſt like that Rogue your Comrade.

[Wildblood *ſhakes his Head, and frowns at him.*

Bell. Do you ſee how you have provok'd that *Engliſh* Devil? Take heed of him; if he gets you once into his Clutches—— [Wildblood *embracing* Jacinta.

Alon. He ſeems to have got poſſeſſion of the Spirit of my *Jacinta*, by his hugging her.

Bell. Nay, I imagin'd as much: Do but look upon his Phyſiognomy, you have read *Baptiſta Porta*: Has he not the leer of a very lewd debauch'd Spirit?

Alon. He has indeed: Then there's my Niece *Aurelia*, with the Spirit of Don *Lopez*; but that's well enough; and my Daughter *Theodoſia* all alone: Pray how comes that about?

Bell. She's provided for with a Familiar too; one that is in this very room with you, and by your Elbow; but I'll ſhew you him ſome other time.

Alon. And that Baggage, *Beatrix*, how I would ſwinge her, if I had her here; I lay my Life ſhe was in the Plot for the flight of her Miſtreſſes.

[Beat. *claps her Hands at him.*

Bell. Sir, you do ill to provoke her; for being the Spirit of a Woman, ſhe is naturally miſchievous: you ſee ſhe can ſcarce hold her hands from you already.

Mask. Let me alone to revenge your quarrel upon *Beatrix*; if e'er ſhe come to light I'll take a courſe with her I warrant you, Sir.

Bell. Now come away, Sir, have you ſeen enough; the Spirits are in pain whilſt we are here, we keep 'em too long condens'd in Bodies; if we were gone, they would rarify into Air immediately. *Maskal*, ſhut the door.

[Maskal *goes to the Scene, and it cloſes.*

Alon. Monſtrum hominis! O prodigy of Science!

Enter two Servants with Don Melchor.

Bell. Now help me with a lye, *Maskal*, or we are loſt.

Mask. Sir, I could never lye with Man or Woman in a fright.

Ser. Sir, we found this Gentleman bound and gagg'd, and he deſir'd us to bring him to you with all haſte imaginable.

Mel. O Sir, Sir, your two Daughters and your Niece——

Bell. They are gone he knows it: But are you mad, Sir, to ſet this pernicious Wretch at Liberty?

Mel. I endeavour'd all that I was able——

Mask. Now, Sir, I have it for you— [*Aſide to his Maſter*] He was endeavouring indeed to have got away with 'em; for your Daughter *Theodoſia* was his Prize; but we prevented him, and left him in the condition in which you ſee him.

Alon. I thought ſomewhat was the matter, that *Theodoſia* had not a Spirit by her, as her Siſter had.

Bell. This was he I meant to ſhew you.

Mel. Do you believe him, Sir?

Bell. No, no, believe him, Sir: You know his Truth ever ſince he ſtole your Daughter's Diamond.

Mel. I ſwear to you, by my Honour.

Alon. Nay, a Thief I knew him; and yet, after that, he had the impudence to ask me for my Daughter.

Bell. Was he ſo impudent? The caſe is plain, Sir, put him quickly into Cuſtody.

Mel. Hear me but one word, Sir, and I'll diſcover all to you.

Bell. Hear him not, Sir; for my Art aſſures me if he ſpeaks one ſyllable more, he will cauſe great miſchief.

Alon. Will he ſo? I'll ſtop my Ears; away with him.

Mel. Your Daughters are yet in the Garden, hidden by this Fellow, and his Accomplices.

Alon. (at the ſame time drowning him) I'll ſtop my Ears, I'll ſtop my Ears.

Bell. and *Mask. (at the ſame time alſo)* A Thief, a Thief, away with him.

[*Servants carry* Melchor *off ſtruggling.*

Alon. He thought to have born us down with his confidence.

Enter another Servant.

Ser. Sir, with much ado we have got out the Key, and open'd the door.

Alon. Then, as I told you, run quickly to the Corigidor, and deſire him to come hither in Perſon to examine a Malefactor. [Wildblood *ſneezes within.*

Alon. Hark, what noiſe is that within? I think one ſneezes.

Bell. One of the Devils, I warrant you, has got a cold with being ſo long out of the Fire.

Alon. Bleſs his Devilſhip, as I may ſay. [Wildblood *ſneezes again.*

Ser.

Sir. (to Don *Alon.*) This is a Man's Voice, do not ſuffer your ſelf to be deceiv'd ſo groſly, Sir.

Mask. A Man's Voice, that's a good one indeed! That you ſhould live to theſe Years, and yet be ſo ſilly, as not to know a Man from a Devil.

Alon. There's more in't then I imagin'd: Hold up your Torch and go in firſt, *Pedro*, and I'll follow you.

Mask. No, let me have the honour to be your Uſher.

[*Takes the Torch and goes in.*

Mask. within.] Help, help, help.

Alon. What's the matter?

Bell. Stir not upon your life, Sir.

Enter Maskal *again without the Torch.*

Mask. I was no ſooner entred, but a huge Giant ſeiz'd my Torch, and fell'd me all along, with the very whiff of his breath as he paſt by me.

Alon. Bleſs us!

Bell. (*at the door to them*) Paſs out now while you have time in the dark; the Officers of Juſtice will be here immediately, the Garden-door is open for you.

Alon. What are you muttering there, Sir?

Bell. Only diſmiſſing theſe Spirits of Darkneſs, that they may trouble you no farther; go out I ſay.

They all come out upon the Stage, groaping their way. Wild. *falls into* Alonzo's *hands.*

Alon. I have caught ſome Body: Are theſe your Spirits? Another Light quickly, *Pedro.*

Mask. (*ſlipping between* Alon. *and* Wild.) 'Tis *Maskal* you have caught, Sir; Do you mean to ſtrangle me that you preſs me ſo hard between your Arms?

Alon. (*letting* Wildblood *go*) Is it thee, *Maskal*? I durſt have ſworn it had been another.

Bell. Make haſte now before the Candle comes.

[Aurelia *falls into* Alonzo's *Arms.*

Alon. Now I have another.

Aur. 'Tis *Maskal* you have caught, Sir.

Alon. No, I thank you, Niece, this artifice is too groſs; I know your Voice a little better. What, ho, bring Lights there.

Bell. Her impertinence has ruin'd all.

Enter Servants with Lights, and Swords drawn.

Ser. Sir, the Corigidor is coming according to your deſire; in the mean time we have ſecur'd the Garden-doors.

Alon. I am glad on't: I'll make ſome of 'em ſevere Examples.

Wild. Nay, then as we have liv'd merrily, ſo let us die together; but we'll ſhew the *Don* ſome ſport firſt.

Theo. What will become of us!

Jac. We'll die for Company: Nothing vexes me but that I am not a Man to have one thruſt at that malicious old Father of mine before I go.

Lop. Let us break our way through the Corigidor's Band.

Jac. A match i'faith; we'll venture our Bodies with you, you ſhall put the Baggage in the middle.

Wild. He that pierces thee, I ſay no more, but I ſhall be ſomewhat angry with him: (*To* Alonzo) In the mean time! I arreſt you, Sir, in the behalf of this good Company. As the Corigidor uſes us, ſo we'll uſe you.

Alon. You do not mean to murder me!

Bell. You murder your ſelf if you force us to it.

Wild. Give me a Razor there, that I may ſcrape his Weeſon, that the Briſtles may not hinder me when I come to cut it.

Bell. What need you bring matters to that extremity? You have your Ranſome in your Hand; here are three Men, and there are three Women; you underſtand me.

Jac. If not, here's a Sword, and there's a Throat: You underſtand me.

Alon. This is very hard!

Theo. The propoſitions are good, and Marriage is as as honourable as it us'd to be.

Beat. You had beſt let your Daughters live branded with the Name of Strumpets; for what ever befals the Men, that will be ſure to be their ſhare.

Alon. I can put them into a Nunnery.

All the Women. A Nunnery!

Jac.

Jac. I would have thee to know, thou graceleſs old Man, that I defy a Nunnery; name a Nunnery once more, and I diſown thee for my Father.

Lop. You know the Cuſtom of the Country, in this caſe, Sir; 'tis either Death or Marriage; the buſineſs will certainly be publick; and if they die, they have ſworn you ſhall bear 'em Company.

Alon. Since it muſt be ſo, run *Pedro* and ſtop the Corigidor; tell him it was only a Carnival-merriment, which I miſtook for a Rape and Robbery.

Jac. Why now you are a dutiful Father again, and I receive you into Grace.

Bell. Among the reſt of your miſtakes, Sir, I muſt deſire you to let my *Aſtrology* paſs for one: My Mathematicks, and Art-Magick were only a Carnival-device; and now that's ended, I have more mind to deal with the Fleſh than with the Devil.

Alon. No *Aſtrologer!* 'tis impoſſible!

Mask. I have known him, Sir, this ſeven years, and dare take my Oath he has been always an utter ſtranger to the Stars; and indeed to any thing that belongs to Heaven.

Lop. Then I have been couzen'd among the reſt.

Theo. And I; but I forgive him.

Beat. I hope you will forgive me, Madam, who have been the cauſe on't; but what he wants in *Aſtrology* he ſhall make up to you ſome other way, I'll paſs my word for him.

Alon. I hope you are both Gentlemen?

Bell. As good as the Cid himſelf, Sir.

Alon. And for your Religion, right *Romans* ——

Wild. As ever was *Mark Anthony*.

Alon. For your Fortunes and Courages ——

Mask. They are both deſperate, Sir; eſpecially their Fortunes.

Theo. (to *Bell.*) You ſhould not have my conſent ſo ſoon, but only to revenge my ſelf upon the falſeneſs of Don *Melchor*.

Aur. I muſt avow that gratitude for Don *Lopez*, is as prevalent with me as revenge againſt Don *Melchor*.

Alon. *Lent*, you know, begins to morrow; when that's over Marriage will be proper.

Jac. If I ſtay till after *Lent*, I ſhall be to marry when I have no love left; I'll not bate you an Ace of to Night, Father: I mean to bury this Man e'er *Lent* be done, and get me another before *Eaſter*.

Alon. Well, make a Night on't then. [*Giving his Daughters.*

Wild. *Jacinta*, *Wildblood*, welcome to me; ſince our Stars have doom'd it ſo, we cannot help it; but 'twas a meer trick of Fate, to catch us thus at unawares; to draw us with a what do you lack, as we paſs'd by; had we once ſeparated to Night, we ſhould have had more Wit than ever to have met again to Morrow.

Jac. 'Tis true, we ſhot each other flying; we were both upon Wing I find; and had we paſs'd this Critical Minute, I ſhould have gone for the *Indies*, and you for *Greenland*, e'er we had met in a bed upon conſideration.

Mask. You have quarrel'd twice to Night without Bloodſhed, 'ware the third time.

Jac. *A propos!* I have been retrieving an old Song of a Lover that was ever quarrelling with his Miſtreſs: I think it will fit our Amour ſo well, that if you pleaſe I'll give it you for an *Epithalamium*, and you ſhall ſing it. [*Gives him a Paper.*

Wild. I never ſung in all my Life; nor ever durſt try when I was alone, for fear of braying.

Jac. Juſt me, up and down; but for a frolick let's ſing together; for I am ſure if we cannot ſing now, we ſhall never have cauſe when we are married.

Wild. Begin then; give me my Key, and I'll ſet my Voice to't.

Jac. Fa la, fa la, fa la.

Wild. Fa la, fa la, fa la. Is this your beſt, upon the Faith of a Virgin?

Jac. I by the Muſes, I am at my pitch.

Wild. Then do your worſt; and let the Company be judge who ſings worſt.

Jac. Upon condition the beſt Finger ſhall wear the Breeches; prepare to ſtrip, Sir; I ſhall put you into your Drawers preſently.

Wild. I ſhall be reveng'd with putting you into your Smock anon; St. *George* for me.

Jac. St. *James* for me: Come ſtart, Sir.

SONG.

SONG.

Damon. Celimena, *of my Heart,*
None shall e'er bereave you:
If with your good leave I may
Quarrel with you once a day.
I will never leave you.

2.

Celimena. *Passion's but an empty Name*
Where respect is wanting:
Damon, *you mistake your aim;*
Hang your Heart, and burn your Flame,
If you must be ranting.

3.

Damon. *Love as dull and muddy is,*
As decaying Liquor:
Anger sets it on the Lees,
And refines it by degrees,
Till it works it quicker.

4.

Celimena. *Love by quarrels to beget*
Wisely you endeavour;
With a grave Physician's wit,
Who to cure an Ague-fit
Put me in a Feavor.

5.

Damon. *Anger rouzes Love to fight,*
And his only bait is,
'Tis the spur to dull delight,
And is but an eager bite,
When desire at height is.

6.

Celimena. *If such drops of heat can fall*
In our wooing weather;
If such drops of heat can fall,
We shall have the Devil and all
When we come together.

Wild. Your judgment, Gentlemen; a Man or a Maid?

Bell. And you make no better Harmony after you are married than you have before, you are the miserablest Couple in Christendom.

Wild. 'Tis no great matter; if I had had a good Voice she would have spoil'd it before to morrow.

Bell. When *Maskal* has married *Beatrix*, you may learn of her.

Mask. You shall put her Life into a Lease then.

Wild. Upon condition that when I drop into your house from hunting, I may set my Slippers at your door, as a *Turk* does at a *Jew*'s, that you may not enter.

Beat. And while you refresh your self within, he shall wind the horn without.

Mask. I'll throw up my Lease first.

Bell. Why, thou would'st not be so impudent, to marry *Beatrix* for thy self only?

Beat. For all his ranting and tearing now, I'll pass my word he shall degenerate into as tame, and peaceable a Husband as a civil Woman would wish to have.

Enter Don Melchor, *with a Servant.*

Mel. Sir——

Alon. I know what you would say, but your discovery comes too late now.

Mel. Why, the Ladies are found.

Aur. But their inclinations are lost, I can assure you.

Jac. Look you, Sir, there goes the game: your Plate-Fleet is divided; half for *Spain*, and half for *England*.

Theo. You are justly punish'd for loving two.

Mel.

Mal. Yet I have the
deſpiſe my Miſtreſſes.

Bell. Enough, enou
Wild. And for theſe
May they all

EP

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ve the comfort of a cast Lover: I will think well of my self; and treſſes. *Exit.*

DANCE.

, enough; let's end the Carnival abed.
r theſe Gentlemen, when e'er they try,
hey all ſpeed aſſoon, and well as I.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

PILOGUE.

MY Part being ſmall, I have had time to day,
To mark your various cenſures of our Play:
irſt, looking for a Judgment or a Wit,
Like Jews I ſaw 'em ſcatter'd through the Pit:
And where a Knot of Smilers lent an Ear
To one that talk'd, I knew the Foe was there.
The Club of Jeſts went round; he who had none
Borrow'd o'th' next, and told it for his own:
Among the reſt they kept a fearful ſtir,
In whiſp'ring that he ſtole th' Aſtrologer;
And ſaid, betwixt a French and Engliſh Plot
He eas'd his half-tir'd Muſe, on Pace and Trot.
Up ſtarts a Mounſieur, new come o'er; and warm
In the French ſtoop; and the pull back o'th' Arm;
Morbleu dit il, and cocks, I am a Rogue
But he has quite ſpoil'd the feign'd Aſtrologue.
Pox, ſays another; here's ſo great a ſtir
With a Son of a Whore, Farce that's regular,
A Rule where nothing muſt decorum ſhock!
Dam' me 'ts as dull as Dining by the Clock.
An Evening! Why the Devil ſhould we be vext,
Whether he gets the Wench this Night or next?
When I heard this, I to the Poet went,
Told him the Houſe was full of Diſcontent,
And ask'd him what excuſe he could invent.
He neither ſwore nor ſtorm'd, as Poets do,
But, moſt unlike an Author, vow'd 'twas true.
Yet ſaid, he us'd the French like Enemies,
And did not ſteal their Plots, but made 'em Prize.
But ſhould he all the pains and charges count
Of taking 'em, the Bill ſo high wou'd mount
That, like Prize-goods, which through the Office come,
He could have had 'em much more cheap at home.
He ſtill muſt write; and Banquier-like, each day
Accept new Bills, and he muſt break, or pay.
When through his hands ſuch ſumms muſt yearly run,
You cannot think the Stock is all his own.
His haſte his other Errors might excuſe;
But there's no Mercy for a guilty Muſe:
For, like a Miſtreſs, ſhe muſt ſtand or fall,
And pleaſe you to a heighth, or not at all.

The

To the Most Illustrious Prince,

JAME

Duke *of Monmouth and Bucclugh,*

One of His Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council, the most Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

SIR,

THE favourable Reception which your Excellent Lady affo former Plays, has encouraged me to double my Presumptio to your Grace's Patronage. So dangerous a thing it is to adr Family, that you can never afterwards be free from the C perpetually sounding in your Ears, and more troublesom than the Neighb I have been favourable to my self in this expression; a zealous Fanatick ther, and have called me the Serpent, who first presented the fruit Wife, and so gain'd the opportunity to seduce the Husband. Yet I Crime so advantageous to me; but the World, which will condemn my will justifie and applaud my choice. All men will join with me in th pay you, they would wish only I had brought you a more noble Sacrifice roic Play, you might justly expect an Heroic Poem, filled with the past cestors, and the future certainties of your own. Heaven has already tal for an Heroe. You have all the Advantages of mind and body, and conspiring to render you an extraordinary Person. The *Achilles* and you, even above their Originals; you only want a *Homer*, or a *Tasso*, to them. Youth, Beauty and Courage, (all which you possess in the heigh are the most desirable Gifts of Heaven: and Heaven is never prodigal to some uncommon purpose. So goodly a Fabrick was never framed by a for a Vulgar Guest. He shew'd the value which he set upon your care to have it so Nobly and so Beautifully lodg'd. To a graceful fashio Body, you have joyned a winning Conversation, and an easie Greatnes the best, and best beloved of Princes. And with a great power of has observed in you, a desire to oblige, even beyond your power. Th say on so excellent and large a subject, is only History, in which Fictio employ nothing of Poetry in it, any more than I do in that humble make, to continue ever

Your Grace's most

and most devo

Jo

PREFAC

I Was mov'd to write this Play by many Reasons: amongst others, the Com of Honour, for whom I have a most particular respect, were daily sound would be of good example to undertake a Poem of this Nature. Neither w wanting to second their desires. I consider that pleasure was not the only even the instructions of Morality were not so wholly the business of a Poet, Examples of Piety were to be omitted. For to leave that employment altoget to forget that Religion was first taught in Verse (which the laxiness or dulnes turn'd afterwards into Prose.) And it were also to grant, (which I never sha of this kind may not as well be conducing to Holiness, as to good Manners. to compare the use of Dramatique Poesie with that of Divinity: I only maintai of the Stage, that Patterns of Piety, decently represented, and equally remov Superstition and Prophaneness, may be of excellent use to second the Precepts o

rince,

E S,

clugh,

uncil, and Knight of

ady afforded to one of my
eſumption, in addreſſing this
is to admit a Poet into your
m the Chiming of ill Verſes,
e Neighbourhood of Steeples.
Fanatick would have gon far-
he fruit of my Poetry to the
Yet I am ready to avow a
lemn my boldneſs, I am ſure
me in the Adoration which I
Sacrifice. Inſtead of an He-
the paſt Glories of your An-
ready taken care to form you
ody, and an Illuſtrious Birth,
les and *Rinaldo* are preſent in
Taſſo, to make you equal to
the height of their perfection)
rodigal of ſuch Treaſures but
med by an Almighty Architect
n your Mind, when he took
ful faſhion and deportment of
Greatneſs, derived you from
wer of Obliging, the World
ver. This, and all that I can
ch Fiction has no part; I can
humble Proteſtation which I

e's moſt obedient

oſt devoted Servant,

John Dryden.

C E.

, *the Commands of ſome Perſons*
ily ſounding in my ears, That it
Neither were my own Inclinations
the only end of Poeſie; and that
a Poet, as that the Precepts and
ent altogether to the Clergy, were
or dulneſs of ſucceeding Prieſthood
never ſhall) that Repreſentations
anners. Yet, far be it from me,
ly maintain, againſt the Enemies
lly removed from the extreams of
Precepts of our Religion. By the
Harmony

Harmony of Words, we elevate the Mind to a ſenſe of Devotion, as our ſolemn Muſick, which is inarticulate Poeſie, does in Churches. And by the lively Images of Piety, adorn'd by action, through the ſenſes, allure the Soul: which, while it is charmed in a ſilent joy of what it ſees and hears, is ſtruck at the ſame time with a ſecret veneration of things Cœleſtial; and is wound up inſenſibly into the practice of that which it admires. Now, if, inſtead of this, we ſometimes ſee on our Theatres, the Examples of Vice rewarded, or at leaſt unpuniſhed, yet it ought not to be an Argument againſt the Art, any more than the Extravagances and Impieties of the Pulpit in the late times of Rebellion, can be againſt the Office and Dignity of the Clergy.

But many times it happens, that Poets are wrongfully accus'd, as it is my own Caſe in this very Play, where I am charg'd by ſome ignorant or malicious Perſons, with no leſs Crimes than Prophaneneſs and Irreligion.

The part of Maximin, *againſt which theſe holy Criticks ſo much declaim, was deſign'd by me to ſet off the Character of St.* Catharine. *And thoſe who read the* Roman *Hiſtory, may eaſily remember, that* Maximin *was not only a bloody Tyrant,* vaſtus corpore, animo ferus, *as* Herodian *deſcribes him; but alſo a Perſecutor of the Church, againſt which he raiſed the Sixth Perſecution. So that whatſoever he ſpeaks or acts in this Tragedy, is no more than a Record of his Life and Manners; a Picture, as near as I could take it, from the Original. If, with much pains and ſome ſucceſs, I have drawn a deform'd Piece, there is as much of Art, and as near an imitation of Nature, in a* Lazare, *as in a* Venus. Maximin *was an Heathen, and what he ſpeaks againſt Religion, is in contempt of that which he profeſs'd. He defies the Gods of* Rome, *which is no more than St.* Catharine *might with decency have done. If it be urged, that a perſon of ſuch Principles, who ſcoffs at any Relgion, ought not to be preſented on the Stage, why then are the Lives and Sayings of ſo many wicked and prophane perſons recorded in the Holy Scriptures? I know it will be anſwer'd, That a due uſe may be made of them; that they are remembred with a Brand of Infamy fixt upon them; and ſet as Sea-marks for thoſe who behold them to avoid. And what other uſe have I made of* Maximin? *Have I propoſed him as a pattern to be imitated, whom, even for his impiety to his falſe Gods, I have ſo ſeverely puniſh'd? Nay, as if I had foreſeen this Objection, I purpoſely remov'd the Scene of the Play, which ought to have been at* Alexandria *in* Egypt, *(where St.* Catharine *ſuffered) and laid it under the Walls of* Aquileia *in* Italy, *where* Maximin *was ſlain; that the Puniſhment of his Crime might immediately ſucceed its Execution.*

This, Reader, is what I ow'd to my juſt Defence, and the due Reverence of that Religion which I profeſs, to which all Men, who deſire to be eſteemed good or honeſt are obliged: I have neither leiſure nor occaſion to write more largely on this Subject, becauſe I am already juſtified by the ſentence of the beſt, and moſt diſcerning Prince in the World, by the ſuffrage of all unbyaſs'd Judges, and, above all, by the Witneſs of my own Conſcience, which abhors the thought of ſuch a Crime; to which I ask leave to add my outward Converſation, which ſhall never be juſtly tax'd with the Note of Atheiſm or Prophaneneſs.

In what elſe concerns the Play, I ſhall be brief; for the faults of the Writing and Contrivance, I leave them to the mercy of the Reader, for I am as little apt to defend my Errors, as to find thoſe of other Poets: Only I obſerve, that the great Cenſors of Wit and Poetry, either produce nothing of their own, or what is more ridiculous than any thing they reprehend. Much of ill Nature, and a very little Judgment, go far in finding the miſtakes of Writers.

I pretend not that any thing of mine can be correct: This Poem, eſpecialy, which was contrived and written in Seven Weeks, though afterwards hindred, by many Accidents, from a ſpeedy Repreſentation, which would have been its juſt excuſe.

Yet the Scenes are every where unbroken, and the unities of place and time more exactly kept, than perhaps is requiſite in a Tragedy; or at leaſt, than I have ſince preſerv'd them in the Conqueſt of Granada.

I have not every where obſerv'd the equality of Numbers in my Verſe, partly by reaſon of my haſte; but more eſpecially, becauſe I would not have my Sence a Slave to Syllables.

'Tis eaſie to diſcover that I have been very bold in my alteration of the Story, which of it ſelf was too barren for a Play; and that I have taken from the Church Two Martyrs, in the perſons of Porphyrius *and the Empreſs, who ſuffer'd for the Chriſtian Faith, under the Tyranny of* Maximin.

I have ſeen a French Play, call'd the Martyrdom of St. Catharine: *but thoſe who have read it, will ſoon clear me from ſtealing out of ſo dull an Author. I have only borrow'd a miſtake from him, of one* Maximin *for another; for finding him in the* French *Poet, call'd the Son of a* Thracian *Herdſman, and an* Alane *Woman, I too eaſily believ'd him to have been the ſame* Maximin *mention'd in* Herodian; *till afterwards conſulting* Euſebius *and* Metaphraſtes, *I found the* Frenchman *had betray'd me into an Error (when it was too late to alter it) by miſtaking that firſt* Maximin *for a ſecond, the Contemporary of* Conſtantine the Great, *and one of the Uſurpers of the Eaſtern Empire.*

But neither was the other Name of my Play more fortunate; for as ſome, who had heard of a Tragedy of St. Catharine, *imagin'd I had taken my Plot from thence; ſo others, who had heard of another Play, called* L'Amour Tyrannique, *with the ſame ignorance, accus'd me to have borrow'd my deſign from it, becauſe I have accidentally given my Play the ſame Title, not having to this day ſeen it; and knowing only by report, that ſuch a Comedy is extant in* French, *under the Name of Monſieur* Scudery.

As for what I have ſaid of Aſtral or Aerial Spirits, it is no Invention of mine, but taken from thoſe who have written on that Subject. Whether there are ſuch Beings or not, it concerns not me; 'tis ſufficient for my purpoſe, that many have believ'd the affirmative; and that theſe Heroick Repreſentations, which are of the ſame Nature with the Epick, are not limited, but with the extremeſt bounds of what is credible.

For the little Criticks, who pleas'd themſelves with thinking they have found a flaw in that line of the Prologue, (And he who ſervilely creeps after Senſe, is ſafe, *&c.) as if I Patronized my own Nonſence, I may reaſonably ſuppoſe they have never read* Horace, Serpit humi tutus, *&c. are his words: He who creeps after plain, dull, common Senſe, is ſafe from committing Abſurdities, but can never reach any height, or excellence of Wit; and ſure I could not mean that any excellence were*

to

to be found in Nonsence. With the same ignorance, or malice, they would accuse me for using empty Arms, *when I writ of a Ghost or Shadow, which has only the appearance of a Body or Limbs, and is empty or void of flesh and blood; and* vacuis amplectitur ulnis, *was an Expression of* Ovid's *on the same Subject. Some Fool before them, had charg'd one in the* Indian Emperor *with Nonsence, in these words,* And follow Fate which does too fast pursue; *which was borrow'd from* Virgil *in the 11th of his Æneids,* Eludit gyro interior, sequiturque sequentem. *I quote not these to prove that I never writ Nonsence, but only to shew that they are so unfortunate as not to have found it.*

VALE.

PROLOGUE.

Self-Love (which never rightly understood)
Makes Poets still conclude their Plays are good:
And Malice in all Criticks reigns so high,
That for small Errours, they whole Plays decry;
So that to see this frowardness, and that spite,
You'd think that none but mad-men judge or write.
Therefore our Poet, as he thinks not fit
T'impose upon you what he writes for Wit,
So hopes that leaving you your Censures free,
You equal Judges of the whole will be:
They Judge but half who only faults will see.
Poets, like lovers, should be bold and dare,
They spoil their business with an over-care:
And he who servilely creeps after sense,
Is safe, but ne'er will reach an Excellence.
Hence 'tis, our Poet in his conjuring,
Allow'd his Fancy the full scope and swing.
But when a Tyrant for his Theme he had,
He loos'd the reins and bid his Muse run mad:
And though he stumbles in a full Career;
Yet Rashness is a better fault than Fear.
He saw his way; but in so swift a Pace,
To chuse the Ground, might be to lose the Race.
They then who of each Trip th' advantage take,
Find but those faults which they want Wit to make.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *Ellen*, when she was to be carried off dead by the Bearers.

To the Bearer. *Hold, are you mad? you damn'd confounded dog,*
I am to rise and speak the Epilogue [To the Audience] *I come, kind Gentlemen, strange News I bring you,*
I am the Ghost of poor departed Nelly. [*to tell ye,*
Sweet Ladies, be not frighted, I'll be civil,
I'm what I was, a little harmless Devil.
For after Death, we Sprights have just such natures,
We had for all the World, when human Creatures;
And therefore I, that was an Actress here,
Play all my tricks in Hell, a Goblin there.
Gallants, look o't, you say that we're no Sprights;
But I'll come dance about your Beds at Nights.
And faith you'll be in a sweet kind of taking,
When I surprise you between sleep and waking.
To tell you true, I walk because I die
Out of my calling in a Tragedy.
O cursed cursed dull Poet, who could prove
So senseless to make Nelly *die for Love:*
Nay what's yet worse, to kill me in the prime
Of Easter-Term, in Pye and Cheesecake-time!
I'll fit the Fop, for I'll not one word say
To excuse his folly, out of fashion, Play.
A Play, which if you dare but twice sit out,
You'll all be damned for't, and be thought devout.
But farewel, Gentlemen, make haste to me,
I'm sure we're long to have your company.
As for my Epitaph, when I am gone,
I'll trust no Poet, but will write my own.

Here *Nelly* lies; who, though she liv'd a Slatern,
Yet di'd a Princess acting in St. *Cather'n.*

Persons Represented.

Maximin, *Tyrant of* Rome,	By	Major *Mohun.*
Porphyrius, *Captain of the Pretorian Bands,*		Mr. *Hart.*
Charinus, *The Emperor's Son,*		Mr. *Horris.*
Placidius, *a great Officer,*		Mr. *Kynaston.*
Valerius, *Tribunes of the Army,*		Mr. *Lydall.*
Albinus, *Tribunes of the Army,*		Mr. *Littlewood.*
Nigrinus, *a Tribune and Conjurer,*		Mr. *Beeston.*
Ameriel, *Guardian Angel to* S. Catharine,		Mr. *Bell.*
Apollonius, *a Heathen Philosopher,*		Mr. *Cartwright.*
Berenice, *Wife to* Maximin,	By	Mrs. *Marshall.*
Valeria, *Daughter to* Maximin,		Mrs. *Ellen Gwyn.*
St. Catharine, *Princess of* Alexandria,		Mrs. *Bowtell.*
Felicia, *her Mother,*		Mrs. *Knepp.*
Erotion, *Attendants,*		Mos. *Uphill.*
Cydnon, *Attendants,*		Mrs. *Eastland.*

SCENE, *The Camp of* Maximin, *under the Walls of* Aquileia.

Tyrannick Love;

OR THE

ROYAL MARTYR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Camp, or *Pavillion-Royal.*

Maximin, Charinus, Placidius, Albinus, Valerius, Apollonius, *Guards.*

Max. THUS far my Arms have with Succeſs been Crown'd;
And found no ſtop, or vanquiſh'd what they found.
The *German* Lakes my Legions have o're-paſt,
With all the Bars which Art or Nature caſt:
My Foes in watry Faſtneſſes inclos'd,
I ſought, alone, to their whole War expos'd,
Did firſt the Depth of trembling marſhes ſound,
And fix'd my Eagles in unfaithful Ground;
By force ſubmitted to the *Roman* ſway
Fierce Nations, and unknowing to obey:
And now, for my Reward, ungrateful *Rome*,
For which I fought abroad, Rebels at home.

Alb. Yet 'tis their fear which does this War maintain:
They cannot brook a Martial Monarch's Reign:
Your Valour would too much their Sloth accuſe;
And therefore, like themſelves, they Princes chuſe.

Placid. Two, tame, Gown'd Princes, who at eaſe Debate
In lazy Chairs the buſineſs of the State:
Who Reign but while the People they can pleaſe,
And only know the little Arts of Peace.

Char. In Fields they dare not Fight where Honour calls;
But breath a faint Defiance from their Walls:
The very noiſe of War their Soul does wound;
They quake, but hearing their own Trumpets Sound.

Val. An eaſie Summons, but for Form they wait,
And to your Fame will open wide the Gate.

Placid. I wiſh our Fame that ſwift ſucceſs may find;
But Conqueſts, Sir, are eaſily deſign'd:
However ſoft within themſelves they are,
To you they will be valiant by Deſpair.
For having once been guilty, well they know
To a revengeful Prince they ſtill are ſo.

Alb. 'Tis true, that ſince the Senate's Succours came,
They grow more bold.

Max. ———That Senate's but a name;
Or they are Pageant Princes which they make;
That Power they give away they would partake.
Two equal Powers, two different ways will draw,
While each may check, and give the other Law.

True,

True, they ſecure Propriety and Peace;
But are not fit an Empire to encreaſe.
When they ſhould aid their Prince, the Slaves Diſpute;
And fear Succeſs ſhould make him Abſolute.
They let Foes Conquer to ſecure the State,
And lend a Sword, whoſe edge themſelves rebate.
Char. When to encreaſe the Gods you late are gone,
I'll ſwiftly chuſe to dye, or Reign alone:
But theſe Half Kings our Courage cannot fright;
The thrifty State will bargain e'er they fight:
Give juſt ſo much for every Victory;
And rather loſe a Fight, than over-buy.
Max. Since all delays are dangerous in War,
Your Men, *Albinus*, for Aſſault prepare:
Criſpinus and *Menephilus*, I hear
Two Conſulars, theſe *Aquileians* cheer;
By whom they may, if we protract the time,
Be taught the Courage to defend their Crime.
Placid. Put off th'Aſſault but only for this day:
No loſs can come by ſuch a ſmall delay.
Char. We are not ſure to Morrow will be ours:
Wars have, like Love, their favourable Hours;
Let us uſe all: for if we loſe one day,
That white one in the Crowd may ſlip away.
Max. Fates dark Receſſes we can never find;
But Fortune at ſome Hours, to all is kind:
The lucky have whole Days, which ſtill they chuſe;
Th' unlucky have but Hours, and thoſe they loſe.
Placid. I have conſulted one, who reads Heaven's doom,
And ſees at preſent, things which are to come.
'Tis that *Nigrinus*, made by your Command
A Tribute in the new *Panonian* Band.
Him have I ſeen, (on *Iſter*'s Banks he ſtood,
Where laſt we winter'd) bind the headlong Floud
In ſudden Ice; and where moſt ſwift it flows,
In Chryſtal Nets, the wondring Fiſhes cloſe.
Then, with a moments Thaw, the Streams enlarge,
And from the Meſh the twinkling Gueſts diſcharge.
In a deep Vale, or near ſome ruin'd Wall,
He would the Ghoſts of ſlaughter'd Soldiers call;
Who ſlow, to wounded Bodies did repair,
And loth to enter, ſhiver'd in the Air;
Theſe his dreadful Wand did to ſhort Life compel,
And forc'd the Fates of Battel to foretell.
Max. 'Tis wondrous ſtrange! But good *Placidius*, ſay,
What Propheſies *Nigrinus* of this day?
Placid. In a lone Tent, all hung with Black, I ſaw,
Where in a Square he did a Circle draw:
Four Angles, made by that Circumference,
Bore Holy Words inſcrib'd, of myſtick Senſe;
When firſt a hollow Wind began to blow,
The Sky grew Black, and Belly'd down more low;
Around the Field did nimble Lightning Play,
Which offer'd us by fits, and ſnatch'd the Day.
'Midſt this, was heard the ſhrill and tender cry
Of well-pleas'd Ghoſts, which in the Storm did fly;
Danc'd to and fro, and skimm'd along the Ground,
Till to the Magick Circle they were bound.
They courſing it, while we were fenc'd within,
We ſaw this dreadful Scene of Fate begin.
Char. Speak without fear, What did the Viſion ſhew?
Placid. A Curtain drawn, preſented to our view
A Town Beſieg'd, and on the neighbouring Plain
Lay heaps of Viſionary Soldiers ſlain.

A riſing Miſt obſcur'd the gloomy Head
Of one, who in Imperial Robes lay dead.
Near this, in Fetters, ſtood a Virgin Crown'd,
Whom many *Cupids* ſtrove in vain to wound:
A Voice, *to morrow*, ſtill *to morrow* rung;
Another *Io*, *Io*, *Pæan*, ſung.
Char. Viſions and Oracles ſtill doubtful are,
And ne'er expounded till th' event of War.
The Gods fore-knowledge on our Swords will wait:
If we Fight well, they muſt fore-ſhow good Fate. [*To them a Centurion.*
Cent. A riſing Duſt which troubles all the Air,
And this way travels, ſhews ſome Army near.
Char. I hear the ſound of Trumpets from afar. [*Exit* Albinus.
Max. It ſeems the voice of Triumph, not of War. [*To them* Albinus *again.*
Alb. Health and Succeſs our Emperour attends;
The Forces marching on the Plain are friends.
Porphyrius, Whom you *Ægypt's* Prætor made,
Is come from *Alexandria* to your aid.
Max. It well becomes the Conduct and the Care
Of one ſo Fam'd, and Fortunate in War.
You muſt reſign, *Placidius*, your Command;
To him I promis'd the Prætorian Band.
Your Duty in your ſwift Compliance ſhow,
I will provide ſome other Charge for you.
Placid. May *Ceſar*'s Pleaſure ever be obey'd,
With that ſubmiſſion which by me is paid.
Now all the Curſes Envy ever knew,
Or could invent, *Porphyrius* purſue. [*Aſide.*
Alb. Placidius does too tamely bear his loſs;
This new Pretender will all Power ingroſs:
All things muſt now by his Direction move;
And you, Sir, muſt reſign your Father's Love.
Char. Yes; every Name to his Repute muſt bow:
There grow no Bays for any other Brow.
He blaſts my early Honour in the bud,
Like ſome tall Tree the Monſter of the Wood:
O'er-ſhading all which under him would grow,
He ſheds his Venom on the Plants below.
Alb. You muſt ſome noble Action undertake;
Equal with his, your own Renown to make.
Char. I am not for a ſlothful Envy born;
I'll do't this day, in the dire Viſion's ſcorn.
He comes: We Two, like the Twin-Stars appear;
Never to ſhine together in one Sphere. [*Exit cum* Alb.

Enter Porphyrius *attended.*

Max. Porphyrius, Welcome, Welcome as the Light
To cheerful Birds; or as to Lovers, Night.
Welcome as what thou bring'ſt me, Victory.
Per. That waits, Sir, on your Arms, and not on me.
You left a Conqueſt more than half atchiev'd;
And for whoſe eaſineſs I almoſt griev'd.
Yours only the *Ægyptian* Laurels are;
I bring you but the Reliques of your War.
The Chriſtian Princeſs to receive your doom,
Is from her Conquer'd *Alexandria* come.
Her Mother, in another Veſſel ſent,
A Storm ſurpriz'd; nor know I the event:
Both from your Bounty muſt receive their State;
Or muſt on your Triumphant Chariot wait.
Max. From me they can expect no Grace, whoſe Minds,
An execrable Superſtition blinds.
Apoll. The Gods who rais'd you to the World's Command,
Require theſe Victims from your grateful Hand.

Por. To minds reſolv'd, the threats of Death are vain;
They run to Fires, and there enjoy their pain:
Not *Mucius* made more haſte his Hand t'expoſe
To greedy Flames, than their whole Bodies thoſe.
Max. How, to their own deſtruction they are blind!
Zeal is the Pious madneſs of the Mind.
Por. They all our Fam'd Philoſophers defie;
And would our Faith by force of Reaſon try.
Apoll. I beg it, Sir, by all the Powers Divine,
That in their Right this Combat may be mine.
Max. It ſhall, and Fifty Doctors of our Laws
be added to you, to maintain the Cauſe.

Enter Berenice *the Empreſs*, Valeria *Daughter to the Emperor*, Erotion.

Placid. The Empreſs and your Daughter, Sir, are here.
Por. What dangers in theſe charming Eyes appear? [*Looking on the Empreſs.*
How my old Wounds are open'd at this view?
And in my Murd'rers Preſence bleed anew;
Max. I did expect your coming to partake [*To the Ladies.*
The general Gladneſs which my Triumphs make.
You did, *Porphyrius*, as a Courtier know,
But as a Conqueror behold him now.
Ber. You know (I read it in your bluſhing Face) [*To* Por.
To Merit, better than receive a Grace:
And I know better ſilently to own,
Than with vain words to pay your Service done.
Por. Princes, like Gods, reward e're we deſerve; [*Kneeling to kiſs her Hand.*
And pay us in permitting us to ſerve.
Oh might I ſtill grow here, and never move! [*Lower.*
Ber. How dangerous are theſe Ecſtaſies of Love!
He ſhews his Paſſion to a Thouſand Eyes!
He cannot ſtir, nor can I bid him riſe.
That word my Heart refuſes to my Tongue. [*Aſide.*
Max. Madam, you let the General kneel too long.
Por. Too long, as if Eternity were ſo! [*Aſide.*
Ber. Riſe, good *Porphyrius*, (ſince it muſt be ſo.) [*Aſide.*
Por. Like Hermits, from a Viſion, I retire; [*Riſing.*
With Eyes too weak to ſee what I admire. [*Aſide.*
Val. The Empreſs knows your worth; but, Sir, there be { *To* Porphyrius, *who kiſſes her Hand.*
Thoſe who can value it as high as ſhe.
And 'tis but juſt, (ſince in my Father's Cauſe
You fought) your Valour ſhould have my Applauſe.
Placid. O Jealouſie, how art thou Eagle-Ey'd!
She loves; and would her Love in Praiſes hide:
How am I bound this Rival to purſue,
Who raviſhes my Love and Fortune too! [*Aſide.*
Max. Somewhat of Mournful, ſure, my Ears does wound; { [*A dead march within, and Trumpets.*
Like the hoarſe murmurs of a Trumpets ſound,
And Drums unbrac'd, with Soldiers broken Cries.

Enter Albinus.

Albinus, Whence proceeds this diſmal noiſe?
Alb. Too ſoon you'll know what I want words to tell.
Max. How fares my Son, Is my *Charinus* well?
Not anſwer me! Oh my Prophetick fear!
Alb. How can I ſpeak, or how, Sir, can you hear?
Imagine that which you would moſt deplore,
And that which I would ſpeak, is it, or more?
Max. Thy mournful Meſſage in thy Looks I read:
Is he (Oh that I live to ask it) dead?
Alb. Sir.———
Max. Stay; if thou ſpeak'ſt that word, thou ſpeak'ſt thy laſt:
Some God now, if he dares, relate what's paſt;
Say but he's dead, that God ſhall mortal be.
Alb. Then what I dare not ſpeak, look back and ſee.

[Charinus *born in dead by Soldiers.*

Max:

Max. See nothing, Eyes, henceforth, but Death and Wo;
You've done me the worſt Office you can do.
You've ſhewn me Deſtiny's prepoſt'rous Crime;
An unripe Fate, diſclos'd e're Nature's time.
Placid. Aſſwage, great Prince, your Paſſion, leſt you ſhow
There's ſomewhat in your Soul which Fate can bow.
Por. Fortune ſhould by your Greatneſs be controul'd;
Arm your great Mind, and let her take no hold.
Max. To tame Philoſophers teach Conſtancy;
There is no farther uſe of it in me.
Gods! (But why name I you!
All that was worth a Prayer to you, is gone:)
I ask not back my Virtue, but my Son.
Alb. His too great Thirſt of Fame his Ruine brought,
Though, Sir, beyond all humane Force he fought.
Placid. This was my Viſion of this fatal Day!
Alb. With a fierce haſte he led our Troops the way:
While fiery Show'rs of Sulphur on him rain'd;
Nor left he, till the Battlements he gain'd:
There with a Foreſt of their Darts he ſtrove;
And ſtood like *Capaneus* defying *Jove*.
With his broad Sword the boldeſt beating down,
While Fate grew pale leſt he ſhould win the Town,
And turn'd the Iron Leaves of its dark Book,
To make new Dooms, or mend what it miſtook.
Till, ſought by many Deaths, he ſunk, though late.
And by his Fall aſſerted doubtful Fate.
Valer. Oh, my dear Brother! whom Heaven let us ſee,
And would no longer ſuffer him to be!
Max. And didſt not thou a Death with Honour chuſe, [*To Alb.*
But impudently liv'ſt to bring this news?
After his loſs, how didſt thou dare to breath?
———But thy baſe Ghoſt ſhall follow him to Death.
A Decimation I will ſtrictly make
Of all who my *Charinus* did forſake.
And of each Legion, each Centurion
Shall die.———*Placidius*, ſee my Pleaſure done.
Por. Sir, you will loſe, by this Severity,
Your Soldiers Hearts.
Max. ———Why, They take Pay to die.
Por. Then ſpare *Albinus* only.
Max. ———I conſent
To leave his Life to be his Puniſhment.
Diſcharg'd from Truſt, branded with Infamy,
Let him live on, till he ask Leave to die.
Ber. Let me Petition for him.
Max. ———I have ſaid;
And will not be intreated, but obey'd.
But, Empreſs, whence does your Compaſſion grow?
Ber. You need not ask it, ſince my Birth you know.
The Race of *Antonin*'s was nam'd the Good:
I draw my Pity from my Royal Blood.
Max. Still muſt I be upbraided with your Line?
I know you ſpeak it in contempt of mine.
But your late Brother did not prize me leſs,
Becauſe I could not boaſt of Images.
And the Gods own'd me more, when they decreed
A Thracian Shepherd ſhould your Line ſucceed.
Ber. The Gods! O, do not name the Pow'rs Divine;
They never mingled their Decrees with thine.
My Brother gave me to thee for a Wife;
And for my Dowry thou didſt take his Life.
Max. The Gods by many Victories have ſhown,
That they my Merits and his Death did own.

Ber.

Ber. Yes, they have own'd it; witneſs this juſt day,
When they begin thy Miſchiefs to repay.
See the Reward of all thy wicked Care,
Before thee thy Succeſſion ended there.
Yet but in part my Brother's Ghoſt is pleas'd;
Reſtleſs till all the groaning World be eas'd.
For me, no other Happineſs I own,
Than to have born no Iſſue to thy Throne.
Max. Provoke my Rage no farther, leſt I be
Reveng'd at once upon the Gods and thee.
Por. aſide.] What horrid tortures ſeize my lab'ring mind!
O, only excellent of all thy kind,
To hear thee threatned while I idle ſtand!
Heaven! was I born to fear a Tyrant's Hand?
Max. to Ber.] Hence from my ſight——thy Blood, if thou doſt ſtay——
Ber. Tyrant! too well to that thou know'ſt the way. [*Going.*
Por. Let baſer Souls from falling Fortunes fly:
I'll pay my Duty to her though I die. [*Exit leading her.*
Max. What made *Porphyrius* ſo officious be?
The action look'd as done in ſcorn of me.
Val. It did indeed ſome little Freedom ſhow;
But ſomewhat to his Services you owe.
Max. Yet, if I thought it his Preſumption were——
Placid. Perhaps he did not your Diſpleaſure hear.
Max. My Anger was too loud, not to be heard.
Placid. I'm loath to think he did it not regard.
Max. How, not regard!
Val. Placidius, you foment,
On too light grounds, my Father's Diſcontent.
But when an Action does two Faces wear,
'Tis Juſtice to believe what is moſt fair.
I think, That knowing what Reſpect there reſts
For her late Brother in the Soldiers Breaſts,
He went to ſerve the Emp'ror; and deſign'd
Only to calm the Tempeſt in her mind,
Leſt ſome Sedition in the Camp ſhould riſe.
Max. I ever thought him loyal as he's wiſe.
Since therefore all the Gods their Spite have ſhown,
To rob my Age of a ſucceſſive Throne;
And you, who now remain
The only Iſſue of my former Bed,
In Empire cannot by your Sex ſucceed:
To bind *Porphyrius* firmly to the State,
I will this day my *Cæſar* him create:
And, Daughter, I will give you him for Wife.
Val. O day, the beſt and happieſt of my life!
Placid. O day, the moſt accurſt I ever knew! [*Aſide.*
Max. See to my Son perform'd each Funeral Due:
Then to the Toils of War we will return,
And make our Enemies our Loſſes mourn. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I. *The Royal Camp.*

Berenice, Porphyrius.

Ber. *Porphyrius*, you too far did tempt your Fate,
In owning her the Emperor does hate.
'Tis true, your Duty to me it became;
But praiſing that, I muſt your Conduct blame.
Por. Not to have own'd my Zeal at ſuch a time,
Were to ſin higher than your Tyrant's Crime.
Ber. 'Twas too much my Diſgrace t'accompany;
A ſilent Wiſh had been enough for me.

Por. Wiſhes are Aids faint Servants may ſupply,
Who ask Heav'n for you what themſelves deny.
Could I do leſs than my Reſpect to pay,
Where I before had given my Heart away?
Ber. You fail in that Reſpect you ſeem to bear.
When you ſpeak words unfit for me to hear.
Por. Yet you did once accept thoſe Vows I paid.
Ber. Thoſe Vows were then to *Berenice* made;
But cannot now be heard without a Sin,
When offer'd to the Wife of *Maximin.*
Por. Has then the change of Fortune chang'd your Will?
Ah! why are you not *Berenice* ſtill?
To *Maximin* you once declar'd your hate;
Your Marriage was a Sacrifice to th'State:
Your Brother made it to ſecure his Throne,
Which this Man made a Step to mount it on.
Ber. Whatever *Maximin* has been, or is,
I am to bear, ſince Heav'n has made me his.
For Wives, who muſt themſelves of Power diveſt,
When they love blindly for their Peace love beſt.
Por. If mutual Love be vow'd when Faith you plight,
Then he, who forfeits firſt, has loſt his Right.
Ber. Husbands a Forfeiture of Love may make;
But what avails? The Forfeit none can take.
As in a general Wreck
The Pyrate ſinks with his ill-gotten Gains,
And nothing to another's uſe remains:
So, by his Loſs, no Gain to you can fall;
The Sea and vaſt Deſtruction ſwallows all.
Por. Yet he, who from the Shore the Wreck deſcries,
May lawfully enrich him with the Prize.
Ber. Who ſees the Wreck can yet no Title plead,
Till he be ſure the Owner firſt is dead.
Por. If that be all the Claim I want to Love,
This Pyrate of your Heart I'll ſoon remove;
And, at one Stroak, the World and you ſet free.
Ber. Leave to the Care of Heav'n that World and me.
Por. Heav'n, as its Inſtrument, my Courage ſends.
Ber. Heav'n n'er ſent thoſe who fight for private ends.
We both are bound by Truſt, and muſt be true;
I to his Bed, and to his Empire you.
For he who to the bad betrays his Truſt,
Though he does good, becomes himſelf unjuſt.
Por. When *Brutus* did from *Cæſar Rome* redeem,
The Act was good.
Ber.——But 'twas not good in him.
You ſee the Gods adjudg'd it Parricide,
By dooming the Event on *Cæſar*'s ſide.
'Tis Virtue not to be oblig'd at all;
Or not conſpire our Benefactor's Fall.
Por. You doom me then to ſuffer all this ill,
And yet I doom my ſelf to love you ſtill.
Ber. Dare not *Porphyrius* ſuffer then with me,
Since what for him I for my ſelf decree?
Por. How can I bear thoſe Griefs you diſapprove?
Ber. To eaſe 'em, I'll permit you ſtill to love.
Por. That will but haſte my death, if you think fit
not to reward, but barely to permit.
Love without Hope does like a Torture wound,
Which makes me reach in pain to touch the ground.
Ber. If hope, then, to your Life ſo needful be,
Hope ſtill.
Por.——Bleſs'd News!
Ber.——But hope in Heav'n, not me.

Por.

Por. Love is too noble ſuch deceits to uſe;
Referring me to Heav'n, your Gift I loſe:
So Princes cheaply may our Wants Supply,
When they give that their Treaſurers deny.
Ber. Love blinds my Virtue: If I longer ſtay,
It will grow dark, and I ſhall loſe my way.
Por. One Kiſs from this fair Hand can be no Sin;
I ask not that you gave to *Maximin*.
In full Reward of all the pains I've paſt,
Give me but one.
Ber.———Then let it be your laſt.
Por. 'Tis gone!
Like Soldiers prodigal of their Arrears,
One Minute ſpends the Pay of many Years.
———Let but one more be added to the Sum,
And pay at once for all my pains to come.
Ber. Unthrifts will ſtarve if we before-hand give: [*pulling back her hand.*
I'll ſee you ſhall have juſt enough to live.
Enter Erotion.
Ero. Madam, the Emperor is drawing near;
And comes, they ſay, to ſeek *Porphyrius* here.
Ber. Alas!
Por.———I will not ask what he intends;
My Life, or Death, alone on you depends.
Ber. I muſt withdraw, but muſt not let him know [*Aſide.*
How hard the Precepts of my Virtue grow.
But what e're Fortune is for me deſign'd,
Sweet Heav'n, be ſtill to brave *Porphyrius* kind! [*Exit cum* Erotio.
Por. She's gone unkindly, and refus'd to caſt
One Glance to feed me for ſo long a Faſt.
Enter Maximin, Placidius, *Guards.*
Max. Porphyrius, ſince the Gods have raviſh'd one,
I come in you to ſeek another Son.
Succeed him then in my Imperial State;
Succeed in all, but his untimely Fate.
If I adopt you with no better Grace,
Pardon a Father's Tears upon my Face.
And give 'em to *Charinus* Memory:
May they not prove as ominous to thee.
Por. With what Misfortunes Heav'n torments me ſtill!
Why muſt I be oblig'd to one ſo ill? [*Aſide.*
Max. Thoſe Offers which I made you, Sir, were ſuch,
No private Man ſhould need to ballance much.
Por. Who durſt his Thought to ſuch Ambition lift? *Kneeling*
The Greatneſs of it made me doubt the Gift.
The diſtance was ſo vaſt, that to my View
It made the Object ſeem at firſt untrue:
And now 'tis near, the ſudden Excellence
Strikes through, and flaſhes on my tender Senſe
Max. Yet Heav'n and Earth, which ſo remote appear, [*Raiſing him.*
Are, by the Air which flows betwixt 'em, near.
And 'twixt us two, my Daughter be the Chain;
One end with me, and one with you remain.
Por. You preſs me down with ſuch a glorious Fate, [*Kneeling again.*
I cannot riſe againſt the mighty Weight.
Permit I may retire ſome little ſpace,
And gather Strength to bear ſo great a Grace. [*Exit bowing.*
Placid. How Love and Fortune laviſhly contend,
Which ſhould *Porphyrius* Wiſhes moſt befriend!
The Mid-ſtream's his; I, creeping by the ſide,
Am ſhoulder'd off by his impetuous Tide. [*Aſide.*
Enter Valerius *haſtily.*
Val. I hope my Buſineſs may my Haſte excuſe;
For, Sir, I bring you moſt ſurprizing News.

The Chriſtian Princeſs in her Tent confers
With Fifty of your learn'd Philoſophers;
Whom with ſuch Eloquence ſhe does perſuade,
That they are Captives to her Reaſons made.
I left 'em yielding up their vanquiſh'd Cauſe,
And all the Soldiers ſhouting her Applauſe;
Even *Apollonius* does but faintly ſpeak,
Whoſe Voice the murmers of th' Aſſiſtants break.
Max. Conduct this Captive Chriſtian to my Tent;
She ſhall be brought to ſpeedy puniſhment. [*Exit* Valerius.
I muſt in time ſome Remedy provide,
Leſt this contagious Error ſpread too wide.
Placid. T'infected Zeal you muſt no Mercy ſhow:
For, from Religion all Rebellions grow.
Max. The Silly crowd, by factious Teachers, brought
To think that Faith untrue their Youth was taught,
Run on in new Opinions blindly bold;
Neglect, contemn, and then aſſault the old.
Th' infectious madneſs ſeizes every part,
And from the Head diſtills upon the Heart.
And firſt, they think their Prince's Faith not True,
And then preſume to offer him a new;
Which if refus'd, all Duty from 'em caſt,
To their new Faith, they make new Kings at laſt.
Placid. Thoſe Ills by Male-contents are often wrought,
That by their Prince their Duty may be bought.
They head thoſe Holy Factions which they hate,
To ſell their Duty at a dearer Rate.
But, Sir, the Tribune is already here
With your fair Captive.
Max. ——————Bid 'em both appear.
Enter S. Catharine, Valerius, Apollonius, *Guards.*
See where ſhe comes; with that high Air and Meen,
Which Marks in Bonds, the greatneſs of a Queen!
What pity 'tis!——but I no charms muſt ſee
In her, who to our Gods is Enemy.——
Fair Foe of Heav'n, whence comes this haughty Pride, [*To her.*
Or is it Frenzy does your Mind miſguide
To ſcorn our Worſhip, and new Gods to find?
S. Cath. Nor Pride, nor Frenzy, but a ſetled Mind,
Enlightned from above, my way does mark.
Max. Tho' Heaven be clear, the way to it is dark.
Cath. But where our Reaſon with our Faith does go,
We're both above enlightned, and below.
But Reaſon with your fond Religion fights;
For many Gods, are many Infinites:
This to the firſt Philoſophers was known,
Who, under various names, Ador'd but one.
Though your vain Poets after did miſtake,
Who every Attribute a God did make.
And ſo obſcene their Ceremonies be,
As good Men loath, and *Cato* bluſh'd to ſee.
Max. War is my Province, Prieſt, Why ſtand you mute?
You gain by Heaven, and therefore ſhould diſpute.
Apol. In all Religions, as in ours, there are
Some ſolid Truths, and ſome things popular.
The Popular in pleaſing Fables lie,
The Truths in Precepts of Morality;
And theſe to Humane Life are of that uſe,
That no Religion can ſuch Rules produce.
S. Cath. Then let the whole Diſpute concluded be
Betwixt theſe Rules and Chriſtianity.
Apol. And what more Noble can your Doctrine Preach,
Than Virtues which Philoſophy does teach?

To

To keep the Paſſions in ſevereſt awe,
To live to Reaſon, (Nature's greateſt Law)
To follow Virtue, is its own Reward;
And Good and Ill, as things without Regard.
S. Cath. Yet few could follow thoſe ſtrict Rules they gave;
For Humane Life will Humane Frailties have:
And love of Virtue is but barren praiſe,
Airy as Fame; not ſtrong enough to raiſe
The Actions of the Soul above the Senſe.
Virtue grows cold without a Recompence.
We virtuous Acts as Duty do regard,
Yet are permitted to expect Reward.
Apoll. By how much more your Faith Reward aſſures,
So much more frank our Virtue is than yours.
S. Cath. Blind Men! you ſeek even thoſe Rewards you blame.
But ours are ſolid, yours an empty name.
Either to open Praiſe your Acts you guide,
Or elſe reward your ſelves with ſecret Pride.
Apol. Yet ſtill our Moral Virtues you obey:
Ours are the Precepts, though apply'd your way.
S. Cath. 'Tis true, your Precepts are the ſame we teach;
But in our Practice they much higher reach.
You but forbid to take anothers due;
But we forbid even to deſire it too.
Revenge of Injuries you Virtue call,
But we forgiveneſs of our wrongs extoll:
Immodeſt Deeds you hinder to be wrought,
But we proſcribe the leaſt immodeſt Thought.
So much your Virtues are in ours refin'd,
That yours but reach the Actions, ours the Mind.
Max. Anſwer in ſhort to what you heard her ſpeak. [*To* Apol.
Apol. Where Truth prevails all Arguments are weak.
To that convincing Power I muſt give place:
And with that Truth, that Faith I will embrace.
Max. O Traitor to our Gods, but more to me;
Dar'ſt thou of any Faith, but of thy Prince's be?
But ſure thou rav'ſt; thy fooliſh Error find:
Caſt up the poiſon that infects thy Mind;
And ſhun the Torments thou art ſure to feel.
Apol. Nor Fire, nor Torture, nor revenging Steel,
Can on my Soul the leaſt Impreſſion make:
How gladly, Truth, I ſuffer for thy ſake!
Once I was ignorant of what was ſo;
But never can abandon Truth I know:
My Martyrdom I to thy Crown prefer;
Truth is a Cauſe for a Philoſopher.
S. Cath. Loſe not that Courage which Heaven does inſpire; [*To* Apollonius.
But fearleſs go to be Baptiz'd in Fire.
Think 'tis a Triumph not a Danger near:
Give him your Blood; but give him not a Tear.
Go, and prepare my Seat: and hovering be
Near that bright ſpace which is reſerv'd for me.
Max. Hence with the Traitor; bear him to his Fate.
Apol Tyrant, I fear thy Pity, not thy Hate:
A Life Eternal I by Death obtain.
Max. Go, carry him, where he that Life may gain. } *Exeunt* Apollonius, Va-
Placid. From the Enchantreſs all theſe Ills are come } lerius *and Guards.*
You are not ſafe till you pronounce her Doom.
Each Hour ſhe lives a Legion ſweeps away;
She'll make your Army Martyrs in a day.
Max. 'Tis Juſt this Chriſtian Sorcereſs ſhould Dye:
(Would I had never prov'd her Sorcery:)
Not that her charming Tongue this change has bred;
I fear 'tis ſomething that her Eyes have fed.

I love

I Love; and am aſham'd it ſhould be ſeen. [*Aſide.*
Placid. Sir, ſhall ſhe die?
Max.———Conſider ſhe's a Queen.
Placid. Thoſe Claims in *Cleopatra* ended were.
Max. How many *Cleopatra's* live in her? [*Aſide.*
Placid. When you condemn'd her, Sir, ſhe was a Queen.
Max. No, Slave; ſhe only was a Captive then,
S. Cath. My joyful Sentence you defer too long.
Max. I never knew that Life was ſuch a Wrong.
But if you needs will die —— it ſhall be ſo.
———Yet think it does from your Perverſeneſs flow.
Men ſay, indeed, that I in Blood delight;
But you ſhall find———Haſte, take her from my ſight.
———For *Maximin* I have too much confeſs'd;
And for a Lover not enough expreſs'd.
Abſent, I may her Martyrdom decree;
But one Look more will make that Martyr me. [*Exit* S. Cath. *guarded.*
Placid. What is it, Sir, that ſhakes your mighty mind?
Max. Somewhat I am aſham'd that thou ſhould'ſt find.
Placid. If it be Love that does your Soul poſſeſs———
Max. Are you my Rival, that ſo ſoon you gueſs?
Placid. Far, mighty Prince, be ſuch a Crime from me, [*Kneeling.*
Which, with the Pride, includes Impiety.
Could you forgive it, yet the Gods above
Would never pardon me a Chriſtian Love.
Max. Thou ly'ſt———there's not a God inhabits there,
But for this Chriſtian would all Heav'n forſwear.
Ev'n *Jove* would try more Shapes her Love to win;
And in new Birds, and unknown Beaſts, would ſin:
At leaſt, if *Jove* could love like *Maximin.*
Placid. A Captive, Sir, who would a Martyr dye?
Max. She courts not Death, but ſhuns Captivity.
Great Gifts, and greater Promiſes I'll make;
And what Religion is't, but they can ſhake?
She ſhall live high: Devotion in Diſtreſs
Is born, but vaniſhes in Happineſs. [*Exit* Maximin.
Placid. ſolus. His Son forgot, his Empreſs unappeas'd;
How ſoon the Tyrant with new Love is ſeiz'd!
Love various minds does variouſly inſpire:
He ſtirs in gentle Natures gentle Fire,
Like that of Incenſe on the Altars laid:
But raging Flames tempeſtuous Souls invade.
A Fire which every windy Paſſion blows;
With Pride it mounts, and with Revenge it glows.
But I, accurs'd, who ſervilely muſt move;
And ſmooth his Paſſion, for his Daughters Love!
Small Hope, 'tis true, attends my mighty Care,
But of all Paſſions, Love does laſt deſpair. [*Exit*

ACT III. SCENE I. *The Royal Pavilion.*

Maximin, Placidius, *Guards and Attendants.*

Max. THis Love that never could my Youth engage,
Peeps out his Coward Head to dare my Age.
Where haſt thou been thus long, thou ſleeping Form,
That wak'ſt like drowſie Sea-men in a Storm?
A ſullen hour thou chuſeſt for thy Birth:
My Love ſhoots up in Tempeſts, as the Earth
Is ſtrr'd and looſen'd in a bluſtring Wind,
Whoſe Blaſts to waiting Flowers her Womb unbind.
Placid. Forgive me, if I ſay your Paſſions are
So rough, as if in Love you would make War.

But

But Love is ſoft———
And with ſoft Beauty tenderly complies;
In Lips it laughs, and languiſhes in Eyes.
Max. There let it Laugh, or like an Infant Weep:
I cannot ſuch a ſupple Paſſion keep.
Mine, ſtiff with Age, and ſtubborn as my Arms,
Walks upright; ſtoops not to, but meets her Charms.
Placid. Yet fierceneſs ſuits not with her gentle kind:
They brave Aſſaults, but may be undermin'd.
Max. Till I in thoſe mean Arts am better read,
Court thou, and fawn, and flatter in my ſtead.
Enter S. Catharine.
She comes; and now, methinks, I could obey:
Her Form glides through me, and my Heart gives way:
This Iron Heart, which no impreſſion took
From Wars, melts down and runs, if ſhe but look. [*Exit.* Maximin.
Placid. Madam, I from the Emperor am come
T'applaud your Virtue, and reverſe your Doom.
He thinks, whatever your Religion be,
This Palm is owing to your Conſtancy.
S. Cath. My Conſtancy from him ſeeks no Renown;
Heaven, that propos'd the Courſe, will give the Crown.
Placid. But Monarchs are the Gods Vicegerents here;
Heav'n gives Rewards; but what it gives they bear:
From Heav'n to you the Ægyptian Crown is ſent,
Yet 'tis a Prince who does the Gift preſent.
S. Cath. The Deity I ſerve, had he thought fit,
Could have preſerv'd my Crown unconquer'd yet:
But when his ſecret Providence deſign'd
To level that, he levell'd too my Mind;
Which by contracting its Deſires, is taught
The humble quiet of poſſeſſing naught.
Placid. To Stoicks leave a Happineſs ſo mean:
Your Virtue does deſerve a Nobler Scene.
You are not for Obſcurity deſign'd:
But, like the Sun, muſt chear all Humane kind.
S. Cath. No Happineſs can be where is no reſt:
Th' unknown, untalk'd of Man is only Bleſt.
He, as in ſome ſafe Cliff, his Cell does keep;
From thence he views the labours of the Deep:
The Gold-fraught Veſſel which mad Tempeſts beat,
He ſees now vainly make to his retreat;
And, when from far, the Tenth Wave does appear,
Shrinks up in ſilent joy that he's not there.
Placid. You have a Pilot who your Ship ſecures;
The Monarch both of Earth and Seas is yours.
He who ſo freely gives a Crown away,
Yet asks no Tribute but what you may pay.
One Smile on him a greater Wealth beſtows,
Than *Ægypt* yields, when *Nilus* overflows.
S. Cath. I cannot wholly innocent appear,
Since I have liv'd ſuch words as theſe to hear.
O Heav'n, which doſt of Chaſtity take care!———
Placid. Why do you loſe an unregarded Pray'r?
If Happineſs, as you believe, be Reſt,
That Quiet ſure is by the Gods poſſeſt:———
'Tis Greatneſs to neglect, or not to know
The little buſineſs of the World below.
S. Cath. This Doctrine well befitted him, who thought
A caſual World was from wild Atomes wrought:
But ſuch an Order in each chance we ſee,
(Chain'd to its Cauſe, as that to its Decree,)

That

That none can think a Workmanſhip ſo rare
Was built, or kept, without a Workman's Care. { *To them* Maximin, *Attendants and Guards.*
Max. Madam, you from *Placidius* may have heard
Some News, which will your Happineſs regard.
For what a greater Happineſs can be,
Than to be Courted and be Lov'd by me?
The *Ægyptian* Crown I to your hands remit;
And, with it, take his Heart who offers it. [*She turns aſide.*
Do you my Perſon and my Gift contemn?
S. Cath. My Hopes purſue a brighter Diadem.
Max. Can any brighter than the *Roman* be?
I find my proffer'd Love has cheapen'd me:
Since you neglect to anſwer my Deſires,
Know, Princeſs, you ſhall burn in other Fires.
——Why ſhould you urge me to ſo black a Deed?
Think all my Anger did from Love proceed.
S. Cath. Nor threats, nor Promiſes my Mind can move:
Your furious Anger, nor your impious Love.
Max. The Love of you can never impious be;
You are ſo pure——
That in the Act 'twou'd change th' impiety.
Heav'n would unmake it ſin——
S. Cath. I take my ſelf from thy deteſted ſight:
To my Reſpect thou haſt no longer Right:
Such pow'r in Bonds true Piety can have,
That I Command, and thou art but a Slave. [*Exit. S.* Cath.
Max. To what a height of Arrogance ſhe ſwells!
Pride or ill Nature ſtill with Virtue dwells;
Her Death ſhall ſet me free this very Hour;
——But is her Death within a Lovers Pow'r?
Wild with my Rage, more Wild with my Deſire,
Like meeting Tides——but mine are Tides of Fire.
What petty Promiſe was't that caus'd this Frown?
Placid. You heard: No leſs than the *Ægyptian* Crown.
Max. Throw *Ægypt*'s by, and offer in the ſtead;
Offer—the Crown off *Berenice*'s Head.
I am reſolv'd to double till I win;
About it ſtraight, and ſend *Porphyrius* in.
We look like Eagles tow'ring in the Sky;
While her high flight, ſtill raiſes mine more high. [*To him* Porphyrius.
Por. I come, Sir, to expect your great Commands.
Max. My Happineſs lies only in thy hands:
And, ſince I have adopted thee my Son,
I'll keep no Secret from thy Breaſt unknown.
Led by the Int'reſt of my riſing Fate,
I did eſpouſe this Empreſs whom I hate:
And therefore with leſs ſhame I may declare,
That I the Fetters of thy Captive wear.
Por. Sir, you amaze me with ſo ſtrange a Love.
Max. Pity, my Son, thoſe Flames you diſapprove.
The cauſe of Love can never be aſſign'd;
'Tis in no Face, but in the Lover's Mind.
Por. Yet there are Beauties which attract all Hearts;
And all Mankind lies open to their Darts,
Whoſe Sovereignty, without diſpute, we grant;
Such Graces, ſure, your Empreſs does not want.
Max. Beauty has bounds——
And can no more to every Heart be ſo,
Than any Coin through every Land can go.
Some ſecret Grace, which is but ſo to me,
Though not ſo great, may yet more pow'rful be:
All guard themſelves when ſtronger Foes invade;
Yet, by the weak, ſurprizes may be made:
But you, my Son, are not to judge, but aid.

Por.

Por. What is it, Sir, you can require of me?
Max. I would from *Berenice*'s Bonds be free,
This Yoke of Marriage from us both remove,
Where Two are bound to draw, thô neither Love.
Por. Neither the Gods nor Man will give conſent,
To put in practice your unjuſt intent.
Max. Both muſt conſent to that which I decree.
Por. The Soldiers love her Brother's Memory;
And for her ſake ſome Mutiny will ſtir.
Max. Our parting therefore —— ſhall be ſought by her.
Go, bid her ſue for a Divorce, or Dye;
I'll cut the knot, if ſhe will not untye:
Haſte to prepare her, and thy ſelf return;
Thy *Hymen*'s Torch this day with mine ſhall burn. [*Exit.*
Por. Rather my Funeral Torch —for though I know
Valeria's Fair, and that ſhe loves me too,
'Gainſt her my Soul is arm'd on every part:
Yet there are ſecret Rivets to my Heart;
Where *Berenice*'s Charms have found the way;
Subtile as Lightnings, but more fierce than they.
How ſhall I this avoid, or gain that Love!
So near the Rock, I to the Port muſt move. [*To him,* Valeria *attended.*
Val. Porphyrius, now my joy I may expreſs,
Nor longer hide the Love I muſt poſſeſs.
Should I have ſtaid till Marriage made us One,
You might have thought it was by Duty done;
But of my Heart I now a Preſent make;
And give it you, e're it be yours to take.
Accept it as when early Fruit we ſend:
And let the rareneſs the ſmall Gift commend.
Por. Great Monarchs, like your Father, often give
What is above a Subject to receive:
But faithful Officers ſhould countermand,
And ſtop the Gift that paſſes through their hand:
And to their Prince that maſs of Wealth reſtore,
Which laviſh'd thus, would make whole Nations poor.
Val. But to this Gift a double Right you have:
My Father gives but what before I gave.
Por. In vain you ſuch unequal Preſents make,
Which I ſtill want Capacity to take.
Such fatal Bounty once the *Gauls* did ſhew;
They threw their Rings, but threw their Targets too.
Bounty ſo plac'd, does more like ruine look;
You pour the Ocean on a narrow Brook.
Val. Yet if your Love before prepares a Boat,
The Stream ſo pour'd, drowns not, but makes it float.
Por. But when the Veſſel is on Quick-Sands caſt,
The flowing Tide does more the ſinking haſt,
Val. And on what Quick-Sands can your Heart be thrown?
Can you a Love beſides *Valeria*'s own?
Por. If he who at your Feet his Heart would lay,
Be met with firſt, and robb'd upon the way,
You may indeed the Robbers ſtrength accuſe,
But pardon him who did the Preſent loſe.
Val. Who is this Thief that does my Right poſſeſs?
Name her, and then we of her ſtrength may gueſs——
From whence does your unwonted ſilence come?
Por. She bound and gagg'd me, and has left me dumb.
Val. But of my wrongs I will aloud complain;
Falſe Man, thou would'ſt excuſe thy ſelf in vain:
For thee I did a Maidens bluſh forſake.
And own'd a Love thou haſt refus'd to take.
Por. Refus'd it——like a Miſer 'midſt his Store,
Who graſps, and graſps, till he can hold no more;

And when his Strength is wanting to his Mind,
Looks back, and ſighs on what he left behind.
Val. No, I reſume that Heart thou didſt poſſeſs;
My Father ſhall my Injuries redreſs:
With me thou loſeſt his Imperial Crown,
And ſpeedy Death attends upon his Frown.
Por. You may revenge your Wrongs a nobler way;
Command my Death, and I will ſoon obey:
Val. No, live; for on thy Life my Cure depends:
In Debtors Deaths all Obligation ends.
'Twill be ſome eaſe ungrateful thee to to call;
And Bankrupt-like, ſay, Truſting him loſt all.
Por. Upbraided thus what gen'rous Man would live!
But Fortune will revenge what you forgive.
When I refuſe (as in few Hours I muſt)
This offer'd Grace, your Father will be Juſt.
Val. Be Juſt! ſay rather he will cruel prove,
To kill that only Perſon I can love.
Yet ſo it is!——
Your Int'reſt in the Army is ſo high;
That he muſt make you his, or you muſt Die!
It is Reſolv'd! whoe're my Rival be, [*Aſide after a pauſe.*
I'll ſhow that I deſerve him more than ſhe.
And if at laſt he does ungrateful prove,
My Conſtancy it ſelf rewards my Love. [*Exit.*
Por. She's gone, and gazing round about, I ſee
Nothing but Death, or Glorious Miſery;
Here Empire ſtands, if I could Love diſplace;
There, hopeleſs Love, with more Imperial Grace;
Thus as a ſinking Heroe compaſs'd round,
Beckons his braveſt Foe for his laſt wound,
And him into his part of Fame does call,
I'll turn my Face to Love, and there I'll fall. [*To him* Berenice, Erotion.
Ber. I come, *Porphyrius* to congratulate
This happy change of your exalted Fate:
You to the Empire are, I hear, deſign'd,
And fair *Valeria* muſt th'Alliance bind.
Por. Would Heav'n had my Succeſſion ſo decreed,
That I in all might *Maximin* ſucceed!
He offers me th'Imperial Crown, it's true:
I would ſucceed him, but it is in you.
Ber. In me! I never did accept your Love;
But you, I ſee, would handſomely remove.
And I can give you leave without a frown:
I always thought you merited a Crown.
Por. I never ſought that Crown, but on your Brow;
But you with ſuch Indiff'rence would allow
My Change, that you have kill'd me with that Breath:
I feel your Scorn cold as the hand of Death.
Ber. You'll come to Life in your *Valeria*'s Arms:
'Tis true, I cannot boaſt of equal Charms;
Or if I could, I never did admit
Your Love to me, but only ſuffer'd it.
I am a Wife, and can make no return;
And 'twere but vain, in hopeleſs Fires to burn.
Por. Unkind! Can you, whom only I Adore,
Set open to your Slave the Priſon Door?
You uſe my Heart juſt as you would afford
A fatal Freedom to ſome harmleſs Bird,
Whom, Breeding, you ne'r taught to ſeek its Food,
And now let flie to periſh in the Wood.
Ber. Then, if you will love on, and diſobey,
And loſe an Empire for my ſake, you may.

Will a kind Look from me pay all this ſcore?
For you well know you muſt expect no more.
Por. All I Deſerve it will, not all I Wiſh:
But I will brave the Tyrant's Rage for this.
If I refuſe, my Death muſt needs enſue;
But you ſhall ſee that I dare Die for you.
Ber. Would you for me,
A Beauty and an Empire too deny?
I love you now ſo well——that you ſhall Die,
Die mine; 'tis all I can with Honour give:
Nor ſhould you Die, if after, I would Live.
But when your Marriage and your Death I view,
That makes you falſe, but this will keep you True.
Por. Unbind thy Brows, and look abroad to ſee,
O mighty Love, thy mightieſt Victory!
Ber. And yet——is there no other way to try?
'Tis hard to ſay I Love, and let you Die.
Por. Yes, there remains ſome help, which you might give,
If you, as I would Die for Love, would Live.
Ber. If Death for Love be ſweet, ſure Life is more:
Teach me the means your ſafety to reſtore.
Por. Your Tyrant the *Ægyptian* Princeſs loves;
And to that height his ſwelling Paſſion moves,
That, fearing in your Death the Soldiers Force,
He from your Bed does ſtudy a Divorce.
Ber. Th' *Ægyptian* Princeſs I Diſputing heard,
And as a Miracle her Mind regard.
But yet I wiſh that this Divorce be true.
Por. 'Tis, Madam, but it muſt be ſought by you.
By this he will all Mutinies prevent;
And this, as well, ſecures your own Content.
Ber. I hate this Tyrant, and this Bed I loath;
But, once ſubmitting, I am ty'd to both:
Ty'd to that Honour, which all Women owe,
Though not their Husband's Perſon, yet their Vow.
Something ſo Sacred in that Bond there is,
That none ſhould think there could be ought amiſs:
And if there be, we ſhould in ſilence hide
Thoſe Faults, which blame our Choice when they are ſpy'd.
Por. But, ſince to all the World his Crimes are known,
And, by himſelf the Civil War's begun,
Would you th'advantage of the Fight delay,
If, ſtriking firſt, you were to win the Day?
Ber. I would, like *Jews*, upon their Sabbath fall:
And, rather than ſtrike firſt, not ſtrike at all.
Por. Againſt your ſelf you ſadly Propheſie:
You either this Divorce muſt ſeek, or Die.
Ber. Then Death from all my Griefs ſhall ſet me free.
Por. And would you rather chuſe your Death, than me?
Ber. My Earthy part———.
Which is my Tyrants Right, Death will remove,
I'll come all Soul and Spirit to your Love.
With ſilent Steps I'll follow you all day;
Or elſe before you in the Sun-Beams play.
I'll lead you thence to melancholly Groves.
And there repeat the Scenes of our paſt Loves.
At night, I will within your Curtains peep;
With empty Arms embrace you while you Sleep.
In gentle Dreams I often will be by;
And ſweep along before your cloſing Eye.
All dangers from your Bed I will remove;
But guard it moſt from any future Love.
And when at laſt in pity you will Dye,
I'll watch your Birth of Immortality:

Then, Turtle-like, I'll to my Mate repair,
And teach you your firſt Flight in open Air. [*Exit* Berenice *cum* Erotio.
Por. She has but done what Honour did require:
Nor can I blame that Love, which I admire.
But then her Death!
I'll ſtand betwixt, it firſt ſhall pierce my Heart:
We will be ſtuck together on his Dart.
But yet the Danger not ſo high does grow:
I'll charge Death firſt, perhaps repulſe him too.
But if o'r-power'd, I muſt be overcome;
Forc'd back, I'll fight each Inch into my Tomb. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I. *Indian Cave.*

Placidius, Nigrinus. Nigrinus *with two drawn Swords held upwards in his hands.*

Placid. ALL other means have fail'd to move her heart;
Our laſt Recourſe is therefore to your Art.
Nig. Of Wars, and Bloodſhed, and of dire Events,
Of Fates, and fighting Kings, their Inſtruments,
I could with greater Certainty foretell;
Love only does in doubts and darkneſs dwell.
For, like a Wind, it in no quarter ſtays;
But points and veres each hour a thouſand ways.
On Women Love depends, and they on Will;
Chance turns their Orb, while Deſtiny ſits ſtill.
Placid. Leave nothing unattempted in your Power;
Remember you oblige an Emperour.
Nig. An earthy Fiend by compact me obeys;
But him to light Intents I muſt not raiſe.
Some Aſtral Forms I muſt invoke by Pray'r,
Fram'd all of pureſt Atoms of the Air;
Not in their Natures ſimply good or ill,
But moſt ſubſervient to bad Spirits Will.
Nakar of thoſe does lead the mighty band;
For eighty Legions move at his Command:
Gentle to all, but far above the reſt,
Mild *Nakar* loves his ſoft *Damilkar* beſt.
In Aery Chariots they together ride,
And ſip the Dew as through the Clouds they glide.
Theſe are the Spirits which in Love have pow'r.
Placid. Haſte, and invoke 'em in a happy hour.
Nig. And ſo it proves: For, counting Sev'n from Noon,
'Tis *Venus* hour, and in the wexing Moon.
With Chalk I firſt deſcribe a Circle here,
Where theſe Ætherial Spirits muſt appear.
Come in, come in, for here they will be ſtrait:
Around, around, the place I fumigate:
My Fumigation is to *Venus* juſt:
Te Souls of Roſes, and red Coral's Duſt:
A lump of *Sperma Ceti*; and to theſe,
The Stalks and Chips of *Lignum Aloes.*
And, laſt, to make my Fumigation good,
'Tis mix'd with Sparrows Brains and Pigeons Blood.
[Nigrinus *takes up the Swords.*
They come, they come, they come! I hear 'em now.
Placid. A death-like Damp ſits cold upon my Brow:
And miſty Vapours ſwim before my Sight.
Nig. They come not in a Shape to cauſe your Fright.
[Nakar *and* Damilkar *deſcend in Clouds, and ſing.*

Nak. *Heark, my* Damilkar, *we are call'd below!*
Dam. *Let us go, let us go!*
Go to relieve the Care of longing Lovers in Deſpair!

Nak.

Nak. *Merry, merry, merry, we ſail from the Eaſt,*
Half tipled at a Rain-bow Feaſt.
Dam. *In the Bright Moon-ſhine, while Winds whiſtle loud,*
Tivy, tivy, tivy, we mount and we fly,
All racking along in a downy white Cloud:
And leſt our leap from the Skie ſhould prove too far,
We ſlide on the back of a new falling Star.
Nak. *And drop from above,*
In a Gelly of Love!
Dam. *But now the Sun's down, and the Element's red,*
The Spirits of Fire againſt us make head!
Nak. *They muſter, they muſter, like Gnats in the Air:*
Alas! I muſt leave thee, my Fair;
And to my Light-horſe-men repair.
Dam. *O ſtay, for you need not to fear 'em to night;*
The Wind is for us, and blows full in their ſight:
And o'r the wide Ocean we fight.
Like Leaves in the Autumn our Foes will fall down;
And hiſs in the Water———
Both, *And hiſs in the Water, and drown!*
Nak. *But their Men lie ſecurely intrench'd in a Cloud:*
And a Trumpeter-Hornet to Battel ſounds loud.
Dam. *Now Mortals that ſtie*
How we tilt in the Skie,
With wonder will gaze;
And fear ſuch Events as will ne'er come to paſs!
Nak. *Stay you to perform what the Man will have done:*
Dam. *Then call me again when the Battel is won.*
Both, *So ready and quick is a Spirit of Air*
To pity the Lover, and ſuccour the Fair,
That, ſilent and ſwift, that little ſoft God
Is here with a Wiſh, and is gone with a Nod.
[*The Clouds part,* Nakar *flies up, and* Amilkar *down.*
Nig. I charge thee, Spirit, ſtay; and by the pow'r [*To* Damil.
Of *Nakar*'s Love, and of this Holy Wand,
On the North Quarter of my Circle ſtand.
(Seven Foot around for my Defence I take!)
To all my Queſtions faithful Anſwers make;
So may'ſt thou live thy thouſand Years in Peace,
And ſee thy Aery Progeny encreaſe:
So may'ſt thou ſtill continue young and fair,
Fed by the Blaſt of pure Ætherial Air.
And, thy full term expir'd, without all pain,
Diſſolve into thy Aſtral Source again.
Dam. Name not my hated Rival *Gemory*,
And I'll ſpeak true, whate'er thy Queſtions be.
Nig. Thy Rival's hated Name I will refrain.
Speak, Shall the Emperor his Love obtain?
Dam. Few hours ſhall paſs before your Emperour ſhall be
Poſſeſs'd of that he loves, or from that Love be free.
Placid. Shall I enjoy that Beauty I adore?
Dam. She, Suppliant-like, e'r long, thy Succour ſhall implore:
And thou with her thou lov'ſt in Happineſs may'ſt live,
If ſhe not dies before, who all the Joys can give.
Nig. Say, what does the Ægyptian Princeſs now?
Dam. A gentle Slumber ſits upon her Brow.
Nig. Go, ſtand before her in a Golden Dream,
Set all the Pleaſures of the World to ſhow;
And in vain Joys let her looſe Spirit flow.
Dam. Twice fifty Tents remove her from your ſight,
But I'll cut through them all with Rays of Light:
And covering other Objects, to your eyes
Show where intranc'd in ſilent Sleep ſhe lies.
[Damilear *ſtamps, and the Bed ariſes with St.* Catharine *in it.*

Dam.

Dam. Singing. *You pleasing Dreams of Love and sweet Delight,*
Appear before this slumb'ring Virgins sight:
Soft Visions set her free
From Mournful Piety.
Let her sad Thoughts from Heav'n retire;
And let the melancholly Love
Of those remoter Joys above
Give place to your more sprightly Fire.
Let purling Streams be in her Fancy seen;
And Flow'ry Meads, and Vales of chearful Green:
And in the midst of Deathless Groves
Soft sighing Wishes lye,
And smiling Hopes fast by,
And just beyond 'em ever-laughing Loves,

A Scene of a Paradise *is discover'd.*

Placid. Some pleasing Objects do her Mind employ;
For on her Face I read a wandring Joy.

SONG.

Dam. *Ah how sweet it is to love,*
Ah how Gay is young Desire!
And what pleasing pains we prove
When we first approach Loves Fire!
Pains of Love be sweeter far
Than all other Pleasures are.

Sighs which are from Lovers blown,
Do but gently heave the Heart:
Ev'n the Tears they shed alone
Cure, like trickling Balm, their smart.
Lovers when they lose their Breath,
Bleed away in easie Death.

Love and Time with Reverence use,
Treat 'em like a parting Friend:
Nor the Golden Gifts refuse
Which in Youth sincere they send:
For each year their price is more,
And they less simple than before.

Love, like Spring-Tides, full and high,
Swells in every youthful Vein:
But each Tide does less supply,
Till they quite shrink in again:
If a Flow in Age appear,
'Tis but Rain, and runs not clear.

At the end of the Song, a Dance of Spirits. After which, Amariel, *the Guardian Angel of* St. Catharine, *descends to soft Musick, with a flaming Sword. The Spirits crawl off the Stage amazedly, and* Damilcar *runs to a corner of it.*

Amar. From the bright Empire of Eternal Day,
Where waiting Minds for Heav'ns Commission stay,
Amariel flies: (a Darted Mandate came
From that great Will which moves this mighty Frame,
Bid me to thee, my Royal Charge, repair,
To guard thee from the Dæmons of the Air;
My flaming Sword, above 'em to display,
(All Keen and Ground upon the edge of Day;)
The Flat to sweep the Visions from thy Mind,
The Edge to cut 'em through that stay behind)

Vain

Vain Spirits, you that ſhunning Heav'ns high Noon,
Swarm here beneath the Concave of the Moon,
What Folly, or what Rage your Duty blinds,
To violate the Sleep of Holy Minds?
Hence to the Task aſſign'd you here below:
Upon the Ocean make loud Tempeſts blow;
Into the Wombs of hollow Clouds repair,
And cruſh out Thunder from the bladder'd Air.
From pointed Sun-beams take the Miſts they drew,
And ſcatter them again in Pearly Dew:
And of the bigger drops they drain below,
Some mould in Hail, and others ſtamp in Snow.
Dam. Mercy, bright Spirit, I already feel
The piercing edge of thy immortal Steel:
Thou Prince of Day, from Elements art free;
And I all Body when compar'd to thee.
Thou tread'ſt the Abyſs of Light!
And where it ſtreams with open Eyes canſt go:
We wander in the fields of Air below:
Changlings and Fools of Heav'n; and thence ſhut out,
Wildly we roam in diſcontent about:
Groſs-heavy-fed, next Man in Ignorance and Sin,
And ſpotted all without, and dusky all within.
Without thy Sword I periſh by thy Sight,
I reel, I ſtagger, and am drunk with Light.
Ama. If e'er again thou on this place art found;
Full Fifty years I'll chain thee under ground;
The damps of Earth ſhall be thy daily food;
All ſwolln and bloated like a Dungeon Toad:
And when thou ſhalt be freed, yet thou ſhalt lye
Gaſping upon the Ground, too faint to fly;
And lag below thy fellows in the Sky.
Dam. O Pardon, Pardon this accurſed Deed,
And I no more on Magick Fumes will feed;
Which drew me hither by their pow'rful Steams.
Ama. Go expiate thy Guilt in Holy Dreams. [*Exit* Dam.
To S. Cath.] But thou ſweet Saint, henceforth diſturb'd no more
With Dreams, not thine, thy Thoughts to Heav'n reſtore.
[*The Angel Aſcends, and the Scene ſhuts.*
Nig. Some Holy Being does invade this place,
And from their Duty does my Spirits chace.
I dare no longer near it make abode:
No Charms prevail againſt the Chriſtian's God.
Placid. How doubtfully theſe Spectres Fate foretel!
In double Senſe, and Twi-light Truth they dwell:
Like fawning Courtiers, for ſucceſs they wait,
And then come Smiling, and declare for Fate.
Enter Maximin, *and* Porphyrius, *attended by* Valerius *and Guards.*
But ſee, the Tyrant and my Rival come:
I, like the Fiends, will flatter in his Doom:
None but a Fool diſtaſtful Truth will tell,
So it be new, and pleaſe, 'tis full as well.
[Placid. *whiſpers with the Emperour, who ſeems pleaſed.*
Max. You charm me with your News, which I'll reward:
By hopes we are for coming Joys prepar'd:
Poſſeſs her Love, or from that Love be free———
Heav'n ſpeaks me fair, if ſhe as kind can prove,
I ſhall poſſeſs, but never quit my Love.
Go, Tell me when ſhe wakes——— [*Exit* Placidius,
[Porphyrius *ſeems to beg ſomething of him.*
———*Porphyrius*, no;
She has refus'd, and I will keep my Vow.

Por.

Por. For your own ſake, your cruel Vow defer;
The time's unſafe, your Enemies are near.
And to diſpleaſe your Men when they ſhould Fight——
Max. My Looks alone my Enemies will fright;
And o'r my Men I'll ſet my careful Spies,
To watch Rebellion in their very Eyes.
No more; I cannot bear the leaſt Reply.
Por. Yet, Tyrant, thou ſhalt periſh e'er ſhe Dye. [*Aſide.*

Enter Valeria.

Valeria here! How Fortune Treats me ſtill
With various Harms, Magnificently Ill?
Max. Valeria, I was ſending to your Tent, [*To* Valeria.
But my Commands your Preſence does prevent.
This is the Hour wherein the Prieſt ſhall join
Your Holy Loves, and make *Porphyrius* mine.
Val. *aſide.*] Now hold, my Heart, and *Venus* I implore,
Be Judge, if ſhe he loves deſerves him more.
Por. *aſide.*] Paſt hope! and all in vain I would preſerve
My Life, not for my ſelf, but her I ſerve.
Val. I come, Great Sir, your Juſtice to Demand. [*To the Emp.*
Max. You cannot doubt it from a Father's Hand.
Por. Sir, I confeſs before her Suit be known;
And by my ſelf condemn'd, my Crime I own.
I have refus'd——
Val.——Peace, Peace, while I confeſs
I have refus'd thee for Unworthineſs.
Por. I am amaz'd.
Max.——What Riddles do you uſe?
Dare either of you my Commands refuſe?
Val. Yes, I dare own, howe're 'twas wiſely done
T'adopt ſo mean a Perſon for your Son:
So low you ſhould not for your Daughter chuſe:
And therefore, Sir, this Marriage I refuſe.
Max. You lik'd the Choice when firſt I thought it fit.
Val. I had not then enough conſider'd it.
Max. And you have now conſider'd it too much:
Secrets of Empire are not ſafe to touch.
Por. Let not your mighty Anger riſe too high:
'Tis not *Valeria* merits it, but I.
My own unworthineſs ſo well I knew,
That from her Love I conſciouſly withdrew.
Val. Thus rather than endure the little ſhame
To be refus'd, you blaſt a Virgin's name.
You to refuſe, and I to be deny'd!
Learn more Diſcretion, or be taught leſs Pride.
Por. O Heav'n, in what a Lab'rinth am I led!
I could get out, but ſhe detains the Thred!
Now I muſt wander on till I can ſee,
Whether her Pity or Revenge it be! [*Aſide.*
Max. With what Child's Anger do you think you play?
I'll puniſh both, if either diſobey.
Val. Since all the fault was mine, I am content
Porphyrius ſhould not ſhare the puniſhment.
Por. Blind that I was till now, that could not ſee,
'Twas all th' effects of Generoſity.
She loves me, e'en to ſuffer for my ſake;
And on her ſelf would my refuſal take. [*Aſide.*
Max. Children to ſerve their Parents Int'reſt live. [*To* Val.
Take heed what Doom againſt your ſelf you give.
Por. Since ſhe muſt ſuffer, if I do not ſpeak,
'Tis time the Laws of Decency to break.
She told me, Sir, that ſhe your choice approv'd,
And (though I bluſh to own it) ſaid ſhe lov'd,

Lov'd

Lov'd me defertleſs, who, with Shame, confeſt
Another Flame had ſeiz'd upon my Breaſt.
Which, when, too late, the generous Princeſs knew,
And fear'd your Juſtice would my Crime purſue,
Upon her ſelf ſhe makes the Tempeſts fall,
And her Refuſal her Contempt would call.
Val. He Raves, Sir, and to cover my Diſdain,
Unhandſomly would his Denial feign.
And all means failing him, at laſt would try
T'uſurp the Credit of a Scorn, and Die.
But——let him live——his Puniſhment ſhall be
The Grief his Pride will bring for loſing me.
Max. You both obnoxious to my Juſtice are;
And, Daughter, you have not deſerv'd my Care.
'Tis my Command you ſtrictly guarded be,
Till your fantaſtick Quarrel you agree.
Por. Sir———
Max. I'll not hear you ſpeak; her Crime is plain,
She owns her Pride, which you perhaps may feign.
She ſhall be Pris'ner till ſhe bend her Mind
To that which is for both of you deſign'd.
Val. You'll find it hard my free-born Will to bound.
Max. I'll find that Pow'r o'er Wills which Heav'n ne'er found.
Free Will's a Cheat in any one but me;
In all but Kings 'tis willing Slavery.
An unſeen Fate which forces the deſire,
The Will of Puppets Danc'd upon a Wire.
A Monarch is
The Spirit of the World in every Mind;
He may match Wolves to Lambs, and make it kind.
Mine is the buſineſs of your little Fates;
And though you War like petty wrangling States,
You're in my Hand; and when I bid you ceaſe,
You ſhall be cruſh'd together into Peace.
Val. aſide. Thus by the World my Courage will be priz'd;
Seeming to ſcorn, who am, alas, deſpis'd:
Dying for Love's, fulfilling Honour's Laws;
A ſecret Martyr while I own no Cauſe. [*Exit* Valeria.
Max. Porphyrius, ſtay; there's ſomething I would hear:
You ſaid you Lov'd, and you muſt tell me where.
Por. All Heav'n is to my ſole Deſtruction bent. [*Aſide.*
Max. You would, it ſeems, have leiſure to invent.
Por. Her Name, in Pity, Sir, I muſt forbear,
Leſt my Offences you Revenge on her.
Max. My Promiſe for her Life I do Engage.
Por. Will that, Sir, be remembred in your Rage?
Max. Speak, or your Silence more my Rage will move;
'Twill argue, that you Rival me in Love.
Por. Can you believe that my ambitious Flame
Should mount ſo high as *Berenice*'s Name?
Max. Your Guilt dares not approach what it would hide;
But draws me off (and Lap-wing like) flies wide.
'Tis not my Wife, but Miſtreſs you Adore:
Though that Affronts, yet this Offends me more.
Who Courts my Wife———
Does to my Honour more injurious prove;
But he who Courts my Miſtreſs, wrongs my Love.
Por. Th' *Ægyptian* Princeſs ne'r could move my Heart.
Max. You could not periſh by a Nobler Dart.
Por. Sir, I preſume not Beauties to compare:
But in my Eye my Princeſs is as fair.
Max. Your Princeſs! then it ſeems, though you deny
Her Name you Love, you own her Quality.

Por. Though not by Birth or Title ſo; yet ſhe,
Who Rules my Heart, a Princeſs is to me.
Max. No, no———
'Tis plain that word you unawares did uſe,
And told a Truth, which now you would excuſe.
Beſides my Wife and Miſtreſs here are none
Who can the Title of a Princeſs own.
Por. There is one more———
Your Daughter, Sir, Let that your Doubt remove.
Max. But ſhe is not that Princeſs whom you Love.
Por. I nam'd not Love, though it might doubtful ſeem;
She's Fair, and is that Princeſs I eſteem.
Max. Go, and to Paſſion your Eſteem improve,
While I Command her to receive your Love. [*Exit* Por.

Enter S. Catherine.

S. *Cath.* I come not now as Captive to your Pow'r,
To beg; but as high Heav'ns Ambaſſador,
The Laws of my Religion to fulfil;
Heav'n ſends me to return you Good for Ill.
Your Empreſs to your Love I would reſtore;
And to your Mind the Peace it had before.
Max. While in another's Name you Peace declare,
Princeſs, you in your own proclaim a War.
Your too great Pow'r does your Deſign oppoſe;
You make thoſe Breaches which you ſtrive to cloſe,
S. *Cath.* That little Beauty which too much you prize,
Seeks not to move your Heart, or draw your Eyes:
Your Love to *Berenice* is due alone:
Love, like that Pow'r which I Adore, is one.
When fixt to one, it ſafe at Anchor rides,
And dares the fury of the Winds and Tides:
But loſing once that hold, to the wide Ocean born,
It drives away at Will, to every Wave a Scorn.
Max. If to new Perſons I my Love apply,
The Stars and Nature are in fault, not I;
My Loves are like my old *Prætorian* Bands,
Whoſe Arbitrary Pow'r their Prince Commands;
I can no more make Paſſion come or go,
Than you can bid your *Nilus* Ebb or Flow.
'Tis lawleſs, and will Love, and where it liſt:
And that's no Sin, which no Man can reſiſt:
Thoſe who impute it to me as a Crime,
Would make a God of me before my time.
S. *Cath.* A God, indeed, after the *Roman* Stile,
An Eagle mounting from a kindled Pile.
But you may make your ſelf a God below:
For Kings who Rule their own Deſires are ſo.
You roam about, and never are at Reſt;
By new Deſires, that is, new Torments, ſtill poſſeſt.
Qualmiſh and loathing all you had before:
Yet with a ſickly Appetite to more.
As in a Fev'riſh Dream you ſtill Drink on;
And wonder why your Thirſt is never gone.
Love, like a Ghoſtly Viſion, haunts your Mind;
'Tis ſtill before you, what you left behind.
Max. How can I help thoſe Faults which Nature made?
My Appetite is ſickly, and decay'd,
And you forbid me change (the ſick Man's Eaſe)
Who cannot Cure, muſt Humour his Diſeaſe.
S. *Cath.* Your Mind ſhould firſt the Remedy begin;
You ſeek without, the Cure that is within.
The vain Experiments you make each Day,
To find Content, ſtill finding it decay,

Without

Without attempting more ſhould let you ſee
That you have ſought it where it ne'er could be.
But when you place your Joys on things above,
You fix the wandring Planet of your Love:
Thence you may See
Poor Humane kind all Daz'd in open Day,
Err after Bliſs, and blindly miſs their way:
The greateſt Happineſs a Prince can know,
Is to love Heav'n above, do good below. [*To them* Berenice *and Attendants.*
Ber. That Happineſs may *Berenice* find,
Leaving theſe empty Joys of Earth behind:
And this frail Being, where ſo ſhort a while
Th' Unfortunate Lament, and Proſp'rous Smile.
Yet a few days, and thoſe which now appear
In Youth and Beauty like the blooming Year,
In Life's ſweet Scene ſhall change; and Cares ſhall come
In heavy Age, and Death's relentleſs Doom.
S. Cath. Yet Man by Pleaſures ſeeks that Fate which he could ſhun;
And ſuck'd in by the Stream, does to the Whirlpool run.
Max. How Madam, are you to new ways inclin'd? [*To Ber.*
I fear the Chriſtian Sect perverts your Mind.
Ber. Yes, Tyrant, know that I their Faith embrace,
And own it in the midſt of my Diſgrace.
That Faith which Abject as it ſeems to thee,
Is Nobler than thy Purple Pageantry;
A Faith, which ſtill with Nature is at ſtrife;
And looks beyond it to a future Life.
A Faith which vicious Souls abhor and fear,
Becauſe it ſhews Eternity too near,
And therefore every one——
With ſeeming ſcorn of it the reſt deceives:
All joining not to own what each believes.
S. Cath. O Happy Queen! whom Pow'r leads not aſtray,
Nor Youth's more powerful Baniſhments betray.
Ber. Your Arguments my Reaſon firſt inclin'd,
And then your bright Example fix'd my Mind.
Max. With what a Holy Empreſs am I Bleſt!
What ſcorn of Earth dwells in her Heav'nly Breaſt!
My Crown's too mean; but he whom you Adore,
Has one more bright of Martyrdom in ſtore.
She Dies, and I am from the Envy freed: [*Aſide.*
She has, I thank her, her own Death decreed.
No Soldier, now, will in her reſcue ſtir;
Her Death is but in complaiſance to her.
I'll haſte to gratifie her Holy Will;
Heav'n grant her Zeal may but continue ſtill.
[*To* Val.] Tribune, a Guard to ſeize the Empreſs ſtrait,
Secure her Perſon Pris'ner to the State. [*Exit* Maxim.
Val. [*going to her.*] Madam, believe 'tis with Regret I come
To execute my angry Prince's doom.
Enter Porphyrius.
Por. What is it I behold! Tribune from whence
Proceeds this more than barbarous Inſolence?
Val. Sir, I perform the Emperour's Commands.
Por. Villain, hold off thy Sacrilegious Hands,
Or by the Gods ——retire without Reply:
And, if he asks who bid thee, ſay 'twas I. [Valerius *retires to a diſtance.*
Ber. Too generouſly your ſafety you expoſe
To ſave one moment her whom you muſt loſe.
Por. 'Twixt you and Death Ten Thouſand Lives there ſtand;
Have Courage, Madam, the *Prætorian* Band
Will all oppoſe your Tyrant's Cruelty.
S. Cath. And I have Heav'n implor'd ſhe may not die.

As ſome, to witneſs Truth, Heav'ns Call obey;
So ſome on Earth muſt, to confirm it, ſtay.
Por. What Faith, what Witneſs is it that you name?
Ber. Knowing what ſhe believes, my Faith's the ſame.
Por. How am I croſs'd what way ſoe'er I go!
To the unlucky every thing is ſo.
Now, Fortune, thou haſt ſhewn thy utmoſt ſpight:
The Soldiers will not for a Chriſtian fight.
And, Madam, all that I can promiſe now,
Is but to Die before Death reaches you.
Ber. Now Death draws near, a ſtrange perplexity
Creeps coldly on me, like a fear to die:
Courage uncertain dangers may abate;
But who can bear th'approach of certain Fate?
S. Cath. The wiſeſt and the beſt ſome Fear may ſhew;
And wiſh to ſtay, though they reſolve to go.
Ber. As ſome faint Pilgrim ſtanding on the Shore,
Firſt views the Torrent he would venture o'er;
And then his Inn upon the farther ground:
Loth to wade through, and lother to go round:
Then dipping in his Staff, does trial make,
How deep it is, and, ſighing, pulls it back;
Sometimes reſolv'd to fetch his leap; and then
Runs to the Bank, but there ſtops ſhort agen;
So I at once———
Both Heav'nly Faith, and Humane Fear obey;
And feel before me in an unknown way.
For this Bleſt Voyage I will with Joy prepare;
Yet am aſham'd to be a ſtranger there.
S. Cath. You are not yet enough prepar'd to Die:
Earth hangs too heavy for your Soul to flie.
Por One way (and Heav'n, I hope, inſpires my Mind)
I for your Safety in this ſtraight can find:
But this fair Queen muſt further my intent.
S. Cath. Name any way your Reaſon can invent.
Por. to Ber. Though your Religion, (which I cannot blame,
Becauſe my ſecret Soul avows the ſame)
Has made your Life a Forfeit to the Laws,
The Tyrant's new-born Paſſion is the Cauſe.
Were this bright Princeſs once remov'd away,
Wanting the Food, the Flame would ſoon decay.
And I'll prepare a faithful Guard this Night
T'attend her Perſon, and ſecure her flight.
Ber. to S. Cath. By this way I ſhall both from Death be free'd,
And you unforc'd to any wicked Deed.
S. Cath. Madam, my Thoughts are with themſelves at ſtrife;
And Heav'n can witneſs how I prize your Life:
But 'tis a doubtful Conflict I muſt try.
Betwixt my Pity and my Piety,
Staying, your precious Life I muſt expoſe:
Going, my Crown of Martyrdom I loſe
Por. Your equal Choice when Heav'n does thus divide,
You ſhould, like Heav'n, ſtill lean on Mercy's ſide.
S Cath The Will of Heav'n, judg'd by a private Breaſt,
Is often what's our private Intereſt.
And therefore thoſe who would that Will Obey,
Without their Int'reſt muſt their Duty weigh
As for my ſelf, I do not Life deſpiſe;
But as the greateſt Gift of Nature prize.
My Sex is weak, my Fears of Death are ſtrong;
And whate'er is its Being would prolong.
Were there no Sting in Death, for me to Die
Would not be Conqueſt, but Stupidity.

But if vain Honour can confirm the Soul,
And ſenſe of Shame, the fear of Death controul,
How much more then ſhould Faith uphold the Mind,
Which, ſhewing Death, ſhews future Life behind?
Ber. Of Death's Contempt Heroick Proofs you give;
But, Madam, let my weaker Virtue live.
Your Faith may bid you your own Life reſign:
But not when yours muſt be involv'd with mine.
Since, then, you do not think me fit to Die,
Ah, How can you that Life I beg, deny!
S. Cath. Heav'n does in this my greateſt Trial make,
When I for it, the care of you forſake.
But I am plac'd as on a Theatre,
Where all my Acts to all Mankind appear,
To imitate my Conſtancy or Fear.
Then, Madam, judge what courſe I ſhould purſue,
When I muſt either Heav'n forſake, or you.
Por. Were ſaving *Berenice*'s Life a Sin,
Heav'n had ſhut up your Flight from *Maximin*.
S. Cath. Thus with ſhort Plummets Heav'ns deep Will we ſound
That vaſt Abyſs where Humane Wit is drown'd!
In our ſmall Skiff we muſt not Launch too far;
We here but Coaſters, not Diſcoverers are.
Faith's neceſſary Rules are plain and few;
We many, and thoſe needleſs Rules purſue:
Faith from our Hearts, into our Heads we drive;
And make Religion all Contemplative.
You, on Heav'ns Will may witty Gloſſes feign;
But that which I muſt practiſe here, is plain:
If the All-great decree her Life to ſpare,
He will the means, without my Crime, prepare. [*Exit* S. Cath.
Por. Yet there is one way left! It is decreed,
To ſave your Life, that *Maximin* ſhould bleed.
'Midſt all his Guards I will his Death purſue,
Or fall a Sacrifice to Love and You.
Ber. So great a fear of Death I have not ſhown,
That I would ſhed his Blood to ſave my own.
My fear is but from Human Frailty brought,
And never mingled with a wicked Thought.
Por. 'Tis not a Crime, ſince one of you muſt Die;
Or is excus'd by the neceſſity.
Ber. I cannot to a Husband's Death conſent;
But, by revealing, will your Crime prevent.
The horror of this Deed———
Againſt the fear of Death has arm'd my Mind;
And now leſs guilt in him than you I find:
If I a Tyrant did deteſt before,
I hate a Rebel and a Traytor more:
Ungrateful Man———
Remember whoſe Succeſſor thou art made,
And then thy Benefactor's Life invade.
Guards to your Charge, I give your Priſ'ner back:
And will from none but Heav'n my Safety take. [*Exit with* Valerius *and Guards.*
Por. ſolus.] 'Tis true, what ſhe has often urg'd before;
He's both my Father and my Emperour!
O Honour, How canſt thou invent a way
To ſave my Queen, and not my Truſt betray!
Unhappy I, that e'er he truſted me!
As well his Guardian-Angel may his Murd'rer be.
And yet——let Honour, Faith, and Virtue flie,
But let not Love in *Berenece* Die.
She lives!———
That's put beyond Diſpute as firm as Fate:
Honour and Faith, let Argument Debate.

Enter

Enter Maximin *and* Valerius *talking, with Guards.*

Max. 'Tis ſaid, but I am loth to think it true, [*To* Por.
That my late Orders were contemn'd by you:
That *Berenice* from her Guards you freed.
Por. I did it, and I Glory in the Deed.
Max. How, Glory, my Commands to diſobey!
Por. When thoſe Commands would your Renown betray.
Max. Who ſhould be Judge of that Renown you name
But I?
Por. ——— Yes I, and all who love your Fame.
Max. Porphyrius, your Replies are Inſolent.
Por. Sir, they are juſt, and for your Service meant.
If, for Religion, you our Lives will take,
You do not the Offenders find, but make.
All Faiths are to their own Believers juſt;
For none Believe, becauſe they will, but muſt.
Faith is a Force from which there's no Defence,
Becauſe the Reaſon it does firſt convince;
And Reaſon Conſcience into Fetters brings;
And Conſcience is without the Pow'r of Kings.
Max. Then Conſcience is a greater Prince than I;
At whoſe each erring Call a King may Die.
Who Conſcience leaves to its own free Command,
Puts the worſt Weapon in the Rebel's Hand.
Por. Its Empire, therefore, Sir, ſhould bounded be;
And but in Acts of its Religion free:
Thoſe who ask Civil Pow'r and Conſcience too,
Their Monarch to his own Deſtruction wooe.
With needful Arms let him reſcue his Peace;
Then that wild Beaſt he ſafely may Releaſe.
Max. I can forgive theſe Liberties you take,
While but my Counſellor your ſelf you make:
But you firſt act your Senſe, and then Adviſe:
That is, at my expence you will be Wiſe.
My Wife I for Religion do not Kill;
But She ſhall Die——becauſe it is my Will.
Por. Sir, I acknowledge I too much have done;
And therefore merit not to be your Son:
I render back the Honours which you gave;
My Liberty's the only Gift I crave.
Max. You take too much — but e'er you lay it down,
Conſider what you part with, in a Crown:
Monarchs of Cares in Policy complain,
Becauſe they would be pitty'd while they Reign;
For ſtill the greater Troubles they confeſs.
They know their Pleaſures will be envy'd leſs.
Por. Thoſe Joys I neither Envy nor Admire;
But beg I from the Troubles may retire.
Max. What Soul is this which Empire cannot ſtir!
Supine and Tame as a Philoſopher!
Know then, thou wert adopted to a Throne,
Not for thy ſake ſo much as for my own.
My Thoughts were once about thy Death at ſtrife;
And thy Succeſſion's thy Reprieve for Life.
Por. My Life and Death are ſtill within your Pow'r:
But your Succeſſion I renounce this Hour.
Upon a Bloody Throne I will not Sit;
Nor ſhare the guilt of Crimes which you commit.
Max. If you are not my *Ceſar* you muſt Die.
Por. I take it as a Nobler Deſtiny.
Max. I pity thee, and would thy Faults forgive:
But thus preſuming on, thou canſt not Live.

Por.

Por. Sir, with your Throne your Pity I reſtore;
I am your Foe; nor will I uſe it more.
Now all my Debts of Gratitude are paid,
I cannot Truſted be, nor you betraid. [*Is going.*
Max. Stay, ſtay! In threatning me to be my Foe,
You give me Warning to conclude you ſo.
Thou to ſucceed a Monarch in his Seat!
Enter Placidius.
No, Fool, Thou art too Honeſt to be Great.
Placidius, on your Life this Pris'ner keep:
Our Enmity ſhall end before I ſleep,
Placid. I ſtill am ready, Sir, whene'er you pleaſe. [*To* Porph.
To do you ſuch ſmall Services as theſe.
Max. The Sight with which my eyes ſhall firſt be fed,
Muſt be my Empreſs, and this Traitor's Head.
Por. Where e'er thou ſtand'ſt, I'll level at that place
My guſhing Blood, and ſpout it at thy Face.
Thus, not by Marriage, we our Blood will join:
Nay, more, my Arms ſhall throw my Head at thine.
Max. There: Go Adoption —— I have now decreed,
That *Maximin* ſhall *Maximin* ſucceed:
Old as I am in pleaſures, I will try
To waſte an Empire yet before I Die:
Since Life is fugitive, and will not ſtay,
I'll make it fly more pleaſantly away. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Valeria, Placidius.

Val. IF, as you ſay, you ſilently have been
So long my Lover, let my Pow'r be ſeen:
One Hour's Diſcourſe, before *Porphyrius* Die,
Is all I ask, and you too may be by.
Placid. I muſt not break
The Order, which the Emperour did ſign.
Val. Has then his Hand more Pow'r with you than mine?
Placid. This Hand, if given, would far more pow'rful be,
Than all the Monarchs of the World to me:
But 'tis a Bait which would my Heart betray;
And, when I'm faſt, will ſoon be ſnatch'd away.
Val. O ſay not ſo, for I ſhall ever be
Oblig'd to him who once obliges me.
Placid. Madam, I'll wink, and favour your Deceit:
But know, fair Couz'ner, that I know the Cheat:
Though to theſe Eyes I nothing can refuſe,
I'll not the Merit of my Ruine loſe:
It is enough I ſee the Hook and Bite:
But firſt I'll pay my Death with my Delight. [*Kiſſes her Hand, and Exit.*
Val. What can I hope from this ſad Interview!
And yet my brave Deſign I will purſue.
By many ſigns I have my Rival found:
But Fortune him as deep as me does wound.
For, if he love the Empreſs, his ſad Fate
More moves my Pity, than his Scorn my Hate. [*To her* Placidius *with* Porphyrius.
Placid. I am, perhaps, the firſt
Who forc'd by Fate, and in his own deſpite,
Brought a lov'd Rival to his Miſtriſs ſight.
Val. But, in Revenge, let this your Comfort be,
That you have brought a Man who loves not me.
However, lay your cauſeleſs Envy by;
He is a Rival who muſt quickly Die.
Por. And yet I could with leſs concernment bear
That Death of which you ſpeak, than ſee you here.

So

So much of Guilt in my refuſal lies,
That Debtor-like, I dare not meet your Eies.
Val. I do not blame you if you love elſewhere:
And, would to Heav'n I could your Suff'rings bear;
Or once again could ſome new way invent
To take upon my ſelf your puniſhment:
I ſent for you to let you know that ſtill
(Though now I want the Pow'r) I have the Will.
Placid. Can all this Ocean of your Kindneſs be
Pour'd upon him, and not one drop on me?
Val. 'Tis pour'd; but falls from this ungrateful Man,
Like drops of Water from a riſing Swan.
Upon his Breaſt no ſign of Wet remains;
He bears his Love more proudly than his Chains.
Por. This Thankleſs Man his Death will ſoon remove,
And quickly end ſo undeſerv'd a Love.
Val. Unthankful as you are, I know not why,
But ſtill I love too well to ſee you Die.
Placidius, Can you Love, and ſee my Grief,
And for my ſake not offer ſome Relief?
Placid. Not all the Gods his Ruine ſhall prevent;
Your Kindneſs does but urge his Puniſhment.
Beſides, What can I for his Safety do?
He has declar'd himſelf your Father's Foe.
Val. Give out he is eſcap'd, and ſet him free:
And, if you pleaſe, lay all the fault on me.
Por. O do not on thoſe tearms my Freedom name:
Freed by your danger I ſhould die with Shame.
Placid. I muſt not farther by your Pray'rs be won: [*To her.*
All I could do I have already done.
Val. To bring *Porphyrius* only to my ſight,
Was not to ſhew your Pity, but your Spight:
Would you but half oblige her you Adore?
You ſhould not have done this, or ſhould do more.
Placid. Alas, What hope can there be left for me,
When I muſt ſink into the Mine I ſee?
My Heart will fall before you if I ſtay;
Each word you ſpeak ſaps part of it away——
——Yet all my Fortune on his Death is ſet:
And he may love her, though he loves not yet.
He muſt——and yet ſhe ſays he muſt not Die:
O, if I could but wink, I could denie. [*To them* Albinus.
Alb. The Emperour expects your Pris'ner ſtrait;
And, with impatience, for his Death does wait.
Placid. Nay, then it is too late my Love to weigh. [*Exit* Alb.
Your Pardon, Madam, if I muſt obey.
Por. I am prepar'd, he ſhall not long attend.
Val. Then here my Pray'rs and my Submiſſions end.
Placidius, know, that Hour in which he dies,
My Death (ſo well I love) ſhall wait on his.
Placid. O, Madam, do not fright me with your Death!
Val. My Life depends alone upon his Breath.
But, if I live in him, you do not know
How far my Gratitude to you may go.
I do not promiſe——but it ſo may prove,
That Gratitude, in time, may turn to Love.
Try me——
Placid. —Now I conſider it, I will: [*Muſing a little.*
'Tis in your Pow'r to Save him, or to Kill.
I'll run the hazard to preſerve his Life,
If, after that, you vow to be my Wife.
Val. Nay, good *Placidius*, now you are too hard:
Would you do nothing but for meer Reward?

Like

Like Uſurers to Men in want you prove,
When you would take Extortion for my Love.
Placid. You have concluded then that he muſt Die. [*Going with* Porph.
Val. O ſtay, if no price elſe his Life can buy,
My Love a Ranſom for his Life I give: [*Holding her Handkerchief before her Face.*
Let my *Porphyrius* for another Live.
Por. You too much value the ſmall Merchandize:
My Life's O'er-rated, when your Love's the Prize.
Enter Albinus.
Alb. I long have liſt'ned to your generous ſtrife,
As much concern'd for brave *Porphyrius* Life.
For mine, I to his Favour ow'd this Day;
Which with my future Service I will pay.
Placid. Leſt any your intended Flight prevent,
I'll lead you firſt the back way to my Tent:
Thence in Diſguiſe you may the City gain,
While ſome excuſe for your eſcape I feign.
Val. Farewel, I muſt not ſee you when you part: [*Turning her Face away.*
For that laſt Look would break my tender Heart.
Yet—let it break—I muſt have one look more: [*Looking on him.*
Nay, now I'm leſs contented than before.
For that laſt Look draws on another too;
Which ſure I need not to remember you.
For ever—yet I muſt one glance repeat;
But quick and ſhort, as ſtarving People eat.
So much Humanity dwells in your Breaſt,
Sometimes to think on her who loves you beſt. { *Going, he takes her Hand and kiſſes it.*
Por. My wandring ſteps where ever Fortune bear,
Your Memory I in my Breaſt will wear:
Which as a precious Amulet I ſtill
Will carry, my Defence and guard from Ill.
Though to my former Vows I muſt be true,
I'll ever keep one Love entire for you.
That Love which Brothers with chaſte Siſters make:
And by this Holy Kiſs which now I take
from your fair Hand———
This common Sun, which abſent, both ſhall ſee,
Shall ne'r behold a breach of Faith in me.
Val. Go, go, my Death will your ſhort Vows reſtore:
You've ſaid enough, and I can hear no more. { *Exit* Valeria *one way, and*
Placid. Love and good Nature, how do you betray! { Porph. *and* Alb. *another.*
Miſleading thoſe who ſee and know their way!
I, whom deep Arts of State could ne'er beguile,
Have ſold my ſelf to Ruine for a Smile.
Nay, I am driven ſo low, that I muſt take
That Smile, as Alms, giv'n for my Rival's ſake.
Enter Maximin *talking with* Valerius.
Max. And why was I not told of this before?
Val. Sir, She this Evening landed on the Shore:
For with her Daughter being Priſ'ner made,
She in another Veſſel was convey'd.
Max. Bring hither the *Ægyptian* Princeſs ſtrait. [*To* Placid.
And you, *Valerius*, on her Mother wait. *Exit* Valerius.
Placid. The Mother of th' *Ægyptian* Princeſs here,
Max. *Porphyrius*'s Death I will a while defer;
And this new opportunity improve
To make my laſt effort upon her Love—— [*Exit* Placid.
Thoſe who have Youth may long endure to Court;
But he muſt quickly catch whoſe Race is ſhort.
I in my Autumn do my Siege begin;
And muſt make haſte, e're Winter comes, to win.
This Hour—no longer ſhall my Pains endure:
Her Love ſhall Eaſe me, or her Death ſhall Cure;

Enter at one Door Felicia *and* Valerius; *at the other* S. Catharine *and* Placidius.

S. Cath. O, my dear Mother!

Fel. ——With what Joy I ſee
My Deareſt Daughter from the Tempeſt free.

S Cath Dearer than all the Joys vain Empire yields,
Or than to youthful Monarchs Conquer'd Fields,
Before you came —— my Soul
All fill'd with Heav'n, did Earthly Joys Diſdain,
But you pull back ſome part of me again.

Placid. You ſee, Sir, She can own a Joy below.

Max. It much imports me that this Truth I know.

Fel. How dreadful Death does on the Waves appear!
Where Seas we only ſee, and Tempeſts hear.
Such frightful Images did then purſue
My trenbling Soul, that ſcarce I thought of you.

Placid. All circumſtances to your Wiſh combine:
Her fear of Death advances your Deſign.

Fel. But to that only Pow'r we ſerve, I Pray'd,
Till he, who bid it riſe, the Tempeſt laid.

Max. You are a Chriſtian then! [*To* Felicia.
For Death this very Hour you muſt prepare:
I have decreed no Chriſtian's Life to ſpare.

Fel. For Death! I hope you but my Courage try:
What ever I Believe, I dare not Die,
Heav'n does not, ſure, that Seal of Faith require;
Or, if he did, would firmer Thoughts inſpire.
A Womans Witneſs can no Credit give
To Truth's Divine, and therefore I would Live.

Max. I cannot give the Life which you demand:
But that and mine are in your Daughter's Hand:
Ask her, if ſhe will yet her Love deny;
And bid a Monarch and her Mother Die.

Fel. Now, Mighty Prince, you cancel all my Fear:
My Life is ſafe when it depends on her.
How can you let me languiſh thus in pain! [*To* S. Cath.
Make haſte to cure thoſe Doubts which yet remain.
Speak quickly, ſpeak, and eaſe me of my Fear.

S. Cath. Alas, I doubt it is not you I hear.
Some wicked Fiend aſſumes your Voice and Face,
To make frail Nature Triumph over Grace.
It cannot be———
That ſhe who taught my Childhood Piety,
Should bid my riper Age my Faith deny:
That ſhe who bid my Hopes this Crown purſue,
Should ſnatch it from me when 'tis juſt in view.

Fel. Peace, Peace, too much my Age's ſhame you ſhow:
How eaſie 'tis to Teach! How hard to Do!
My lab'ring Thoughts are with themſelves at ſtrife:
I dare not Die, nor bid you ſave my Life.

Max. You muſt do one, and that without delay;
To long already for your Death I ſtay:
I cannot with your ſmall Concerns diſpence;
For Death's of more importance call me hence.
Prepare to execute your Office ſtrait. [*To his Guards.*

Fel. O ſtay, and let 'em but one Minute wait,
Such quick Commands for Death you would not give,
If you but knew how ſweet it were to live.

Max. Then bid her Love.

Fel. ——Is Duty grown ſo weak, [*To* S. Cath.
That Love's a harder word than Death to ſpeak?

S. Cath. Oh!

Fel. Miſtake me not, I never can approve [*Privately to* S. Cath.
A thing ſo wicked as the Tyrant's Love.

I ask

I ask that you would but ſome promiſe give,
Only to gain me ſo much time to live.
S. Cath. That Promiſe is a ſtep to greater Sin:
The hold once loſt, we ſeldom take agen.
Each bound to Heav'n we fainter Eſſays make;
Still loſing ſomewhat till we quite go back.
Max. Away, I grant no longer a Reprieve.
Fel. O do but beg my Life, and I may live. [*To* S. Cath.
Have you not ſo much Pity in your Breaſt?
He ſtays to have you make it your Requeſt.
S. Cath. To beg your Life——
Is not to ask a Grace of *Maximin*:
It is a ſilent Bargain for a Sin.
Could we live always, Life were worth our coſt;
But now we keep with Care what muſt be loſt.
Here we ſtand ſhiv'ring on the Bank, and cry,
When we ſhould plunge into Eternity.
One Moment ends our pain;
And yet the ſhock of Death we dare not ſtand,
By Thought ſcarce meaſur'd, and too ſwift for Sand:
'Tis but becauſe the Living Death ne'er knew,
They fear to prove it as a thing that's new.
Let me th' Experiment before you try,
I'll ſhow you firſt how eaſie 'tis to Die.
Max. Draw then that Curtain, and let Death appear,
And let both ſee how eaſie 'twill be there.
The SCENE *opens, and ſhews the Wheel.*
Fel. Alas, What Torment I already feel!
Max. Go, bind her Hand and Foot beneath that Wheel:
Four of you turn that dreadful Engine round;
Four others hold her faſt'ned to the ground:
That by degrees her tender Breaſts may feel,
Firſt the rough razings of the pointed Steel:
Her Paps then let the bearded Tenters ſtake,
And on each Hook a gory Gobbet take.
Till th' upper Fleſh by piece-meal torn away,
Her beating Heart ſhall to the Sun diſplay.
Fel. My deareſt Daughter at your Feet I fall; [*Kneeling.*
Hear, O yet hear your wretched Mother's Call.
Think, at your Birth, Ah think what pains I bore,
And can your Eyes behold me ſuffer more?
You were the Child which from your Infancy
I ſtill lov'd beſt, and then you beſt lov'd me.
About my Neck your little Arms you ſpred,
Nor could you ſleep without me in the Bed;
But ſought my Boſom when you went to Reſt,
And all Night long would lie acroſs my Breaſt.
Nor without Cauſe did you that fondneſs ſhow:
You may remember when our *Nile* did flow;
While on the Bank you innocently ſtood,
And with a Wand made Circles in the Flood,
That roſe, and juſt was hurrying you to Death,
When I, from far, all pale, and out of Breath,
Ran and ruſh'd in——
And from the Waves my floating Pledge did bear;
So much my Love was ſtronger than my Fear.
But you——
Max. Woman, for theſe long Tales your Life's too ſhort;
Go, bind her quickly, and begin the ſport.
Fel. No, in her Arms my Sanctuary's plac'd: [*Running to her Daughter.*
Thus I will cling for ever to her Waſte.
Max. What, muſt my Will by Women be controul'd?
Haſte, draw your Weapons, and cut off her hold.

S. Cath. Thus my laſt Duty to you let me pay: [*Kiſſing her Mother.*
Yet, Tyrant, I to thee will never Pray.
Though hers to ſave, I my own Life would give,
Yet by my Sin, my Mother ſhall not Live.
To thy foul Luſt I never can Conſent;
Why doſt thou then defer my puniſhment?
I ſcorn thoſe Gods thou vainly doſt Adore:
Contemn thy Empire, but thy Bed abhor.
If thou would'ſt yet a bloodier Tyrant be,
I will inſtruct thy Rage, begin with me.
Max. I thank thee that thou doſt my Anger move:
It is a Tempeſt that will wreck my Love.
I'll pull thee hence, cloſe hidden as thou art, [*Claps his Hand to his Breaſt*
And ſtand with my drawn Sword before my Heart.
Yes, you ſhall be obey'd, though I am loth;
Go, and while I can bid you, bind 'em both.
Go, bind 'em, e're my fit of Love return:
Fire ſhall quench Fire, and Anger Love ſhall burn:
Thus I prevent thoſe Follies I ſhould do;
And 'tis the Nobler Fever of the two.
Fel. Torn piece by piece, alas, what horrid Pains!
S. Cath. Heav'n is all Mercy, who that Death ordains,
And that which Heav'n thinks beſt is ſurely ſo:
But bare and naked, ſhame to undergo,
'Tis ſomewhat more than Death!
Expos'd to lawleſs Eyes I dare not be,
My Modeſty is Sacred, Heav'n, to thee.
Let not my Body be the Tyrant's Spoil;
Nor Hands, nor Eies thy Purity defile.
} Amariel *deſcends ſwiftly with a flaming Sword, and ſtrikes at the* } *Wheel, which breaks in pieces; then he aſcends again.*
Max. Is this th' effect of all your boaſted Skill?
Theſe brittle Toys to execute my Will;
A Puppet-ſhow of Death I only find,
Where I a ſtrong and Sinew pain deſign'd,
By what weak Infant was this Engine wrought?
Val. From *Bilbilis* the temper'd Steel was brought:
Metal more tough the Anvil ne'er did beat,
Nor from the Forge did hiſſing Waters heat.
Placid. I ſaw a Youth deſcend all Heav'nly Fair,
Who in his Hand a flaming Sword did bear,
And Whirl-wind like, around him drove the Air.
At his rais'd Arm the rigid Iron ſhook;
And, bending backwards, fled before the ſtroke.
Max. What! Miracles, the tricks of Heav'n to me!
I'll try if ſhe be wholly Iron-free.
If not by Sword, then ſhe ſhall dye by Fire;
And, one by one, her Miracles I'll tire.
If proof againſt all kind of Deaths ſhe be,
My Lov's Immortal, and ſhe's fit for me.
S. Cath. No, Heav'n has ſhewn its Pow'r, and now thinks fit,
Thee to thy former Fury to remit.
Had Providence my longer Life decreed,
Thou from thy Paſſion hadſt not yet been freed.
But Heav'n, which ſuffer'd that, my Faith to prove,
Now to it ſelf does vindicate my Love.
A Pow'r controuls thee which thou doſt not ſee;
And that's a Miracle it works in thee.
Max. The Truth of this new Miracle we'll try;
To prove it, you muſt take the pains to Die.
Bring me their Heads———
Fel. That Mercy, Tyrant, thou deny'ſt to me,
At thy laſt Breath may Heav'n refuſe to Thee.
My Fears are going, and I Death can view:
I ſee, I ſee him there thy ſteps purſue,

And with a lifted Arm, and ſilent Pace,
Stalk after thee, juſt aiming in his Chace.
S. Cath. No more, dear Mother, ill in Death it ſhows
Your Peace of Mind by Rage to diſcompoſe:
No ſtreak of Blood (the Reliques of the Earth)
Shall ſtain my Soul in her Immortal Birth;
But She ſhall mount all Pure, a White, and Virgin Mind;
And full of all that Peace which there ſhe goes to find.
{ *Exeunt* S. Catharine *and* Felicia, *with* Valerius *and Guards.*
{ *The* SCENE *ſhuts.*

Max. She's gone, and pull'd my Heart-ſtrings as ſhe went.
Were Penitence no Shame, I cou'd Repent.
Yet 'tis of bad Example ſhe ſhould live;
For I might get th'ill Habit to forgive.
Thou ſoft Seducer of my Heart, away———
Who lingring, would about its Confines ſtay,
To watch when ſome Rebellion would begin;
And ready at each ſigh to enter in.
In vain; for thou
Doſt on the outſide of the Body play,
And, when drawn neareſt, ſhalt be whirl'd away.
What ails me, that I cannot loſe thy Thought!
Command the Empreſs hither to be brought; [*To* Placidius.
I in her Death ſhall ſome Diverſion find,
And rid my Thoughts at once of Woman-kind.
Placid. *aſide.*] 'Tis well he thinks not of *Porphyrius* yet. [*Exit.*
Max. How hard it is this Beauty to forget!
My ſtormy Rage has only ſhook my Will:
She crept down lower, but ſhe ſticks there ſtill.
Fool that I am to ſtruggle thus with Love!
Why ſhould I that which pleaſes me, remove?
True, She ſhould Die, were ſhe concern'd alone;
But I love, not for her ſake, but my own.
Our Gods are Gods, 'cauſe they have Pow'r and Will;
Who can do all things, can do nothing Ill;
Ill is Rebellion 'gainſt ſome higher Pow'r,
The World may ſin, but not its Emperour.
My Empreſs then ſhall Die, my Princeſs Live;
If this be Sin, I do my ſelf forgive. [*To him* Valerius.
Val. Your Will's obey'd, for, mighty Emperor,
The Princeſs and her Mother are no more.
Max. She is not dead?
Val. ——Great Sir, your Will was ſo.
Max. That was my Will of half an Hour ago.
But now 'tis alter'd; I have chang'd her Fate,
She ſhall not Die.
Val. ———Your Pity comes too late.
Betwixt her Guards ſhe ſeem'd by Bride-men led,
Her Cheeks with cheerful Bluſhes were o're-ſpread,
When, ſmiling, to the Ax She bow'd her Head.
Juſt at the ſtroke———
Ætherial Muſick did her Death prepare;
Like joyful Sounds of Spouſals in the Air.
A radiant Light did her Crown'd Temples gild,
And all the place with fragrant Scents was fill'd.
The Balmy Miſt came thick'ning to the ground,
And Sacred Silence cover'd all around.
But when (its work perform'd) the Cloud withdrew,
And Day reſtor'd us to each others view,
I ſought her Head to bring it on my Spear;
In vain I ſought it for it was not there.
No part remain'd; but from afar our ſight
Diſcover'd in the Air long tracts of Light.
Of charming Notes we heard the laſt rebounds.
And Muſick dying in remoter ſounds.

Max.

Max. And doſt thou think
This lame Account fit for a Love-ſick King?
Go——from the other World a better bring. { *Kills him, then ſets his foot on him, and ſpeaks.*
When in my Breaſt two mighty Paſſions ſtrove,
Thou hadſt err'd better in obeying Love.
'Tis true, that way thy Death had follow'd too,
But I had then been leſs diſpleas'd than now.
Now I muſt live unquiet for thy ſake;
And this poor Recompence is all I take. [*Spurns the Body.*

{ *Here the* SCENE *opens, and diſcovers* Berenice *on a Scaffold, the Guards by her, and amongſt them* Porphyrius *and* Albinus, *like Moors, as all the Guards are.* Placidius *enters, and whiſpers the Emperour whilſt* Porphyrius *ſpeaks.*

Por. From *Berenice* I cannot go away;
But, like a Ghoſt, muſt near my Treaſure ſtay.
Alb. Night and this ſhape ſecure us from their Eyes.
Por. Have Courage then for our bold Enterprize.
Duty and Faith no tie on me can have,
Since I renounc'd thoſe Honours which he gave.
Max. The time is come we did ſo long attend, [*To Ber.*
Which muſt theſe diſcords of our Marriage end.
Yet, *Berenice*, remember you have been
An Empreſs, and the Wife of *Maximin*.
Ber. I well remember I have been your Wife;
And therefore, Dying, beg from Heav'n your Life.
Be all the Diſcords of our Bed forgot,
Which, Virtue witneſs, I did never ſpot.
What Errors I have made, though while I Live
You cannot Pardon, to the Dead forgive.
Max. How much She is to Piety inclin'd!
Behead her, while She's in ſo good a Mind.
Por. Stand firm, *Albinus*, now the time is come
To free the Empreſs.
Alb. ———And deliver *Rome*.
Por. Within I feel my hot Blood ſwell my Heart,
And generous tremblings in each outward part.
'Tis done——Tyrant, this is thy lateſt Hour.

{ Porphyrius *and* Albinus *draw, and are making at the Emperor.*

Ber. Look to your ſelf, my Lord the Emperor:
Treaſon, help, help, my Lord! { Maximin *turns and defends himſelf, the Guards ſet on* Porphyrius *and* Albinus.

Max. Diſarm 'em, but their Lives I charge you ſpare. [*After they are diſarm'd.*
Unmask 'em, and diſcover who they are.
Good Gods! Is it *Porphyrius* whom I ſee?
Placid. I wonder how he gain'd his Liberty.
Max. Traytor!
Por. ——Know, Tyrant, I can hear that name,
Rather than Son, and bear it with leſs ſhame.
Traytor's a Name, which, were my Arm yet free,
The *Roman* Senate would beſtow on thee.
To Ber. Ah, Madam, you have ruin'd my Deſign,
And loſt your Life; for I regard not mine.
Too ill a Miſtriſs, and too good a Wife.
Ber. It was my Duty to preſerve his Life.
Max. Now I perceive. [*To Porphyrius.*
In what cloſe Walk your Mind ſo long did move:
You ſcorn'd my Throne, aſpiring to her Love.
Ber. In Death I'll own a Love to him ſo pure,
As will the Teſt of Heav'n it ſelf endure.
A Love ſo Chaſte, as Conſcience could not chide;
But cheriſh it, and kept it by its ſide.
A Love which never knew a hot Deſire,
But flam'd as harmleſs as a lambent Fire.

A Love

A Love which pure from Soul to Soul might paſs,
As Light tranſmitted through a Chryſtal Glaſs.
Which gave *Porphyrius* all without a Sin;
Yet kept entire the Right of *Maximin.*
Max. The beſt Return that I to both can make,
Shall be to ſuffer for each others ſake.
Por. Barbarian, do not dare her Blood to ſhed,
Who from my Vengeance ſav'd thy curſed Head.
A Flight no Honour ever reach'd before;
And which ſucceeding Ages will Adore.
Ber. Porphyrius, I muſt Die!
That common Debt to Nature paid muſt be;
But I have left a Debt unpaid to thee.
To *Maximin*———
I have perform'd the Duty of a Wife;
But, ſaving his, I caſt away thy Life.
Ah, What ill Stars upon our Loves did ſhine,
That I am more thy Murd'rer than he mine.
Max. Make haſte.
Por. So haſty none in execution are,
But they allow the dying time for Pray'r.
Farewel, ſweet Saint, my Prayer ſhall be to you:
My Love has been unappy, but 'twas true.
Remember me! Alas, What have I ſed?
You muſt Die too!
But yet remember me when you are Dead.
Ber. If I Die firſt, I will——
Stop ſhort of Heav'n, and wait you in a Cloud;
For fear we loſe each other in the Crowd.
Por. Love is the only Coin in Heav'n will go.
Then take all with you, and leave none below.
Ber. 'Tis want of Knowledge, not of Love, I fear,
Leſt we miſtake when Bodies are not there,
O as a mark that I could wear a Scroul,
With this Inſcription, *Berenice*'s Soul.
Por. That needs not, ſure, for none will be ſo Bright,
So Pure, or with ſo ſmall allays of Light.
Max. From my full Eyes fond Tears begin to ſtart;
Diſpatch, they practiſe Treaſon on my Heart.
Por. Adieu, this farewel Sigh I as my laſt bequeath,
Catch it, 'tis Love expiring in a Breath.
Ber. This [illegible] of mine ſhall meet it half the way,
As Pledges given that each for other ſtay.
Enter Valeria *and* Cydon.
Val. What diſmal Scene of Death is here prepar'd!
Max. Now ſtrike.
Val. They ſhall not ſtrike till I am heard.
Max. From whence does this new Impudence proceed,
That you dare alter that which I Decreed?
Val. Ah, Sir, to what ſtrange courſes do you fly,
To make your ſelf abhorr'd for Cruely!
The Empire groans under your bloody Reign,
And its vaſt Body bleeds in every Vein.
Gaſping and Pale, and fearing more, it lies;
And now you ſtab it in the very Eyes:
Your *Cæſar*, and the Part'ner of your Bed;
Ah, Who can wiſh to Live when they are Dead?
If ever gentle Pity touch'd your Breaſt———
——— I cannot ſpeak—my Tears ſhall ſpeak the reſt. [*Weeping and Sobbing,*
Por. She adds new Grief to what I felt before,
And Fate has now no room to put in more.
Max. Away, thou Shame and Slander of my Blood, [*To* Val
Who taught thee to be Pitiful or Good?

Val.

Val. What hope have I
The name of Virtue ſhould prevail with him,
Who thinks ev'n it, for which I plead, a Crime?
Yet Nature, ſure, ſome Argument may be;
If them you cannot pity, pity me.
Max. I will, and all the World ſhall judge it ſo:
I will th' exceſs of Pity to you ſhow.
You ask to Save
A dangerous Rebel, and diſloyal Wife;
And I in Mercy—will not take your Life.
Val. You more than kill me by this Cruelty,
And in their Perſons bid your Daughter Die.
I Honour *Berenice*'s Virtue much;
But for *Porphyrius* my Love is ſuch,
I cannot, will not live when he is gone.
Max. I'll do that Cure for you which on my ſelf is done.
You muſt, like me, your Lover's Life remove;
Cut off your Hope, and you deſtroy your Love.
If it were hard, I would not bid you try
The Medicine: But 'tis but to let him Die.
Yet ſince you are ſo ſoft, (which you call good)
And are not yet confirm'd enough in Blood,
To ſee his Death;
Your frailty ſhall be favour'd with this Grace,
That they ſhall ſuffer in another place.
If after they are dead, their Memory,
By any chance into your Mind be brought,
Laugh, and divert it with ſome other Thought.
Away with 'em. [*Exeunt* Berenice, Porphyrius, Albinus, *carried off by Guards.*
Val. Since Pray'rs nor Tears can bend his cruel Mind, [*Looking after* Porphy.
Farewel the beſt and braveſt of Mankind;
How I have Lov'd Heav'n knows; but there's a Fate,
Which hinders me from being fortunate.
My Father's Crimes hang heavy on my Head,
And like a gloomy Cloud about me ſpread;
I would in vain be Pious, that's a Grace
Which Heav'n permits not to a Tyrant's Race.
Max. Hence to her Tent the fooliſh Girl convey.
Val. Let me be juſt before I go away:
Placidius, I have vow'd to be your Wife;
Take then my Hand, 'tis yours while I have Life.
One moment here, I muſt anothers be:
But this, *Porphyrius*, gives me back to thee. { *Stabs her ſelf twice, and then* Pla-
Placid. Help, Help the Princeſs, Help! { cidius *wreſts the Dagger from her*
Max. What Rage has urg'd this Act which thou haſt done?
Val. Thou, Tyrant, and thy Crimes, have pull'd it on.
Thou, who canſt Death with ſuch a pleaſure ſee,
Now take thy fill, and glut thy ſight in me.
But———I'll the occaſion of my Death forget;
Save him I love, and be my Father yet:
I can no more———*Porphyrius*, my Dear———
Cyd. Alas, ſhe raves, and thinks *Porphyrius* here.
Val. Have I not yet deſerv'd thee, now I Die?
Is *Berenice* ſtill more fair than I?
Porphyrius, do not Swim before my Sight;
Stand ſtill, and let me, let me aim aright.
Stand ſtill but while thy poor *Valeria* Dies,
And Sighs her Soul into her Lovers Eyes. [*Dies*
Placid. She's gone from Earth, and with her went away
All of the Tyrant that deſerv'd to ſtay:
I've loſt in her all Joys that Life can give;
And only to revenge her Death would live——— [*Aſide.*

Cyd.

Cyd. The Gods have claim'd her, and we muſt reſign.
Max. What had the Gods to do with me or mine?
Did I moleſt your Heav'n?
Why ſhould you then make *Maximin* your Foe,
Who paid you Tribute which he need not do?
Your Altars I with ſmoak of Gums did Crown,
For which you lean'd your hungry Noſtrils down:
All daily gaping for my Incenſe there,
More than your Sun could draw you in a Year.
And you for this theſe Plagues on me have ſent;
But by the Gods (by *Maximin* I meant)
Henceforth I and my World
Hoſtility with you and yours Declare:
Look to it, Gods, for you th' Aggreſſors are.
Keep you your Rain and Sun-ſhine in your Skies,
And I'll keep back my Flame and Sacrifice.
Your Trade of Heav'n ſhall ſoon be at a ſtand,
And all your Goods lie dead upon your hand.
Placid. Thus, Tyrant, ſince the Gods th' Aggreſſors are, [*Stabbing him.*
Thus by this ſtroke they have begun the War. {Maximin *ſtruggles with him, and gets the Dagger from him.*
Max. Thus I return the Strokes which they have given; [*Stabbing* Placid.
Thus, Traytor, thus; and thus I would to Heav'n.
{Placidius *falls, and the Emperour ſtaggers after him, and ſits down upon him; the Guards come to help the Emperour.*
Max. Stand off, and let me, e'er my ſtrength be gone,
Take my laſt pleaſure of Revenge alone.
Enter a Centurion.
Cen. Arm, Arm, the Camp is in a Mutiny:
For *Rome* and Liberty the Soldiers cry.
Porphyrius mov'd their Pity as he went,
To reſcue *Berenice* from puniſhment.
And now he heads their new attempted Crime.
Max. Now I am down, the Gods have watch'd their time.
You think———
To ſave your Credit, feeble Deities;
But I will give my ſelf the ſtrength to Riſe. [*He ſtrives to get up, and being up, ſtaggers*
It wonnot be———
My Body has not Pow'r my Mind to bear.
I muſt return again—and Conquer here. [*Sits down upon the Body.*
My coward Body does my Will controul;
Farwell thou baſe deſerter of my Soul.
I'll ſhake this Carkaſs off, and be obey'd;
Reign an Imperial Ghoſt without its aid.
Go, Soldiers, take my Enſigns with you, Fight,
And vanquiſh Rebels in your Sovereigns Right:
Before I Die———
Bring me *Porphyrius* and my Empreſs dead:
I would brave Heav'n, in my each Hand a Head.
Placid. Do not regard a dying Tyrant' Breath, [*To the Soldiers.*
He can but look Revenge on you in Death.
Max. Vanquiſh'd, and dar'ſt thou yet a Rebel be?
Thus—I can more than look Revenge on thee. [*Stabs him again.*
Placid. Oh, I am gone! [*Dies*
Max. ———And after thee I go,
Revenging ſtill, and following ev'n to the other World my Blow. [*Stabs him again.*
And ſhoving back this Earth on which I Sit,
I'll mount—and ſcatter all the Gods I hit. [*Dies.*
Enter Porphyrius, Berenice, Albinus, *Soldiers.* Porphyrius *looks on the Bodys entring, and ſpeaks.*
Por. 'Tis done before, (this mighty Work of Fate.)
And I am glad your Swords are come too late.
He was my Prince, and though a Bloody one,
I ſhould have Conquer'd, and have Mercy ſhown.

Sheath all your Swords, and ceaſe your Enmity;
They are not Foes, but *Romans* whom you ſee.
Ber. He was my Tyrant, but my Husband too;
And therefore Duty will ſome Tears allow
Por. Placidius here!
And fair *Valeria*, new depriv'd of Breath?
Who can unriddle this dumb ſhow of Death?
Cyd. When, Sir, her Father did your Life deny,
She kill'd her ſelf, that ſhe with you might Die.
Placidius made the Emperor's Death his Crime;
Who, Dying, did Revenge his Death on him.
Por For thy dear ſake, I vow, each Week I live, { Porphyrius *kneels, and takes*
One Day to Faſting and juſt Grief I'll give: { Valeria's *Hand.*
And what hard Fate did to thy Life deny,
My Gratitude ſhall pay thy Memory.
Cent. Mean time to you belongs the Imperial Pow'r:
We with one Voice ſalute you Emperour.
Soldiers. Long live *Porphyrius* Emperor of the *Romans.*
Por. Too much, my Country-men, your Love you ſhow,
That you have thought me worthy to be ſo.
But, to requite that Love, I muſt take Care,
Not to engage you in a Civil War.
Two Emperors at *Rome* the Senate choſe,
And whom they chuſe no *Roman* ſhould oppoſe.
In Peace or War, let Monarchs Hope or Fear;
All my Ambition ſhall be bounded here. [*Kiſſing* Berenice's *Hand.*
Ber. I have too lately been a Prince's Wife,
And fear th'unlucky Omen of the Life.
Like a rich Veſſel beat by Storms to Shore,
'Twere Madneſs ſhould I venture out once more.
Of Glorious Trouble I will take no part,
And in no EmpireReign, but of your Heart.
Por. Let to the Winds your Golden Eagles fly, [*To the Soldiers.*
Your Trumpets ſound a Bloodleſs Victory:
Our Arms no more let *Aquileia* fear,
But to her Gates our peaceful Enſigns bear.
While I mix Cypreſs with my Myrtle Wreath,
Joy for your Life, and Mourn *Valeria*'s Death. [*Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

TO HIS
ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE
DUKE.

SIR,

HEroick Poeſie has always been Sacred to Princes and to Heroes. Thus *Virgil* inſcrib'd his *Æneides* to *Auguſtus Cæſar*; and of latter Ages, *Taſſo* and *Arioſto* Dedicated their Poems to the Houſe of *Eſt*. 'Tis indeed but Juſtice, that the moſt Excellent and moſt Profitable kind of Writing ſhould be Addreſs'd by Poets to ſuch Perſons, whoſe Characters have, for the moſt part, been the Guides and Patterns of their Imitation. And Poets, while they Imitate, Inſtruct. The feign'd Heroe inflames the True: And the dead Virtue animates the living. Since, therefore, the World is Govern'd by Precept and Example, and both theſe can only have influence from thoſe Perſons who are above us; that kind of Poeſie, which excites to Virtue the greateſt Men, is of greateſt uſe to Humane kind.

'Tis from this Conſideration, that I have preſum'd to Dedicate to your Royal Highneſs theſe faint Repreſentations of your own Worth and Valour in Heroick Poetry: Or, to ſpeak more properly, not to Dedicate, but to reſtore to you thoſe *Ideas*, which in the more perfect part of my Characters, I have taken from you. Heroes may lawfully be delighted with their own Praiſes, both as they are farther incitements to their Virtue, and as they are the higheſt Returns which Mankind can make them for it.

And certainly, if ever Nation were oblig'd, either by the Conduct, the Perſonal Valour, or the good Fortune of a Leader, the *Engliſh* are acknowledging, in all of them, to your Royal Highneſs. Your whole Life has been a continued Series of Heroick Actions; which you began ſo early, that you were no ſooner nam'd in the World, but it was with Praiſe and Admiration. Even the firſt bloſſoms of your Youth paid us all that could be expected from a ripening Manhood. While you practis'd but the Rudiments of War, you out-went all other Captains; and have ſince found none to ſurpaſs, but your ſelf alone. The opening of your Glory was like that of Light: You ſhone to us from afar; and diſclos'd your firſt Beams on diſtant Nations: Yet ſo, that the Luſtre of them was ſpread abroad, and reflected brightly on your Native Country. You were then an Honour to it, when it was a Reproach to it ſelf: And when the fortunate Uſurper ſent his Arms to *Flanders*, many of the Adverſe Party were vanquiſh'd by your Fame, e're they try'd your Valour. The Report of it drew over to your Enſigns whole Troops and Companies of Converted Rebels: and made them forſake ſucceſsful Wickedneſs, to follow an oppreſs'd and exil'd Virtue. Your Reputation wag'd War with the Enemies of your Royal Family, even within their Trenches; and the more obſtinate, or more guilty of them, were forc'd to be Spies over thoſe whom they Commanded, leſt the Name of *YORK* ſhould Disband that Army, in whoſe Fate it was to defeat the *Spaniards*, and force *Dunkirk* to Surrender. Yet, thoſe victorious Forces of the Rebels were not able to ſuſtain your Arms. Where you Charg'd in Perſon you were a Conqueror. 'Tis true, they afterwards recover'd Courage; and wreſted that Victory from others which they had loſt to you. And it was a greater Action for them to Rally, than it was to overcome: Thus, by the Preſence of your Royal Highneſs, the *Engliſh* on both ſides remaind Victorious. And that Army which was broken by your Valour, became a Terror to thoſe for whom they Conquer'd. Then it was, that at the Coſt of other Nations you inform'd and cultivated that Valour which was to defend your Native Country, and to vindicate its Honour from the Inſolence of our incroaching Neighbours. When the *Hollanders*, not contented to withdraw themſelves from the Obedience which they ow'd their lawful Sovereign, affronted thoſe by whoſe Charity they were firſt protected; and, (being ſwell'd up to a pre eminence of Trade, by a ſupine Negligence on our ſide, and a ſordid Parſimony on their own,) dar'd to diſpute the Sovereignty of the Seas; the Eyes of Three Nations were then caſt on you: And by the joint Suffrage of King and People, you were choſen to revenge their common Injuries; to which, though you had an undoubted Title by your Birth, you had a greater by your Courage. Neither did the Succeſs deceive our Hopes and Expectations: The moſt Glorious Victory which was gain'd by our Navy in that War, was in that firſt Engagement: Wherein, even by the confeſſion of our Enemies, who ever palliate their own Loſſes, and diminiſh our Advantages, your abſolute Triumph was acknowledg'd: You Conquer'd at the *Hague* as entirely as at *London*; and the return of a ſhatter'd Fleet, without an Admiral, left not the moſt impudent among them the leaſt pretence for a falſe Bonfire, or a diſſembled

Day of Publick Thankſgiving. All our Atchievements againſt them afterwards, tho' we ſometimes Conquer'd, and were never overcome, were but a Copy of that Victory, and they ſtill fell ſhort of their Original: Somewhat of Fortune was ever wanting, to fill up the Title of ſo abſolute a Defeat. Or, perhaps the Guardian-Angel of our Nation was not enough concern'd when you were abſent: And would not employ his utmoſt Vigour for a leſs important ſtake, than the Life and Honour of a Royal Admiral.

And, ſince that memorable Day, you have had leiſure to enjoy in Peace the Fruits of ſo Glorious a Reputation; 'twas Occaſion only has been wanting to your Courage, for that can never be wanting to Occaſion. The ſame Ardour ſtill incites you to Heroick Actions: And the ſame Concerment for all the Intereſts of your King and Brother, continue to give you reſtleſs Nights, and a generous Emulation for your own Glory. You are ſtill meditating on new Labours for your ſelf, and new Triumphs for the Nation; and when our former Enemies again provoke us, you will again ſolicite Fate to provide you another Navy to overcome, and another Admiral to be ſlain. You will then lead forth a Nation eager to Revenge their paſt Injuries: And, like the *Romans*, inexorable to Peace, till they have fully vanquiſh'd. Let our Enemies make their boaſt of a Surprize, as the *Samnites* have of a ſucceſsful ſtratagem: But the *Furcæ Caudinæ* will never be forgiven till they are reveng'd. I have always obſerv'd in your Royal Highneſs, an extream Concernment for the Honour of your Country: 'Tis a Paſſion common to you with a Brother, the moſt excellent of Kings: And in your Two Perſons are eminent the Characters which *Homer* has given us of Heroick Virtue: The Commanding Part in *Agamemnon*, and the Executive in *Achilles*. And I doubt not, from both your Actions, but to have abundant Matter to fill the Annals of a Glorious Reign; and to perform the part of a juſt Hiſtorian to my Royal Maſter, without intermixing with it any thing of the Poet.

In the mean time, while your Royal Highneſs is preparing freſh Imployments for our Pens, I have been examining my own Forces, and making tryal of my ſelf, how I ſhall be able to Tranſmit you to Poſterity. I have form'd a Heroe, I confeſs, not abſolutely perfect, but of an exceſſive and over-boiling Courage: But *Homer* and *Taſſo* are my Precedents. Both the *Greek* and the *Italian* Poet had well conſider'd, *That a tame Heroe, who never tranſgreſſes the bounds of Moral Virtue, would ſhine but dimly in an Epick Poem*; the ſtrictneſs of thoſe Rules might well give Precepts to the Reader, but would adminiſter little of occaſion to the Writer. But a Character of an excentrique Virtue is the more exact Image of Humane Life, becauſe he is not wholly exempted from its frailties: Such a Perſon is *Almanzor*; whom I Preſent with all Humility to the Patronage of your Royal Highneſs. I deſign'd in him a roughneſs of Character, impatient of Injuries; and a confidence of himſelf, almoſt approaching to an Arrogance. But theſe Errors are incident only to great Spirits; they are Moles and Dimples which hinder not a Face from being Beautiful, tho that Beauty be not regular; they are of the number of thoſe amiable Imperfections which we ſee in Miſtreſſes, and which we paſs over, without a ſtrict Examination, when they are accompanied with greater Graces. And ſuch in *Almanzor*, are a Frank and Noble Openneſs of Nature; and Eaſineſs to forgive his Conquer'd Enemies; and to protect them in Diſtreſs; and above all, an inviolable Faith in his Affection.

This, Sir, I have briefly ſhadow'd to your Royal Highneſs, that you may not be aſham'd of that Heroe, whoſe Protection you undertake. Neither would I Dedicate him to ſo Illuſtrious a Name, if I were conſcious to my ſelf that he did or ſaid any thing which was wholly unworthy of it. However, ſince it is not juſt that your Royal Highneſs ſhould defend, or own what, poſſibly, may be my Error; I bring before you this accus'd *Almanzor* in the nature of a ſuſpected Criminal. By the Suffrage of the moſt and beſt he is already Acquitted; and by the Sentence of ſome, Condemn'd. But, as I have no reaſon to ſtand to the Award of my Enemie, ſo neither dare I truſt the Partiality of my Friends. I make my laſt Appeal to your Royal Highneſs, as to a Sovereign Tribunal. Heroes ſhou'd only be judg'd by Heroes; becauſe they only are capable of meaſuring Great and Heroick Actions, by the Rule and Standard of their own. If *Almanzor* has fail'd in any point of Honour, I muſt therein acknowledge that he deviates from your Royal Highneſs, who are the Pattern of it. But, if at any time he fulfils the parts of Perſonal Valour and of Conduct, of a Soldier and of a General; or, if I could yet give him a Character more advantageous than what he has, of the moſt unſhaken Friend, the greateſt of Subjects, and the beſt of Maſters; I ſhou'd then draw all the World a true Reſemblance of your Worth and Virtues; at leaſt as far as they are capable of being Copied by the mean Abilities of,

SIR,

Your Royal Highneſs's

Moſt Humble, and moſt

Obedient Servant,

J. DRYDEN.

OF

HEROICK PLAYS:

An ESSAY.

WHether Heroick Verse ought to be admitted into serious Plays, is not now to be disputed; 'tis already in possession of the Stage, and I dare confidently affirm, That very few Tragedies in this Age shall be receiv'd without it. All the Arguments which are form'd against it, can amount to no more than this, That it is not so near Conversation as Prose, and therefore not so natural. But it is very clear to all who understand Poetry, that serious Plays ought not to imitate Conversation too nearly. If nothing were to be rais'd above that Level, the foundation of Poetry would be destroy'd. And, if you once admit of a Latitude, that Thoughts may be exalted, and that Images and Actions may be rais'd above the Life, and describ'd in Measure without Rhyme; that leads you insensibly from your own Principles to mine: You are already so far onward of your way, that you have forsaken the imitation of ordinary Converse. You are gone beyond it; and to continue where you are, is to Lodge in the open Fields betwixt two Inns. You have lost that which you call Natural, and have not acquir'd the last Perfection of Art. But it was only Custom which cozen'd us so long: We thought, because Shakespear and Fletcher went no farther, that there the Pillars of Poetry were to be erected. That, because they excellently describ'd Passion without Rhime, therefore Rhime was not capable of describing it. But time has now convinc'd most Men of that Error. 'Tis indeed so difficult to write Verse, that the Adversaries of it have a good Plea against many who undertake that task, without being form'd by Art or Nature for it. Yet, even they who have written worst in it, would have written worse without it. They have cozen'd many with their Sound, who never took the pains to examine their Sense. In fine, they have succeeded; tho', 'tis true, they have more dishonour'd Rhime by their good success, than they have done by their ill. But I am willing to let fall this Argument: 'Tis free for every Man to write, or not to write, in Verse, as he judges it to be, or not to be, his Talent; or as he imagines the Audience will receive it.

For Heroick Plays, (in which I have only us'd it without the mixture of Prose) the first light we had of them on the English Theatre, was from the late Sir William D'Avenant: It being forbidden him in the Rebellious times to Act Tragedies and Comedies, because they contain'd some matter of Scandal to those good People, who could more easily dispossess their lawful Sovereign, than endure a wanton Jest; he was forc'd to turn his Thoughts another way, and to introduce the Examples of Moral Virtue, writ in Verse, and perform'd in Recitative Musick. The Original of this Musick, and of the Scenes which Adorn'd this Work, he had from the Italian Opera's: but he heighten'd his Characters (as I may probably imagine) from the Example of Corneille and some French Poets. In this condition did this part of Poetry remain at His Majesty's Return. When growing bolder, as being now own'd by a Publick Authority, he review'd his Siege of Rhodes, and caus'd it to be Acted as a just Drama. But as few Men have the Happiness to begin and finish any new Project; so neither did he live to make his Design perfect: There wanted the fulness of a Plot, and the Variety of Characters, to form it as it ought; and perhaps, something might have been added to the Beauty of the Stile. All which he would have perform'd with more exactness, had he pleas'd to have given us another Work of the same nature. For my self, and others who come after him, we are bound, with all Veneration to his Memory, to acknowledge what advantage we receiv'd from that excellent ground-work which he laid: And since it is an easie thing to add to what already is invented, we ought all of us, without Envy to him, or Partiality to our selves, to yield him the precedence in it.

Having done him this Justice, as my Guide; I may do my self so much, as to give an Account of what I have perform'd after him. I observ'd then, as I said, what was wanting to the perfection of the Siege of Rhodes; which was Design and Variety of Characters. And in the midst of this Consideration, by meer accident, I opened the next Book that lay by me, which was an Ariosto in Italian; and the very first two lines of that Poem gave me light to all I could desire.

Le Donne, Il Cavalier, L'arme, gli amori.
Le Cortesie, l'audaci imprese io canto, &c.

For the very first Reflection which I made, was this, That an Heroick Play ought to be an imitation (In Little) of an Heroick Poem, and consequently, That Love and Valour ought to be the subject of it. Both these, Sir William D'Avenant had began to shadow; but it was so, as first Discoverers draw their Maps, with Head-lands, and Promontaries, and some few Out-lies of somewhat taken at a distance, and which the Designer saw not clearly. The common Drama oblig'd him to a Plot well Form'd and Pleasant, or as the Ancients call'd it, One entire and great Action. But this he afforded not himself, in a Story, which he neither fill'd with Persons, nor beautified with Characters, nor varied with Accidents. The Laws of an Heroick Poem did not dispence with those of the other, but rais'd them to a greater height; and indulg'd him a farther liberty of Fancy, and of drawing all things as far above the ordinary proportion of the Stage, as that is beyond the common Words and Actions of Humane Life: And therefore in the scanting of his Images, and Design, he comply'd not enough with the Greatness and Majesty of an Heroick Poem.

I am

I am ſorry I cannot diſcover my Opinion of this kind of Writing, without diſſenting much from his, whoſe Memory I Love and Honour: But I will do it with the ſame Reſpect to him, as if he were now alive and overlooking my Paper while I write. His Judgment of an Heroick Poem was this, That it ought to be dreſs'd in a more familiar and eaſie ſhape; more fitted to the common Actions and Paſſions of Humane Life: And, in ſhort, more like a Glaſs of Nature, ſhewing us our ſelves in our ordinary Habits; and figuring a more practicable Virtue to us, than was done by the Ancients or Moderns. Thus he takes the Image of an Heroick Poem from the Drama, or Stage-Poetry; and accordingly to divide it into Five Books, repreſenting the ſame number of Acts; and every Book into ſeveral Canto's, imitating the Scenes which compoſe our Acts.

But this, I think, is rather a Play in Narration (as I may call it) than an Heroick Poem; if at leaſt you will not prefer the Opinion of a ſingle Man to the Practice of the moſt excellent Authors, both of Ancient and later Ages. I am no admirer of Quotations; but you ſhall hear, if you pleaſe, one of the Ancients delivering his Judgment on this Queſtion: 'Tis Petronius Arbiter, the moſt Elegant, and one of the moſt Judicious Authors of the Latine Tongue; who, after he had given many admirable Rules for the Structure and Beauties of an Epick Poem, concludes all in theſe following words:

Non enim res geſtæ verſibus comprehendendæ ſunt; quod longæ melius Hiſtorici faciunt: Sed, per ambages, Deorumq; miniſteria, præcipitandus eſt liber Spiritus, ut potius furentis animi vaticinatio appareat, quam religioſæ orationis, ſub teſtibus, fides.

In which Sentence, and his own Eſſay of a Poem, which immediately he gives you, it is thought he taxes Lucan, who follow'd too much the Truth of Hiſtory; crowded Sentences together; was too full of Points; and too often offer'd at ſomewhat which had more of the Sting of an Epigram, than of the Dignity and State of an Heroick Poem. Lucan us'd not much the help of his Heathen Deities: There was neither the Miniſtry of the Gods, nor the Precipitation of the Soul, nor the Fury of a Prophet; (of which my Author ſpeaks) in his Pharſalia: He Treats you more like a Philoſopher, than a Poet, and inſtructs you in Verſe, with what had been taught by his Uncle Seneca in Proſe. In one word, he walks ſoberly afoot, when he might fly. Yet Lucan is not always this Religious Hiſtorian. The Oracle of Appius, and the Witchcraft of Erictho will ſomewhat atone for him, who was, indeed, bound up by an ill choſen and known Argument, to follow Truth with great exactneſs. For my part, I am of Opinion, that neither Homer, Virgil, Statius, Arioſto, Taſſo, nor our Engliſh Spencer, could have form'd their Poems half ſo beautiful, without thoſe Gods and Spirits, and thoſe Enthuſiaſtick parts of Poetry, which compoſe the moſt Noble Parts of all their Writings. And I will ask any Man who loves Heroick Poetry (for I will not diſpute their Taſtes, who do not) if the Ghoſt of Polydorus in Virgil, the enchanted Wood in Taſſo, and the Bower of Bliſs in Spencer, (which he borrows from that admirable Italian) could have been omitted without taking from their Works ſome of the greateſt Beauties in them. And if any Man object the improbabilities of a Spirit appearing, or of a Palace rais'd by Magick; I boldly Anſwer him, That an Heroick Poet is not tied to a bare Repreſentation of what is true, or exceeding probable; but that he might let himſelf looſe to viſionary Objects, and to the Repreſentation of ſuch things as depending not on Senſe, and therefore not to be comprehended by Knowledge, may give him a freer ſcope for Imagination. 'Tis enough that in all Ages and Religions, the greateſt part of Mankind have believ'd the power of Magick; and that there are Spirits or Spectres which have appear'd. This, I ſay, is foundation enough for Poetry: And I dare farther affirm, that the whole Doctrine of ſeparated Beings, whether thoſe Spirits are incorporeal Subſtances, (which Mr. Hobbs, with ſome reaſon, thinks to imply a contradiction,) or that they are a thinner and more Aerial ſort of Bodies (as ſome of the Fathers have conjectur'd) may better be explicated by Poets, than by Philoſophers or Divines. For their Speculations on this Subject are wholly Poetical, they have only their Fancy for their Guide, and that, being ſharper in an excellent Poet, than it is likely it ſhould in a Phlegmatick, heavy Gown-man, will ſee farther in its own Empire, and produce more ſatisfactory Motions on thoſe dark and doubtful Problems.

Some Men think they have rais'd a great Argument againſt the uſe of Spectres and Magick in Heroick Poetry, by ſaying, they are unnatural: But, whether they or I believe there are ſuch things, is not material: 'Tis enough, that, for ought we know, they may be in Nature; and whatever is, or may be, is not properly unnatural. Neither am I much concern'd at Mr. Cowley's Verſes before Gondibert; (tho' his Authority is almoſt Sacred to me:) 'Tis true, he has reſembled the old Epick Poetry to a Fantaſtick Fairy-land; but he has contradicted himſelf by his own Example. For, he has himſelf made uſe of Angels, and Viſions, in his Davideis, as well as Taſſo in his Godfrey.

What I have written on this Subject will not be thought Digreſſion by the Reader, if he pleaſe to remember what I ſaid in the beginning of this Eſſay, that I have model'd my Heroick Plays, by the Rules of an Heroick Poem. And, if that be the moſt Noble, the moſt Pleaſant, and the moſt inſtructive way of writing Verſe, and, withal, the higheſt pattern of Humane Life, as all Poets have agreed; I ſhall need no other Argument to juſtify my Choice in this Imitation. One advantage the Drama has above the other, namely, that it repreſents to view, what the Poem only does relate, and Segnius irritant animum demiſſa per aures, Quam quæ ſunt oculis ſubjecta fidelibus, as Horace tells us.

To thoſe who object my frequent uſe of Drums and Trumpets, and my Repreſentations of Battels; I Anſwer, I introduc'd them not on the Engliſh Stage; Shakeſpear us'd them frequently; and the Johnſon ſhews me no Battel in his Cataline; yet you hear from behind the Scenes the ſounding of Trumpets, and the ſhouts of Fighting Armies. But, I add farther, that theſe Warlike Inſtruments, and, even their Preſentations of Fighting on the Stage, are no more than neceſſary to produce the Effects of an Heroick Play; That is, to raiſe the imagination of the Audience, and to perſuade them, for the time, that what they beheld on the Theatre is really perform'd. The Poet is, then, to endeavour an abſolute Dominion over the Minds of the Spectators; for, though our Fancy will contribute to its own Deceit, yet a Writer ought to help its Operation. And that the Red Bull has formerly done the ſame, is no more an Argument againſt our Practice, than it would be for a Phyſician to forbear an approv'd Medicine, becauſe a Mountebank has us'd it with Succeſs.

Thus

Thus I have given a ſhort account of Heroick Plays. I might now, with the uſual eagerneſs of an Author, make a particular defence of this. But the common opinion (how unjuſt ſoever) has been ſo much to my advantage, that I have reaſon to be ſatisfy'd, and to ſuffer with patience all that can be urg'd againſt it.

For, otherwiſe, what can be more eaſie for me, than to defend the Character of Almanzor, which is one great Exception that is made againſt the Play? 'Tis ſaid, that Almanzor is no perfect Pattern of Heroick Virtue: That he is a Contemner of Kings; and that he is made to perform Impoſſibilities.

I muſt therefore avow, in the firſt place, from whence I took the Character. The firſt Image I had of him, was from the Achilles of Homer, the next from Taſſo's Rinaldo, (who was a Copy of the former) and the Third from the Artaban of Monſieur Calprenede (who has imitated both.) The Original of theſe (Achilles) is taken by Homer for his Heroe; and is deſcribed by him as one, who, in Strength and Courage, ſurpaſs'd the reſt of the Grecian Army: But, withal, of ſo fiery a Temper, ſo impatient of an Injury, even from his King and General, that when his Miſtreſs was to be forc'd from him by the Command of Agamemnon, he not only diſobey'd it, but return'd him an Anſwer full of contumely, and in the moſt opprobrious terms he could imagine: They are Homer's words which follow, and I have cited but ſome few amongſt a multitude.

Οἱ ἆθεός, κηδὲ ἄμμιν ἔχει, κενεόφρονα δ' ἐνάριθμοι. Il. α. v. 225.
Δημοβόρος βασιλεῦς, Il. α. v. 321.

Nay, he proceeded ſo far in his Inſolence, as to draw out his Sword, with intention to kill him.

Ἕλκετο δ' ἐκ κολεοῖο μέγα ξίφος. Il. α. v. 194.

And if Minerva had not appear'd, and held his hand, he had executed his deſign: and 'twas all ſhe could do to diſſwade him from it. The event was, that he left the Army, and would fight no more. Agamemnon gives his Character thus to Neſtor.

Ἀλλ' ὅδ' ἀνὴρ ἰξάλλεται ὃν μάλιστα ἄμμιν ἄλλων. Il. α. v. 287, 288.
Πάντων γὰρ ἀρχεύειν ἰθέλει, πάντεσσιν δ' ἀνάσσειν.

And Horace gives the ſame deſcription of him in his Art of Poetry.

——Honoratum ſi forte reponis Achillem,
Impiger, Iracundus, Inexorabilis, Acer,
Jura neget ſibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.

Taſſo's chief Character, Rinaldo, was a Man of the ſame Temper: For, when he had ſlain Gernando in his heat of paſſion, he not only refus'd to be judg'd by Godfrey, his General, but threatned that if he came to ſeize him, he would right himſelf by Arms upon him: Witneſs theſe following lines of Taſſo.

Venga, egli omandi, jo terro fermo il piede;
Giudici ſian tra noi la ſorte, e l'arme
Fera tragedia vuol che s'appreſenti
Per los diporti a le Nemiche genti.

You ſee how little theſe great Authors did eſteem the point of Honour, ſo much magnify'd by the French, and ſo ridiculouſly Ap'd by us. They made their Heroes Men of Honour; but ſo, as not to diveſt them quite of humane Paſſions and Frailties: They content themſelves to ſhew you, what Men of great Spirits would certainly do, when they were provok'd, not what they were oblig'd to do by the ſtrict Rules of Moral Virtue; for my own part, I declare my ſelf for Homer and Taſſo and am more in love with Achilles and Rinaldo, than with Cyrus and Oroondates. I ſhall never ſubject my Characters to the French Standard; where Love and Honour are to be weigh'd by Drams and Scruples; but, where I have deſign'd the Patterns of exact Virtues, ſuch as in this Play are the Parts of Almahide, of Ozmyn, and Benzayda, I may ſafely challenge the beſt of theirs.

But Almanzor is taxt with the changing ſides: And what tye has he on him to the contrary? He is not born their Subject, whom he ſerves: And he is injur'd by them to a very high degree. He threatens them, and ſpeaks inſolently of Sovereign Power: But ſo do Achilles and Rinaldo, who were Subjects and Soldiers to Agamemnon and Godfrey of Bulloigne. He talks extravagantly in his Paſſion; but, if I would take the pains to quote an hundred paſſages of Ben. Johnſon's Cethegus, I could eaſily ſhew you, that the Rhodomontades of Almanzor are neither ſo irrational as his, nor ſo impoſſible to be put in execution: For Cethegus threatens to deſtroy Nature, and to raiſe a new one out of it: To kill all the Senate for his part of the Action; to look Cato dead, and a thouſand other things as extravagant, he ſays, but performs not one Action in the Play.

But none of the former Calumnies will ſtick; and therefore 'tis at laſt charged upon me, that Almanzor does all things; or if you will have an abſurd Accuſation, in their nonſence who make it, that he performs Impoſſibilities. They ſay, that being a ſtranger, he appeaſes two fighting Factions, when the Authority of their lawful Sovereign could not. This is indeed the moſt improbable of all his Actions; but 'tis far from being impoſſible. Their King had made himſelf contemptible to his People, as the Hiſtory of Granada tells us; and Almanzor, though a ſtranger, yet was already known to them by his Gallantry in the Juego de toros, his Engagement on the weaker ſide, and more eſpecially, by the Character of his Perſon, and brave Actions, given by Abdalla juſt before; and after all, the greatneſs of the Enterprize conſiſted only in the daring; for he had the King's Guards to ſecond him: But we have read both of Cæſar, and many other Generals, who have not only calm'd a Mutiny with a word, but have preſented themſelves ſingle before an Army of their Enemies; which upon ſight of them has revolted from their own Leaders, and come over to their Trenches. In the reſt of Almanzor's Actions, you ſee him for the moſt part victorious; but, the ſame fortune has conſtantly attended many Heroes who were not imaginary, yet you ſee it no Inheritance to him: For, in the Firſt Part, he is made a Priſoner; and in the laſt, defeated; and not able to preſerve the City from being taken. If the Hiſtory of the late Duke of Guiſe be true, he hazarded more, and perform'd not leſs in Naples, than Almanzor is feign'd to have done in Granada.

I have been too tedious in this Apology; but to make some satisfaction, I will leave the rest of my Play expos'd to the Criticks, without defence.

The Concernment of it is wholly past from me, and ought to be in them who have been favourable to it, and are somewhat oblig'd to defend their Opinion. That there are errors in it I deny not.

Aſt opere in tanto ſas eſt obrepere Somnum.

But I have already ſwept the ſtakes; and with the Common good fortune of proſperous Gameſters can be content to ſit quietly, to bear my fortune curſt by ſome, and my faults arraign'd by others; and to ſuffer both without reply.

PROLOGUE

To the Firſt PART.

Spoken by Mrs *Ellen Guyn* in a Broad brim'd Hat, and Waſte-Belt.

THIS Jeſt was firſt of th'other Houſe's making,
And five times try'd, has never fail'd of taking.
For 'twere a ſhame a Poet ſhould be kill'd
Under the ſhelter of ſo broad a Shield.
This is that Hat, whoſe very ſight did win ye
To laugh and clap as though the Devil were in ye.
As then, for Nokes, *ſo now I hope you'll be*
So dull, to laugh once more for love of me.
I'll write a Play, ſays one, for I have got
A Broad brim'd Hat, and Waſte-Belt towards a Plot.
Says th'other, I have one more large than that.
Thus they out-write each other with a Hat.
The Brims ſtill grew with every Play they writ;
And grew ſo large, they cover'd all the Wit.
Hat was the Play: 'twas Language, Wit and Tale:
Like them that find Meat, Drink, and Cloth in Ale.
What Dulneſs do theſe Mungril Wits confeſs,
When all their hope is acting of a Dreſs!
Thus, Two the beſt Comedians of the Age
Muſt be worn out, with being Blocks o'th Stage;
Like a young Girl, who better things has known,
Beneath their Poets Impotence they groan.
See now what Charity it was to ſave!
They thought you lik'd what only you forgave:
And brought you more dull Senſe, dull Senſe much worſe
Than brisk gay Nonſence, and the heavier Curſe.
They bring old Rags and Glaſs upon the Stage,
To barter with the Indians of our Age.
Still they write on, and like grave Authors ſhow:
But 'tis as Rowlers in wet Gardens grow
Heavy with Dirt, and gathering as they go.
May none who have ſo little underſtood
To like ſuch traſh, preſume to be diſguſted!
And may theſe Drudges of the Stage, whoſe Fate
Is damn'd dull Farce, more dully to Tranſlate,
Fall under that Excize the State thinks fit
To ſet on all French Wares, whoſe worſt is Wit.
French Farce worn out at home, is ſent abroad;
And patch'd up here, is made our Engliſh Mode.
Henceforth let Poets, o're alarm'd no more,
Be ſearch'd, like Duelliſts, before they fight,
For Wheel-broad Hats, dull Humour, all that chaff
Which makes you mourn, and makes the vulgar laugh:
For theſe, in Plays, are as unlawful Arms,
As in a Combat, Coats of Mail, and Charms.

Perſons Repreſented.

Mahomet Boabdelin, the laſt King of *Granada*.——Mr. *Kynaſton.*
Prince *Abdalla*, his Brother.——Mr. *Lydal.*
Abdelmeleeh chief of the Abencerrages.——Mr. *Mohun.*
Zulema, chief of the Zegrys.——Mr. *Harris.*
Abenamar, an old Abencerrago.——Mr. *Cartwright.*
Selin, an old Zegry.——Mr. *Winterſhal.*
Ozmyn, a brave young Abencerrago, Son to *Abenamar*.Mr. *Beeſton.*
Hamet, Brother to *Zulema*, a Zegry.——Mr. *Watſon.*
Gomel, a Zegry.——Mr. *Powel.*
Almanzor.——Mr. *Hart.*

Ferdinand, King of *Spain*.——Mr. *Littlewood.*
Duke of *Arcos*, his General.——Mr. *Bell.*
Don *Alonzo d' Aguilar*, a Spaniſh Captain.——

Almahide, Queen of *Granada*.——Mrs. *Ellen Guyn,*
Lyndaraxa, Siſter to *Zulema*, a Zegry Lady.——Mrs. *Mouſhal.*
Benzayda, Daughter to *Selin*.——Mrs. *Bowtel.*
Eſperanza, Slave to the Queen.——Mrs. *Reeve.*
Halyma, Slave to *Lyndaraxa*.——Mrs. *Eaſtland.*
Iſabella, Queen of *Spain*.——Mrs. *James.*

Meſſengers, Guards, Attendants, Men and Women.

The SCENE in *GRANADA*, and the *Chriſtian* Camp Beſieging it.

Alman.

Almanzor and *Almahide*:

OR, THE

CONQUEST of GRANADA.

The First PART.

Boabdelin, Abenamar, Abdelmelech, *Guards.*

Boab. THus, in the Triumphs of ſoft Peace I reign;
And, from my Walls, defy the Pow'rs of *Spain*:
With Pomp and Sports my Love I celebrate;
While they keep diſtance, and attend my State.
Parent to her whoſe eyes my Soul inthral; [*To* Aben.
Whom I, in hope, already Father call;
Abenamar, thy Youth theſe Sports has known,
Of which thy Age is now Spectator grown:
Judge-like thou ſit'ſt, to praiſe, or to arraign
The flying Skirmiſh of the darted Cane:
But, when fierce Bulls run looſe upon the place,
And our bold *Moors* their Loves with danger grace,
Then, Heat new bends thy ſlakned Nerves again,
And a ſhort Youth runs warm through every Vein.
Aben. I muſt confeſs th' Encounters of this day
Warm'd me indeed, but quite another way:
Not with the fire of Youth, but gen'rous Rage
To ſee the Glories of my Youthfull age
So far out done.
Abdel. Caſtile could never boaſt, in all its pride,
A Pomp ſo ſplendid; when the liſts ſet wide,
Gave room to the fierce Bulls, which wildly ran
In *Sierra Ronda*, 'ere the War began:
Who, with high Noſtrils, Snuffling up the wind,
Now ſtood, the Champion of the Salvage kind.
Juſt oppoſite, within the circled place,
Ten of our bold *Abencerrages* race
(Each brandiſhing his Bull-ſpear in his hand,)
Did their proud Gennets gracefully command.
On their ſteel'd heads their demy-Lances wore
Small pennons, which their Ladies colours bore.
Before this Troop did Warlike *Ozmyn* go;
Each Lady as he rode ſaluting low:
At the chief ſtands, with Reverence more profound,
His well-taught Courſer, kneeling, touch'd the ground;
Thence rais'd, he ſidelong bore his Rider on,
Still facing, till he out of ſight was gone.
Boab. You praiſe him like a Friend, and I confeſs
His brave Deportment merited no leſs.
Abdelm. Nine Bulls were launch'd by his Victorious Arm,
Whoſe wary Gennet ſhunning ſtill the harm,
Seem'd to attend the ſhock and then leap'd wide:
Mean while, his dextrous Rider, when he ſpy'd
The Beaſt juſt ſtooping, 'twixt the neck and head
His Lance, with never erring fury, ſped.
Aben. My Son did well; and ſo did *Hamet* too;
Yet did no more than we were wont to do;
But what the ſtranger did, was more than Man:
Abdel. He finiſh'd all thoſe Triumphs we began.

One Bull, with curl'd black head beyon'd the reſt,
And dew-laps hanging from his brawny cheſt,
With nodding front a while did daring ſtand,
And with his jetty hoof ſpurn'd back the ſand:
Then, leaping forth, he bellow'd out aloud:
Th' amaz'd aſſiſtants back each other croud,
While Monarch-like he rang'd the liſted field;
Some toſs'd, ſome goar'd, ſome trampling down he kill'd.
Th' ignobler Moors from far his Rage provoke
With woods of darts, which from his ſides he ſhook.
Mean time your valiant Son, who had before
Gain'd fame, rode round to every Mirador:
Beneath each Ladies ſtand, a ſtop he made;
And, bowing, took th' Applauſes which they paid.
Juſt in that point of time the brave unknown,
Approach'd the Liſts.
Boab. ——— ——— ———I mark'd him, when alone
(Obſerv'd by all, himſelf obſerving none)
He enter'd firſt; and with a gracefull pride,
His fiery Arab dextrouſly did guide:
Who, while his Rider every ſtand ſurvey'd,
Sprung looſe, and flew into an Eſcapade:
Not moving forward, yet, with every bound,
Preſſing and ſeeming ſtill to quit his ground.
What after paſs'd———
Was far from the *Ventannan* where I ſate, [*To* Abdel.
But you were near, and can the truth relate.
Abdel. Thus, while he ſtood, the Bull who ſaw this foe,
His eaſier Conqueſts proudly did forego:
And, making at him, with a furious bound,
From his bent Forehead aim'd a double wound.
A riſing murmer ran through all the field,
And every Ladies blood with fear was chil'd.
Some ſkriek'd, while others, with more helpful care,
Cry'd out aloud, beware, brave Youth, beware!
At this he turn'd; and, as the Bull drew near,
Shun'd, and receiv'd him on his pointed Spear.
The Lance broke ſhort; the Beaſt then bellow'd loud,
And his ſtong neck to a new onſet bow'd.
Th'undaunted Youth ———
Then drew; and from his ſaddle bending low,
Juſt where the neck did to the ſhoulders grow,
With his full force diſcharg'd a deadly blow.
Not heads of Poppies (when they reap the grain)
Fall with more eaſe before the lab'ring Swain,
Than fell this head:———
It fell ſo quick, it did even death prevent:
And made imperfect bellows as it went.
Then all the Trumpets Victory did ſound:
And yet their clangors in our ſhouts were drown'd. [*A confus'd noiſe within.*
Boab. Th'Alarm-bell rings from our *Alhambra* Walls,
And, from the Streets ſound Drums and Ataballes. [*Within, a Bell, Drums and Trump.*
How now! from whence proceed theſe new allarms: [*To them a Meſſenger.*
Meſſ. The two fierce Factions are again in arms:
And, changing into blood the days delight,
The *Zegrys* with the *Abencerrages* fight.
On each ſide their Allies and Friends appear;
The *Macas* here the *Alabezes* there:
The *Gazuls* with the *Abencerrages* joyn,
And, with the *Zegrys*, all great *Gomel*'s line.
Boab. Draw up behind the *Vivarambla* place;
Double my Guards, theſe Factions I will face;
And try if all the fury they can bring
Be proof againſt the preſence of their King: [*Exit* Boabdelin.

The

The Factions appear: At the head of the Abencerrages Ozmyn; *at the head of the* Zegrys, Zulema, Hamet, Gomel, *and* Selih: Abenamar *and* Abdelmelech *joyned with the* Abencerrages.

Zul. The faint *Abencerrages* quit their ground:
Preſs 'em; put home your Thruſts to every Wound.
Abdelm. Zegry, on manly Force our Line relies;
Thine poorly takes th'advantage of Surprize.
Unarm'd and much out-number'd we retreat;
You gain no Fame, when baſely you defeat.
If thou art brave, ſeek nobler Victory;
Save Mooriſh Blood; and, while our Bands ſtand by,
Let two to two an equal Combat try.
Hamet. 'Tis not for fear the Combat we refuſe:
But we our gain'd Advantage will not loſe.
Zul. In Combating, but two of you will fall;
And we reſolve we will diſpatch you all.
Ozmyn. We'll double yet th'exchange before we die;
And each of ours two Lives of yours ſhall buy.

[Almanzor *enters betwixt them, as they ſtand ready to engage.*

Almanz. I cannot ſtay to ask which Cauſe is beſt;
But this is ſo to me, becauſe oppreſt. [*Goes to the* Abencerrages.

[*To them* Boabdelin *and his Guards, going betwixt them.*

Boab. On your Allegiance I command you ſtay;
Who paſſes here, through me muſt make his way.
My Life's the *Iſthmus*; through this narrow line
You firſt muſt cut, before thoſe Seas can joyn.
What Fury, *Zegrys*, has poſſeſs'd your Minds?
What Rage the brave *Abencerrages* blinds?
If, of your Courage you new proofs wou'd ſhow,
Without much Travel you may find a Foe.
Thoſe Foes are neither ſo remote nor few,
That you ſhou'd need each other to purſue.
Lean Times and foreign Wars ſhould Minds unite;
When poor, men mutter, but they ſeldom fight.
O holy *Alha*, that I live to ſee
The *Granadines* aſſiſt their Enemy!
You fight the Chriſtians Battels; every Life
You laviſh thus, in this inteſtine ſtrife,
Does from our weak Foundations take one Prop,
Which help'd to hold our ſinking Country up.
Ozmyn. 'Tis fit our private Enmity ſhould ceaſe;
Though injur'd firſt, yet I will firſt ſeek Peace.
Zulem. No, Murd'rer, no; I never will be won
To Peace with him whoſe hand has ſlain my Son.
Ozmyn. Our Prophet's Curſe———
On me, and all the *Abencerrages*, light,
If unprovok'd I with your Son did fight.
Abdelm. A Band of *Zegrys* ran within the place,
Match'd with a Troop of Thirty of our Race.
Your Son and *Ozmyn* the firſt Squadrons led,
Which, ten by ten, like *Parthians* charg'd and fled.
The Ground was ſtrow'd with Canes, where we did meet,
which crackled underneath our Courſer's Feet.
When *Tarifa* (I ſaw him ride apart)
Chang'd his blunt Cane for a Steel pointed Dart;
And meeting *Ozmyn* next,
Who wanted time for Treaſon to provide,
He baſely threw it at him, undefy'd. [Ozmyn *ſhowing his Arm.*
Ozmyn. Witneſs this Blood———which, when by Treaſon fought,
That follow'd, Sir, which to my ſelf I ought.
Zulem. His Hate to thee was grounded on a Grudge,
Which all our generous *Zegrys* juſt did judge;
Thy Villain Blood thou openly didſt place
Above the Purple of our Kingly Race.

Boabd. From equal Stems their Blood both Houſes draw,
They from *Morocco*, you from *Cordova*.
Hamet. Their Mungril Race is mix'd with Chriſtian Breed;
Hence 'tis that they thoſe Dogs in Priſons feed.
Abdel. Our holy Prophet Wills, that Charity
Should ev'n to Birds and Beaſts extended be:
None knows what Fate is for himſelf deſign'd;
The Thought of humane Chance ſhould make us kind.
Gomel. We waſte that Time we to Revenge ſhould give:
Fall on; let no *Abencerrago* live. [*Advancing before the reſt of his Party.*
[Almanzor *advancing on the other ſide, and deſcribing a Line with his Sword.*
Almanz. Upon thy Life, paſs not this middle Space;
Sure Death ſtands guarding the forbidden place.
Gomel. To dare that Death, I will approach yet nigher.
Thus, wert thou compaſs'd in with circling Fire. [*They fight.*
Boab. Diſarm 'em both; if they reſiſt you, kill.
[Almanzor, *in the midſt of the Guards, kills* Gomel, *and then is diſarm'd.*
Almanz. Now, you have but the Leavings of my Will.
Boab. Kill him; this inſolent unknown ſhall fall,
And be the Victim to attone you all.
Ozmyn. If he muſt die, not one of us will live;
That Life he gave for us, for him we give.
Boab. It was a Traitor's Voice that ſpoke thoſe Words;
So are you all who do not ſheath your Swords.
Zulem. Outrage unpuniſh'd, when a Prince is by,
Forfeits to Scorn the Rights of Majeſty:
No Subject his Protection can expect,
Who what he owes himſelf does firſt neglect.
Abenam. This Stranger, Sir, is he,
Who lately in the *Vivarambla* place
Did, with ſo loud Applauſe, Your Triumphs grace.
Boab. The word which I have given, I'll not revoke;
If he be brave, he's ready for the Stroke.
Almanz. No man has more Contempt than I, of Breath;
But whence haſt thou the Right to give me Death?
Obey'd as Sovereign by thy Subjects be;
But know, That I alone am King of me.
I am as free as Nature firſt made Man,
'Ere the baſe Laws of Servitude began,
When wild in Woods the noble Savage ran.
Boab. Since, then, no Pow'r above your own you know,
Mankind ſhou'd uſe you like a common Foe.
You ſhou'd be hunted like a Beaſt of Prey;
By your own Law I take your Life away.
Almanz. My Laws are made but only for my ſake;
No King againſt himſelf a Law can make.
If thou pretend'ſt to be a Prince like me,
Blame not an Act which ſhould thy Pattern be.
I ſaw th'oppreſs'd, and thought it did belong
To a King's Office to redreſs the wrong:
I brought the Succour which thou ought'ſt to bring,
And ſo, in nature, am thy Subjects King.
Boab. I do not want your Counſel to direct,
Or Aid to help me puniſh or protect.
Almanz. Thou want'ſt 'em both, or better thou would'ſt know
Than to let Factions in thy Kingdom grow.
Divided Int'reſts, while thou think'ſt to ſway,
Draw like two Brooks thy middle Stream away:
For though they band and jar, yet both combine
To make their Greatneſs by the fall of thine.
Thus like a Buckler thou art held in fight,
While they, behind thee, with each other fight.
Boab. Away; and execute him inſtantly. [*To his Guards.*
Almanz. Stand off, I have not Leiſure yet to die. [*To them* Abdalla *haſtily.*

Abdal-

Abdalla. Hold, Sir, for Heav'n ſake hold:
Defer this Noble Stranger's puniſhment,
Or your raſh Orders you will ſoon repent.
Boab. Brother, you know not yet his Inſolence.
Abdal. Upon your ſelf you puniſh his Offence:
If we treat gallant Stangers in this ſort,
Mankind will ſhun th' inhoſpitable Court.
And who, henceforth, to our Defence will come,
If Death muſt be the brave *Almanzor's* doom?
From *Africa* I drew him to your Aid;
And for his Succor have his Life betraid.
Boab. Is this the *Almanzor* whom at *Fez* you knew,
When firſt their Swords the *Xeriff* Brothers drew?
Abdal. This, Sir, is he who for the Elder fought,
And to the juſter Cauſe the Conqueſt brought:
Till the proud *Santo*, ſeated in the Throne,
Diſdain'd the Service he had done, to own.
Then to the vanquiſh'd part his Fate he led;
The Vanquiſh'd Triumph'd, and the Victor fled:
Vaſt is his Courage; boundleſs is his Mind,
Rough as a Storm, and humorous as Wind;
Honour's the only Idol of his Eyes;
The charms of Beauty like a Peſt he flies:
And rais'd by Valour from a Birth unknown,
Acknowledges no Pow'r above his own. [Boabdelin *coming to* Almanzor.
Impute your Danger to our Ignorance;
The Braveſt Men are ſubject moſt to Chance:
Granada much does to your Kindneſs owe:
But Towns expecting Sieges cannot ſhow
More Honour, than t' invite you to a Foe.
Alman. I do not doubt but I have been to blame:
But, to purſue the end for which I came,
Unite your Subjects firſt; then let us go,
And pour their common Rage upon the Foe.
Boab. *to the Factions.*
Lay down your Arms; and let me beg you ceaſe
Your Enmities.
Zulema.——We will not hear of Peace,
Till we by force have firſt reveng'd our ſlain.
Abdel. The Action we have done we will maintain.
Selin. Then let the King depart, and we will try
Our Cauſe by Arms.
Zul. ——For us and Victory.
Boab. A King intreats you.
Almanz. What Subjects will precarious Kings regard?
A Beggar ſpeaks too ſoftly to be heard.
Lay down your Arms; 'tis I Command you now:
Do it——or by our Prophet's Soul I vow,
My Hands ſhall right your King on him I ſeize.
Now, let me ſee whoſe Look but diſobeys.
Omnes. Long live King *Mahomet Boabdelin.*
Alman. No more; but huſh'd as Midnight ſilence go:
He will not have your Acclamations now.
Hence you unthinkinking Croud—— [*The common People go off on both Parties.*
Empire, thou poor and deſpicable thing,
When ſuch as theſe unmake or make a King!
Abdalla. How much of Virtue lies in one great Soul. [*Embracing him.*
Whoſe ſingle Force can Multitudes controul! [*A Trumpet within.*

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſen. The Duke of *Arcos*, Sir,——
Does with a Trumpet from the Foe appear:
Boab. Attend him, he ſhall have his Audience here.

Enter

Enter the Duke of Arcos.

Arcos. The Monarchs of *Caſtile* and *Arragon*
Have ſent me to you to demand this Town:
To which their Juſt and Rightful Claim is known.
Boab. Tell *Ferdinand*, my Right to it appears
By long Poſſeſſion of Eight Hundred Years.
When firſt my Anceſtors from *Africk* Sail'd,
In *Rodrique*'s Death your *Gothique* Title fail'd.
Arcos. The Succeſſors of *Rodrique* ſtill remain;
And ever ſince have held ſome part of *Spain*.
Ev'n in the midſt of your victorious Pow'rs
Th' *Aſturia's*, and all *Portugal* were ours.
You have no Right, except you Force allow;
And if yours then was juſt, ſo ours is now.
Boab. 'Tis True, from Force the Nobleſt Title ſprings;
I therefore hold from that, which firſt made Kings.
Arcos. Since then by Force you prove your Title true,
Ours muſt be Juſt; becauſe we claim from you.
When with your Father you did jointly Reign,
Invading with your *Moors* the South of *Spain*,
I, who that day the *Chriſtians* did Command,
Then took, and brought you bound to *Ferdinand*.
Boab. I'll hear no more; defer what you would ſay:
In private we'll Diſcourſe ſome other day.
Arcos. Sir, you ſhall hear, however you are loth,
That, like a perjur'd Prince, you broke your Oath.
To gain you Freedom, you a Contract Sign'd,
By which your Crown you to my King reſign'd.
From thenceforth, as his Vaſſal holding it,
And paying Tribute, ſuch as he thought fit:
Contracting, when your Father came to dye,
To lay aſide all marks of Royalty:
And at *Purchena* privately to live;
Which, in exchange, King *Ferdinand* did give.
Boab. The Force us'd on me, made that Contract void.
Arcos. Why have you then its Benefits enjoy'd?
By it you had not only Freedom then,
But ſince had Aid of Money and of Men.
And, when *Granada* for your Uncle held,
You were by us Reſtor'd, and he Expell'd.
Since that in Peace we let you reap your Grain,
Recall'd our Troops that us'd to beat your Plain,
And more———————
Almanz. Yes, yes, you did with wondrous Care
Againſt his Rebels proſecute the War,
While he ſecure in your Protecton ſlept,
For him you took, but for your ſelf you kept.
Thus, as ſome fawning Uſurer does feed
With preſent Sums th'unwary Unthrift's need,
You ſold your Kindneſs at a boundleſs rate,
And then o'er-paid the Debt from his Eſtate:
Which mouldring piece-meal, in your hands did fall;
Till now at laſt you came to ſwoop it all.
Arcos. The Wrong you do my King I cannot bear;
Whoſe Kindneſs you would odiouſly compare.
Th' Eſtate was his, which yet, ſince you deny,
He's now content in his own wrong to buy.
Almanz. And he ſhall buy it dear what his he calls:
We will not give one Stone from out theſe Walls.
Boab. Take this for Anſwer, then——
Whate'er your Arms have Conquer'd of my Land,
I will for Peace reſign to *Ferdinand*:
To harder terms my Mind I cannot bring;
But as I ſtill have liv'd, will die a King.

Arcos

Arcos. Since thus you have Reſolv'd, henceforth prepare
For all the laſt extremities of War:
My King his Hope from Heaven's aſſiſtance draws.
Almanz. The *Moors* have Heav'n and me t'aſſiſt their Cauſe. [*Exit* Arcos.

Enter Eſperanza.

Eſper. Fair *Almahide*
(Who did with weeping Eyes theſe Diſcords ſee,
And fears the *Omen* may unlucky be)
Prepares a *Zambray* to be Danc'd this night,
In hope ſoft Pleaſures may your Minds unite.
Boab. My Miſtriſs gently chides the fault I made;
But tedious Buſineſs has my Love delay'd;
Buſineſs which dares the Joys of Kings invade.
Almanz. Firſt, let us Sally out, and meet the Foe.
Abdal. Led on by you, we on to Triumph go.
Boab. Then, with the Day, let War and Tumult ceaſe;
The Night be Sacred to our Love and Peace:
'Tis juſt, ſome Joys on weary Kings ſhould wait;
'Tis all we gain by being Slaves to State. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT II.

Abdalla, Abdelmelech, Ozmyn, Zulema, Hamet, *as returning from the Sally.*

Abdal. THis Happy Day does to *Granada* bring
A laſting Peace, and Trinmphs to the King:
The Two fierce Factions will no longer jarr,
Since they have now been Brothers in the War:
Thoſe, who apart in Emulation fought,
The common Danger to one Body brought;
And to his Coſt the proud *Caſtillian* finds
Our *Mooriſh* Courage in united Minds.
Abdel. Since to each others Aid our Lives we owe,
Loſe we the name of Faction and of Foe;
Which I to *Zulema* can bear no more,
Since *Lindaraxa*'s Beauty I Adore.
Zul. I am oblig'd to *Lindaraxa*'s Charms
Which gain the Conqueſt, I ſhould loſe by Arms;
And wiſh my Siſter may continue Fair,
That I may keep a good,
Of whoſe Poſſeſſion I ſhould elſe deſpair.
Ozmyn. While we indulge our common Happineſs,
He is forgot by whom we all poſſeſs;
The brave *Almanzor*, to whoſe Arms we owe
All that we did, and all that we ſhall do;
Who, like a Tempeſt that out-rides the Wind,
Made a Juſt Battle e'r the Bodies join'd.
Abdalla. His Victories we ſcarce could keep in view,
Or poliſh 'em ſo faſt as he rough drew.
Abdel. Fate after him below with pain did move,
And Victory could ſcarce keep pace above.
Death did at length ſo many ſlain forget,
And loſt the Tale, and took 'em by the great. {*To them* Almanzor *with the Duke of* Arcos *priſoner.*
Hamet. See, here he comes,
And leads in Triumph him who did Command
The vanquiſh'd Army of King *Ferdinand.* [Almanzor *to the Duke of* Arcos.
Almanz. Thus far your Maſter's Arms a fortune find
Below the ſwell'd Ambition of his Mind:
And *Alba* ſhuts a Mis-believers Reign
From out the beſt and goodlieſt part of *Spain.*
Let *Ferdinand Calabrian* Conqueſts make,
And from the *French* conteſted *Milan* take,

Let

Let him New Worlds diſcover to the Old,
And break up ſhining Mountains big with Gold,
Yet he ſhall find this ſmall Domeſtique Foe
Still ſharp, and pointed, to his Boſom grow.
Duke of Arc. Of ſmall Advantages too much you boaſt;
You beat the Out-guards of my Maſter's Hoſt:
This little loſs in our vaſt Body, ſhews
So ſmall, that half have never heard the news.
Fame's out of breath, e're ſhe can fly ſo far,
To tell 'em all, that you have e're made War.
Almanz. It pleaſes me your Army is ſo great:
For now I know there's more to Conquer yet.
By Heav'n I'll ſee what Troops you have behind;
I'll face this Storm that thickens in the Wind:
And, with bent Forehead full againſt it go,
Till I have found the laſt and utmoſt Foe.
Duke. Believe you ſhall not long attend in vain;
To Morrow's Dawn ſhall cover all your Plain.
Bright Arms ſhall flaſh upon you from afar;
A Wood of Lances, and a moving War.
But I, unhappy in my Bands, muſt yet
Be only pleas'd to hear of your Defeat,
And, with a Slave's inglorious Eaſe remain,
Till Conquering *Ferdinand* has broke my Chain.
Almanz. Vain Man, thy hopes of *Ferdinand* are weak;
I hold thy Chain too faſt for him to break.
But ſince thou threaten'ſt us, I'll let thee free,
That I again may Fight and Conquer thee.
Duke. Old as I am, I take thee at thy word,
And will to Morrow Thank thee with my Sword.
Almanz. I'll go, and inſtantly acquaint the King:
And ſuddain Orders for thy Freedom bring.
Thou can'ſt not be ſo pleas'd at Liberty,
As I ſhall be to find thou dar'ſt be free.
[*Exeunt* Almanzor, Arcos, *and the reſt; excepting only* Abdalla *and* Zulema.
Abdalla. Of all thoſe Chriſtians who infeſt this Town,
This Duke of *Arcos* is of moſt Renown.
Zulema. Oft have I heard, that in your Father's Reign,
His bold Advent'rers beat the Neighb'ring Plain;
Then, under *Ponce-Leon's* Name he fought,
And from our Triumphs many Prizes brought.
Till in Diſgrace, from *Spain* at length he went,
And ſince, continued long in Baniſhment.
Abdalla. But ſee, your Beauteous Siſter does appear. [*To them* Lindaraxa.
Zulema. By my deſire ſhe came to find me here:
{ Zulema *and* Lindaraxa *whiſper; then* Zulema
{ *goes out, and* Lindaraxa *is going after.*
Abdal. Why, faireſt *Lindaraxa*, do you fly [*Staying her.*
A Prince, who at your Feet is proud to Die?
Linda. Sir, I ſhould bluſh to own ſo rude a thing, [*Staying.*
As 'tis to ſhun the Brother of my King.
Abdal. In my hard Fortune I ſome Eaſe ſhould find,
Did your Diſdain extend to all Mankind.
But give me leave to grieve, and to complain,
That you give others what I beg in vain.
Lindar. Take my Eſteem, if you on that can live;
For, frankly, Sir, 'tis all I have to give.
If, from my Heart, you ask or hope for more,
I grieve the Place is taken up before.
Abdal. My Rival merits you.
To *Abdelmelech* I will Juſtice do;
For he wants Worth who dares not praiſe a Foe.
Lindaraxa. That for his Virtue, Sir, you make Defence,
Shows in your own a Noble Confidence:

But

But him defending, and excuſing me,
I know not what can your advantge be.
Abdal. I fain would ask, e're I proceed in this,
If, as by Choice, you are by Promiſe, his?
Lindar. Th' Engagement only in my Love does lie;
But that's a knot which you can ne'r untye.
Abdal. When Cities are Beſieg'd, and Treat to yield,
If there appear Relievers from the Field,
The Flag of Parley may be taken down,
Till the ſucceſs of thoſe without be known.
Lindar. Though *Abdelmelech* has not yet poſſeſt,
Yet I have ſeal'd the Treaty for my Breaſt.
Abdal. Your Treaty has not ty'd you to a day;
Some chance might break it, would you but delay.
If I can judge the Secrets of your Heart,
Ambition in it has the greateſt part;
And Wiſdom then will ſhew ſome difference
Betwixt a Private Perſon and a Prince.
Lindar. Princes are Subjects ſtill——
Subject and Subject can ſmall diff'rence bring;
The diff'rence is 'twixt Subjects and a King.
And ſince, Sir, you are none, your hopes remove;
For leſs than Empire I'll not change my Love.
Abdal. Had I a Crown, all I ſhould prize in it,
Should be the Pow'r to lay it at your Feet.
Lind. Had you that Crown which you but wiſh, not hope,
Then I, perhaps, might ſtoop, and take it up.
But till your Wiſhes, and your Hopes agree,
You ſhall be ſtill a Private Man with me.
Abdal. If I am King, and if my Brother Die——
Lind. Two If's, ſcarce make one Poſſibility.
Abdal. The Rule of Happineſs by Reaſon ſcan;
You may be Happy with a Private Man.
Lindar. That Happineſs I may enjoy, 'tis true;
But then, that Private Man muſt not be you.
Where e'er I Love, I'm happy in my Choice;
If I make you ſo, you ſhall pay my Price.
Abdal. Why wou'd you be ſo great?
Lindar.——Becauſe I've ſeen,
This day, what 'tis to hope to be a Queen.
Heav'n, how y'all watch'd each motion of her Eye!
None could be ſeen while *Almahide* was by;
Becauſe She is to be her Majeſty.
Why wou'd I be a Queen! becauſe my Face
Wou'd wear the Title with a better Grace.
If I became it not, yet it wou'd be
Part of your Duty then to Flatter me.
Theſe are not half the Charms of being great;
I wou'd be ſomewhat——that I know not yet.
Yes; I avow th'Ambition of my Soul,
To be that one, to live without controul:
And that's another Happineſs to me
To be ſo Happy as but one can be.
Abdal. Madam, (becauſe I would all doubts remove)
Wou'd you, were I a King, accept my Love?
Lind. I wou'd accept it; and, to ſhow 'tis true,
From any other Man as ſoon as you.
Abdal. Your ſharp Replies makes me not love you leſs,
But make me ſeek new paths to Happineſs.
What I deſign, by time will beſt be ſeen;
You may be mine and yet may be a Queen:
When you are ſo, your Word your Love aſſures.
Lind. Perhaps not Love you—but I will be yours.
[*He offers to take her Hand and kiſs it.*

Stay, Sir, that Grace I cannot yet allow,
Before you ſet the Crown upon my Brow.
That Favour which you ſeek——
Or *Abdelmelech*, or a King muſt have,
When you are ſo, then you may be my Slave. [*Exit: but looks ſmiling back on him.*
Abdal. Howe'er Imperious in her Words ſhe were,
Her parting Looks had nothing of ſevere.
A glancing Smile allur'd me to Command;
And her ſoft Fingers gently preſt my Hand.
I felt the pleaſure glide through every part;
Her Hand went through me to my very Heart.
For ſuch another pleaſure, did he live,
I could my Father of a Crown deprive.
What did I ſay!
Father! That impious Thought has ſhock'd my Mind:
How bold our Paſſions are, and yet how blind!
She's gone; and now
Methinks there is leſs Glory in a Crown;
My boiling Paſſions ſettle and go down.
Like Amber chaf'd, when ſhe is near ſhe acts,
When farther off, inclines, but not attracts. [*To him* Zulema.
Aſſiſt me, *Zulema*, if thou would'ſt be
That Friend thou ſeem'ſt, aſſiſt me againſt me.
Betwixt my Love and Virtue I am toſt;
This muſt be forfeited, or that be loſt:
I could do much to merit thy Applauſe;
Help me to fortifie the better Cauſe.
My Honour is not wholly put to flight;
But would, if ſeconded, renew the Fight.
Zul. I met my Siſter; but I do not ſee
What difficulty in your Choice can be:
She told me all; and 'tis ſo plain a caſe,
You need not ask what Council to embrace.
Abdal. I ſtand reprov'd that I did doubt at all;
My waiting Virtue ſtaid but for thy Call:
'Tis plain that ſhe who for a Kingdom, now
Would ſacrifice her Love, and break her Vow,
Not out of Love, but Int'reſt acts alone,
And wou'd, ev'n in my Arms, lie thinking of a Throne.
Zul. Add to the reſt this one Reflection more,
When ſhe is Married, and you ſtill Adore,
Think then, and think what Comfort it will bring,
She had been mine——
Had I but only dar'd to be a King!
Abdal. I hope you only would my Honour try;
I'm loth to think you Virtue's Enemy.
Zule If, when a Crown and Miſtriſs are in place,
Virtue intrudes with her lean Holy Face,
Virtue's then mine, and not I Virtue's Foe;
Why does ſhe come where ſhe has nought to do?
Let her with Anchorites not with Lovers lye;
States-men and they keep better company.
Abdal. Reaſon was given to curb our Head-ſtrong Will.
Zule. Reaſon but ſhews a weak Phyſicians Skill:
Gives nothing while the raging Fit does laſt;
But ſtays to Cure it when the worſt is paſt.
Reaſon's a Staff for Age, when Nature's gone;
But Youth is ſtrong enough to walk alone.
Abdal. In curſt Ambition I no Reſt ſhould find;
But muſt for ever loſe my Peace of Mind.
Zule. Methinks that Peace of Mind were bravely loſt;
A Crown, whate'er we give, is worth the Coſt.
Abdal. Juſtice diſtributes to each Man his Right,
But what ſhe gives not, ſhould I take by Might?

Zule.

Zule. If Juſtice will take all, and nothing give,
Juſtice methinks is not diſtributive.
Abdal. Had Fate ſo pleas'd, I had been Eldeſt Born;
And then, without a Crime the Crown had worn.
Zule. Would you ſo pleaſe, Fate yet a way would find;
Man makes his Fate according to his Mind.
The weak low Spirit Fortune makes her Slave;
But ſhe's a drudge when hector'd by the Brave.
If Fate weaves common Thaead, he'll change the Doom;
And with new Purple ſpread a Nobler Loom.
Abdal. No more; —I will uſurp the Royal Seat;
Thou who haſt made me Wicked, make me Great.
Zulem. Your way is plain; the Death of *Tariffa*,
Does on the King, our *Zegry*'s Hatred draw;
Though with our Enemies in ſhow we cloſe,
'Tis but while we to purpoſe can be Foes.
Selin, who Heads us, would revenge his Son;
But Favour hniders Juſtice to be done.
Hroud *Oznuyn* with the King his Pow'r maintains;
And, in him, each *Abencerrago* Reigns.
Abdal. What Face of any Title can I bring?
Zulem. The Right of an Eldeſt Son has to be King.
Your Father was at firſt a Private Man;
And got your Brother e're his Reign began.
When, by his Valour, he the Crown had won,
Then you were Born a Monarch's Eldeſt Son.
Abdal. To ſharp-Ey'd Reaſon this would ſeem untrue;
But Reaſon, I through Love's falſe Opticks view.
Zulem. Lov's mighty Pow'r has led me Captive too:
I am in it unfortunate as you.
Abdal. Our Loves and Fortunes ſhall together go,
Thou ſhalt be Happy when I firſt am ſo.
Zulem. The *Zegry's* at old *Selin*'s Houſe are met;
Where in cloſe Council for Revenge they ſit,
There we our commom Int'reſt will unite;
You their Revenge ſhall own, and they your Right.
One thing I had forgot which may import;
I met *Almanzor* coming back from Court.
But with a diſcompos'd and ſpeedy pace,
A fiery Colour kindling all his Face:
The King his Pris'ners freedom has deny'd:
And that Refuſal has provok'd his Pride.
Abdal. Would he were ours!
I'll try to gild th'injuſtice of his Cauſe;
And court his Valour with a vaſt applauſe.
Zulem. The Bold are but the inſtruments o'th' Wiſe:
Vhey undertake the Dangers we Adviſe.
And while our Fabrick with their pains we raiſe,
We take the Profit, and pay them with Praiſe. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Almanzor, Abdalla.

Alman. THat he ſhould dare to do me this Diſgrace!
Is Fool or Coward writ upon my Face?
Refuſe my Pris'ner! I ſuch means will uſe,
He ſhall not have a Pris'ner to refuſe.
Abdal He ſaid you were not by your Promiſe ty'd;
That he abſolv'd your Word when he deny'd.
Almanz. He break my Promiſe, and abſolve my Vow!
'Tis more than *Mahomet* himſelf can do.
The Word which I have giv'n ſhall ſtand like Fate;
Not like the King's, that Weathercock of State.

He ſtands ſo high with ſo unfixt a Mind,
Two Factions turn him with each blaſt of Wind.
But now he ſhall not veer; my Word is paſt:
Ill take his Heart by th' roots, and hold it faſt,
Abdal. You have your Vengeance in your hand this Hour;
Make me the humble Creature of your Pow'r:
The *Granadins* will gladly me obey;
(Tir'd with ſo baſe and impotent a ſway.)
And when I ſhew my Title, you ſhall ſee
I have a better Right to Reign than he.
Almanz. It is ſufficient that you make the Claim:
You wrong our Friendſhip, when your Right you name.
When for my ſelf I Fight, I weigh the Cauſe;
But Friendſhip will admit of no ſuch Laws:
That weighs by th' lump, and when the Cauſe is light,
Puts Kindneſs in to ſet the Ballance right.
True, I would wiſh my Friend the juſter ſide;
But in th'unjuſt my Kindneſs more is try'd.
And all the oppoſition I can bring,
Is, that I fear to make you ſuch a King.
Abdal. The Majeſty of Kings we ſhould not blame,
When Royal Minds Adorn the Royal Name:
The vulgar, Greatneſs too much Idolize,
But haughty Subjects it too much Deſpiſe.
Almanz. I only ſpeak of him,
Whom Pomp and Greatneſs ſit ſo looſe about,
That he wants Majeſty to fill them out.
Abdal. Haſte then, and loſe no time———
The Buſineſs muſt be enterpriz'd this Night.
We muſt ſurprize the Court in its Delight.
Almanz. For you to Will, for me 'tis to Obey;
But I would give a Crown in open Day:
And, when the *Spaniards* their Aſſault begin,
At once beat thoſe without, and theſe within. [*Exit* Almanzor.

Enter Abdelmelech.

Abdelm. *Abdalla*, hold; there's ſomewhat I intend
To ſpeak, not as your Rival, but your Friend.
Abdal. If as a Friend, I am oblig'd to hear;
And what a Rival ſays I cannot fear.
Abdelm. Think, brave *Abdalla*, what it is you do:
Your Quiet, Honour, and our Friendſhip too,
All for a fickle Beauty you forgo.
Think, and turn back before it be too late;
Behold, in me, th' example of your Fate,
I am your Sea-mark, and tho' wrack'd and loſt,
My Ruins ſtand to warn you from the Coaſt.
Abdal. Your Counſels, Noble *Abdelmelech*, move
My Reaſon to accept 'em, not my Love.
Ah, Why did Heav'n leave Man ſo weak Defence,
To truſt frail Reaſon with the Rule of Senſe!
'Tis over-pois'd and kick'd up in the Air,
While Senſe weighs down the Scale; and keeps it there.
Or, like a Captive-King, 'tis born away;
And forc'd to count'nance its own Rebel's ſway.
Abdelm. No, no; our Reaſon was not vainly lent;
Nor is a Slave but by its own Conſent.
If Reaſon on his Subjects Triumph wait,
An eaſie King deſerves no better Fate.
Abdal. You ſpeak too late; my Empire's loſt too far,
I cannot Fight.
Abdelm. ———Then make a flying War;
Diſlodge betimes before you are beſet.
Abdal. Her Tears, her Smiles, her every Look's a Net.
Her voice is like a Syren's of the Land;
And bloody Hearts lie panting in her hand.

Abdelm.

Abdelm. This do you know, and tempt the danger ſtill?
Abdal. Love like a Lethargy has ſeiz'd my Will.
I'm not my ſelf, ſince from her ſight I went;
I lean my Trunck that way, and there ſtand bent;
As one, who in ſome frightful Dream, would ſhun
His preſſing Foe, labours in vain to run;
And his own ſlowneſs in his ſleep bemcans,
With thick ſhort ſighs, weak cries, and tender groans,
So I———
Abdelm. ——Some Friend in Charity, ſhould ſhake
And rouze, and call you loudly till you wake.
Too well I know her blandiſhments to gain,
Uſurper-like, till ſettled in her Reign;
Then proudly ſhe inſults, and gives you cares
And jealouſies; ſhort hopes, and long deſpairs.
To this hard yoke you muſt hereafter bow;
Howe'r ſhe ſhines all Golden to you now.
Abdal. Like him, who on the Ice——
Slides ſwiftly on, and ſees the water near,
Yet cannot ſtop himſelf in his career:
So I am carry'd. This enchanted place,
Like *Circe*'s Iſle, is peopled with a Race
Of Dogs and Swine, yet, though their fate I know,
I look with pleaſure, and am turning too. [Lyndaraxa *paſſes over the Stages.*
Abdelm. Fly, Fly, before th'allurements of her Face,
E'er ſhe return with ſome reſiſtleſs Grace,
And with new Magick covers all the place.
Abdal, I cannot, will not; nay, I would not fly;
I'll Love, be blind, be cozen'd till I die.
And you, who bid me wiſer Counſel take,
I'll Hate, and if I can, I'll kill you for her ſake.
Abdelm. Ev'n I that counſell'd you, that Choice approve;
I'll Hate you blindly, and her blindly Love:
Prudence, that ſtemm'd the Stream, is out of Breath;
And to go down it, is the eaſier Death.
Abdel. That Smile on Prince *Abdalla* ſeems to ſay, } Lyndaraxa *re-enters and ſmiles on* Abdalla. [*Exit* Abdalla.
You are not in your killing Mood to day:
Men Brand, indeed, your Sex with Cruelty,
But you'r too good to ſee poor Lovers Die.
This God-like pity in you I extol;
And more, becauſe, like Heaven's, 'tis general.
Lynd. My ſmile implies not that I grant his ſuit:
'Twas but a bare return of his ſalute.
Abdel. It ſaid, you were engag'd and I in place:
But to pleaſe both, you would divide the grace.
Lynd. You've cauſe to be contented with your part,
When he has but the Look, and you the Heart.
Abdel. In giving but that Look, you give what's mine;
I'll not one corner of a Glance reſign:
All's mine; and I am cov'tous of my Store:
I have not Love enough; I'll tax you more.
Lynd. I gave not Love; 'twas but Civility:
He is a Prince; that's due to his Degree.
Abdel. That Prince you ſmil'd on is my Rival ſtill:
And ſhou'd, if me you lov'd, be treated ill.
Lynd. I know not how to ſhow ſo rude a Spight.
Abdel. That is, you know not how to love aright;
Or, if you did, you would more difference ſee
Betwixt our Souls, than 'twixt our Quality.
Mark, if his Birth make any difference,
If, to his words, it adds one grain of Senſe:
That Duty which his Birth can make his due
I'll pay; but it ſhall not be paid by you.

For if a Prince Courts her whom I Adore,
He is my Rival, and a Prince no more.
Lynd. And when did I my Pow'r ſo far reſign,
That you ſhould regulate each Look of mine?
Abdel Then, when you gave your Love, you gave that Pow'r.
Lynd. 'Twas during Pleaſure, 'tis revok'd this Hour.
Now call me falſe, and rail on Woman-kind,
'Tis all the Remedy you're like to find.
Abdel. Yes, there's one more,
I'll hate you, and this viſit is my laſt.
Lynd. Do't, if you can; you know I hold you faſt.
Yet, for your Quiet, would you could reſign
Your Love, as eaſily as I do mine.
Abdel. Furies and Hell, how unconcern'd ſhe ſpeaks!
With what indifference all her Vows ſhe breaks!
Curſe on me; but ſhe ſmiles.
Lynd. That Smile's a part of Love; and all's your due:
I take it from the Prince, and give it you.
Abdel. Juſt Heav'n, muſt my poor Heart your May-game prove
To Bandy, and make Childrens Play in Love? [*Half crying*
Ah! How have I this Cruelty deſerv'd?
I who ſo truly and ſo long have ſerv'd!
And left ſo eaſily! Oh cruel Maid!
So eaſily! 'twas too unkindly ſaid.
That Heart which could ſo eaſily remove,
Was never fix'd, nor rooted deep in Love.
Lynd. You lodg'd it ſo uneaſie in your Breaſt,
I thought you had been weary of the Gueſt.
Firſt I was treated like a ſtranger there;
But, when a Houſhold Friend I did appear
You thought, it ſeems, I could not live elſewhere.
Then, by degrees, your feign'd Reſpect withdrew:
You mark'd my Actions, and my Guardian grew.
But I am not concern'd your Acts to blame:
My Heart to yours, but upon liking came.
And, like a Bird, whom prying Boys moleſt,
Stays not to Breed where ſhe had built her Neſt.
Abdel. I have done Ill———
And dare not ask you to be leſs diſpleas'd:
Be but more angry, and my pain is eas'd.
Lynd. If I ſhould be ſo kind a Fool to take
This little ſatisfaction which you make,
I know you would preſume ſome other time
Upon my Goodneſs, and repeat your Crime.
Abdel. Oh never, never: upon no pretence:
My Life's too ſhort to expiate this Offence.
Lynd. No; now I think on't, 'tis in vain to try;
'Tis in your Nature, and paſt Remedy.
You'll ſtill diſquiet my too loving Heart:
Now we are Friends, 'tis beſt for we to part. [*Taking her Hand.*
Abdel. By this———Will you not give me leave to Swear?
Lynd. You wou'd be Perjur'd if you ſhould, I fear.
And when I talk with Prince *Abdalla* next:
I with your fond Suſpicions ſhall be vext.
Abdel. I cannot ſay I'll conquer Jealouſie:
But if you'll freely paadon me, I'll try.
Lynd. And, till you that ſubmiſſive Servant prove,
I never can conclude you truly Love. {*To them, the King,* Almahide, Abenamar, Eſperanza, *Guards, Attendants.*

King. Approach my *Almahide*, my charming Fair;
Bleſſing of Peace, and Recompence of War.
This Night is yours; and may your Life ſtill be
The ſame in Joy, tho' not Solemnity.

The

The Zambra *Dance.*

SONG.

1.

Beneath a Myrtle Shade,
Which Love for none but happy Lovers made,
I ſlept, and ſtraight my Love before me brought
Phillis, *the Object of my waking Thought:*
Undreſs'd ſhe came my Flames to meet,
While Love ſtrow'd Flow'rs beneath her Feet;
Flow'rs, which ſo preſs'd by her, became more ſweet.

2.

From the bright Viſion's Head
A careleſs Veil of Lawn was looſely ſpread:
From her white Temples fell her ſhaded Hair,
Like cloudy Sun-ſhine, not too Brown nor Fair.
Her Hands her Lips did Love inſpire;
Her every Grace my Heart did fire:
But moſt her Eyes, which languiſh'd with deſire.

3.

Ah, Charming Fair, ſaid I,
How long can you my Bliſs and yours deny?
By Nature and by Love this lovely Shade
Was for Revenge of ſuffering Lovers made.
Silence and Shades with Love agree:
Both Shelter you, and Favour me;
You cannot Bluſh, becauſe I cannot ſee.

4.

No, let me Die, ſhe ſaid,
Rather than loſe the ſpotleſs name of Maid:
Faintly methought ſhe ſpoke, for all the while
She bid me not believe her, with a Smile.
Then Die, ſaid I, ſhe ſtill deny'd:
And, is it thus, thus, thus ſhe cry'd,
You uſe a harmleſs Maid! and ſo ſhe Dy'd.

5.

I wak'd, and ſtraight I knew
I lov'd ſo well, it made my Dream prove true:
Fancy, the kinder Miſtriſs of the two,
Fancy had done what Phillis *won'd not do.*
Ah, Cruel Nymph! ceaſe your Diſdain;
While I can Dream, you ſcorn in vain:
Aſleep or waking, you muſt eaſe my pain.

[*After the Dance, a tumultuous noiſe of Drums and Trumpets.*

[*To them* Ozmyn; *his Sword drawn.*

Ozm. Arm, quickly, Arm, yet all, I fear, too late:
The Enemy's already at the Gate.
Boab. The *Chriſtians* are diſlodg'd? What Foe is near?
Ozm. The *Zegry's* are in Arms, and almoſt here.
The Streets with Torches ſhine, with Shoutings ring,
And Prince *Abdalla* is proclaim'd the King.
What Man could do, I have already done;
But bold *Almanzor* fiercely leads 'em on.
Abenam. The *Alhambra* yet is ſafe in my Command, [*To the King.*
Retreat you thither while their ſhock we ſtand.
Boab. I cannot meanly for my Life provide,
I'll either periſh in't, or ſtem this Tide.
To guard the Palace, *Ozmyn* be your Care;
If they o'recome, no Sword will hurt the Fair.
Ozm. I'll either Die, or I'll make good the place.
Abdel. And I, with theſe, will bold *Almanzor* face. { *Exeunt all but the Ladies. An Alarm within.*
Almah. What diſmal Planets did my Triumphs light:
Diſcord the Day, and Death does Rule the Night;

The

The noiſe my Soul does through my Senſes wound.
Lynd. Methinks it is a noble, ſprightly ſound.
The Trumpets Clangor, and the claſh of Arms!
This noiſe may chill your Blood, but mine it warms
We have already paſt the Rubicon. } *Shouting and claſhing of Swords within.*
The Dice are mine: Now, Fortune, for a Throne.
The Sound goes farther off, and faintly Dies;
Curſe of this going back, theſe ebbing Cries! } *A Shout within, and claſhing of Swords afar off.*
Ye Winds, waft hither Sounds more ſtrong and quick:
Beat faſter, Drums, and mingle Deaths more thick.
I'll to the Turrets of the Palace go,
And add new Fire to thoſe that Fight below.
Thence *Hero*-like, with Torches by my ſide,
(Far be the *Omen* though) my Love I'll guide.
No; like his better Fortune I'll appear,
With open Arms looſe Veil, and flowing Hair,
Juſt flying forward from my rowling Sphere.
My Smiles ſhall make *Abdalla* more than Man;
Let him look up, and periſh if he can. [*Exit.*

[*An Alarm nearer: Then Enter* Almanzor *and* Selin *in the head of the* Zegrys. Ozmyn *Pris'ner.*

Almanz. We have not fought enough, they fly too ſoon:
And I am griev'd the Noble Sport is done.
This only Man, of all whom Chance did bring [*Pointing to* Ozmyn.
To meet my Arms, was worth the Conquering.
His brave Reſiſtance did my Fortune Grace;
So ſlow, ſo threatning forward he gave place.
His Chains be eaſie, and his Uſage fair.
Selin. I beg you would commit him to my Care.
Almanz. Next, the brave *Spaniard*, free without delay:
And with a Convoy ſend him ſafe away. [*Exit a Guard.*
Ham. The King by me Salutes you; and to ſhow [*To them* Hamet *and others.*
That to your Valour he his Crown does owe,
Would from your Mouth I ſhould the Word receive;
And, that to theſe you would your Orders give.
Almanz. He much o'er-rates the little I have done.

[Almanzor *goes to the Door, and there ſeems to give out Orders, by ſending People ſeveral ways.*

Selin to Ozmyn. Now to revenge the Murder of my Son.
To Morrow for thy certain Death prepare:
This Night I only leave thee to deſpair.
Ozmyn. Thy idle Menaces I do not fear:
My buſineſs was to Die, or Conquer here.
Siſter, for you I grieve I cou'd no more:
My preſent State betrays my want of Pow'r.
But, when true Courage is of force bereft,
Patience, the only Fortitude, is left. [*Exit cum* Selin.
Almah. Ah, *Eſperanza*, what for me remains!
But Death; or worſe than Death, inglorious Chains!
Eſper. Madam, you muſt not to Deſpair give place;
Heaven never meant Misfortune to that Face.
Suppoſe there were no Juſtice in your Cauſe,
Beauty's a Bribe that gives her Judges Laws.
That you are brought to this deplor'd Eſtate,
Is but th'ingenious Flattery of your Fate;
Fate fears her Succour, like an Alms, to give:
And would you, God-like, from your ſelf ſhould live.
Almah. Mark but how terrible his Eies appear!
And yet there's ſomething roughly Noble there,
Which, in unfaſhion'd Nature, looks Divine;
And like a Gem does in the Quarry ſhine.

[Almanzor *returns; ſhe falls at his Feet, being veil'd.*

Almah.

Almah. Turn, Mighty Conqu'ror, turn your Face this way.
Do not refuſe to hear the wretched Pray.
Almanz. What Buſineſs can this Woman have with me?
Almah. That of th' Afflicted to the Deity.
So may your Arms Succeſs in Battels find:
So may the Miſtriſs of your Vows be kind,
If you have any; or if you have none;
So may your Liberty be ſtill your own.
Almanz. Yes, I will turn my Face, but not my Mind:
You Bane, and ſoft Deſtruction of Mankind,
What would you have with me?
Almahide——— I beg the Grace, [*Unveiling.*
You would lay by thoſe Terrors of your Face.
Till Calmneſs to your Eyes you firſt reſtore
I am afraid, and I can beg no more. [Almanzor *looking fixedly on her.*
Almanz. Well, my fierce Viſage ſhall not Murder you:
Speak quickly, Woman; I have much to do.
Almah. Where ſhould I find the Heart to ſpeak one word?
Your Voice, Sir, is as killing as your Sword.
As you have left the Lightning of your Eye,
So would you pleaſe to lay your Thunder by!
Almanz. I'm Pleas'd and Pain'd, ſince firſt her Eyes I ſaw,
As I were ſtung with ſome *Tarantula*:
Arms, and the duſty Field I leſs admire;
And ſoften ſtrangely in ſome new Deſire.
Honour burns in me not ſo fiercely bright,
But Pale as Fires when Maſter'd by the Light.
Ev'n while I Speak and Look, I Change yet more;
And now am nothing that I was before.
I'm mum'd, and fix'd, and ſcarce my Eye-balls move;
I fear it is the Lethargy of Love!
'Tis he; I feel him now in every part:
Like a new Lord he vaunts about my Heart,
Surveys in State each corner of my Breaſt,
While poor fierce I, that was, am diſpoſſeſt;
I'm bound; but I will rouze my Rage again:
And thô no hope of Liberty remain,
I'll fright my Keeper when I ſhake my Chain.
You are——— [*Angerly.*
Almah. ———I know I am your Captive, Sir:
Almanz. You are—You ſhall—And I can ſcarce forbear———
Almah. Alas!
Almanz. 'Tis all in vain; it will not do: [*Aſide.*
I cannot now a ſeeming Anger ſhow:
My Tongue againſt my Heart no Aid affords,
For Love ſtill riſes up and choaks my words.
Almah. In half this time a Tempeſt would be ſtill.
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I wonnot love you; give me back my Heart.
But give it as you had it, Fierce and Brave;
It was not made to be a Womans Slave:
But, Lion-like, has been in Deſarts bred;
And us'd to range, will ne'er be tamely led.
Reſtore its Freedom to my fetter'd Will,
And then I ſhall have Pow'r to uſe you Ill.
Almah. My ſad Condition may your Pity move;
But look not on me with the Eies of Love.———
I muſt be brief, though I have much to ſay.
Almanz. No, ſpeak; For I can hear you now, all day.
Her Suing ſooths me with a ſecret Pride: [*Softly.*
A ſuppliant Beauty cannot be deny'd. [*Aſide.*
Ev'n while I frown, her Charms the Furrows ſeize;
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Ev'n while I frown, her Charms the Furrows ſeize;
And I'm corrupted with the Pow'r to Pleaſe.

Almah. Though in your Worth no cauſe of Fear I ſee,
I fear the inſolence of Victory:
As you are Noble, Sir, protect me then
From the rude outrage of inſulting Men.
Almanz. Who dares touch her I love? I'm all o'er love:
Nay, I am Love; Love ſhot, and ſhot ſo faſt,
He ſhot himſelf into my Breaſt at laſt.
Almah. You ſee before you her who ſhould be Queen,
Since ſhe is promis'd to *Boabdelin.*
Almanz. Are you belov'd by him! O wretched Fate,
Firſt, that I love at all; then, lov'd too late!
Yet, I muſt love!
Almah. ——— Alas it is in vain;
Fate for each other did not us ordain.
The chances of this day too clearly ſhow
That Heav'n took care that it ſhould not be ſo.
Almanz. Would Heav'n had quite forgot me this one Day,
But Fate's yet hot———
I'll make it take a bent another way. [*He walks ſwiftly, and diſcompoſedly ſtudying.*
I bring a Claim, which does his Right remove:
You're his by Promiſe, but you're mine by Love.
'Tis all but Ceremony which is paſt:
The knot's to tie which is to make you faſt.
Fate gave not to *Boabdelin* that Pow'r:
He woo'd you but as my Ambaſſadour.
Almah. Our Souls are ty'd by Holy Vows above.
Almanz. He Sign'd but his; but I will Seal my Love.
I love you better, with more Zeal than he.
Almah. This day ———
I gave my Faith, to him, He his to me.
Almanz. Good Heav'n, thy Book of Fate before me lay,
Bt to tear out the Journal of this day.
Or, if the Order of the World below
Will not the gap of one whole day allow,
Give me that Minute when ſhe made her Vow.
'That Minute, ev'n the Happy, from their Bliſs might give,
'And thoſe who live in grief, a ſhorter time would live.
So ſmall a Link, if broke, th' Eternal Chain
Would, like divided Waters, join again.
It wonnot be; the Fugitive is gone,
Preſt by the Crowd of following Minutes on.
That precious Moment's out of Nature fled,
And in the heap of common Rubbiſh laid,
Of things that once have been, and are decay'd.
Almah. Your Paſſion, like a fright, ſuſpends my Pain;
It meets, o'er Powers, and beats mine back again.
But, as when Tides againſt the Current flow,
The Native Stream runs its own Courſe below;
So, though your Griefs poſſeſs the upper part,
My own have deeper Channels in my Heart.
Almanz. Forgive that Fury which my Soul does move;
'Tis the Eſſay of an untaught Firſt Love.
Yet rude, unfaſhion'd Truth it does expreſs:
'Tis Love juſt peeping in a haſty Dreſs.
Retire, fair Creature, to your needful Reſt;
There's ſomething Noble lab'ring in my Breaſt:
This raging Fire which through the Maſs does move,
Shall purge my Droſs, and ſhall refine my Love. [*Exeunt* Almahide *and* Eſperanza.
She goes; and I, like my own Ghoſt appear:
It is not Living, when ſhe is not here. [*To him* Abdalla, *as King, attended.*
Abdal. My firſt Acknowledgments to Heav'n are due:
My next, *Almanzor*, let me pay to you.
Almanz. A poor Surprize, and on a naked Foe.
Whatever you Confeſs, is all you owe.

And

And I no Merit own, or underſtand
That Fortune did you Juſtice by my Hand.
Yet, if you will that little Service pay
With a great Favour, I can ſhew the way.
Abdal. I have a Favour to demand of you;
That is, to take the Thing for which you ſue.
Almanz. Then, briefly, thus; when I th'*Albayzyn* won,
I found the beauteous *Almahide* alone;
Whoſe ſad Condition did my Pity move:
And that Compaſſion did produce my Love.
Abdal. This needs no ſute; in Juſtice, I declare
She is your Captive by the right of War.
Almanz. She is no Captive, then; I ſet her free:
And rather than I will her Jaylor be,
I'll Nobly looſe her in her Liberty.
Abdal. Your Generoſity I much approve;
But your exceſs of that ſhews want of Love.
Almanz. No, 'tis th' exceſs of Love which mounts ſo high,
That, ſeen far off, it leſſens to the Eye.
Had I not lov'd her, and had ſet her free,
That, Sir, had been my Generoſity:
But tis exalted Paſſion when I ſhow
I dare be wretched, not to make her ſo.
And, while another Paſſion fills her Breaſt,
I'll be all Wretched rather than half Bleſt.
Abdal. May your Heroick Act ſo proſperous be,
That *Almahide* may ſigh you ſet her free.
Enter Zulema.
Zule. Of Five tall Tow'rs which fortifie this Town,
All but th'*Alhambra* your Dominion own.
Now therefore boldly I confeſs a Flame
Which is excus'd in *Almahida's* Name.
If you the merit of this Night regard,
In her poſſeſſion I have my Reward.
Almanz. She your Reward! Why, ſhe's a Gift ſo great —
That I my ſelf have not [illegible] her yet.
And therefore, though I [illegible] with my Sword,
I have, with awe, my Sacrilege reſtor'd.
Zule. What you deſerve——
I'll not Diſpute, becauſe I do not know.
This only I will ſay, ſhe ſhall not go.
Almanz. Thou, ſingle, art not worth my anſwering,
But take what Friends, what Armies thou canſt bring;
What Worlds; and when you are united all,
Then, I will Thunder in your Ears,—She ſhall.
Zule. I'll not one tittle of my Right reſign;
Sir, your implicite Promiſe made her mine.
When I in general terms my Love did ſhow,
You ſwore our Fortunes ſhould together go.
Abdal. The merits of the Cauſe I'll not decide;
But, like my Love, I would my Gift divide.
Your equal Titles, then, no longer plead;
But one of you, for love of me, recede.
Almanz. I have receded to the utmoſt line,
When, by my free conſent, ſhe is not mine.
Then let him equally recede with me,
And both of us will join to ſet her free.
Zul. If you will free your part of her you may;
But, Sir, I love not your Romantique way.
Dream on; enjoy her Soul; and ſet that free;
I'm pleas'd her Perſon ſhould be left for me.
Almanz. Thou ſhalt not wiſh her thine; thou ſhalt not dare
To be ſo impudent as to deſpair.

Zul. The *Zegrys*, Sir, are all concern'd to ſee
How much their Merit you neglect in me.
Hamet. Your ſlighting *Zulema* this very Hour
Will take Ten Thouſand Subjects from your Pow'r.
Almanz. What are Ten Thouſand Subjects ſuch as they;
If I am ſcorn'd—I'll take my ſelf away.
Abdal. Since both cannot poſſeſs what both purſue;
I grieve, my Friend, the chance ſhould fall on you.
But when you hear what Reaſons I can urge——
Almanz. None, none that your Ingratitude can purge.
Reaſon's a Trick, when it no Grant affords,
It ſtamps the face of Majeſty on Words.
Abdal. Your Boldneſs to your Services I give:
Now take it as your full Reward to live.
Almanz. To live!
If from my Hands alone my Death can be,
I am Immortal; and a God to thee.
If I would kill thee now, thy Fate's ſo low
That I muſt ſtoop e'r I can give the blow.
But mine is fix'd ſo far above thy Crown,
That all thy Men
Pil'd on thy Back can never pull it down.
But at my eaſe thy Deſtiny I ſend,
By ceaſing from this Hour to be thy Friend.
Like Heav'n, I need but only to ſtand ſtill;
And, not concurring to thy Life, I kill,
Thou canſt no Title to my Duty bring:
I'm not thy Subject, and my Soul's thy King.
Farewel, when I am gone
There's not a Star of thine dare ſtay with thee:
I'll whiſtle thy tame Fortune after me;
And whirl Fate with me whereſoe'er I fly,
As Winds drive Storms before 'em in the Sky. *Exit.*
Zulema. Let not this Inſolent unpuniſh'd go;
Give your Commands, your Juſtice is to ſhow.
[Zulema, [illegible] *others are going after him.*
Abdal. Stay, and what part he pleaſes let [illegible]
I know my Throne's too ſtrong for him to ſhake.
But my fair Miſtriſs I too long forget:
The Crown I promis'd is not offer'd yet.
Without her Preſence all my Joys are vain;
Empire a Curſe, and Life it ſelf a Pain. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Boabdelin, Abenamar, *Guards.*

Boab. ADviſe, or aid, but do not pity me;
No Monarch Born can fall to that Degree.
Pity deſcends from Kings to all below;
But can no more than Fountains upward flow.
Witneſs juſt Heav'n, my greateſt Grief has been
I could not make your *Almahide* a Queen.
Aben. I have too long th' effects of Fortune known,
Either to truſt her Smiles, or fear her Frown.
Since in their firſt attempt you were not ſlain,
Your ſafety bodes you yet a ſecond Reign.
The People like a headlong Torrent go;
And every Dam they break, or overflow:
But unoppos'd, they either loſe their force,
Or Wind in Volumes to their former courſe.
Boab. In Walls we meanly muſt our Hopes incloſe,
To wait our Friends and weary out our Foes,
While *Almahide.* To

To lawleſs Rebels is expos'd a Prey,
And forc'd the luſtful Victor to obey.
Aben. One of my Blood in Rules of Virtue bred!
Think better of her; and believe ſhe's dead. [*To them* Alman.
Boab. We are betraid; the Enemy is here:
We have no farther room to hope or fear.
Almanz. It is indeed *Almanzor* whom you ſee,
But he no longer is your Enemy.
You were ungrateful, but your Foes were more;
What your Injuſtice loſt you, theirs reſtore.
Make Profit of my Vengeance while you may,
My Two-edg'd Sword can cut the other way.
I am your Fortune; but am ſwift like her,
And turn my hairy Front if you defer:
That Hour when you delib'rate is to late;
I point you the white moment of your Fate.
Aben. Believe him ſent as Prince *Abdalla*'s Spy;
He would betray us to the Enemy.
Alman. Were I, like thee, in Cheats of State grown old,
(Thoſe publick Markets where for Foreign Gold
The Pooreſt Prince is to the Richeſt ſold)
Then thou might'ſt think me fit for that low part:
But I am yet to learn the States-man's Art.
My Kindneſs and my Hate unmask'd I wear;
For Friends to Truſt, and Enemies to Fear.
My Heart's ſo plain,
That Men on every paſſing through may look,
Like Fiſhes gliding in a Chriſtal Brook:
When troubled moſt, it does the bottom ſhow,
'Tis Weedleſs all above, and Rockleſs all below.
Aben. E're he be truſted, let him then be try'd,;
He may be falſe who once has chang'd his ſide.
Almanz. In that you more accuſe your ſelves than me:
None who are injur'd can unconſtant be.
You were unconſtant,; you who did the wrong;
To do me Juſtice, does to me belong.
Great Souls by Kindneſs only can be ty'd;
Injur'd again, again I'll leave your ſide.
Honour is what my ſelf and Friends I owe;
And none can loſe it who forſake a Foe.
Since, then, your Foes now happen to be mine,
Though not in Friendſhip we'll in Intereſt joyn.
So while my lov'd Revenge is full and high,
I'll give you back your Kingdom by the By. [Boabdelin *embracing him.*
That I ſo long delaid what you deſire
Was not to doubt your Worth, but to admire.
Almanz. This Counſellor an Old Man's caution ſhews,
Who fears that little he has left, to loſe:
Age ſets Fortune; while Youth boldly throws.
But let us firſt your drooping Soldiers chear;
Then ſeek out danger e'r it dare appear.
This Hour I fix your Crown upon your Brow;
Next Hour Fate gives it; but I give it now. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Lyndaraxa *alone.*

Lynd. O could I read the dark decrees of Fate,
That I might once know whom to Love or Hate!
For I my ſelf ſcarce my own Thoughts can gueſs,
So much I find them varied by ſucceſs.
As in ſome Weather-Glaſs my Love I hold;
Which falls or riſes with the Heat or Cold.

I will

I will be conſtant yet, if Fortune can;
I love the King, let her but name the Man. [*To her* Halyma.
Hal. Madam, a Gentleman to me unknown;
Deſires that he may ſpeak with you alone.
Lynd. Some Meſſage from the King: Let him appear.
[*To her* Abdelmelech: *who, entring, throws off his Diſguiſe;* *She ſtarts.*
Abdel. I ſee you are amaz'd that I am here.
But let at once your Fear and Wonder end;
In the Uſurpers Guard I found a Friend,
Who led me to you ſafe in this Diſguiſe.
Lynd. Your Danger brings this Trouble in my Eyes.
But what Affair this vent'rous Viſit drew?
Abdel. The greateſt in the World; the ſeeing you.
Lynd. The Courage of your Love I ſo admire,
That to preſerve you you ſhall ſtraight retire. [*She leads him to the Door.*
Go, Dear, each Minute does new dangers bring:
You will be taken; I expect the King.
Abdel. The King! the poor Uſurper of an Hour;
His Empire's but a Dream of Kingly Pow'r.
I warn you, as a Lover and a Friend,
To leave him e'r his ſhort Dominion end.
The Soldier I ſuborn'd will wait at night;
And ſhall alone be conſcious of your flight.
Lynd. I Thank you that you ſo much Care beſtow;
But, if his Reign be ſhort, I need not go.
For why ſhould I expoſe my Life and yours,
For what, you ſay, a little time aſſures?
Abdel. My Danger in th'attempt is very ſmall:
And, if he loves you, yours is none at all.
But, though his Ruine be as ſure as Fate,
Your proof of Love to me would come too late.
This Tryal, I in Kindneſs would allow;
'Tis eaſie, if you love me ſhew it now
Lynd. It is becauſe I love you, I refuſe;
For all the World my Conduct would accuſe,
If I ſhould go, with him I love, away:
And therefore, in ſtrict Virtue, I will ſtay.
Abdel. You would in vain diſſemble Love to me:
Through that thin Veil your Artifice I ſee.
You would expect th'event and then declare:
But do not, do not, drive me to deſpair.
For if you now refuſe with me to fly,
Rather than love you after this I'll Die.
And therefore weigh it well before you ſpeak;
My King is ſafe; his Force within not weak.
Lynd. The Counſel you have given me, may be wiſe:
But, ſince the Affair is great, I will adviſe.
Abdel. Then that Delay I for Denial take.——— [*Is going.*
Lynd. Stay, you too ſwift an Expoſition make.
If I ſhould go, ſince *Zulema* will ſtay,
I ſhould my Brother to the King betray.
Abdel. There is no fear: but, if there were, I ſee
You value ſtill your Brother more than me.
Farewel; ſome eaſe I in your Falſhood find;
It lets a Beam in, that will clear my Mind.
My former weakneſs I with ſhame confeſs;
And when I ſee you next, ſhall love you leſs. [*Is going again.*
Lynd. Your faithleſs Dealings you may bluſh to tell; [*Weeping.*
This is a Maids Reward who loves too well. [*He looks back.*
Remember that I drew my lateſt breath
In charging your unkindneſs with my Death. [Abdel. *coming back.*
Abdel. Have I not anſwer'd all you can invent
Ev'n the leaſt ſhadow of an Argument?

Lynd.

Lynd. You want not cunning, what you pleaſe to prove;
But my poor Heart knows only how to Love.
And, finding this, you Tyranize the more:
'Tis plain, ſome other Miſtriſs you Adore;
And now, with ſtudied tricks of Subtilty,
You come prepar'd to lay the fault on me.
But oh, that I ſhould love ſo falſe a Man! [*Wringing her Hands.*
Abdel. Hear me, and then diſprove it, if you can.
Lynd. I'll hear no more; your breach of Faith is plain:
You would with Wit your want of Love maintain.
But, by my own Experience, I can tell,
They who love truly cannot argue well.
Go, Faithleſs Man!
Leave me alone to mourn my Miſery:
I cannot ceaſe to love you, but I'll Die. [*Leans her Head on his Arm.*
[Abdelmelech *Weeping.*
What Man, but I, ſo long unmov'd could hear
Such tender Paſſion, and refuſe a Tear!
But do not talk of Dying any more,
Unleſs you mean that I ſhould Die before.
Lynd. I fear your feign'd Repentance comes too late:
I Die to ſee you ſtill thus obſtinate.
But yet, in Death, my truth of Love to ſhow,
Lead me; if I have ſtrength enough, I'll go.
Abdel. By Heav'n you ſhall not go: I will not be
O'ercome in Love or Generoſity.
All I deſire to end th' unlucky Strife,
Is but a Vow that you will be my Wife.
Lynd. To tie me to you by a Vow, is hard;
It ſhews my Love you as no Tie regard.
Name any thing, but that, and I'll agree.
Abdel. Swear, then, you never will my Rival's be.
Lynd. Nay, prithee, this is harder than before.
Name any thing, good Dear, but that thing more.
Abdel. Now I too late perceive I am undone:
Living, and Seeing, to my Death I run.
I know you falſe; yet in your Snares I fall:
You grant me nothing, and I grant you all.
Lynd. I would grant all; but I muſt curb my Will,
Becauſe I love to keep you jealous ſtill.
In your ſuſpicion I your Paſſion find:
But I will take a time to cure your Mind.
Halyma. Oh, Madam, the new King is drawing near!
Lynd. Haſt quickly hence; leſt he ſhould find you here.
Abdel. How much more wretched than I came, I go:
I more my Weakneſs, and your Falſhood know;
And now muſt leave you with my greateſt Foe! } [*Exit* Abdelmelech.
Lynd. Go; how I love thee, Heav'n can only tell.
And yet I love thee, for a Subject, well——
Yet, whatſoever Charms a Crown can bring,
A Subject's greater than a little King.
I will attend till Time this Throne ſecure:
And, when I climb, my footing ſhall be ſure. [*Muſick without.*
Muſick! and, I believe, addreſs'd to me.

SONG.

WHere-ever I am, and whatever I do,
My Phillis *is ſtill in my Mind:*
When angry I mean not to Phillis *to go,*
My Feet of themſelves the way find:
Unknown to my ſelf I am juſt at her door,
And when I would Rail, I can bring out no more,
Than Phillis *too Fair and Unkind!*

When

2.

When Phillis *I ſee, my Heart bounds in my Breaſt,*
And the Love I would ſtifle is ſhown:
But aſleep or awake I am never at Reſt
When from my Eyes Phillis *is gone.*
Sometimes a ſad Dream does delude my ſad Mind;
But alas, when I wake, and no Phillis *I find,*
How I ſigh to my ſelf all alone!

3.

Should a King be my Rival in her I Adore,
He ſhould offer his Treaſure in vain:
O! let me alone to be Happy and Poor,
And give me my Phillis *again.*
Let Phillis *be mine, and for ever be kind,*
I could to a Deſart with her be confin'd,
And envy no Monarch his Reign.

4.

Alas, I diſcover too much of my Love,
And ſhe too well knows her own Pow'r!
She makes me each day a new Martyrdom prove,
And makes me grow jealous each Hour.
But let her each Minute torment my poor Mind,
I had rather love Phillis *both Falſe and Unkind,*
Than ever be freed from her Pow'r. [Abdalla *Enters with Guards.*

Abdal. Now, Madam, at your Feet a King you ſee;
Or, rather, if you pleaſe, a Scepter'd Slave:
'Tis Juſt you ſhou'd poſſeſs the Pow'r you gave.
Had Love not made me yours, I yet had been
But the firſt Subject to *Boabdelin.*
Thus Heav'n declares the Crown I bring, your due:
And had forgot my Title, but for you.
Lynd. Heav'n to your Merits will, I hope, be kind;
But, Sir, it has not yet declar'd its Mind.
'Tis true, it holds the Crown above your Head;
But does not fix it, till your Brother's dead.
Abdal. All, but th' *Alhambra*, is within my Pow'r:
And that my Forces go to take this Hour.
Lynd. When, with its Keys, your Brother's Head you bring,
I ſhall believe you are indeed a King.
Abdal. But, ſince th'events of all things doubtful are,
And, of Events, moſt doubtful thoſe of War,
I beg to know before, if Fortune frown,
Muſt I then loſe your Favour with my Crown?
Lynd. You'll ſoon return a Conquerour again,
And therefor, Sir, your Queſtion is in vain.
Abdal. I think to certain Victory I move;
But you may more aſſure it by your Love.
That Grant will make my Arms invincible.
Lynd. My Pray'rs and Wiſhes your Succeſs foretel.
Go then, and Fight, and think you fight for me;
I wait but to reward your Victory.
Abdul. But if I loſe it, muſt I loſe you too?
Lynd. You are too curious, if you more would know.
I know not what my future Thoughts will be:
Poor Womens Thoughts are all *Extempore.*
Wiſe Men, indeed,
Before-hand, a long chain of Thoughts produce;
But ours are only for our preſent uſe.
Abdal. Thoſe Thoughts you will not know, too well declare
You mean to wait the final doom of War.
Lynd. I find you come to quarrel with me now:
Would you know more of me than I allow?

Whence

Whence are you grown that great Divinity,
That with ſuch eaſe into my Thoughts can pry?
Indulgence does not with ſome Tempers ſute:
I ſee I muſt become more Abſolute.
Abdal. I muſt ſubmit;
On what hard Terms ſoe'er my Peace be bought.
Lynd. Submit! you ſpeak as you were not in fault.
'Tis evident, the Injury is mine;
For why ſhould you my ſecret Thoughts Divine?
Abdal. Yet if we might be judg'd by Reaſon's Laws!——
Lynd. Then you would have your Reaſon judge my Cauſe.
Either confeſs your Fault, or hold your Tongue;
For I am ſure I'm never in the wrong.
Abdal. Then I acknowledge it.
Lynd. ——————Then I forgive.
Abdal. Under how hard a Law poor Lovers live!
Who, like the vanquiſh'd, muſt their Right releaſe;
And, with the loſs of Reaſon, buy their Peace. [*Aſide.*
Madam, to ſhow that you my Pow'r Command,
I put my Life and Safety in your Hand.
Diſpoſe of the *Albayzyn* as you pleaſe:
To your fair Hands I here reſign the Keys.
Lynd. I take your Gift, becauſe your Love it ſhews;
And faithful *Selin* for *Alcaide* I chuſe.
Abdal. Selin, from her alone your Orders take.
This one Requeſt, yet, Madam, let me make;
That, from thoſe Turrets, you th'Aſſault will ſee,
And Crown, once more, my Arms with Victory. [*Leads her out.*

Selin *remains with* Gazul *and* Reduan *his Servants.*

Selin. Gazul, go tell my Daughter that I wait:
You, *Reduan*, bring the Pris'ner to his Fate. [*Exeunt* Gazul *and* Reduan.
E're of my Charge I will Poſſeſſion take,
A Bloody Sacrifice I mean to make:
The *Manes* of my Son ſhall ſmile this day,
While I in Blood my vows of Vengeance pay.

Enter at one Door, Benzayda *with* Gazul:
At the other Ozmyn *bound with* Raduan.

Selin. I ſent, *Benzayda*, to glad your Eyes:
Theſe Rights we owe your Brother's Obſequies.
You two the curſt *Abencerrago* bind. [*To* Gazul *and* Reduan.
You need no more t'inſtruct you in my Mind. {*They bind him to one corner of the Stage.*
Benz. In what ſad Object am I call'd to ſhare?
Tell me, what is it, Sir, you here prepare?
Selin. 'Tis what your dying Brother did bequeath,
A Scene of Vengeance, and a Pomp of Death.
Benz. The horrid Spectacle my Soul does fright;
I want the Heart to ſee the diſmal Sight.
Selin. You are my principal invited Gueſt;
Whoſe Eyes I would not only Feed, but Feaſt:
You are to ſmile at his laſt groaning Breath,
And Laugh to ſee his Eye-balls rowl in Death:
To judge the lingring Soul's Convulſive Strife;
When thick ſhort Breath catches at parting Life.
Benz. And of what Marble do you think me made?
Selin. What, can you be of juſt Reveng afraid?
Benz. He kill'd my Brother in his own Defence;
Pity his Youth, and ſpare his Inſolence.
Selin. Art thou ſo ſoon, to pardon Murder, won?
Can he be innocent who kill'd my Son?
Abenamar ſhall Mourn as well as I;
His *Ozmyn* for my *Tariſa* ſhall Die.
But, ſince thou plead'ſt ſo boldly; I will ſee
That Juſtice thou would'ſt hinder, done by thee. [*Gives her his Sword.*
Here, take the Sword; and do a Siſter's part;
Pierce his, fond Girl, or I will pierce thy Heart.

Ozm. To his Commands I join my own Requeſt;
All Wounds from you are welcome to my Breaſt:
Think only when your Hand this Act has done,
It has but finiſh'd what your Eyes begun.
I thought, with ſilence, to have ſcorn'd my Doom;
But now your Noble Pity has o'ercome:
Which I acknowledge with my lateſt Breath;
The firſt, who e'er began a Love in Death.
Benz. Alas, what Aid can my weak Hand afford? [Benzayda *to* Selin.
You ſee I tremble when I touch a Sword.
The brightneſs dazles me, and turns my ſight;
Or, if I look, 'tis but to aim leſs right.
Ozm. I'll guide the Hand which muſt my Death convey;
my leaping Heart ſhall meet it half the way
Selin. Waſt not the precious time in idle Breath. [Selin *to* Benzayda.
Benz. Let me reſign this inſtrument of Death.
[*Giving the Sword to her Father, and then pulling it back;*
Ah no; I was too haſty to reſign;
'Tis in your hand more Mortal than in mine. [*To them* Hamet.
Ham. The King is from th'*Alhambra* beaten back;
And now preparing for a new Attack:
To favour which, he Wills, that, inſtantly,
You reinforce him with a new ſupply. [Selin *to* Benzayda.
Selin. Think not, although my Duty calls me hence,
That with the breach of yours I will diſpence.
E're my return, ſee my Commands you do;
Let me find *Ozmyn* Dead, and Kill'd by you.
Gazul and *Reduan*, attend her ſtill;
And if ſhe dares to fail, perform my Will. [*Exeunt* Selin *and* Hamet.
[Benzayda *looks languiſhing on him with her Sword down;*
Gazul *and* Reduan, *ſtanding with drawn Swords by her*
Ozm. Defer not, fair *Benzayda*, my Death;
Looking on you———
I ſhould but live to ſigh away my Breath.
My Eyes have done the work they had to do:
I take your Image with me, which they drew;
And when they cloſe, I ſhall Die full of you.
Benz. When Parents their Commands unjuſtly lay,
Children are priviledg'd to diſobey.
Yet from that breach of Duty I am clear,
Since I ſubmit the Penalty to bear.
To Die or Kill you is th'Alternative;
Rather than take your Life, I will not Live.
Ozm. This ſhews th'exceſs of Generoſity;
But, Madam, you have no pretence to Die.
I ſhould defame the *Abencerages* Race,
To let a Lady ſuffer in my place.
But neither could that Life you would beſtow
Save mine: Nor do you ſo much Pity owe
To me a Stranger, and your Houſes Foe.
Benz. From whence ſoe'er their Hate our Houſes drew,
I bluſh to tell you, I have none for you.
'Tis a Confeſſion which I ſhould not make,
Had I more time to give, or you to take.
But, ſince Death's near, and runs with ſo much Force,
We muſt meet firſt, and intercept his courſe.
Ozm. Oh how unkind a Comfort do you give!
Now I fear Death again, and wiſh to live.
Life were worth taking, could I have it now;
But 'tis more good than Heav'n can e'er allow
To one Man's Portion, to have Life and you.
Benz. Sure, at our Births,

Death

Death with our meeting Planets Danc'd above;
Or we were wounded by a mourning Love! [*Shouts within.*
Redu. The noiſe returns, and doubles from behind;
It ſeems as if two adverſe Armies join'd.
Time preſſes us.
Gaz. ——————If longer you delay
We muſt, though loth, your Father's Will obey.
Ozm. Haſte, Madam, to fulfil his hard Commands:
And reſcue me from their ignoble Hands.
Let me kiſs yours, when you my Wound begin;
Then eaſie Death will ſlide with pleaſure in.
Benz. Ah, gentle Soldiers, ſome ſhort time allow, [*To* Gaz. *and* Red.
My Father has repented him e'r now;
Or will Repent him when he finds me Dead:
My clue of Life is twin'd with *Ozmyn*'s Thread.
Redu. 'Tis fatal to refuſe her, or Obey;
But where is our excuſe? What can we ſay?
Benz. Say; any thing——
Say, that to kill the Guiltleſs you were loth.
Or, if you did, ſay, I would kill you both.
Gaz. To diſobey our Orders is to Die:
I'll do't, who dare oppoſe it?
Redu. ——That dare I. [Reduan *ſtands before* Ozmyn, *and fights with* Gazul.
[Benzayda *unbinds* Ozmyn, *and gives him her Sword.*
Benz. Stay not to ſee the iſſue of the Fight; [Red. *kills* Gaz.
But haſte to Save your ſelf by ſpeedy flight. [Ozmyn *kneeling to kiſs her Hand.*
Ozm. Did all Mankind againſt my Life conſpire,
Without this Bleſſing I would not retire.
But, Madam, can I go and leave you here?
Your Father's Anger now for you I fear:
Conſider you have done too much to ſtay.
Benz. Think not of me, but fly your ſelf away.
Redu. Haſte quickly hence; the Enemies are nigh:
From every part I ſee our Soldiers fly.
The Foes not only our Aſſailants beat,
But fiercely Sally out on their Retreat;
And, like a Sea, broke looſe, come on amain.
{*To them* Abenamar, *and a Party with their Swords drawn, driving in ſome of the Enemies.*
Aben. Traytors, you hope to ſave your ſelves in vain;
Your Forfeit Lives ſhall for your Treaſon pay.
And *Ozmyn*'s Blood ſhall be reveng'd this Day. [Ozmyn, *kneeling to his Father.*
Ozmyn. No, Sir, your *Ozmyn* lives, and lives to own
A Father's Piety to free his Son. [Abenamar *embracing him.*
Aben. My *Ozmyn*! O thou Bleſſing of my Age!
And art thou ſafe from their deluded Rage!
Whom muſt I praiſe for thy Deliverance,
Was it thy Valour, or the work of Chance?
Ozm. Nor Chance, nor Valour could deliver me;
But 'twas a Noble Pity ſet me free.
My Liberty and Life,
And what your Happineſs you're pleas'd to call,
We to this charming Beauty owe it all. [Abenam. *to her.*
Aben Inſtruct me, viſible Divinity,
Inſtruct me by what Name to Worſhip thee.
For to thy Virtue I would Altars raiſe,
Since thou art much above all Humane Praiſe.
But ſee——
Enter Almanzor, *his Sword bloody, leading in* Almahide, *attended by* Eſperanza.
My other Bleſſing, *Almahide* is here:
I'll to the King, and tell him ſhe is near.
You, *Ozmyn*, on your fair Deliverer wait;
And with your Private Joys, the Publick Celebrate. [*Exeunt.*

Almanzor, *Almahide*, Eſperanza.

Almanz. The work is done: Now, Madam, you are free;
At leaſt, if I can give you Liberty.
But you have Chains, which you your ſelf have choſe;
And, O, that I could free you too from thoſe.
But, you are free from Force, and have full Pow'r
To go, and kill my Hopes and me, this Hour.
I ſee, then, you will go; but yet my toil
May be rewarded with a looking while.

Almah. *Almanzor* can from every Subject raiſe
New Matter for our Wonder and his Praiſe.
You bound and freed me, but the difference is,
That ſhow'd your Valour, but your Virtue this.

Almanz. Madam, you praiſe a Fun'ral Victory;
At whoſe ſad Pomp the Conqueror muſt die.

Almah. Conqueſt attends *Almanzor* every where;
I am too ſmall a Foe for him to fear:
But Heroes ſtill muſt be oppos'd by ſome,
Or they would want occaſion to o'ercome.

Almanz. Madam, I cannot on bare praiſes live:
Thoſe who abound in Praiſes, ſeldom give.

Almah. While I to all the World your Worth make known,
May Heav'n reward the Pity you have ſhown.

Alman. My Love is languiſhing, and ſtarv'd to death;
And would you give me Charity, in Breath?
Pray'rs are the Alms of Church-men to the Poor:
They ſend to Heav'ns, but drive us from their Door.

Almah. Ceaſe; Ceaſe a Sute
So vain to you, and troubleſome to me,
If you will have me think that I am free.
If I am yet a Slave, my Bonds I'll bear,
But what I cannot Grant, I will not Hear.

Almanz. You wonnot Hear! you muſt both Hear and Grant;
For, Madam, there's an Impudence in Want.

Almah. Your way is ſomewhat ſtrange to ask Relief;
You ask with Threat'ning, like a begging Thief.
Once more, *Almanzor*, tell me, am I free?

Almanz. Madam, you are from all the World—but me.
But as a Pirate, when he frees the Prize
He took from Friends, ſees the rich Merchandize,
And after he has free'd it, juſtly buys;
So when I have reſtor'd your Liberty,———
But then, alas, I am too poor to buy!

Almah. Nay, now you uſe me juſt as Pyrates do:
You free me, but expect a Ranſom too.

Almanz. You've all the freedom that a Prince can have:
But Greatneſs cannot be without a Slave.
A Monarch never can in private move;
But ſtill is haunted with officious Love.
So ſmall an inconvenience you may bear;
'Tis all the Fine Fate ſets upon the Fair.

Almah. Yet Princes may retire whene're they pleaſe;
And breath free Air from out their Palaces:
They go ſometimes unknown to ſhun their State;
And then, 'tis Manners not to know or wait.

Almanz. If not a Subject, then a Ghoſt I'll be;
And from a Ghoſt, you know, no place is free.
Aſleep, Awake, I'll haunt you every where;
From my white Shrowd, groan Love into your Ear:
When in your Lover's Arms you Sleep at Night,
I'll Glide in Cold betwixt, and ſeize my Right.
And is't not better in your Nuptial Bed,
To have a living Lover than a dead?

Almah.

Almah. I can no longer bear to be accus'd,
As if what I could grant you, I refus'd.
My Father's Choice I never will diſpute;
And he has choſen e'r you mov'd your Sute.
You know my Caſe, if equal you can be,
Plead for your ſelf, and Anſwear it for me.
Almanz. Then, Madam, in that Hope you bid me live:
I ask no more than you may juſtly give.
But, in ſtrict Juſtice, there may Favour be;
And may I hope that you have that for me?
Almah. Why do you thus my ſecret Thoughts purſue,
Which known, hurt me, and cannot profit you?
Your Knowledge but new Troubles does prepare,
Like theirs who curious in their Fortunes are.
To ſay I could with more Content be yours,
Tempts you to Hope, but not that Hope aſſures.
For ſince the King has right,
And favour'd by my Father in his Sute,
It is a Bloſſom which can bear no Fruit.
Yet if you dare attempt ſo hard a task,
May you ſucceed; you have my leave to ask.
Almanz. I can with Courage now my Hopes purſue,
Since I no longer have to combate you.
That did the greateſt difficulty bring:
The reſt are ſmall, a Father, and a King!
Almah. Great Souls diſcern not when the leap's too wide,
Becauſe they only view the farther ſide.
Whatever you deſire you think is near:
But, with more Reaſon, the event I fear.
Almanz. No; there is a neceſſity in Fate,
Why ſtill the brave bold man is fortunate:
He keeps his Object ever full in ſight,
And that aſſurance holds him firm and right.
True, 'tis a narrow path that leads to bliſs,
But right before there is no Precipice:
Fear makes Men look aſide, and then their footing miſs
Almah. I do your Merit all the Right I can;
Admiring Virtue in a Private Man:
I only wiſh the King may Grateful be,
And that my Father with my Eyes may ſee.
Might I not make it as my laſt Requeſt,
(Since humble Carriage ſuits a Suppliant beſt)
That you would ſomewhat of your fierceneſs hide,
That in-born Fire; I do not call it Pride.
Almanz. Born, as I am, ſtill to Command, not ſue,
Yet you ſhall ſee that I can beg for you.
And if your Father will require a Crown,
Let him but name the Kingdom, 'tis his own.
I am, but while I pleaſe, a private Man;
I have that Soul which Empires firſt began:
From the dull Crowd which every King does lead,
I will pick out whom ~~I will~~ chuſe to head:
The beſt and braveſt Souls I can ſelect,
And on their Conquer'd Necks my Throne erect. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Abdalla *alone, under the Walls of the* Albazyn.

Abd. WHile ſhe is mine, I have not yet loſt all;
But, in her Arms, ſhall have a gentle fall.
Bleſt in my Love, although in War o'ercome,
I fly like *Anthony* from *Actium*,

To

To meet a better *Cleopatra* here.
You of the Watch: You of the Watch: appear. [*Soldier above.*
Who calls below? What's your demand?
Abd. ——————'Tis I:
Open the Gate with ſpeed; the Foe is nigh.
Sold. What Orders for Admittance do you bring?
Abd. Slave, my own Orders; look, and know the King.
Sold. I know you, but my Charge is ſo ſevere
That none, without exception, enter here.
Abdal. Traitor, and Rebel, thou ſhalt ſhortly ſee
Thy Orders are not to extend to me. [Lyndaraxa *above.*
What ſawcy Slave ſo rudely does exclaim,
And brands my Subject with a Rebel's Name?
Abdal. Dear *Lyndaraxa*, haſte, the Foes purſue.
Lynd. My Lord, the Prince *Abdalla*, is it you?
I ſcarcely can believe the words I hear:
Could you ſo courſely Treat my Officer?
Abdal. He forc'd me; but the danger nearer draws:
When I am enter'd, you ſhall know the Cauſe.
Lynd. Enter'd! Why, have you any buſineſs here?
Abdal. I am purſu'd, the Enemy is near.
Lynd. Are you purſu'd, and do you thus delay
To ſave your ſelf? make haſte, my Lord, away.
Abdal. Give me not cauſe to think you mock my Grief:
What Place have I, but this, for my Relief?
Lynd. This Favour does your Handmaid much oblige:
But we are not provided for a Siege.
My Subjects few; and their Proviſion thin;
The Foe is ſtrong without, we weak within.
This to my Noble Lord may ſeem unkind,
But he will weigh it in his Princely Mind;
And pardon her, who does aſſurance want
So much, ſhe bluſhes when ſhe cannot grant.
Abdal. Yes, you may bluſh; and you have cauſe to weep:
Is this the Faith you promis'd me to keep?
Ah yet, if to a Lover you will bring
No Succour, give your Succour to a King.
Lynd. A King is he whom nothing can withſtand;
Who Men and Money can with eaſe Command.
A King is he whom Fortune ſtill does Bleſs;
He is a King who does a Crown poſſeſs.
If you would have me think that you are he,
Produce to view your marks of Sovereignty.
But, if your ſelf alone for proof you bring,
You're but a ſingle Perſon, not a King.
Abdal. Ingrateful Maid, did I for this Rebel?
I ſay no more, but I have lov'd too well.
Lynd. Who but your ſelf did that Rebellion move?
Did I e'r promiſe to receive your Love?
Is it my fault you are not fortunate?
I love a King, but a poor Rebel hate,
Abdal. Who follow Fortune ſtill are in the Right.——
But let me be protected here this Night.
Lynd. The place to Morrow will be circled round;
And then no way will for your Flight be found.
Abdal. I hear my Enemies juſt coming on; [*Trampling within.*
Protect me but one Hour, till they are gone.
Lynd. They'll know you have been here; it cannot be:
That very Hour you ſtay will ruine me.
For if the Foe behold our Interview,
I ſhall be thought a Rebel too, like you.
Haſte hence; and that your Flight may proſp'rous prove,
I'll recommend you to the Pow'rs above. [*Exit* Lynd. *from above.*

Abdal.

Abdal. She's gone; Ah faithleſs and ingrateful Maid!
I hear ſome tread, and fear I am betraid:
I'll to the *Spaniſh* King, and try if he,
To count'nance his own Right, will ſuccour me:
There is more Faith in Chriſtian Dogs, than thee. [*Exit.*
[Ozmyn, Benzayda, Abenamar.
Benz. ——————I wiſh
(To merit all theſe Thanks) I could have ſaid,
My Pity only did his Virtue aid:
'Twas Pity, but 'twas of a Love-ſick Maid.
His Manly Suffering my Eſteem did move;
That bred Compaſſion, and Compaſſion Love.
Ozm. O Bleſſing ſold me at too cheap a rate!
My Danger was the benefit of Fate. [*To his Father.*
But that you may my fair Deliverer know,
She was not only Born our Houſe's Foe,
But to my Death by pow'rful Reaſons led:
At leaſt, in Juſtice, ſhe might wiſh me Dead.
Aben. But why thus long do you her Name conceal?
Ozm. To gain Belief for what I now Reveal.
Ev'n thus prepar'd, you ſcarce can think it true
The Saver of my Life from *Selin* drew
Her Birth, and was his Siſter whom I ſlew.
Aben. No more; it cannot, was not, muſt not be:
Upon my Bleſſing, ſay not it was She.
The Daughter of the only Man I hate!
Two Contradictions twiſted in a Fate!
Ozm. The mutual Hate which you and *Selin* bore
Does but exalt her generous Pity more.
Could ſhe a Brother's Death forgive to me,
And cannot you forget her Family?
Can you ſo ill requite the Life I owe,
To reckon her, who gave it, ſtill your Foe?
It lends too great a Luſtre to her Line,
To let her Virtue ours ſo much out-ſhine.
Aben. Thou gav'ſt her Line th'advantage which they have,
By meanly taking of the Life they gave.
Grant that it did in her a Pity ſhow;
But would my Son be pity'd by a Foe?
She has the Glory of thy Act defac'd:
Thou kill'ſt her Brother, but ſhe Triumphs laſt:
Poorly for us our Enmity would ceaſe;
When we are beaten, we receive a Peace.
Benz. If that be all in which you diſagree,
I muſt confeſs 'twas *Ozmyn* conquer'd me:
Had I beheld him baſely beg his Life,
I ſhould not now ſubmit to be his Wife.
But when I ſaw his Courage Death controul,
I paid a ſecret Homage to his Soul;
And thought my cruel Father much to blame,
Since *Ozmyn*'s Virtue his Revenge did ſhame.
Aben. What Conſtancy canſt thou e'r hope to find
In that unſtable, and ſoon conquer'd Mind?
What Piety canſt thou expect from her,
Who would forgive a Brother's Murderer?
Or, What Obedience hop'ſt thou to be paid,
From one who firſt her Father diſobey'd?
Ozm. Nature that bids us Parents to Obey,
Bids Parents their Commands by Reaſon weigh.
And you her Virtue by your Praiſe did own,
Before you knew by whom the Act was done.
Aben. Your Reaſons ſpeak too much of Inſolence;
Her Birth's a Crime, paſt Pardon or Defence.

Know

Know, that as *Selin* was not won by thee,
Neither will I by *Selin*'s Daughter be.
Leave her, or ceaſe henceforth to be my Son:
This is my Will; and this I will have done. [*Exit* Abenamar.
Ozm. It is a Murd'ring Will!
That whirls along with an impetuous ſway;
And like Chain-ſhot ſweeps all things in its way.
He does my Honour want of Duty call;
To that, and Love, he has no Right at all.
Benz. No, *Ozmyn*, no, it is a much leſs ill
To leave me, than diſpute a Father's Will.
If I had any Title to your Love,
Your Father's greater Right does mine remove:
Your Vows and Faith I give you back again;
Since neither can be kept without a Sin.
Ozm. Nothing but Death my Vows can give me back:
They are not yours to give, nor mine to take.
Benz. Nay, think not, though I could your Vows reſign,
My Love, or Virtue, could diſpenſe with mine.
I would extinguiſh your unlucky Fire,
To make you happy in ſome new deſire.
I can preſerve enough for me and you;
And Love, and be unfortunate for two.
Ozm. In all that's Good and Great
You vanquiſh me ſo faſt, that in the end
I ſhall have nothing left me to defend.
From every Poſt you force me to remove;
But let me keep my laſt Retrenchment, Love.
Benz. Love then, my *Ozmyn*; I will be content [*Giving her Hand.*
To make you wretched by your own Conſent:
Live Poor, Deſpis'd, and Baniſh'd for my ſake,
And all the burden of my Sorrows take.
For, as for me, in whatſoe'r eſtate
While I have you, I muſt be fortunate.
Ozm. Thus then, ſecur'd of what we hold moſt dear,
(Earth others love) we'll go,—I know not where.
For where, alas, ſhould we our Flight begin?
The Foe's without; our Parents are within.
Benz. I'll fly to you, and you ſhall fly to me;
Our Flight but to each others Arms ſhall be,
To Providence and Chance commit the reſt;
Let us but love enough and we are Bleſt. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Boabdelin, Abenamar, Abdelmelech, *Guard*, Zulema *and* Hamet *Priſoners.*

Abdel. They're *Lyndaraxa*'s Brothers; for her ſake,
Their Lives and Pardon my Requeſt I make.
Boab. Then, *Zulema* and *Hamet*, live, but know,
Your Lives to *Abdelmelech*'s Sute you owe.
Zul. The Grace receiv'd ſo much my Hope exceeds,
That Words come weak and ſhort to anſwer Deeds.
You've made a Venture, Sir, and Time muſt ſhow
If this great Mercy you did well beſtow.
Boab. You, *Abdelmelech*, haſte before 'tis Night,
And cloſe purſue my Brother in his Flight. } *Exeunt* Abdelmelech, Zulema, Hamet.

Enter Almanzor, Almahide, *and* Eſperanza.

But ſee, with *Almahide*,
The brave *Almanzor* comes, whoſe conq'ring Sword
The Crown it once took from me, has reſtor'd.
How can I recompence ſo great Deſert?
Almanz. I bring you, Sir, perform'd in every part,
My Promiſe made: Your Foes are Fled or Slain;
Without a Rival Abſolute you Reign.
Yet though, in Juſtice, this enough may be,
It is too little to be done by me.
I beg to go

Where

Where my own Courage and your Fortune calls,
To chaſe theſe misbelievers from our Walls.
I cannot breath within this narrow ſpace;
My heart's too big, and ſwells beyond the place.
Boab. You can perform, brave Warriour, what you pleaſe;
Fate liſtens to your voice, and then decrees.
Now I no longer fear the Spaniſh pow'rs;
Already we are free and Conquerours.
Almanz. Accept, great King, to morrow, from my hand,
The Captive head of Conquer'd *Ferdinand.*
You ſhall not only what you loſt regain,
But, o'er the *Biſcayn* Mountains to the Main,
Extend your ſway, where never Moor did reign.
Aben. What in another Vanity would ſeem,
Appears but noble Confidence in him.
No haughty boaſting; but a Manly pride:
A Soul too fiery, and too great to guide:
He moves excentrique, like a wandring Star,
Whoſe motion's juſt, though 'tis not regular.
Boab. It is for you, brave Man, and only you,
Greatly to ſpeak, and yet more greatly do.
But, if your benefits too far extend,
I muſt be left ungrateful in the end:
Yet ſomewhat I would pay,
Before my Debts above all reck'ning grow;
To keep me from the Shame of what I owe.
But you ——
Are conſcious to your ſelf of ſuch deſert,
That of your Gift I fear to offer part.
Almanz. When I ſhall have declar'd my high Requeſt,
So much Preſumption there will be confeſt,
That you will find your Gifts I do not ſhun;
But rather much o'er-rate the Service done.
Boab. Give wing to your Deſires, and let 'em fly
Secure, they cannot mount a Pitch too high.
So bleſs me *Alha* both in Peace and War,
As I accord what e'er your Wiſhes are.
[Almanz. *putting one Knee to the Ground.*
Almanz. Embolden'd by the Promiſe of a Prince,
I ask this Lady now with Confidence.
Boab. You ask the only Thing I cannot grant.
[*The King and* Abenamar *look amazedly on each other.*
But, as a Stranger, you are ignorant
Of what by publick Fame my Subjects know:
She is my Miſtriſs.
Aben. —————— And my Daughter too.
Almanz. Believe, old Man, that I her Father knew:
What elſe ſhould make *Almanzor* kneel to you?
Nor doubt, Sir, but your Right to her was known:
For had you had no Claim but Love alone,
I could produce a better of my own.
Almahide ſoftly to him
Almanzor, you forget my laſt Requeſt:
Your Words have too much Haughtineſs expreſt.
Is this the humble Way you were to move? [Almanzor *to her.*
Almanz. I was too far tranſported by my Love.
Forgive me; for I had not learn'd to ſue
To any Thing before, but Heav'n and you.
Sir, at your Feet, I make it my Requeſt —— *To the King kneeling.*
Though, without boaſting, I deſerve her beſt; [*Riſing.*
For you, her Love with gaudy Titles ſought,
But I her Heart with Blood and Dangers bought. [*Boldly.*

Boab. The Blood which you have ſhed in her Defence,
Shall have in time a fitting Recompence:
Or, if you think your Services delay'd,
Name but your Price, and you ſhall ſoon be pay'd.
Almanz. My Price! why, King, you do not think you deal
With one who ſets his Services to Sale:
Reſerve your Gifts for thoſe who Gifts regard;
And know, I think my ſelf above Reward.
Boab. Then ſure you are ſome Godhead; and our Care
Muſt be to come with Incenſe, and with Pray'r.
Almanz. As little as you think your ſelf oblig'd,
You would be glad to do't, when next beſieg'd.
But I am pleas'd there ſhould be nothing due;
For what I did, was for my ſelf, not you.
Boab. You, with Contempt, on meaner Gifts look down;
And, aiming at my Queen, diſdain my Crown.
That Crown reſtor'd, deſerves no Recompence,
Since you would rob the faireſt Jewel thence.
Dare not henceforth ungrateful me to call;
What e'er I ow'd you, this has cancel'd all.
Almanz. I'll call thee thankleſs, King, and perjur'd both:
Thou ſwor'ſt by *Alha*, and haſt broke thy Oath.
But thou do'ſt well; thou tak'ſt the cheapeſt way,
Not to own Services thou can'ſt not pay.
Boab. My Patience more than pays thy Service paſt;
But now this Inſolence ſhall be thy laſt.
Hence from my ſight, and take it as a Grace
Thou liv'ſt, and art but baniſh'd from the Place.
Almanz. Where-e'er I go there can no Exile be;
But from *Almanzor*'s ſight I baniſh thee.
I will not now, if thou would'ſt beg me, ſtay;
But I will take my *Almahide* away.
Stay thou with all thy Subjects here; but know,
We leave thy City empty when we go. [*Takes* Almahides *Hand.*
Boabdel. Fall on; take, kill the Traytor.
[*The Guards fall on him: He makes at the King through the midſt of them, and falls upon him; they diſarm him, and reſcue the King.*
Almanz. ——————— Baſe, and poor,
Bluſh that thou art *Almanzor*'s Conquerour.
[Almahide *wrings her Hands; then turns, and veils her Face.*
Farewel my *Almahide!*
Life of it ſelf will go, now thou art gone,
Like Flies in Winter when they loſe the Sun.
[Abenamar *whiſpers the King a little; then ſpeaks aloud.*
Aben. Revenge, and taken ſo ſecure away,
Are Bleſſings, which Heav'n ſends not every day.
Boab. I will at leiſure now revenge my Wrong;
And, Traytor, thou ſhalt feel my Vengeance long:
Thou ſhalt not die juſt at thy own Deſire,
But ſee my Nuptials, and with Rage expire.
Almanz. Thou dar'ſt not marry her while I'm in ſight,
With a bent Brow thy Prieſt and Thee I'll fright:
And in that Scene
Which all thy Hopes and Wiſhes ſhould content,
The Thought of me ſhall make Thee impotent. [*He is led off by Guards.*
Boabdel *to* Almahide.
As ſome fair Tulip, by a Storm oppreſt,
Shrinks up, and folds its ſilken Arms to reſt;
And, bending to the Blaſt, all pale and dead,
Hears from within, the Wind ſing round its Head:
So, ſhrowded up your Beauty diſappears;
Unveil, my Love, and lay aſide your Fears.

The

The Storm that caus'd your Fright is paſt and done.
[Almahide *unveiling and looking round for* Almanzor.
So flower's peep out too ſoon, and miſs the Sun. [*Turning from him.*
Boab. What myſtery in this ſtrange behaviour lies?
Almah. Let me for ever hide theſe guilty eyes,
Which lighted my *Almanzor* to his tomb;
Or, let 'em blaze to ſhow me there a Room.
Boab. Heav'en lent their luſtre for a Nobler end:
A thouſand Torches muſt their light attend,
To lead you to a Temple and a Crown.——
Why does my faireſt *Almahida* frown?
Am I leſs pleaſing than I was before;
Or is the inſolent *Almanzor*, more?
Almah. I juſtly own that I ſome pity have,
Not for the inſolent, but for the brave.
Aben. Though to your King your duty you neglect,
Know, *Almahide*, I look for mor reſpect.
And, if a Parents charge your mind can move,
Receive the bleſſing of a Monarch's love.
Almah. Did he my fredom to his life prefer?
And ſhall I wed *Almanzor*'s murderer?
No, Sir, I cannot to your will ſubmit:
Your way's too rugged for my tender feet.
Aben. You muſt be driv'n where you refuſe to go,
And taught, by force, your happineſs to know. [Almahide *ſmiling ſcornfully.*
Almah. To force me, Sir, is much unworthy you;
And, when you would, impoſſible to do.
If force could bend me, you might think, with ſhame,
That I debaſe the blood from whence I came.
My Soul is ſoft, which you may gently lay
In your looſe palm; but when tis preſt to ſtay,
Like water it deludes your graſp, and ſlips away.
Boab. I find I muſt revoke what I decreed;
Almanzor's Death my Nuptials muſt preceed.
Love is a Magick which the Lover tyes;
But charms ſtill end, when the Magician dies.
Go; let me hear my hated Rival's dead; [*To his Guards.*
And to convince my eyes, bring back his head.
Almah. Go on; I wiſh no other way to prove
That I am worthy of *Almanzor's* Love.
We will in death, at leaſt, united be;
I'll ſhew you I can die as well as he.
Boab. What ſhould I do! when equally I dread
Almanzor living, and *Almanzor* dead!——
Yet, by your promiſe you are mine alone.
Almah. How dare you claim my Faith, and break your own?
Aben. This for your Virtue is a weak defence:
No ſecond Vows can with your firſt diſpenſe.
Yet, ſince the King did to *Almanzor* ſwear,
And in his death ingrateful may appear,
He ought, in juſtice, firſt to ſpare his life,
And then to claim your promiſe, as his Wife.
Almah. What e'er my ſecret inclinations be,
To this, ſince Honour ties me, I agree:
Yet I declare, and to the world will own,
That, far from ſeeking, I would ſhun the Throne,
And, with *Almanzor*, lead an humble life;
There is a private greatneſs in his Wife.
Boab. That little love I have, I hardly buy;
You give my Rival all, while you deny.
Yet, *Almahide*, to let you ſee your pow'r,
Your lov'd *Almanazor* ſhall be free this hour.
You are obey'd; but 'tis ſo great a grace,
That I cou'd wiſh me in my Rival's place. [*Exeunt* K. *and* Aben. *Almah.*

Almah. How bleſt was I before this fatal day!
When all I knew of Love, was to obey!
'Twas life becalm'd, without a gentle breath;
Though not ſo cold, yet motionleſs as Death.
A heavy quiet ſtate: but love, all ſtrife,
All rapid, is the Hurrican of Life.
Had love not ſhown me, I had never ſeen
An Excellence beyond *Boabdelin.*
I had not, aiming higher, loſt my reſt;
But with a Vulgar Good been dully bleſt.
But, in *Almanzor*, having ſeen what's rare,
Now I have learnt too ſharply to compare;
And, like a Fav'rite, quickly in diſgrace,
Juſt know the value e'er I loſt the place. [*To her* Almanzor *bound and guarded.*
Almanz. I ſee the end for which I'm hither ſent, [*Looking down.*
To double, by your ſight, my puniſhment.
There is a ſhame in bonds I cannot bear;
Far more than Death to meet your Eyes I fear. [Almahide *unbinding him.*
Almah. That ſhame of long continuance ſhall not be:
The King, at my intreaty, ſets you free.
Almanz. The King! my wonder's greater than before:
How did he dare my freedom to reſtore?
He like ſome Captive Lyon uſes me;
He runs away before he ſets me free,
And takes a ſanctuary in his Court:
I'll rather loſe my Life than thank him for't.
Almah. If any Subject for your thanks there be,
The King expects 'em not; you owe 'em me.
Our freedoms through each others hands have paſt;
You give me my revenge in winning laſt.
Almanz. Then Fate commodiouſly for me has done;
To loſe mine there where I would have it won.
Almah. Almanzor, you too ſoon will underſtand
That what I win is on another's hand.
The King (who doom'd you to a cruel Fate)
Gave to my Pray'rs both his revenge and hate:
But at no other price would rate your life,
Than my conſent and oath to be his Wife.
Almanz. Would you to ſave my life, my love betray?
Here; take me; bind me; carry me away;
Kill me: I'll kill you, if you diſobey. [*To the Guards.*
Almah. That abſolute command your love does give
I take; and charge you, by that pow'r, to live.
Almanz. When death, the laſt of comforts, you refuſe,
Your pow'r, like Heav'n upon the damn'd, you uſe:
You force me in my being to remain,
To make me laſt, and keep me freſh for pain.
When all my joys are gone
What cauſe can I, for living longer, give,
But a dull lazy habitude to live?
Almah. Raſh men, like you, and impotent of will,
Give chance no time to turn, but urge her ſtill:
She would repent; you puſh the quarrel on,
And once, becauſe ſhe went, ſhe muſt be gone.
Almanz. She ſhall not turn; what is it ſhe can do
To recompence me for the loſs of you!
Almah. Heav'n will reward your worth ſome better way.
At leaſt, for me, you have but loſt one day.
Nor is't a real loſs which you deplore;
You ſought a heart that was engag'd before.
'Twas a Swift Love which took you in his way;
Flew only through your heart, but made to ſtay.
'Twas but a Dream, where truth had not a place;
A ſcene of fancy, mov'd ſo ſwift a pace,

And

And ſhifted, that you can but think it was:
Let, then, the ſhort vexatious Viſion paſs.
Almanz. My joys indeed are dreams; but not my pain:
'Twas a ſwift ruine; but the marks remain.
When ſome fierce fire lays goodly building waſt,
Would you conclude
There had been non, becauſe the burning's paſt?
Almah. It was your fault that fire ſeiz'd all your breaſt,
You ſhould have blown up ſome to ſave the reſt.
But tis, at worſt, but ſo conſum'd by Fire
As Cities are, that by their fall riſe higher.
Build Love a Nobler Temple in my place;
You'll find the fire has but enlarg'd your ſpace.
Almanz. Love has undone me, I am grown ſo poor
I ſadly view the ground I had before,
But want a ſtock; and n'er can build it more.
Almah. Then ſay what charity I can allow;
I would contribute, if I knew but how.
Take friendſhip: or if that too ſmall appear,
Take love which Siſters my to Brothers bear.
Almanz. A Siſters love! that is ſo pall'd a thing,
What pleaſure can it to a Lover bring?
'Tis like thin food to men in fevers ſpent;
Juſt keeps alive, but gives no nouriſhment.
What hopes, what fears, what tranſports can it move?
'Tis but the Ghoſt of a departed Love.
Almah. You, like ſome greedy Cormorant, devour
All my whole life can give you, in an hour.
What more I can do for you, is to die;
And that muſt follow, if you this deny.
Since I gave up my Love that you might live,
You, in refuſing life, my ſentence give.
Almanz. Far from my breaſt be ſuch an impious thought:
Your death would loſe the quiet mine had ſought.
I'll live for you, in ſpight of miſery:
But you ſhall grant that I had rather die.
I'll be ſo wretched, fill'd with ſuch deſpair,
That you ſhall ſee, to live, was more to dare.
Almah. Adieu, then, O my Souls far better part,
Your Image ſticks ſo cloſe
That the blood follows from my rending heart.
A laſt farwel!
For ſince a laſt muſt come, the reſt are vain!
Like gaſps in death, which but prolong our pain.
But, ſince the King is now a part of me,
Ceaſe from henceforth to be his Enemy.
Go now, for pity go, or if you ſtay
I fear I ſhall have ſomething ſtill to ſay.
Thus—I for ever ſhut you from my ſight. [*Veils.*
Almanz. Like one thruſt out in a cold Winters night,
Yet ſhivering, underneath your gate I ſtay:
One look——I cannot go before 'tis day—— [*She beckons him to be gone.*
Not one——Farewel: whate'er my ſufferings be
Within; I'll ſpeak *Farewel*, as loud as ſhe:
I will not be out-done in Conſtancy.——. [*She Turns her back.*
Then like a dying Conqueror I go;
At leaſt I have look't laſt upon my foe.
I go——but if too heavily I move,
I walk encumbred with a weight of Love.
Fain I would leave the thought of you behind;
But ſtill, the more I caſt you from my mind,
You daſh, like water, back, when thrown againſt the wind. [*Exit.*

[*As he goes off the King meets him with* Abenamar, *they ſtare at each other without ſaluting.*

Boab. With him go all my Fears: a Guard there wait;
And ſee him ſafe without the City Gate. [*To them* Abdelmelech.
Now *Abdelmelech*, is my Brother dead?
Abdel. Th'Uſurper to the Chriſtian Camp is fled;
Whom as *Granada*'s lawful King they own,
And vow, by Force, to ſeat him in the Throne.
Mean time the Rebels in the *Albayzin* reſt;
Which is, in *Lyndaraxa*'s Name poſſeſt.
Boab. Haſte; and reduce it inſtantly by Force.
Abdel. Firſt give me leave to prove a milder courſe.
She will, perhaps, on Summons yield the Place.
Boab. We cannot, to your Sute, refuſe her Grace.
[*One enters haſtily, and whiſpers* Abenamar.
Aben. How Fortune perſecutes this hoary Head!
My *Ozmyn* is with *Selin*'s Daughter fled.
But he's no more my Son ——
My Hate ſhall like a *Zegry* him purſue,
Till I take back what Blood from me he drew.
Boab. Let War and Vengeance be to morrow's Care;
But let us to the Temple now repair.
A Thouſand Torches make the Moſque more bright:
This muſt be mine and *Almahida*'s Night.
Hence ye importunate Affairs of State;
You ſhould not Tyrannize on Love, but wait.
Had Life no Love, none would for Buſineſs live;
Yet ſtill from Love the largeſt Part we give:
And muſt be forc'd, in Empires weary Toil,
To live long wretched, to be pleas'd a while., [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

SUcceſs, which can no more than beauty laſt,
Makes our ſad Poet mourn your favours paſt:
For, ſince without deſert he got a name,
He fears to loſe it now with greater ſhame.
Fame, like a little Miſtriß of the Town,
Is gain'd with eaſe; but then ſhe's loſt as ſoon.
For, as thoſe taudry Miſſes, ſoon or late
Jilt ſuch as keep them at the higheſt rate,
(And oft the Lacquey, or the Brawny Clown,
Gets what is hid in the looſe body'd gown;)
So, fame is falſe to all that keep her long;
And turns up to the Fop that's brisk and young.
Some wiſer Poet now would leave Fame firſt:
But elder Wits are, like old Lovers, curſt;
Who, when the vigor of their youth is ſpent,
Still grow more fond as they grow impotent.
This, ſome years hence, our Poet's caſe may prove;
But, yet, he hopes, he's young enough to love.
When forty comes, if 'ere he lives to ſee
That wretched fumbling age of Poetry,
It will be high time to bid his Muſe adieu:
Well he may pleaſe himſelf, but never you.
Till then he'll do as well as he began;
And hopes you will not find him leſs a man.
Think him not duller for this year's delay;
He was prepared, the Women were away;
And Men, without their parts, can hardly play.
If they, through ſickneſs, ſeldom did appear,
Pity the Virgins of each Theatre;
For, at both Houſes, 'twas a ſickly year!
And pity us, your ſervants, to whoſe coſt,
In one ſuch ſickneſs, nine whole Months are loſt.
Their ſtay, he fears, has ruin'd what he writ:
Long waiting both diſables love and wit.
They thought they gave him leiſure to do well:
But when they forc'd him to attend, he fell!
Yet though he much has fail'd, he begs to day
You will excuſe his unperforming Play:
Weakneſs ſometimes great paſſion does expreſs;
He had pleas'd better, had he lov'd you leſs.

PROLOGUE to the 2d Part of the Conqueſt of *Granada.*

THey who write Ill, and they who ne'r durſt write,
Turn Critiques out of meer Revenge and Spight.
A Play-houſe *gives 'em Fame; and up there ſtarts,*
From a mean Fifth-rate Wit, a Man of Parts.
(So Common Faces on the Stage appear:
We take 'em in; and they turn Beauties here)
Our Author fears thoſe Critiques as his Fate:
And thoſe he Fears, by conſequence, muſt Hate.
For they the Traffique of all Wit invade;
As Scriv'ners draw away the Bankers Trade.
Howe're, the Poet's ſafe enough to day:
They cannot cenſure an unfiniſh'd Play.
But, as when Vizard Maſque appears in Pit,
Straight, every a man who thinks himſelf a Wit,
Perks up, and managing his Comb, with grace,
With his white Wigg ſets off his Nut-brown Face:
That done, bears up to th' prize, and views each Limb;
To know her by her Rigging and her Trimm:
Then, the whole noiſe of Fopps to wagers go,
Pox on her, *'t muſt be ſhe; and* Damn'ee *me.*
Juſt ſo I Prophecy theſe Wits to day
Will blindly gueſs at our imperfect Play:
With what new Plots our Second Part is fill'd;
Who muſt be kept alive, and who be kill'd.
And as thoſe Vizard Maſques maintain that Faſhion,
To ſooth and tickle ſweet Imagination;
So, our dull Poet keeps you on with Maſquing,
To make you think there's ſomething worth your asking:
But when 'tis ſhown, that which does now delight you,
Will prove a Dowdy with a Face to fright you.

Alman-

Almanzor and *Almahide:*

OR, THE

CONQUEST of GRANADA

By the *SPANIARDS.*

The Second PART.

ACT I. SCENE, *A Camp.*

King Ferdinand, *Queen* Iſabel, Alonzo d'Aguilar, *Attendants, Men and Women.*

K. *Ferd.* AT length the Time is come, when *Spain* ſhall be
From the long Yoke of Mooriſh Tyrants free.
All Cauſes ſeem to ſecond our Deſign;
And Heav'n and Earth in their Deſtruction join.
When Empire in its Childhood firſt appears,
A watchful Fate o'erſees its tender Years;
Till, grown more ſtrong, it thruſts, and ſtretches out,
And Elbows all the Kingdoms round about.
The Place thus made for its firſt breathing free,
It moves again for Eaſe and Luxury:
Till, ſwelling by degrees, it has poſſeſt
The greater ſpace; and now crowds up the reſt.
When from behind, there ſtarts ſome petty State,
And puſhes on its now unwieldy Fate:
Then down the Precipice of Time it goes,
And ſinks in Minutes, which in Ages roſe.

Qu. *Iſabel.* Should bold *Columbus* in his Search ſucceed,
And find thoſe Beds in which bright Metals breed;
Tracing the Sun, who ſeems to ſteal away,
That Miſer-like he might alone ſurvey
The Wealth which he in Weſtern Mines did lay;
Not all that ſhining Ore could give my Heart
The Joy this Conquer'd Kingdom will impart:
Which, reſcu'd from theſe Misbelievers hands,
Shall now, at once, ſhake off its double bands:
At once to Freedom and true Faith reſtor'd,
Its old Religion, and its antient Lord.

K. *Ferd.* By that Aſſault which laſt we made, I find,
Their Courage is with their Succeſs declin'd:
Almanzor's Abſence now they dearly buy,
Whoſe Conduct crown'd their Arms with Victory.

Alonzo. Their King himſelf did their laſt Sally guide.
I ſaw him gliſt'ring in bright Armour, ride
To break a Lance in Honour of his Bride.
But other Thoughts now fill his anxious Breaſt;
Care of his Crown his Love has diſpoſſeſt.

To them Abdalla.

Qu. *Iſabel.* But ſee the Brother of the Mooriſh King;
He ſeems ſome News of great Import to bring.

Ferd. He brings a ſpecious Title to our ſide:
Thoſe who would conquer, muſt their Foes divide.

Abdal. Since to my Exile you have Pity ſhown,
And giv'n me Courage yet to hope a Throne;
While you without our commmon Foes ſubdue,
I am not wanting to my ſelf, or you.

But have, within, a Faction ſtill alive;
Strong to aſſiſt, and ſecret to contrive:
And watching each Occaſion to foment
The People's Fears, into a Diſcontent:
Which, from *Almanzor*'s Loſs, before were great;
And now are doubled by their late Defeat.
Theſe Letters from their Chiefs, the News aſſures. [*Gives Letters to the King.*
K. *Ferd.* Be mine the Honour; but the Profit yours.
[*To them the Duke of* Arcos, *with* Ozmyn, *and* Benzayda *Priſoners.*
K. *Ferd.* That Tertia of Italians did you guide,
To take their Poſt upon the River ſide?
Arcos. All are according to your Orders plac'd:
My chearful Soldiers their Intrenchments haſte.
The *Murcian* Foot have ta'en the upper Ground,
And now the City is beleaguer'd round.
Ferd. Why is not then their Leader here again?
Arcos. The Maſter of *Alcantara* is ſlain:
But he who ſlew him here before you ſtands;
It is that Moor whom you behold in Bands.
K. *Ferd.* A braver Man I had not in my Hoſt;
His Murd'rer ſhall not long his Conqueſt boaſt.
But, Duke of *Arcos*, ſay, how was he ſlain?
Arcos. Our Soldiers march'd together on the Plain;
We two rode on, and left them far behind,
Till coming where we found the Valley wind,
We ſaw theſe Moors, who. ſwiftly as they cou'd,
Ran on, to gain the Covert of the Wood.
This we obſerv'd; and, having croſs'd their way,
The Lady, out of breath, was forc'd to ſtay.
The Man then ſtood, and ſtraight his Faulchion drew;
Then told us, we in vain did thoſe purſue,
Whom their ill Fortune to Deſpair did drive,
And yet, whom we ſhou'd never take alive.
Neglecting this, the Maſter ſtraight ſpurr'd on;
But th'active Moor his Horſes ſhock did ſhun;
And 'ere his Rider from his Reach could go,
Finiſh'd the Combat with one deadly Blow.
I, to revenge my Friend, prepar'd to fight,
But now our foremoſt Men were come in ſight;
Who ſoon would have diſpatch'd him on the Place,
Had I not ſav'd him from a Death ſo baſe;
And brought him to attend your Royal Doom.
K. *Ferd.* A manly Face; and in his Ages bloom.
But to content the Soldiers, he muſt die:
Go, ſee him executed inſtantly.
Qu. *Iſabel.* Stay; I would learn his Name before he go:
You, Prince *Abdalla*, may the Priſ'ner know.
Abdalla. Ozmyn's his Name; and he deſerves his Fate;
His Father heads that Faction which I hate.
But, much I wonder, that I with him ſee
The Daughter of his mortal Enemy.
Benz. 'Tis true, by *Ozmyn*'s Sword my Brother fell;
But 'twas a Death he merited too well.
I know a Siſter ſhould excuſe his Fault;
But you know too, that *Ozmyn*'s Death he ſought.
Abdal. Our Prophet has declar'd, by the Event,
That *Ozmyn* is reſerv'd for Puniſhment.
For, when he thought his Guilt from Danger clear,
He, by new Crimes, is brought to ſuffer here.
Benz. In Love, or Pity, if a Crime you find,
We two have ſin'd above all humane Kind.
Ozm. Heav'n in my Puniſhment has done a Grace;
I could not ſuffer in a better Place:

That

That I ſhould die by Chriſtians, it thought good
To ſave your Fathers guilt, who ſought my blood: [*To her.*
Benz. Fate aims ſo many blows to make us fall,
That 'tis in vain, to think to ward 'em all;
And where misfortunes great and many are,
Life grows a burden, and not worth our care.
Ozym. I caſt it from me, like a Garment torn,
Ragged, and too undecent to be worn.
Beſides, there is Contagion in my Fate; [*To Benz.*
It makes your Life too much unfortunate.
But ſince her faults are not ally'd to mine,
In her protection let your favour ſhine:
To you, Great Queen, I make this laſt requeſt;
(Since pity dwells in every Royal Breaſt)
Safe, in your care, her Life and Honour be:
It is a dying Lover's Legacy.
Benz. Ceaſe, *Ozmyn*, ceaſe ſo vain a ſute to move;
I did not give you on thoſe terms my Love.
Leave Me the care of Me; for when you go,
My Love will ſoon inſtruct me what to do.
Q. *Iſabel.* Permit me, Sir, theſe Lovers doom to give:
My Sentence is, They ſhall together live.
The Courts of Kings
To all Diſtreſs'd ſhou'd Sanctuaries be;
But moſt to Lovers in Adverſity.
Caſtille and *Arragon*,
Which long againſt each other War did move,
My plighted Lord and I have join'd by love;
And, if to add this Conqueſt Heav'n thinks good,
I would not have it ſtain'd with Lovers blood.
Ferd. Whatever *Iſabella* ſhall command,
Shall always be a Law to *Ferdinand*:
Benz. The frowns of Fate we will no longer fear:
Ill Fate, Great Queen, can never find us here.
Iſabel. Your thanks ſome other time I will receive:
Henceforward, ſafe in my Protection live.
Granada is for Noble Loves renown'd;
Here beſt defence is in her Lovers found.
Love's an Heroick Paſſion which can find
No room in any baſe degenerate mind:
It kindles all the Soul with Honour's Fire,
To make the Lover worthy his deſire.
Againſt ſuch Heroes I ſucceſs ſhould fear,
Had we not too an Hoſt of Lovers here.
An Army of bright Beauties come with me;
Each Lady ſhall her Servant's actions ſee:
The Fair and Brave on each ſide ſhall conteſt;
And they ſhall overcome who love the beſt. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE II. *The Alhambra.*

Zulema *ſolus.*

Zul. True, they have pardon'd me; but do they know
What folly 'tis to truſt a pardon'd Foe!
A Bluſh remains in a forgiven Face;
It wears the ſilent Tokens of Diſgrace:
Forgiveneſs to the Injur'd does belong;
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong.
My hopeful Fortune's loſt! and what's above
All I can name or think, my ruin'd Love!
Feign'd Honeſty ſhall work me into Truſt;
And ſeeming Penitence conceal my Luſt:
Let Heav'ns great Eye of Providence now take
One day of reſt, and ever after wake:

Enter King Boabdelin, Abenamar, *and Guards.*

Boab. Loſſes on Loſſes! as if Heav'n decreed
Almanzor's valour ſhould alone ſucceed.
Aben. Each Sally we have made ſince he is gone,
Serves but to pull our ſpeedy ruine on.
Boab. Of all Mankind, the heavieſt Fate he bears
Who the laſt Crown of ſinking Empire wears.
No kindly Planet of his Birth took care;
Heav'ns Out-caſt, and the Droſs of every Star! [*A tumultuous noiſe within.*

Enter Abdelmelech.

What new misfortune do theſe Cries preſage?
Abdel. They are th' effects of the mad Peoples rage.
All in deſpair tumultuouſly they ſwarm;
The fartheſt Streets already take th' Alarm.
The needy creep from Cellars, under ground;
To them new Cries from tops of Garrets ſound.
The aged from the Chimneys ſeek the cold;
And Wives from Windows helpleſs Infants hold.
Boab. See what the many-headed Beaſt demands. [*Exit* Abdelmelech.
Curſt is that King whoſe Honour's in their hands.
In Senates, either they too ſlowly grant,
Or ſaucily refuſe to aid my want:
And when their Thrift has ruin'd me in War,
They call thier Inſolence my want of Care.
Aben. Curſt be their Leaders, who that Rage foment,
And veil with publick good their diſcontent.
They keep the Peoples Purſes in thier hands,
And Hector Kings to grant their wild demands.
But to each Lure a Court throws out, deſcend,
And prey on thoſe, they promis'd to defend.
Zul. Thoſe Kings who to their wild demands conſent,
Teach others the ſame way to diſcontent.
Freedom in Subjects is not, nor can be;
But ſtill, to pleaſe 'em, we muſt call 'em free.
Popriety, which they their Idol make,
Or Law, or Law's Interpreters can ſhake.
Aben. The name of Common-wealth is popular;
But there the People their own Tyrants are.
Boab. But Kings who rule with limited Command
Have Players Scepters put into their Hand.
Pow'r has no balance, one ſide ſtill weighs down;
And either hoiſts the Common-wealth or Crown.
And thoſe who think to ſet the Scale more right,
By various turnings but diſturb the weight.
Aben. While People tug for Freedom, Kings for Pow'r,
Both ſink beneath ſome foreign Conqueror:
Then Subjects find too late they were unjuſt,
And want that pow'r of Kings they durſt not truſt. [*To them* Abdelmelech.
Abdel. The Tumult now is high and dangerous grown:
The People talk of rendring up the Town;
And ſwear that they will force the King's conſent.
Boab. What Council can this riſing Storm prevent?
Abdel. Their Fright to no Perſwaſions will give ear:
There's a deaf madneſs in a Peoples fear.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Their fury now a middle courſe does take:
To yield the Town, or call *Almanzor* back.
Boab. I'll rather call my death.——
Go, and bring up my Guards to my defence:
I'll puniſh this outragious Inſolence.
Aben. Since blind opinion does their reaſon ſway,
You muſt ſubmit to cure 'em their own way.
You to their Fancies Phyſick muſt apply,
Give them that Chief on whom they moſt rely;

Under

Under *Almanzor* proſperouſly they fought:
Almanzor therefore muſt with Pray'rs be brought.

Enter a Second Meſſenger.

Second Meſſ. Haſte all you can their Fury to aſſwage:
You are not ſafe from their rebellious Rage.

Enter a Third Meſſenger.

Third Meſſ. This Minute, if you grant not their Deſire,
They'll ſeize your Perſon and your Palace Fire.
Abdel. Your Danger, Sir, admits of no delay.
Boab. In Tumults, People reign, and Kings obey.
Go, and appeaſe 'em with the Vow I make,
That they ſhall have their lov'd *Almanzor* back. [*Exit* Abdel.
Almanzor has th'Aſcendant or'e my Fate:
I'm forc'd to ſtoop to one I fear and hate.
Diſgrac'd, Diſtreſt, in Exile, and alone,
He's greater than a Monarch on his Throne.
Without a Realm a Royalty he gains;
Kings are the Subjects over whom he Reigns. [*A Shout of Acclamations within.*
Aben. Theſe Shouts proclaim the People ſatisfy'd.
Boab. We for another Tempeſt muſt provide.
To promiſe his Return as I was loth,
So I want Pow'r now to perform my Oath.
E're this, for *Africk* he is ſail'd from *Spain.*
Aben. The adverſe Winds his Paſſage yet detain.
I heard, laſt Night his Equipage did ſtay
At a ſmall Village ſhort of *Malaga.*
K. *Boab.* *Abenamar*, This Ev'ning thither haſte;
Deſire him to forget his Uſage paſt:
Uſe all your Rhet'rique; Promiſe; Flatter; Pray.

To them Qu. Almahide *attended.*

Aben. Good Fortune ſhows you yet a ſurer way:
Nor Pray'rs nor Promiſes his Mind will move;
'Tis inacceſſible to all, but Love.
K. *Boab.* Oh, Thou haſt rows'd a Thought within my Breaſt,
That will for ever rob me of my Reſt.
Ah Jealouſie, how cruel is thy Sting!
I, in *Almanzor*, a lov'd Rival bring!
And now, I think it is an equal Strife,
If I my Crown ſhould hazard, or my Wife.
Where, Marriage, is thy Cure, which Husbands boaſt?
That, in Poſſeſſion, their Deſire is loſt:
Or why have I alone that wretched Taſte,
Which, gorg'd and glutted, does with Hunger laſt?
Cuſtom and Duty cannot ſet me free,
Ev'n Sin it ſelf has not a Charm for me.
Of marry'd Lovers I am ſure the firſt.
And nothing but a King could ſo be curſt.
Q. *Almah.* What Sadneſs ſits upon your Royal Heart?
Have you a Grief, and muſt not I have part?
All Creatures elſe a Time of Love poſſeſs:
Man only clogs with Cares his Happineſs;
And, while he ſhou'd enjoy his part of Bliſs,
With Thoughts of what may be, deſtroys what is.
K. *Boab.* You gueſs'd aright; I am oppreſt with Grief:
And 'tis from you that I muſt ſeek Relief.
Leave us, to Sorrow there's a Reverence due: [*To the Company.*
Sad Kings, like Suns eclips'd, withdrawn from View.

[*The Attendants go off; and Chairs are ſet for the King and Queen.*

Almah. So two kind Turtles, when a Storm is nigh,
Look up, and ſee it gath'ring in the Skie:
Each calls his Mate to ſhelter in the Groves,
Leaving in murmur their unfiniſh'd Loves:
Perch'd on ſome dropping Branch they ſit alone,
And Coo, and hearken to each others Moan. [Boab. *taking her by the Hand:*
Sitting

Boab. Since, *Almahide*, you ſeem ſo kind a Wife,
What would you do to ſave a Husband's Life?
Almah. When Fate calls on that hard Neceſſity,
I'll ſuffer Death, rather than you ſhall die.
Boab. Suppoſe your Country ſhould in Danger be;
What would you undertake to ſet it free?
Almah. It were too little to reſign my Breath:
My own free Hand ſhould give me nobler Death.
Boab. That Hand, which would ſo much for Glory do,
Muſt yet do more; for it muſt kill me too.
You muſt kill me for that dear Country's Sake;
Or, what's all one, muſt call *Almanzor* back.
Almah. I ſee to what your Speech you now direct;
Either my Love or Virtue you ſuſpect.
But know, that when my Perſon I reſign'd,
I was too noble not to give my Mind:
No more the Shadow of *Almanzor* fear;
I have no Room, but for your Image, here.
Boab. This, *Almahide*, would make me ceaſe to mourn,
Were that *Almanzor* never to return.
But now my fearful People mutiny;
Their Clamours call *Almanzor* back, not I.
Their Safety, through my Ruine, I purſue;
He muſt return; and muſt be brought by you.
Almah. That Hour when I my Faith to you did plight,
I baniſh'd him for ever from my ſight.
His Baniſhment was to my Virtue due;
Not that I fear'd him for my Self, but you.
My Honour had preſerv'd me innocent:
But I would your Suſpicion too prevent.
Which, ſince I ſee augmented in your Mind,
I yet more Reaſon for his Exile find.
K. *Boab.* To your Intreaties he will yield alone:
And, on your Doom, depend my Life and Throne.
No longer therefore my Deſires withſtand;
Or, if Deſires prevail not, my Command.
Q. *Almah.* In his Return too ſadly I foreſee
Th'Effects of your returning Jealouſie:
But your Command I prize above my Life;
'Tis ſacred to a Subject and a Wife.
If I have Pow'r, *Almanzor* ſhall return. [Boab. *letting go her hand, and ſtarting up.*
Boab. Curſt be that fatal Hour when I was born!
You love, you love him; and that Love reveal.
By your too quick Conſent to his Repeal.
My Jealouſie had but too juſt a Ground;
And now you ſtab into my former Wound.
Q. *Almah.* This ſudden Change I do not underſtand.
Have you ſo ſoon forgot your own Command?
Boab. Grant that I did th'unjuſt Injunction lay:
You ſhould have lov'd me more than to obey.
I know you did this Mutiny deſign;
But your Love-Plot I'll quickly countermine.
Let my Crown go; he never ſhall return:
I, like a Phœnix, in my Neſt will burn.
Almah. You pleaſe me well that in one common Fate
You wrap your Self and Me, and all your State.
Let us no more of proud *Almanzor* hear:
'Tis better once to die, than ſtill to fear;
And better many times to die, than be
Oblig'd paſt Payment to an Enemy.
Boab 'Tis better; but you Wives ſtill have one way:
When e're your Husbands are oblig'd, you pay.
Alma. Thou, Heav'n, who know'ſt it, judge my Innocence:
You, Sir, deſerve not I ſhould make Defence.

Yet,

Yet, judge my Virtue by that Proof I gave,
When I ſubmitted to be made your Slave.
Boab. If I have been ſuſpicious or unkind,
Forgive me; many Cares diſtract my Mind;
Love, and a Crown!
Two ſuch Excuſes no one Man e're had;
And each of 'em enough to make me mad:
But now my Reaſon, re-aſſumes its Throne,
And finds no Safety when *Almanzor*'s gone.
Send for him, then; I'll be oblig'd, and ſue;
'Tis a leſs Evil than to part with you.
I leave you to your Thoughts; but love me ſtill,
Forgive my Paſſion, and obey my Will. [*Exit* Boabdelin.

Almahide *Sola.*

Almah. My jealous Lord will ſoon to Rage return;
That Fire his Fear rakes up does inward burn.
But Heav'n, which made me great, has choſe for me:
I muſt th'Oblation for my People be.
I'll cheriſh Honour, then, and Life deſpiſe;
What is not pure is not for Sacrifice.
Yet for *Almanzor* I in ſecret mourn!
Can Virtue, then, admit of his Return?
Yes; for my Love I will, by Virtue, ſquare:
My Heart's not mine; but all my Actions are.
I'll like *Almanzor* act, and dare to be
As haughty, and as wretched too, as he.
What will he think is in my Meſſage meant?
I ſcarcely underſtand my own Intent:
But Silk-worm-like, ſo long within have wrought,
That I am loſt in my own Web of Thought. [*Exit* Almahide.

ACT II. SCENE *A Wood.*

Ozmyn *and* Benzayda.

Ozm. 'TIS true that our Protection here has been
Th'Effect of Honour in the Spaniſh Queen.
But, while I as a Friend continue here,
I to my Country muſt a Foe appear.
Benz. Think not, my *Ozmyn*, that we here remain
As Friends, but Priſ'ners to the Power of *Spain.*
Fortune diſpenſes with your Country's Right;
But you deſert your Honour in your flight.
Oxmyn. I cannot leave you here, and go away;
My Honour's glad of a pretence to ſtay. [*A Noiſe within, follow, follow, follow*——

Enter Selin; *his Sword drawn, as purſued.*

Selin. I am purſu'd, and now am ſpent and done;
My Limbs ſuffice me not with ſtrength to run.
And, if I could, alas, what can I ſave;
A Year, the *Dregs* of Life too, from the Grave! [*Sits down on the Ground.*
Here will I ſit, and here attend my Fate;
With the ſame hoary Majeſty and State,
As *Rome*'s old Senate for the *Galls* did wait.
Benz. It is my Father; and he ſeems diſtreſt.
Ozmyn. My Honour bids me ſuccour the oppreſt.
That Life he ſought, for his I'll freely give;
We'll die together, or together live.
Benz. I'll call more Succour, ſince the Camp is near;
And fly on all the Wings of Love and Fear. [*Exit* Benz.

Enter Abenamar *and four or five* Moors.

Aben. Ye've liv'd, and now behold your lateſt hour. [*He looks and finds* Selin.
Selin. I ſcorn your Malice, and defy your Pow'r.

A ſpeedy

A ſpeedy Death is all I ask you now;
And that's a Favour you may well allow.

Ozmyn, *ſhowing himſelf.*

Ozm. Who gives you Death ſhall give it firſt to me;
Fate cannot ſeparate our Deſtiny.
My Father here! then Heav'n it ſelf has laid [*Knows his Father.*
The Snare, in which my Virtue is betray'd.
Aben. Fortune, I thank thee, thou haſt kindly done,
To bring me back that Fugitive my Son.
In Arms too; fighting for my Enemy!
I'll do a Roman Juſtice; thou ſhalt die.
Ozmyn. I beg not you my forfeit Life would ſave:
Yet add one Minute to that Breath you gave.
I diſobey'd you, and deſerve my Fate;
But bury in my Grave two Houſes hate.
Let *Selin* live, and ſee your Juſtice done
On me, while you revenge him for his Son:
Your mutual Malice in my Death may ceaſe,
And equal Loſs perſwade you both to Peace.

Aben. *to a* Soldier.

Aben. Yes, Juſtice ſhall be done on him and thee:
Haſte, and diſpatch 'em both immediately.
Ozmyn. If you have Honour (ſince you Nature want)
For your own Sake my laſt Petition grant:
And kill not a diſarm'd, defenceleſs Foe;
Whoſe Death your Cruelty or Fear will ſhow.
My Father cannot do an Act ſo baſe:
My Father! I miſtake: I meant, who was!
Aben. Go, then, diſpatch him firſt who was my Son.
Ozmyn. Swear but to ſave his Life, I'll yield my own.
Aben. Nor Tears, nor Pray'rs, thy Life, or his ſhall buy.

Ozmyn *putting himſelf before* Selin.

Ozm. Then, Sir, *Benzayda*'s Father ſhall not die.
And, ſince he'll want Defence when I am gone,
I will, to ſave his Life, defend my own.
Aben. This Juſtice parricides like thee ſhould have.

[Aben. *and his Party attack them both.* Ozmyn *parryes his Fathers thruſts; and thruſts at the others.*

Enter Benzayda, *with* Abdalla, *the Duke of* Arcos, *and* Spaniards,

Benz. O help my Father, and my *Ozmyn* ſave!
Abdal. Villains, that Death you have deſerv'd is near.

Ozmyn *ſtops his Hand.*

Ozm. Stay Prince, and know I have a Father here.
I were that Parricide of whom he ſpoke,
Did not my Piety prevent your Stroke.
Arcos to Aben. Depart, then, and thank Heav'n you had a Son.
Aben. I am not with theſe Shows of Duty won.
Ozm. to his Father. Heav'n knows I would that Life you ſeek reſign;
But, while *Benzayda* lives, it is not mine.
Will you yet pardon my unwilling Crime?
Aben. By no Intreaties, by no length of Time
Will I be won; but with my lateſt Breath
I'll curſe thee here, and haunt the after Death. [*Exit* Abenamar *with his Party.*
Ozm. Can you be merciful to that Degree, [Ozmyn *kneeling to* Selin.
As to forgive my Father's Faults in me?
Can you forgive
The Death of him I ſlew in my Defence;
And from the Malice ſeparate th'Offence!
I can no longer be your Enemy:
In ſhort, now kill me, Sir, or pardon me. [*Offers him his Sword.*
In this your ſilence my hard fat appears!
Selin. I'll anſwer you, when I can ſpeak for tears.
But, till I can ——————

Imagine what muſt needs be brought to paſs: [*Embraces him.*
My heart's not made of Marble, nor of Braſs.
Did I for you a cruel death prepare,
And have you — have you, made my life your care!
There is a ſhame contracted by my faults,
Which hinders me to ſpeak my ſecret thoughts.
And I will tell you (when that ſhame's remov'd,)
You are not better by my Daughter lov'd.
Benzayda be your's — I can no more. [Ozmyn *embracing his knees.*
Oxm. Bleſt be that breath which does my life reſtore.
Benz. I hear my Father now; theſe words confeſs
That name, and that indulgent tenderneſs,
Selin. Benzayda, I have been too much to blame;
But, let your goodneſs expiate for my ſhame:
You *Ozmyn*'s virtue did in chains adore;
And part of me was juſt to him before.
My Son! [*To him,*
Ozmyn. My Father!
Selin. ——————Since by you I live,
I, for your ſake, your family forgive.
Let your hard Father ſtill my life purſue;
I hate not him, but for his hate to you.
Ev'n that hard father yet my one day be
By kindneſs vanquiſh'd as you vanquiſh'd me.
Or, if my death can quench to you his rage,
Heav'n makes good uſe of my remaining age.
Abdal. I grieve your joys are mingled with my cares:
But all take intereſt in their own affairs;
And therefore I muſt ask how mine proceed.
Selin. They now are ripe, and but your preſence need.
For *Lyndaraxa*, faithleſs as the wind,
Yet to your better Fortunes will be kind:
For, hearing that the Chriſtians own your cauſe,
From thence th' aſſurance of a Throne ſhe draws.
And, ſince *Almanzor*, whom ſhe moſt did fear,
Is gone, ſhe to no Treaty will give ear;
But ſent me her unkindneſs to excuſe.
Abdal. You much ſurprize me with your pleaſing news.
Selin. But, Sir, ſhe hourly does th' aſſault expect;
And muſt be loſt, if you her Aid neglect.
For *Abdelmelech* loudly does declare
He'll uſe the laſt extremities of War;
If ſhe refuſe the Fortreſs to reſign.
Abdal. The charge of haſt'ning this relief be mine.
Selin. This, while I undertook, whether beſet,
Or elſe by chance, *Abenamar* I met;
Who ſeem'd in haſte returning to the Town.
Abdal. My Love muſt in my Dilligence be ſhown.
And as my pledge of Faith to *Spain*, this hour
I'll put the Fortreſs in your Maſter's pow'r. [*To* Arcos.
Selin. An open way from hence to it there lies,
And we with eaſe my ſend in large ſupplies,
Free from the ſhot and Sallies of the Town.
Arcos. Permit me, Sir, to ſhare in your renown.
Firſt to my King I will impart the news,
And then draw out what Succours we ſhall uſe. [*Exit Duke of* Arcos.
Abdal. Grant that ſhe loves me not; at leaſt I ſee [*Aſide.*
She loves not others, if ſhe loves not me.
'Tis Pleaſure when we reap the fruit of Pain;
'Tis ony pride to be belov'd again.
How many are not lov'd who think they are?
Yet all are willing to believe the Fair;
And, though 'tis Beauty's known and obvious Cheat,
Yet Man's Self-love ſtill favours the Deceit. [*Exit* Abdalla.

Selin.

Selin. Farewel, my Childeren, equally ſo dear,
That I my ſelf am to my ſelf leſs near.
While I repeat the Dangers of the War,
Your mutual Safety be each others Care.
Your Father, *Ozmyn*, till the War be done,
As much as Honour will permit, I'll ſhun.
If by his Sword I periſh, let him know
It was becauſe I would not be his Foe.
Ozm. Goodneſs and Virtue all your Actions guide;
You only err in chooſing of your ſide.
That party I with honour cannot take;
But can much leſs the care of you forſake.
I muſt not draw may Sword againſt my Prince,
But yet may hold a Shield in your defence.
Benzayda free from danger here ſhall ſtay,
And for a Father, and a Lover, pray.
Benz. No, no; I gave not on thoſe terms my heart,
That from my *Ozmyn* I ſhould ever part.
That Love I vow'd when you did death attend
'Tis juſt that nothing but my death ſhould end.
What Merchant is it who would ſtay behind,
His whole ſtock ventur'd to the Waves and Wind?
I'll pray for both; but both ſhall be in ſight:
And Heav'n ſhall hear me pray, and ſee you fight.
Selin. No longer, *Ozmyn*, combat a deſign,
Where ſo much Love and ſo much Virtue joyn. [Ozmyn *to her.*
Ozm. Then Conquer, and your Conqueſt happy be,
Both to your ſelf, your, Father, and to me.
With bended knees our freedom we'll demand
Of *Iſabel*, and mighty *Ferdinand*.
Then, while the paths of Honour we purſue,
We'll int'reſt Heav'n for us in right of you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. *The Albayzyn.*

[*An alarm within; then Souldiers running over the Stage.*

Enter Abdelmelech *Victorious with Souldiers.*

Abdel. 'Tis won, 'tis won; and *Lyndaraxa*, now,
Who ſcorn'd to treat, ſhall to a Conqueſt bow.
To every Sword I free Comiſſion give;
Fall on, my Friends, and let no Rebel live.
Spare only *Lydaraxa*; let her be
In Triumph led to grace my Victory.
Since by her falſhood, ſhe betray'd my Love,
Great as that falſhood, my revenge ſhall prove.
Enter Lyndaraxa, *as frighted; attended by Women.*
Go take th' Enchantreſs, bring her to me bound.
Lynd. Force needs not where reſiſtance is not found:
I come my ſelf to offer you my hands;
And, of my own accord, invite your bands.
I wiſh'd to be my *Abdelmelech*'s Slave;
I did but wiſh, and eaſie Fortune gave.
Abdel. O, more than *Woman* falſe! but 'tis in vain.
Can you e'er hope to be believ'd again?
I'll ſooner truſt th' *Hyæna* than your ſmile;
Or, than your Tears, the weeping Crocodile.

In

In War and Love none ſhould be twice deceiv'd;
The fault is mine if you are now believ'd.
Lynd. Be over-wiſe, then, and too late repent;
Your Crime will carry its own Puniſhment.
I am well pleas'd not to be juſtifi'd:
I owe no ſatisfaction to your pride.
It will be more advantage to my Fame,
To have it ſaid I never own'd a Flame.
Abdel. 'Tis true, my pride has ſatisfy'd it ſelf;
I have at length eſcap'd the deadly ſhelf.
Th' excuſes you prepare will be in vain,
Till I am fool enough to love again.
Lynd. Am I not lov'd?
Abdel.——————I muſt, with ſhame, avow
I lov'd you once; but do not love you now.
Lynd. Have I for this betray'd *Abdalla*'s truſt?
You are to me as I to him unjuſt. [*Angrily.*
Abdel. 'Tis like you have done much for love of me,
Who kept the Fortreſs for my Enemy.
Lynd. 'Tis true, I took the Fortreſs from his hand;
But, ſince, have kept it in my own comand.
Abdel. That act your foul ingratitude did ſhow.
Lynd. You are th' ungrateful, ſince 'twas kept for you.
Abdel. 'Twas kept indeed, but not by your intent;
For all your kindneſs I may thank the event.
Bluſh, *Lyndaraxa*, for ſo groſs a cheat;
'Twas kept for me, when you refus'd to Treat! [*Ironically.*
Lynd. Blind man! I knew the weakneſs of the place:
It was my plot to do your Arms this Grace.
Had not my care of your renown been great,
I lov'd enough to offer you to Treat.
She who is lov'd muſt little lets create;
But you bold Lovers are to force your Fate.
This force you us'd my maiden bluſh will ſave;
You ſeem'd to take what ſecretly I gave.
I knew we muſt be conquer'd; but I knew
What confidence I might repoſe in you.
I knew you were too grateful to expoſe
My Friends and Soldiers to be us'd like Foes.
Abdel. Well, though I love you not, their lives ſhall be
Spar'd out of pity and humanity.
Alferez, go, and let the ſlaughter ceaſe. [*To a Soldier.*
Lynd. Then muſt I to your pity owe my peace! [*Exit the* Alferez.
Is that the tend'reſt term you can afford?
Time was, you wou'd have us'd another word.
Abdel. Then, for your Beauty, I your Souldiers ſpare:
For though I do not love you, you are fair.
Lynd. That little Beauty why did Heav'n impart
To pleaſe your eyes, but not to move your heart!
I'll ſhrowd this Gorgon from all humane view;
And own no Beauty, ſince it charms not you.
Reverſe your Orders, and your Sentence give;
My Soldiers ſhall not from my Beauty live.
Abdel. Then, from your friendſhip they their lives ſhall gain;
Though love be dead, yet friendſhip does remain.
Lynd. That friendſhip which from witherd Love does ſhoot,
Like the faint Herbage of a Rock, wants root.
Love is a tender amity, refind:
Grafted on friendſhip it exalts the kind.
But when the Graff no longer does remain,
The dull Stock lives, but never bears again
Abdel. Then, that my friendſhip may not doubtful prove,
(Fool that I am to tell you ſo,) I love

You would extort this knowledge from my breaſt,
And tortur'd me ſo long that I confeſt:
Now I expect to ſuffer for my Sin;
My Monarchy muſt end and your's begin.
Lynd. Confeſs not Love, but ſpare your ſelf that ſhame,
And call your Paſſion by ſome other Name.
Call this Aſſault, your Malice, or your Hate;
Love owns no Acts ſo diſproportionate.
Love never taught this Inſolence you ſhow,
To treat your Miſtreſs like a conquer'd Foe. [*Alferez.*
Is this th' Obedience which my heart ſhould move!
This uſage looks more like a Rape than Love.
Abdel. What proof of Duty would you I ſhould give?
Lynd. 'Tis Grace enough to let my Subjects live.
Let your rude Soldiers keep poſſeſſion ſtill;
Spoil, rifle, pillage, any thing but kill.
In ſhort, Sir, uſe your Fortune as you pleaſe;
Secure my Caſtle, and my Perſon ſeize.
Let your true Men my Rebels hence remove;
I ſhall dream on, and think 'tis all your Love.
Abdel You know too well my weakneſs and your pow'r.
Why did Heav'n make a Fool a Conqueror!
She was my Slave, till ſhe by me was ſhown
How weak my Force was, and how ſtrong her own.
Now ſhe has beat my pow'r from every part;
Made her way open to my naked heart.
Go, ſtrictly charge my Soldiers to retreat: [*To a Soldier*
Thoſe countermand who are not enter'd yet.
On peril of your lives leave all things free. [*Exit Soldier.*
Now, Madam, love *Abdalla* more than me.
I only ask, in duty, you would bring
The Keys of our *Albazyn* to the King:
I'll make your terms as gentle as you pleaſe. {*Trumpets ſound a charge within: and Soldiers ſhout.*
What ſhouts; and what new ſounds of War are theſe? [*Aſide*
Lynd. Fortune, I hope, has favour'd my intent
Of gaining time; and welcome ſuccours ſent.

Enter Alferez.

Alf. All's loſt, and you are fatally deceiv'd;
The Foe is enter'd, and the place reliev'd.
Scarce from the Walls had I drawn off my men,
When, from their Camp, the enemy ruſh'd in:
And Prince *Abdalla* enter d firſt the Gate.
Abdel. I am betray'd, and find it now too late.
When your proud Soul to flatteries did deſcend, [*To her.*
I might have known it did ſome ill portend.
The weary Seaman ſtormy Weather fears
When Winds ſhift often, and no cauſe appears.
You, by my bounty, live———
Your Brothers, too, were pardon'd for my ſake;
And this Return your Gratitude does make.———
Lynd. My Brothers beſt their own Obligement know
Without your charging me with what they owe.
But, ſince you think th' Obligement is ſo great,
I'll bring a Friend to ſatisfie my Debt. [*Looking behind.*
Abdel. Thou ſhalt not triumph in thy baſe deſign, {*He goes to take her: She runs and cries out help.*

Enter Abdalla, Arcos, *Spaniards.* Abdelmelech *retreats fighting; and is purſued by the adverſe party off the Stage.* [*An Alarm within*

Enter again Abdalla *and the Duke of* Arcos *with* Lyndaraxa.

Arcos. Bold *Abdelmelech* twice our Spaniards fac'd,
Though much out-numbred, and retreated laſt.

Your

Abdalla *to* Lyndaraxa.

Your Beauty, as it moves no common Fire,
So it no common Courage can inſpire.
As he fought well, ſo had he proſper'd too,
If, Madam, he like me, had fought for you.
Lynd. Fortune, at laſt, has choſen with my Eyes;
And, where I would have giv'n it, plac'd the Prize.
You ſee, Sir, with what hardſhip I have kept
This precious Gage, which in my Hands you left.
But 'twas the love of you which made me fight,
And gave me Courage to maintain your Right.
Now, by experience you my Faith may find;
And are to Thank me, that I ſeem'd unkind.
When your malicious Fortune doom'd your fall,
My Care reſtrain'd you then from loſing all.
Againſt your deſtiny I ſhut the Gate,
And gather'd up the Shipwrecks of your Fate.
I, like a Friend, did ev'n your ſelf withſtand
From throwing all upon a loſing hand.
Abdal. My Love makes all your Acts unqueſtion'd go;
And ſets a Sovereign Stamp on all you do.
Your Love I will believe with hood-wink'd Eyes;
In Faith, much Merit in much Blindeſs lies.
But now, to make you Great, as you are Fair,
The *Spaniards* an Imperial Crown prepare.
Lynd. That Gift's more welcome which with you I ſhare.
Let us no time in fruitleſs Courtſhip loſe,
But Sally out upon our frighted Foes.
No Ornaments of Pow'r ſo pleaſe my Eyes
As Purple, which the Blood of Princes, Dies. [*Exeunt: He leading her.*

SCENE *The Alhambra.*

Boabdelin, Abenamar, Almahide; *Guards, &c.*

The Queen wearing a Scarf.

Aben. My little Journey has ſucceſsful been;
The fierce *Almanzor* will obey the Queen.
I found him, like *Achilles* on the Shore,
Penſive, complaining much, but threat'ning more.
And like that injur'd *Greek*, he heard our woes;
Which, while I told, a gloomy Smile aroſe
From his bent Brows; and ſtill the more he heard,
A more ſevere and ſullen Joy appear'd.
But, when he knew we to deſpair were driven,
Betwixt his Teeth he mutter'd Thanks to Heaven.
Boab. How I diſdain this Aid, which I muſt take,
Not for my own, but *Almahida*'s ſake!
Aben. But when he heard it was the Queen who ſent,
That her Command repeal'd his Baniſhment,
He took the Summons with a greedy Joy,
And ask'd me how ſhe would his Sword employ?
Then bid me ſay, her humbleſt Slave would come
From her fair Mouth with joy to take his doom.
Boab. Oh that I had not ſent you! though it coſt
My Crown; though I, and it, and all were loſt!
Aben. While I to bring this news came on before,
I met with *Selin*———
Boab. ———————I can hear no more.

Enter Hamet.

Hamet. Almanzor is already at the Gate;
And throngs of People at his entrance wait.
Boab. Thy news does all my Faculties ſurprize,
He bears two Baſilisks in thoſe fierce Eyes.

And that tame Dæmon, which ſhould guard my Throne,
Shrinks at a Genius greater than his own.

[*Exit* Boabdelin *with* Aben. *and Guard.*

Enter Almanzor; *ſeeing* Almahide *approach him, he ſpeaks.*

Alman. So *Venus* moves when to the Thunderer
In Smiles or Tears ſhe ſhould ſome Suit prefer.
When with her *Ceſtos* girt———
And drawn by Doves, ſhe cuts the liquid Skies,
And kindles gentle Fires where-e'er ſhe flies:
To every Eye a Goddeſs is Confeſt;
By all the Heav'nly Nation ſhe is Bleſt,
And each with ſecret Joy admits her to his Breaſt.
Madam, your new Commands I come to know; [*To her, bowing.*
If yet you can have any where I go:
If to the Regions of the Dead they be,
You take the ſpeedieſt courſe, to ſend by me.

Almah. Heav'n has not deſtin'd you ſo ſoon to Reſt:
Heroes muſt live to ſuccour the Diſtreſt.

Almanz. To ſerve ſuch Beauty all Mankind ſhould live:
And I, in our Service, our Reward you give:
But, ſtay me not in Torture to behold,
And ne'er enjoy: As from another's Gold
The Miſer haſtens in his own Defence,
And ſhuns the ſight of tempting Excellence;
So, having ſeen you once ſo killing Fair,
A ſecond Sight were but to move Deſpair.
I take my Eyes from what too much would pleaſe,
As Men in Feavers famiſh their Diſeaſe.

Almah. No; You may find your Cure an eaſier way,
If you are pleas'd to ſeek it, in your ſtay.
All Objects loſe by too familiar view,
When that great Charm is gone of being new.
By often ſeeing me, you ſoon will find
Defects ſo many in my Face and Mind,
That to be freed from Love you need not doubt;
And, as you look'd it in, you'll look it out.

Almanz. I, rather, like weak Armies, ſhould Retreat;
And ſo prevent my more entire Defeat.
For your own ſake in quiet let me go;
Preſs not too far on a deſpairing Foe:
I may turn back, and Arm'd againſt you move,
With all the furious Train of hopeleſs Love.

Almah. Your Honour cannot to ill Thoughts give way;
And mine can run no hazard by your ſtay.

Almanz. Do you, then, think I can with Patience ſee
That Sovereign Good poſſeſt, and not by me?
No; I all day ſhall languiſh at the Sight;
And rave on what I do not ſee, all Night.
My quick imagination will preſent
The Scenes and Images of your Content.

Almah. Theſe are the Day-Dreams which wild Fancy yields,
Empty as ſhadows are, that fly o'er Fields.
O, whither would this boundleſs Fancy move!
'Tis but the raging Calenture of Love.
Like a diſtracted Paſſenger you ſtand,
And ſee, in Seas, imaginary Land,
Cool Groves, and Flow'ry Meads, and while you think
To Walk, plunge in, and wonder that you ſink.

Almanz. Love's Calenture too well I underſtand;
But ſure your Beauty is no Fairy-Land!
Of your own Form a Judge you cannot be;
For, Glow-worm like, you ſhine, and do not ſee.

Almah. Can you think this, and would you go away?

Almanz. What Recompence attends me if I ſtay?

Almah.

Almah. You know I am from Recompence debarr'd;
But I will grant your Merit a Reward
Your Flame's too Noble to deſerve a Cheat;
And I too plain to practice a Deceit.
I no return of Love can ever make;
But what I ask is for my Husband's ſake:
He, I confeſs, has been ungrateful too;
But he and I are ruin'd if you go.
Your Virtue to the hardeſt proof I bring:
Unbrib'd, preſerve a Miſtriſs and a King.
Almanz. I'll ſtop at nothing that appears ſo brave;
I'll do't: and now I no Reward will have.
You've given my Honour ſuch an ample Field,
That I may die, but that ſhall never yield.
Spight of my ſelf I'll Stay, Fight, Love, Deſpair;
And I can do all this, becauſe I dare.
Yet I may own one Suit——
That Scarf, which ſince by you it has been born
Is Bleſt, like Relicks, which by Saints were worn.
Almah. Preſents like this my Virtue durſt not make,
But that 'tis giv'n you for my Husband's ſake. [*Gives the Scarf.*
Almanz. This Scarf to Honourable Rags I'll wear;
As conqu'ring Soldiers tatter'd Enſigns bear.
But O, how much my Fortune I deſpiſe,
Which gives me Conqueſt, while ſhe Love denies! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE *The Alhambra.*

Almahide, Eſperanza.

Eſper. AFfected Modeſty has much of Pride;
That Scarf he begg'd, you could not have deny'd:
Nor does it ſhock the Virtue of a Wife,
When giv'n that Man, to whom you owe your Life.
Almah. Heav'n knows from all intent of ill 'twas free;
Yet it may feed my Husband's jealouſie:
And for that cauſe, I wiſh it were not done. [*To them* Boabdelin; *and walks apart.*
See where he comes, all penſive and alone;
A gloomy Fury has o're-ſpread his Face:
'Tis ſo! and all my Fears are come to paſs.
Marriage, thou Curſe of Love, and Snare of Life, [*Boab. aſide.*
That firſt debas'd a Miſtreſs to a Wife!
Love, like a Scene, at diſtance ſhould appear;
But Marriage views the groſs daub'd Landskip near.
Love's nauſeous Cure! thou cloy'ſt whom thou ſhould'ſt pleaſe;
And when thou Cur'ſt, then thou art the Diſeaſe.
When Hearts are looſe, thy Chain our Bodies ties;
Love couples Friends, but Marriage Enemies.
If Love, like mine, continues after thee,
'Tis ſoon made ſour, and turn'd by jealouſie.
No ſign of Love in jealous Men remains,
But that which ſick Men have of Life, their Pains. [Almahide *walking to him.*
Almah. Has my dear Lord ſome new Affliction had?
Have I done any thing that makes him ſad?
Boab. You, nothing, you! But let me walk alone!
Almah. I will not leave you, till the Cauſe be known.
My knowledge of the Ill may bring Relief.
Boab. Thank ye: You never fail to cure my Grief!
Trouble me not; my Grief concerns not you.
Almah. While I have Life, I will your ſteps purſue.
Boab. I'm out of Humour now; you muſt not ſtay.
Almah. I fear it is that Scarf I gave away.
Boab. No; 'tis not that:——but ſpeak of it no more:
Go hence; I am not what I was before. *Almah.*

Almah. Then I will make you ſo; give me your Hand.
Can you this preſſing, and theſe Tears withſtand!
[Boab. *ſighing and going off from her.*
Boab. O Heav'n, were ſhe but mine, or mine alone?
Ah, why are not the Hearts of Women known!
Falſe Women to new Joys unſeen can move:
There are no Prints left in the Paths of Love.
All Goods beſides by publick Marks are known;
But what we moſt deſire to keep has none. [Almah *approaching him.*
Almah. Why will you in your Breaſt your Paſſion croud,
Like unborn Thunder rowling in a Cloud?
Torment not your poor Heart, but ſet it free;
And rather let its Fury break on me.
I am not married to a God; I know
Men muſt have Paſſions, and can bear from you.
I fear th'unlucky Preſent I have made——
Boab. O Pow'r of Guilt; how Conſcience can upbraid!
It forces her not only to reveal,
But to repeat what ſhe would moſt conceal.
Almah. Can ſuch a Toy, and giv'n in publick too——
Boab. Falſe Woman, you contriv'd it ſhould be ſo.
That publick Gift in private was deſign'd,
The Embleme of the Love you meant to bind.
Hence from my ſight, ungrateful as thou art;
And, when I can, I'll baniſh thee my Heart. [*She weeps.*
[*To them* Almanzor *wearing the Scarf: He ſees her weep.*
Almanz. What precious Drops are thoſe
Which, ſilently, each others Track purſue,
Bright as young Diamonds in their Infant Dew?
Your Luſtre you ſhould free from Tears maintain;
Like Ægypt, Rich without the help of Rain.
Now Curſt be he who gave this Cauſe of Grief;
And double Curſt who does not give Relief.
Almah. Our common Fears, and publick Miſeries,
Have drawn theſe Tears from my afflicted Eyes.
Almanz. Madam, I cannot eaſily believe
It is for any publick Cauſe you grieve.
On your fair Face the Marks of Sorrow lye;
But I read Fury in your Husbands Eye.
And, in that Paſſion, I too plainly find
That you'r unhappy, and that he's unkind.
Almah. Not new-made Mothers greater Love expreſs
Than he, when with firſt Looks their Babes they bleſs.
Nor Heav'n is more to dying Martyrs kind:
Nor guardian Angels to their Charge aſſign'd.
Boab. O Goodneſs counterfeited to the Life!
O the well acted Virtue of a Wife!
Would you with this my juſt Suſpicions blind?
You've given me great Occaſion to be kind!
The Marks, too, of your ſpotleſs Love appear;
Witneſs the Badge of my Diſhonour there. [*Pointing to* Almanzor's *Scarf.*
Almanz. Unworthy Owner of a Gem ſo rare:
Heavens! why muſt he poſſeſs, and I deſpair?
Why is this Miſer doom'd to all this Store?
He who has all, and yet believes he's poor?
Almahide *to* Almanzor.
Almah. You'r much too bold, to blame a Jealouſie,
So kind in him, and ſo deſir'd by me.
The Faith of Wives would unrewarded prove,
Without thoſe juſt Obſervers of our Love.
The greater Care the higher Paſſion ſhows;
We hold that deareſt we moſt fear to loſe.
Diſtruſt in Lovers is too warm a Sun;
But yet 'tis Night in Love when that is gone.

And,

And, in thoſe Climes which moſt his ſcorching know.
He makes the nobleſt Fruits and Metals grow.
Almanz. Yes, there are Mines of Treaſure in your Breaſt,
Seen by that jealous Sun, but not poſſeſt.
He, like a Devil among the bleſt above,
Can take no Pleaſure in your Heaven of Love.
Go, take her, and thy cauſleſs Fears remove; [*To the King.*
Love her ſo well that I with Rage may die.
Dull Husbands have no Right to Jealouſie:
If that's allow'd, it muſt in Lovers be.
Boab. The Succour which thou bring'ſt me makes thee bold:
But know, without thy Aid, my Crown I'll hold.
Or, if I cannot, I will fire the place;
Of a full City make a naked ſpace.
Hence, then, and from a Rival ſet me free:
I'll do, I'll ſuffer any thing, but thee.
Almanz. I wonnot go; I'll not be forc'd away:
I came not for thy ſake; nor do I ſtay.
It was the Queen who for my Aid did ſend;
And 'tis I only can the Queen defend.
I, for her ſake, thy Scepter will maintain;
And thou, by me, in ſpight of thee, ſhalt reign.
Boab. Had I but hope I could defend this Place
Three Days; thou ſhouldſt not live to my Diſgrace.
So ſmall a Time ——
Might I poſſeſs my *Almahide* alone,
I would live Ages out, e're they were gone.
I ſhould not be of Love or Life bereft;
All ſhould be ſpent before, and nothing left.
Almah to Boab. As for your ſake I for *Almanzor* ſent,
So, when you pleaſe, he goes to Baniſhment.
You ſhall, at laſt, my Loyalty approve:
I will refuſe no Tryal of my Love.
Boab. How can I think you love me, while I ſee
That Trophee of a Rival's Victory?
I'll tear it from his ſide. ——
Almanz. ——————I'll hold it faſt
As Life; and when Life's gon, I'll hold this laſt.
And, if thou tak'ſt it after I am ſlain,
I'll ſend my Ghoſt to fetch it back again.
Almah. When I beſtow'd that Scarf, I had not thought,
Or not conſider'd, it might be a Fault.
But, ſince my Lord's diſpleas'd that I ſhould make
So ſmall a Preſent, I command it back.
Without delay th'unlucky Gift reſtore;
Or, from this Minute, never ſee me more. {Almanzor *pulling it off haſtily, and preſenting it to her.*
Almanz. The ſhock of ſuch a Curſe I dare not ſtand;
Thus I obey your abſolute Command. [*She gives it to the King.*
Muſt he the Spoils of ſcorn'd *Almanzor* wear?
May *Turnus* Fate be thine, who dar'd to bear
The Belt of murder'd *Pallas*; from afar
Mayſt thou be known, and be the Mark of War.
Live juſt to ſee it from thy Shoulders torn
By common Hands, and by ſome Coward worn. [*An Alarm within.*
Enter Abdelmelech, Zulema, Hamet, Abenamar; *their Swords drawn.*
Abdelm. Is this a time for Diſcord or for Grief?
We periſh, Sir, without your quick Relief.
I have been fool'd, and am unfortunate:
The Foes purſue their Fortune, and our Fate.
Zul. The Rebels with the Spaniards are agreed.
Boab. Take breath; my Guards ſhall to the Fight ſucceed.
Abenam. to Alman. Why ſtay you Sir, the conqu'ring Foe is near?
Give us their Courage; and give them our Fear.

Hamet.

Hamet. Take Arms, or we muſt periſh in your ſight.
Almanz. I care not; periſh; for I will not fight.
I wonnot lift an Arm in his Defence:
And yet I wonnot ſtir one Foot from hence.
I to your King's Defence his Town reſign;
This only Spot whereon I ſtand, is mine. [*To the Queen.*
Madam, be ſafe, and lay aſide your Fear;
You are, as in a Magick Circle, here.
Boab. To our own Valour our Succeſs we'll owe.
Haſte, *Hamet*, with *Abenamar* to go;
You two draw up, with all the Speed you may,
Our laſt Reſerves, and, yet redeem the Day. [*Ex.* Hamet *and* Abenam. *one way, the K. the other, with* Abdelmel. *&c. Alarm within.*

Enter Abdelmel. *his Sword drawn.*

Abdel. *Granada* is no more! th'unhappy King
Vent'ring too far, e're we coul Succour bring,
Was, by the Duke of *Arcos*, Priſ'ner made;
And, paſt Relief, is to the Fort convey'd.
Almanz. Heav'n, thou art juſt! Go, now deſpiſe my Aid.
Almah. Unkind *Almanzor*, how am I betray'd!
Betray'd by him in whom I truſted moſt!
But I will ne'er outlive what I have loſt.
Is this your Succour, this your boaſted Love!
I will accuſe you to the Saints above!
Almanzor vow'd he would for Honour fight;
And lets my Husband periſh in my ſight. [*Exeunt* Almahide *and* Eſperanza.
Almanz. O, I have err'd; but Fury made me blind:
And, in her juſt Reproach, my Fault I find.
I promis'd ev'n for him to fight; whom I——
——But ſince he's lov'd by her, he muſt not die.
Thus, happy Fortune comes to me in vain,
When I my ſelf muſt ruine it again. } *To him* Abenam. Hamet, Ab-
Aben. The Foe has enter'd the Vermilion Tow'rs, } delmelech, Zulema, *Soldiers.*
And nothing but th'*Alhambra* now is ours.
Almanz. Ev'n that's too much, except we may have more;
You loſt it all to that laſt Stake before.
Fate, now come back; thou canſt not farther get:
The Bounds of thy Libration here are ſet.
Thou know'ſt this place,——
And, like a Clock wound up, ſtrik'ſt here for me.
Now, Chance, aſſert thy own Inconſtancy: }
And, Fortune, light. that thou mayſt Fortune be. }
They come: Here, favour'd by the narrow Place, [*A Noiſe within.*
I can, with few, their groſs Battalion face.
By the dead Wall, you *Abdelmelech*, wind;
Then, charge; and their Retreat cut off behind. [*Exeunt.*

[*An Alarm within.*

Enter Almanzor *and his Party, with* Abdella *Priſoner.*

Almanz. to Abdal. You were my Friend; and to that Name I owe
The juſt Regard which you refus'd to ſhow.
Your Liberty I frankly would reſtore;
But Honour now forbids me to do more.
Yet, Sir, your Freedom in your Choice ſhall be;
When you Command to ſet your Brother free.
Abdal. Th'exchange which you propoſe, with Joy I take;
An Offer, eaſier than my Hopes could make.
Your Benefits revenge my Crimes to you:
For I my Shame, in that bright Mirror, view.
Almanz. No more; you give me Thanks you do not owe:
I have been faulty, and repent me now.
But, though our Penitence a Virtue be,
Mean Souls alone repent in Miſery.
The brave own Faults when good Succeſs is given:
For then they come on equal Terms to Heaven. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE,

SCENE, *The Albayzin.*

Ozmyn *and* Benzayda.

Benz. I ſee there's ſomewhat which you fear to tell;
Speak quickly, *Ozmyn*, is my Father well?———
——Why croſs you thus your Arms, and ſhake your Head?
Kill me at once, and tell me he is dead.

Ozm. I know not more than you; but fear not leſs!
Twice ſinking, twice I drew him from the Preſs.
But the victorious Foe purſu'd ſo faſt,
That flying throngs divided us at laſt.
As Seamen parting in a general Wrack,
When firſt the looſening Planks begin to crack,
Each catches one; and ſtraight are far disjoyn'd,
Some born by Tides, and others by the Wind;
So, in this Ruine, from each other Rent,
With heav'd up Hands, we mutual Farewels ſent;
Methought his Eyes, when juſt I loſt his view,
Were looking Bleſſings to be ſent to you.

Benz. Blind Queen of Chance, to Lovers too ſevere,
Thou ruleſt Mankind, but art a Tyrant there!
Thy wideſt Empire's in a Lovers Breaſt:
Like open Seas we ſeldom are at Reſt.
Upon thy Coaſts our Wealth is daily caſt;
And thou, like Pyrates, makeſt no Peace to laſt.

[*To them* Lyndaraxa, *D. of* Arcos, *and Guards.*

D. *Arcos.* We were ſurpriz'd when leaſt we did ſuſpect;
And juſtly ſuffer'd by our own neglect.

Lynd. No, none but I have reaſon to complain;
So near a Kingdom, yet 'tis loſt again!
O, how unequally in me were join'd
A creeping Fortune with a ſoaring Mind!
O Lottery of Fate! where ſtill the Wiſe
Draw blanks of Fortune, and the Fools the Prize!
Theſe croſs ill-ſhuffled Lots from Heav'n are ſent;
Yet dull Religion teaches us Content.
But, when we ask it where that Bleſſing dwells,
It points to Pedant Colleges and Cells.
There, ſhows it rude, and in a homely Dreſs;
And that proud Want miſtakes for Happineſs.

[*A Trumpet within.*

Enter Zulema.

Brother! What ſtrange adventure brought you here?

Zul. The News I bring will yet more ſtrange appear.
The little Care you of my Life did ſhow,
Has of a Brother juſtly made a Foe.
And *Abdelmelech*, who that Life did ſave,
As juſtly has deſerv'd that Life he gave.

Lynd. Your buſineſs cools, while tediouſly it ſtays
On the low Theam of *Abdelmelech*'s Praiſe.

Zul. This, I preſent from Prince *Abdalla*'s Hands,

[*Delivers a Letter, which ſhe reads.*

Lynd. He has propos'd (to free him from his Bands,)
That, with his Brother an exchange be made.

Arcos. It proves the ſame Deſign which we had laid.
Before the Caſtle let a Bar be ſet;
And, when the Captives on each ſide are met,
With equal numbers choſen for their Guard,
Juſt at the time the paſſage is unbar'd,
Let both at once advance, at once be free.

Lynd. Th'Exchange I will my ſelf in Perſon ſee.

Benz. I fear to ask, yet would from Doubt be freed.
Is *Selin* Captive, Sir, or is he dead?

Zul. I grieve to tell you what you needs muſt know:
He is a Priſ'ner to his greateſt Foe.

Kept, with ſtrong Guards, in the *Alhambra* Tower;
Without the reach, ev'n of *Almanzor*'s Pow'r.
Ozm. With Grief and Shame I am at once oppreſt.
Zul. You will be more, when I relate the reſt.
To you, I from *Abenàmar* am ſent; [*To* Ozmyn.
And you alone can *Selin*'s Death prevent.
Give up your ſelf a Priſ'ner in his ſtead;
Or, e're to Morrow's dawn, believe him Dead.
Benz. E're that appear, I ſhall expire with grief.
Zul. Your Action ſwift, your Counſel muſt be brief.
Lynd. While for *Abdalla*'s Freedom we prepare,
You, in each others Breaſt, unload your Care.
[*Exeunt all but* Ozmyn *and* Benzayda.
Benz. My Wiſhes Contradictions muſt imply;
You muſt not go; and yet he muſt not Die.
Your Reaſon may, perhaps, th' Extreams unite;
But there's a miſt of Fate before my Sight.
Ozm. The two Extreams too diſtant are to cloſe;
And Humane Wit can no Mid-way propoſe.
My Duty therefore ſhews the neareſt way,
To free your Father, and my own obey.
Benz. Your Father, whom ſince yours, I grieve to blame,
Has loſt, or quite forgot a Parent's Name.
And, when at once poſſeſt of him and you,
Inſtead of Freeing one, will Murder two.
Ozm. Fear not my Life, but ſuffer me to go:
What cannot only Sons with Parents do?
'Tis not my Death my Father does purſue;
He only would withdraw my Love from you.
Benz. Now, *Ozmyn*, now your want of Love I ſee:
For, would you go, and hazard loſing me?
Ozm. I rather would Ten Thouſand Lives forſake:
Nor can you e'r believe the doubt you make.——
——This night I with a choſen Band will go;
And, by ſurprize, will free him from the Foe.
Benz. What Foe! Ah, whither would your Virtue fall!
It is your Father whom the Foe you call.
Darkneſs and Rage will no diſtinction make;
And yours may periſh for my Father's ſake.
Ozm. Thus, when my weaker Virtue goes aſtray,
Yours pulls it back, and guides me in the way.
I'll ſend him word, my Being ſhall depend
On *Selin*'s Life, and with his Death ſhall end.
Benz. 'Tis that indeed would glut your Fathers Rage;
Revenge on *Ozmyn*'s Youth, and *Selin*'s Age.
Ozm. Whate'er I plot, like *Siſyphus*, in vain
I heave a ſtone that tumbles down again.
Benz. This Glorious Work is then reſerv'd for me;
He is my Father, and I'll ſet him free.
Theſe Chains my Father for my ſake does wear:
I made the Fault, and I the Pains will bear.
Ozm. Yes, you no doubt have merited thoſe Pains:
Thoſe Hands, thoſe tender Limbs were made for Chains.
Did I not love you, yet it were too baſe
To let a Lady ſuffer in my place.
Thoſe proofs of Virtue you before did ſhow
I did admire; but I muſt envy now.
Your vaſt Ambition leaves no Fame for me;
But graſps at univerſal Monarchy.
Benz. Yes, *Ozmyn*, I ſhall ſtill this Palm purſue;
I will not yield my Glory, ev'n to you.
I'll break thoſe Bonds in which my Father's ty'd:
Or, if I cannot break 'em, I'll divide.

What though my Limbs a Woman's weakneſs ſhow;
I have a Soul as *Maſculine* as you.
And, when theſe Limbs want ſtrength my Chains to wear,
My Mind ſhall teach my Body how to bear. [*Exit* Benzayda.
Ozm. What I reſolve I muſt not let her know:
But Honour has decreed ſhe muſt not go.
What ſhe reſolves, I muſt prevent with care;
She ſhall not in my Fame or Danger ſhare.
I'll give ſtrict Order to the Guards which wait,
That, when ſhe comes, ſhe ſhall not paſs the Gate.
Fortune, at laſt, has run me out of Breath;
I have no Refuge, but the Arms of Death:
To that dark Sanctuary I will go;
She cannot reach me when I lie ſo low.

SCENE, *The Albayzyn.*

Enter on one ſide Almanzor, Abdalla, Abdelmelech, Zulema, Hamet. *On the other ſide, the Duke of* Arcos, Boabdelin, Lyndaraxa, *and their Party. After which the Bars are opened; and at the ſame time* Boabdelin *and* Abdalla *paſs by each other, each to his Party: When* Abdalla *is paſt on the other ſide, the Duke of* Arcos *approaches the Bars, and calls to* Almanzor.

Arcos. The hatred of the Brave with Battels ends;
And Foes, who fought for Honour, then, are Friends.
I love thee, brave *Almanzor*, and am proud
To have one Hour, when Love may be allow'd.
This Hand, in ſign of that Eſteem, I plight:
We ſhall have angry Hours enough to fight. [*Giving his Hand.*
Almanz. The Man, who dares, like you, in Fields appear,
And meet my Sword, ſhall be my Miſtreſs here.
If I am proud, 'tis only to my Foes;
Rough but to ſuch who Virtue would oppoſe.
If I ſome fierceneſs from a Father drew,
A Mother's Milk gives me ſome ſoftneſs too.
Arcos. Since firſt you took, and afer ſet me free,
(Whether a Senſe of Gratitude it be,
Or ſome more ſecret motion of my Mind,
For which I want a Name that's more than kind)
I ſhall be glad, by what e'er means I can,
To get the Friendſhip of ſo brave a Man:
And would your unavailing Valour call
From aiding thoſe whom Heav'n has doom'd to fall.
We owe you that Reſpect——
Which to the Gods of Foes beſieg'd was ſhown;
To call you out before we take your Town.
Almanz. Thoſe whom we love, we ſhould eſteem 'em too;
And not debauch that Virtue which we wooe.
Yet, though you give my Honour juſt Offence,
I'll take your Kindneſs in the better Senſe.
And, ſince you for my ſafety ſeem to fear,
I, to return your Bribe, ſhould wiſh you here.
But, ſince I love you more than you do me,
In all events preſerve your Honour free:
For that's your own, though not your Deſtiny.
Arcos. Were you oblig'd in Honour by a Truſt,
I ſhould not think my own Propoſals Juſt.
But, ſince you Fight for an unthankful King,
What loſs of Fame can change of Parties bring?
Almanz. It will, and may, with Juſtice too, be thought,
That ſome advantage in that change I ſought.
And, though I twice have chang'd for wrongs receiv'd,
That it was done for Profit, none believ'd.
The King's Ingratitude I knew before;
So that can be no cauſe of changing more.

If now I ſtand, when no reward can be;
Twill ſhow the fault before was not in me.
Arcos. Yet, there is one reward to value due;
And ſuch it is, as may be ſought by you.
That beauteous Queen; whom, you can never gain,
While you ſecure her husband's Life and Reign.
Almanz. Then be it ſo: let me have no return { *Here* Lyndaraxa *comes near,*
From him but Hatred, and from her but Scorn. { *and hears them*
There is this Comfort in a noble Fate,
That I deſerve to be more fortunate.
You have my laſt reſolve, and now farewel;
My boding Heart ſome Miſchief does foretel:
But, what it is, Heav'n will not let me know;
I'm ſad to death, that I muſt be your Foe.
Arcos. Heav'n, when we meet, if fatal it muſt be
To one, ſpare him, and caſt the Lot on me. [*They retire.*
Lynd. Ah, what a noble Conqueſt were this Heart?
I am reſolv'd I'll try my utmoſt Art.
In gaining him, I gain that Fortune too
Which he has Wedded, and which I but Wooe.
I'll try each ſecret paſſage to his mind,
And Love's ſoft Bands about his Heart-ſtrings wind.
Not his vow'd Conſtancy ſhall ſcape my ſnare;
While he, without, reſiſtance does prepare,
I'll melt into him e're his Love's aware.
[*She makes a geſture of Invitation to* Almanzor, *who returns again.*
You ſee, Sir, to how ſtrange a remedy.
A perſecuted Maid is forc'd to fly:
Who, much diſtreſt, yet ſcarce has confidence
To make your noble pity her defence.
Almanz. Beauty, like yours, can no Protection need;
Or, if it ſues, is certain to ſucceed.
To whate're Service you ordain my hand,
Name your Requeſt, and call it your Command.
Lynd. You cannot, Sir, but know, that my ill Fate
Has made me lov'd with all th' effects of Hate;
One Lover would, by force, my perſon gain;
Which one as guilty would by force detain.
Raſh *Abdelmelech*'s Love I cannot prize;
And fond *Abdalla*'s Paſſion I diſpiſe.
As you are brave, ſo you are prudent too;
Adviſe a wretched Woman what to do.
Almanz. Have courage, Fair one; put your truſt in me;
You ſhall at leaſt from thoſe you hate, be free.
Reſign your Caſtle to the King's Command;
And leave your Love-concernments in my hand.
Lynd. The King, like them, is fierce, and faithleſs too:
How can I truſt him, who has injur'd you?
Keep for your ſelf (and you can grant no leſs)
What you alone are worthy to poſſeſs.
Enter, brave Sir; for, when you ſpeak the word,
Theſe Gates will open of their own accord.
The Genius of the place its Lord will meet;
And bend its tow'ry forehead to your feet.
That little Cittadel, which now you ſee,
Shall then, the head of Conquer'd Nations be:
And every Turret, from your coming, riſe
The Mother of ſome great Metropolis.
Almanz. 'Tis pity words which none but Gods ſhould hear,
Should loſe their ſweetneſs in a Soldier's Ear.
I am not that *Almanzor* whom you praiſe;
But your fair Mouth can fair Ideas raiſe:
I am a wretch to whom it is deny'd
T'accept, with Honour, what I wiſh with Pride.

And

And, ſince I fight not for my ſelf, muſt bring
The fruits of all my Conqueſts to the King.
Lynd. Say rather to the Queen; to whoſe fair Name
I know you vow the Trophies of your Fame.
I hope ſhe is as kind as ſhe is fair;
Kinder than unexperienc'd Virgins are
To their firſt Loves; (though ſhe has lov'd before,
And that firſt Inocence is now no more:)
But, in revenge, ſhe gives you all her Heart;
(For you are much too brave to take a part.)
Though, blinded by a Crown, ſhe did not ſee
Almanzor greater than a King could be,
I hope her Love repairs her ill made choice:
Almanzor cannot be deluded twice.
Almanz. No, not deluded; for none count their gains,
Who, like *Almanzor*, frankly give their pains.
Lynd. Almanzor, do not cheat your ſelf, nor me;
Your Love is not refin'd to that degree.
For, ſince you have deſires, and thoſe not bleſt,
Your Love's uneaſie, and at little reſt.
Almanz. 'Tis true; my own unhapineſs I ſee.
But who, alas, can my Phſician be?
Love, like a lazy Ague, I endure,
Which fears the Water, and abhors the Cure.
Lynd. 'Tis a Conſumption, which your life does waſte
Still flatt'ring you with hope till help be paſt.
But, ſince of Cure from her you now deſpair;
You, like conſumptive Men, ſhould change your Air:
Love ſomewhere elſe, 'tis a hard remedy;
But yet you owe your ſelf ſo much, to try.
Almanz. My Lov'es now grown ſo much a part of me,
That Life would, in the Cure, endanger'd be.
At leaſt it like a Limb cut off, would ſhow;
And better die then like a Cripple go.
Lynd. You muſt be brought, like mad Men, to their cure;
And darkneſs firſt, and next new Bonds endure:
Do you dark Abſence to your ſelf ordain;
And I, in Charity, will find the Chain.
Almanz. Love is that Madneſs which all Lovers have;
But yet 'tis ſweet and pleaſing ſo to Rave.
'Tis an Enchantment, where the Reaſons' bound:
But Paradiſe is in th' enchanted ground.
A Palace void of Envy, Cares and Strife,
Where gentle Hours delude ſo much of Life.
To take thoſe Charms away, and ſet me free,
Is but to ſend me into miſery.
And Prudence, of whoſe Cure ſo much you boaſt,
Reſtores thoſe Pains, which that ſweet Folly loſt.
Lynd. I would not, like Philoſophers, remove,
But ſhow you a more pleaſing ſhape of Love.
You a ſad, ſullen, froward, Love did ſee;
I'll ſhow him kind, and full of gayety.
In ſhort, *Almanzor*, it ſhall be my care
To ſhow you Love; for you but ſaw Deſpair.
Almanz. I in the ſhape of Love Deſpair did ſee:
You, in his ſhape, would ſhow Inconſtancy.
Lynd. There's no ſuch thing as Conſtancy you call:
Faith ties not Hearts; 'tis Inclination all.
Some Wit deform'd, or Beauty much decay'd,
Firſt, conſtancy in Love, a Virtue made.
From Friendſhip they that Landmark did remove;
And, falſly, plac'd it on the bounds of Love.
Let the effects of change be only try'd:
Court me, in Jeſt; and call me *Almahide*:

But

But this is only Counſel I impart;
For I, parhaps, ſhould not receive your heart.
Almanz. Fair though you are———
As Summer Mornings, and your Eyes more bright
Than Stars that twincle in a Winter's Night;
Though you have Eloquence to warm, and move
Cold age and praying Hermits into Love;
Though *Almahide* with ſcorn rewards my care;
Yet, than to change, 'tis nobler to deſpair.
My Love's my Soul; and that from Fate is free:
'Tis that unchangd' and deathleſs part of me.
Lynd. The Fate of Conſtancy your Love purſue!
Still to be faithful to what's falſe to you. [*Turns from him, and goes off angrily.*
Almanz. Ye Gods, why are not Hearts firſt pair'd above?
But ſome ſtill interfere in others Love.
E're each, for each, by certain marks are known,
You mould 'em off in haſte, and drop 'em down.
And, while we ſeek what careleſly you ſort,
You ſit in State, and make our pains your ſport. [*Exeunt on both ſides.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Abenamar, *and Servants.*

Aben. HAſte, and conduct the Pris'ner to my ſight.
[Exit *Servant, and immediately enters with* Selin *bound.*
Aben. Did you, according to my Orders, write? [*To* Selin.
And have you ſummon'd *Ozmyn* to appear?
Selin. I am not yet ſo much a ſlave to fear:
Nor has your Son deſerv'd ſo ill of me,
That, by his Death or Bonds, I would be free.
Aben. Againſt thy life thou doſt the ſentence give:
Behold how ſhort a time thou haſt to live.
Selin. Make haſte, and draw the Curtain while you may;
You but ſhut out the twilight of my day:
Beneath the Burden of my Age I bend;
You kindly eaſe me e're my Journey's end. } *To them a Servant, with*
Aben to Selin] It is enough; my promiſe makes you free: } Ozmyn: Ozmyn *kneels.*
Reſign your Bonds, and take your Liberty.
Ozmyn. Sir, you are juſt; and welcome are theſe Bands:
'Tis all th' Inheritance a Son demands.
Selin. Your Goodneſs, O my *Ozmyn*, is too great;
I am not weary of my Fetters yet:
Already, when you move me to reſign,
I feel 'em heavier on your Feet than mine. [*Another Soldier or Servant.*
Sold. A Youth attends you in the outter Room,
Who ſeems in haſte, and does from *Ozmyn* come.
Aben. Conduct him in———
Ozmyn. Sent from *Benzayda*, I fear, to me. } *To them* Benzayda *in the*
Benz. My *Ozmyn* here! } *habit of a Man.*
Ozmyn.———*Benzayda!* 'tis ſhe!
Go, Youth, I have no Buſineſs for thee here; [*To her.*
Go to th' *Albazyn*, and attend me there.
I'll not be long away; I prithee go:
By all our Love and Friendſhip——
Benz.———*Ozmyn*, no.
I did not take on me this bold diſguiſe,
For ends ſo low to cheat your Watchmens Eyes.
When I attempted this, it was to do
An Action, to be envy'd ev'n by you:

But

But you, alas, have been too diligent,
And, what I purpos'd, fatally prevent!
Thoſe Chains, which for my Father I would bear,
I take with leſs content, to find you here.
Except your Father will that Mercy ſhow,
That I may wear 'em both for him and you.
Aben. I thank thee, Fortune; thou haſt in one Hour,
Put all I cou'd have ask'd thee in my pow'r.
My own loſt Wealth thou giv'ſt not only back,
But driv'ſt upon my Coaſt my Pyrat's Wrack.
Selin. With *Ozmyn*'s Kindneſs I was griev'd before;
But yours, *Benzayda*, has undone me more
Aben. to a Sold. Go fetch new Fetters, and the Daughter bind.
Ozmyn. Be juſt, at leaſt, Sir, though you are not kind.
Benzayda is not as a Pris'ner brought;
But comes to ſuffer for another's Fau't.
Aben. Then, *Ozmyn*, mark; that Juſtice which I do
I as ſeverely will exact from you.
The Father is not wholly dead in me:
Or you may yet revive it, if it be.
Like Tapers new blown out, the Fumes remain
To catch the Light, and bring it back again.
—— *Benzayda* gave you Life, and ſet you free;
For that I will reſtore her Liberty.
Ozmyn. Sir, on my Knees I thank you.
Aben. ——————*Ozmyn* hold;
One part of what I purpoſe is untold.
Conſider, then, it on your Part remains,
When I have broke, not to reſume your Chains.
Like an indulgent Father, I have paid
All Debts, which you, my Prodigal, have made.
Now you are clear, break off your fond Deſign;
Renounce *Benzayda*, and be wholly mine.
Ozmyn. Are theſe the Terms? Is this the Liberty?
Ah, Sir, how can you ſo inhumane be?
My Duty to my Life I will prefer;
But Life and Duty muſt give Place to her.
Aben. Conſider what you ſay; for with one Breath,
You diſobey my Will, and give her Death.
Ozmyn. Ah, cruel Father, what do you propoſe!
Muſt I, then, kill *Benzayda*, or muſt loſe?
I can do neither; in this wretched ſtate
The leaſt that I can ſuffer is your hate:
And yet, that's worſe than Death: Ev'n while I ſue,
And chooſe your Hatred, I could die for you.
Break, quickly, Heart; or let my Blood be ſpilt
By my own Hand, to ſave a Father's Guilt.
Benz. Hear me, my Lord, and take this wretched Life,
To free you from the Fear of *Ozmyn*'s Wife.
I beg but what with Eaſe may granted be;
To ſpare your Son, and kill your Enemy.
Or, if my Death's a Grace too great to give;
Let me, my Lord, without my *Ozmyn* live.
Far from your ſight and *Ozmyn*'s let me go,
And take from him a Care, from you a Foe.
Ozmyn. How, my *Benzayda*! can you thus reſign
That Love, which you have vow'd ſo firmly mine?
Can you leave me for Life and Liberty?
Benz. What I have done will ſhow that I dare die.
But I'll twice ſuffer Death, and go away,
Rather than make you wretched by my Stay.
By this my Fathers Freedom will be won;
And to your Father I reſtore a Son.

Selin. Ceaſe, ceaſe, my Children, your unhappy ſtrife:
Selin will not be ranſom'd by your Life.
Barbarian, thy old Foe defies thy Rage: [*To Aben.*
Turn from their Youth thy Malice to my Age.
Benz. Forbear, dear Father, for your *Ozmyn*'s Sake:
Do not ſuch Words to *Ozmyn*'s Father ſpeak.
Ozmyn. Alas, 'tis counterfeited Rage; he ſtrives
But to divert the Danger from our Lives.
For, I can witneſs, Sir, and you might ſee
How in your Perſon he conſider'd me.
He ſtill declin'd the Combate where you were;
And you well know it was not out of Fear.
Benz. Alas, my Lord, where can your Vengeance fall?
Your Juſtice will not let it reach us all.
Selin and *Ozmyn* both would Suff'rers be;
And Puniſhment's a Favour done to me.
If we are Foes, ſince you have Pow'r to kill,
'Tis gen'rous in you not to have the Will.
But are we Foes? look round, my Lord, and ſee;
Point out that Face which is your Enemy.
Would you your Hand in *Selin*'s Blood embrue?
Kill him unarm'd, who arm'd ſhun'd killing you?
Am I your Foe? ſince you deteſt my Line,
That hated Name of *Zegry* I reſign.
For you *Benzayda* will her Self diſclaim:
Call me your Daughter, and forget my Name.
Selin. This Virtue wou'd ev'n Savages ſubdue;
And ſhall it want the Power to vanquiſh you?
Ozmyn. It has, it has: I read it in his Eyes;
'Tis now not Anger, 'tis but Shame denies.
A ſhame of Error, that great Spirits find,
Which keeps down Virtue ſtrugling in the Mind.
Aben. Yes, I am vanquiſh'd! the fierce Conflict's paſt:
And Shame it ſelf is now o'ercome at laſt.
'Twas long before my ſtubborn Mind was won;
But, melting once, I on the ſuddain run.
Nor can I hold my headlong Kindneſs more
Than I could curb my cruel Rage before. [*Runs to* Benz. *and embraces her.*
Benzayda, 'twas your Virtue vanquiſh'd me:
That could alone ſurmount my Cruelty. [*Runs to* Selin *and unbinds him.*
Forgive me, *Selin*, my Neglect of you:
But Men, juſt waking, ſcarce know what they do.
Ozmyn. O my Father!
Benz.——————Father!
Aben.——————Dare I own that Name!
Speak; ſpeak it often, to remove my Shame! [*They all embrace him.*
O *Selin*; O my Children, let me go!
I have more Kindneſs than I yet can ſhow.
For my Recov'ry, I muſt ſhun your Sight:
Eyes, us'd to Darkneſs, cannot bear the Light. [*He runs in; they following him.*

SCENE *The Albayzyn.*

Almanzor, Abdelmelech, *Soldier*.

Almanz. 'Tis War again; and I am glad 'tis ſo:
Succeſs ſhall now by Force and Courage go.
Treaties are but the Combates of the Brain;
Where ſtill the ſtronger loſe and weaker gain.
Abdelm. On this Aſſault, brave Sir, which we prepare,
Depends the Sum and Fortune of the War.
Encamp'd without the Fort the Spaniard lies;
And may, in ſpight of us, ſend in Supplies.
Conſider yet, e'er we attack the Place,
What 'tis to ſtorm it in an Armies Face.

Almanz.

Almanz. The Minds of Heroes their own Meaſures are,
They ſtand exempted from the Rules of War.
One Looſe, one Sally of the Hero's Soul,
Does all the military Art controul.
While tim'rous Wit goes round, or fords the Shore,
He ſhoots the Gulph and is already o'er.
And, when th'Enthuſiaſtick Fit is ſpent,
Looks back amaz'd at what he underwent. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Almanzor *and* Abdelmelech *with their Soldiers.* [*An Alarm within.*

Abdelm. They fly, they fly; take Breath, and charge agen.
Almanz. Make good your Entrance, and bring up more Men:
I fear'd, brave Friend, my Aid had been too late.
Abdelm. You drew us from the Jaws of certain Fate.
At my Approach ——————
The Gate was open, and the Draw-Bridge down;
But when they ſaw I ſtood, and came not on,
They charg'd with Fury on my little Band;
Who, much o'er power'd, could ſcarce the Shock withſtand.
Almanz. Ere Night we ſhall the whole *Albayzin* gain:
But ſee the Spaniards march along the Plain
To its Relief: you *Abdelmelech* go,
And force the reſt while I repulſe the Foe. [*Exit* Almanzor.

Enter Abdalla *and ſome few Soldiers, who ſeem fearful.*

Abdal. Turn, Cowards, turn; there is no hope in flight;
You yet may live, if you but dare to fight.
Come, you brave few, who only fear to fly!
We'er not enough to Conquer, but to die.
Abdelm. No, Prince; that mean Advantage I refuſe:
Tis in your Pow'r a nobler Fate to chuſe.
Since we are Rivals, Honour does command,
We ſhould not die but by each others Hand.
Retire; and if it prove my Deſtiny [*To his Men.*
To fall, I charge you let the Prince go free. [*The Soldiers depart on both ſides.*
Abdal. O, *Abdelmelech*, that I knew ſome-way,
This Debt of Honour, which I owe, to pay.
But Fate has left this only Means for me,
To die, and leave you *Lyndaraxa* free.
Abdel. He who is vanquiſh'd and is ſlain is bleſt;
The wretched Conquerour can ne'er have Reſt:
But is reſerv'd a harder Fate to prove,
(Bound in the Fetters of diſſembled Love.)
Abdal. Now thou art baſe, and I deſerve her more:
Without Complaint I will to Death adore.
Dar'ſt thou ſee Faults, and yet do'ſt Love pretend?
I will even *Lyndaraxa*'s Crimes defend.
Abdelm. Maintain her Cauſe, then, better than thy own.
Than thy ill got, and worſe defended Throne. [*They fight*, Abdalla falls.
Abdelm. Now ask your Life.
Abdal. ——————'Tis gone; that buſie thing,
The Soul, is packing up, and juſt on Wing.
Like parting Swallows, when they ſeek the Spring.
Like them, at its appointed Time, it goes;
And flies to Countries more unknown than thoſe

Enter Lyndaraxa *haſtily, ſees them, and is going out again.*

Abdelmel. ſtopping her. No, you ſhall ſtay, and ſee a Sacrifice,
Not offer'd by my Sword, but by your Eyes.
From thoſe he firſt ambitions Poiſon drew;
And ſwell'd to Empire for the Love of you.
Accurſed fair!
Thy Comet-blaze portends a Prince's Fate;
And ſuff'ring Subjects groan beneath thy Weight.
Abdal. Ceaſe, Rival, ceaſe!
I would have forc'd you; but it wonnot be:
I beg you, now, upbraid her not for me.

You faireſt, to my Memory be kind: [*To* Lynd.
Lovers like me your Sex will ſeldom find.
When I uſurp'd a Crown for Love of you,
I, then, did more than dying now I do.
I'm ſtill the ſame as when my Love begun:
And could I now this Fate foreſee or ſhun; [*Dies.*
Would yet do all I have already done.
Abdel. Weep on, weep on; for it becomes you now: { *She puts her handker-*
Theſe Tears you to that Love may well allow. { *cher to her Eyes.*
His unrepenting Soul, if it could move
Upward, in Crimes, flew ſpotted with your Love;
And brought Contagion to the bleſt above.
Lynd. He's gone, and Peace go with a conſtant Mind:
His Love deſerv'd I ſhould have been more kind.
But then your Love and greater Worth I knew:
I was unjuſt to him, but juſt to you.
Abdelm. I was his Enemy and Rival too;
Yet I ſome Tears to his Misfortune owe:
You owe him more; weep then, and joyn with me:
So much is due ev'n to Humanity.
Lynd. Weep for this Wretch, whoſe Memory I hate!
Whoſe Folly made us both unfortunate!
Weep for this Fool, who did my Laughter move!
This whining, tedious, heavy lump of Love!
Abdel. Had Fortune favour'd him, and frown'd on me,
I then had been that heavy Fool, not he;
Juſt this had been my Fun'ral Elegy.
Thy Arts and Falſhood I before did know;
But this laſt Baſeneſs was conceal'd till now.
And 'twas no more than needful to be known;
I could be cur'd by ſuch an Act alone.
My Love, half blaſted, yet in time would ſhoot,
But this laſt Tempeſt rends it to the Root.
Lynd. Theſe little Piques, which now your Anger move,
Will vaniſh, and are only Signs of Love.
You've been too fierce; and at ſome other time
I ſhould not with ſuch Eaſe forgive your Crime.
But, in a Day of publick Joy, like this,
I pardon and forget what e'er's amiſs.
Abdelm Theſe Arts have oft prevail'd but muſt no more:
The Spell is ended, and the Enchantment o'er.
You have at laſt deſtroy'd, with much ado,
That Love, which none could have deſtroy'd, but you.
My Love was blind to your deluding Art;
But blind Men feel, when ſtabb'd ſo near the Heart.
Lynd. I muſt confeſs there was ſome Pity due:
But I conceal'd it out of Love to you.
Abdelm. No, *Lyndaraxa*; 'tis at laſt too late:
Our Loves have mingled with too much of Fate.
I would, but cannot now my ſelf deceive:
O that you ſtill could cheat, and I believe!
Lynd. Do not ſo light a Quarrel long purſue:
You grieve your Rival was leſs lov'd than you.
'Tis hard, when Men of Kindneſs muſt complain!
Abdelm. I'm now awake, and cannot dream again.
Lynd. Yet hear———
Abdelm.———No more; nothing my Heart can bend:
That Queen you ſcorn'd you ſhall this Night attend.
Your Life the King has pardon'd for my ſake;
But, on your Pride, I ſome Revenge muſt take.
See now th'Effects of what your Arts deſign'd:
Thank your inconſtant and ambitious Mind.

'Tis juſt that ſhe who to no Love is true,
Should be forſaken, and contemn'd, like you.
Lynd. All Arts of injur'd Women I will try:
Firſt, I will be Reveng'd; and then I'll Die.
But like ſome falling Tow'r ——————
Whoſe ſeeming firmneſs does the Sight beguile,
So hold I up my nodding Head awhile,
Till they come under, and reſerve my fall,
That with my Ruines I may reach 'em all.
Abdelm. Conduct her hence—————— [*Exit* Lyndaraxa *guarded.*

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. Almanzor is victorious without Fight;
The Foes retreated when he came in ſight.
Under the Walls, this Night, his Men are drawn;
And mean to ſeek the *Spaniard* with the dawn.
Abdelm. The Sun's declind;
Command the Watch be ſet without delay;
And in the Fort let bold *Benducar* ſtay:
I'll haſte to Court, where Solitude I'll fly; [*Aſide.*
And Herd, like wounded Deer, in company.
But oh, how hard is Paſſion to remove,
When I muſt ſhun my Self to ſcape from Love!

SCENE *The Alhambra, or a Gallery.*

Zulema, Hamet.

Hamet. I thought your Paſſion for the Queen was dead;
Or, that your Love had, with your Hopes, been fled.
Zulema. 'Twas like a Fire within a Furnace pent:
I ſmother'd it, and kept it long from vent.
But (fed with Looks, and blown with Sighs ſo faſt)
It broke a Paſſage through my Lips, at laſt.
Hamet. Where found you Confidence your Suit to move?
Our broken Fortunes are not fit to love.
Well; you declar'd your Love:—What follow'd then?
Zul. She look'd as Judges do on guilty Men,
When, big with Fate, they triumph in their Dooms,
And ſmile before the deadly Sentence comes.
Silent I ſtood, as I were Thunder-ſtruck;
Condemn'd and executed with a Look.
Hamet. You muſt, with haſte, ſome Remedy prepare:
Now you are in, you muſt break through the Snare.
Zul. She ſaid ſhe would my Folly yet conceal,
But vow'd my next Attempt ſhe would reveal.
Hamet. 'Tis dark; and, in this lonely Gallery,
(Remote from noiſe, and ſhunning every Eye)
One Hour each Evening ſhe in in private Mourns,
And Prays, and to the Cirle then returns.
Now, if you dare attempt her paſſing by——
Zul. Theſe lighted Tapers ſhow the time is nigh.
Perhaps my Courtſhip will not be in vain;
At leaſt, few Women will of Force complain.

At the other end of the Gallery, Enter Almanzor *and* Eſperanza.

Hamet. Almanzor, and with him——————
The Favourite Slave of the *Sultana* Queen.
Zul. E're they approach, let us retire unſeen;
And watch our time when they return again.
Then Force ſhall give, if Favour does deny;
And, that once done, we'll to the *Spaniards* fly. [*Exeunt.*
Almanz. Now ſtand; th' Apartment of the Queen is near,
And from this place your Voice will reach her Ear. [Eſperanza *goes out.*

SONG, in Two Parts.

He. *HOW unhappy a Lover am I?*
While I ſigh for my Phillis *in vain;*
All my hopes of Delight
Are another Man's Right,
Who is Happy while I am in pain!

2.

She. *Since her Honour allows no Relief,*
But to pity the pains which you bear.
'Tis the beſt of your Fate,
(In a hopeleſs Eſtate,)
To give o'er, and betimes to deſpair.

3.

He. *I have try'd the falſe Med'cine in vain;*
For I wiſh what I hope not to win:
From without my Deſire
Has no Food to its Fire;
But it burns and conſumes me within.

4.

She. *Yet at leaſt 'tis a Pleaſure to know*
That you are not unhappy alone:
For the Nymph you Adore
Is as wretched and more,
And accounts all your Suff'rings her own.

5.

He. *O ye Gods, let me ſuffer for both;*
At the Feet of my Phillis *I'll lie:*
I'll reſign up my Breath,
And take pleaſure in Death,
To be pitty'd by her when I die.

6.

She. *What her Honour deny'd you in Life,*
In her Death ſhe will give to your Love.
Such a Flame as is true
After Fate will renew
For the Souls to meet cloſer above.

Enter Eſperanza *again after the Song.*

Almanz. Accept this Diamond, till I can preſent
Something more worthy my Acknowledgment.
And now, farewel; I will attend, alone,
Her coming forth, and make my Suff'rings known.

Solus. [*Exit* Eſperanza.

A hollow Wind comes whiſtling through that Door;
And a cold ſhiv'ring ſeizes me all o'er.
My Teeth, too, chatter with a ſuddain fright:
Theſe are the Raptures of too fierce Delight;
The Combate of the Tyrant's Hope and Fear;
Which Hearts, for want of Field-room cannot bear.
I grow impatient, this, or that's the Room:
I'll meet her; now, methinks, I hear her come.

[*He goes to the Door; the Ghoſt of his Mother meets him: he ſtarts back; the Ghoſt ſtands in the Door.*

Almanz. Well may'ſt thou make thy boaſt, what e'er thou art;
Thou art the firſt e'er made *Almanzor* ſtart.
My Legs——————
Shall bear me to thee in their own deſpight:
I'll ruſh into the Covert of thy Night,
And pull thee backward by the Shrowd, to light.
Or elſe I'll ſqueeze thee, like a Bladder, there:
And make thee groan thy ſelf away to Air. [*The Ghoſt retires.*
So, art thou gone! thou canſt no Conqueſt boaſt:
I thought what was the Courage of a Ghoſt.——

The

—The grudging of my Ague yet remains:
My Blood, like Iſicles, hangs in my veins,
And does not drop: Be Maſter of that Door;
We Two will not diſturb each other more.
I err'd a little, but Extreams may join;
That Door is Hell's, and this is Heav'ns and mine.
[*Goes to the other Door, and is met again by the Ghoſt.*
Again! By Heav'n I do conjure thee, ſpeak.
What art thou, Spirit, and what doſt thou ſeek?
[*The Ghoſt comes on ſoftly after the Conjuration: and* Almanzor *retires to themiddle of the Stage.*
Ghoſt. I am the Ghoſt of her who gave thee Birth;
The Airy Shadow of her mouldring Earth.
Love of thy Father me through Seas did guide;
On Seas I bore thee, and on Seas I Dy'd.
I Dy'd; and for my Winding-ſheet a Wave
I had, and all the Ocean for my Grave.
But, when my Soul to Bliſs did upward move,
I wander'd round the Chryſtal Walls above.
But found the Eternal Fence ſo ſteeply high,
That, when I mounted to the middle Sky,
I flagg'd, and flutter'd down, and could not fly.
Then, from from the Battlements of the Heav'nly Tow'r,
A Watchman Angel bid me wait this Hour;
And told me I had yet a Task aſſign'd,
To warn that little Pledge I left behind;
And to divert him, e're it were too late,
From Crimes unknown, and Errors of his Fate.
[Almanzor *bowing.*
Almanz. Speak, Holy Shade, thou Parent Form, ſpeak on;
Inſtruct thy Mortal Elemented Son;
(For here I wander to my ſelf unknown.)
But O, thou better part of Heavenly Air,
Teach me, kind Spirit, (ſince I'm ſtill thy Care)
My Parents Names!
If I have yet a Father, let me know
To whoſe old Age my humble Youth muſt bow;
And pay its Duty, if he Mortal be,
Or Adoration, if a Mind like thee.
Ghoſt. Then, what I may, I'll tell———
From ancient Blood thy Father's Lineage ſprings;
Thy Mother's thou deriv'ſt from Stemms of Kings.
A Chriſtian born, and born again that day,
When Sacred Water waſh'd thy Sins away.
Yet bred in Errors thou doſt miſ-employ
That ſtrength Heav'n gave thee, and its flock deſtroy.
Almanz. By Reaſon, Man a Godhead may diſcern:
But, how he would be worſhip'd, cannot learn.
Ghoſt. Heaven does not now thy Ignorance reprove,
But warns thee from known Crimes of lawleſs Love.
That Crime thou know'ſt, and knowing, doſt not ſhun,
Shall an unknown, and greater Crime pull on:
But, if thus warn'd, thou leav'ſt this curſed place,
Then ſhalt thou know the Author of thy Race.
Once more I'll ſee thee; when my Charge is done.
Far hence, upon the Mountains of the Moon
Is my Abode, where Heaven and Nature Smile,
And ſtrew with Flowers the ſecret Bed of *Nyle*.
Bleſt Souls are there refin'd, and made more bright,
And, in the ſhades of Heaven prepar'd for Light.
[*Exit Ghoſt.*
Almanz. O Heaven, how dark a Riddle's thy Decree,
Which bounds our Wills, yet ſeems to leave 'em free!
Since thy fore-knowledge cannot be in vain,
Our choice muſt be what thou did'ſt firſt ordain:
Thus, like a Captive in an Iſle confin'd,
Man walks at large, a Priſoner of the Mind:

Wills

Wills all his Crimes, while Heav'n th' Indictment draws;
And, pleading Guilty, juſtifies the Laws.——
Let Fate be Fate, the Lover and the Brave
Are rank'd, at leaſt, above the vulgar Slave.
Love makes me willing to my Death to run;
And Courage ſcorns the Death it cannot ſhun.

Enter Almahide *with a Taper.*

Almah. My Light will ſure diſcover thoſe who talk;——
Who dares to interrupt my private Walk?
Almanz. He who dares Love, and for that Love muſt Die,
And, knowing this, dares yet love on, am I.
Almah. That Love which you can hope, and I can pay,
May be receiv'd, and given in open Day;
My Praiſe and my Eſteem you had before:
And you have bound your ſelf to ask no more.
Almanz. Yes, I have bound my ſelf, but will you take
The Forfeit of that Bond, which Force did make?
Almah. You know you are from Recompence debarr'd;
But pureſt Love can live without Reward.
Almanz. Pure Love had need be to it ſelf a Feaſt,
For, like pure Elements, 'twill nouriſh leaſt.
Almah. It therefore yields the only pure Content;
For it, like Angels, needs no Nouriſhment.
To Eat and Drink can no Perfection be;
All Appetite implies Neceſſity.
Almanz. 'Twere well, if I could like a Spirit live:
But do not Angels Food to Mortals give——
What if ſome Demon ſhould my Death foreſhow,
Or bid me change, and to the Chriſtians go,
Will you not think I merit ſome Reward,
When I my Love above my Life regard?
Almah. In ſuch a caſe your Change muſt be allow'd;
I would, my ſelf, diſpence with what you vow'd.
Almanz. Were I to Die that Hour when I poſſeſs,
This Minute ſhould begin my Happineſs.
Almah. The thoughts of Death your Paſſion would remove:
Death is a cold Encouragement to Love.
Almanz. No; from my Joys I to my Death would run;
And think the buſineſs of my Life well done.
But I ſhould walk a diſcontented Ghoſt,
If Fleſh and Blood were to no purpoſe loſt.
Almah. You love me not, *Almanzor*; if you did,
You would not ask what Honour muſt forbid.
Almanz. And what is Honour, but a Love well hid?
Almah. Yes, 'Tis the Conſcience of an Act well done,
Which gives us Pow'r our own Deſire to ſhun.
The ſtrong and ſecret Curb of Headlong Will;
The Self-Reward of Good, and Shame of Ill.
Almanz. Theſe, Madam, are the Maxims of the Day;
When Honour's preſent, and when Love's away.
The Duty of poor Honour were too hard,
In Arms all Day, at Night to mount the Guard.
Let him in Pity, now, to Reſt retire;
Let theſe ſoft Hours be watch'd by warm Deſire.
Almah. Guards, who all day on painful Duty keep,
In Dangers are not priviledg'd to ſleep.
Almanz. And with what Dangers are you threaten'd here?
Am I, alas, a Foe for you to fear?
See, Madam, at your Feet this Enemy: [*Kneels.*
Without your Pity, and your Love I Die.
Almah. Riſe, riſe; and do not empty Hopes purſue:
Yet think, that I deny my ſelf, not you.
Almanz. A Happineſs ſo high, I cannot bear:
My Love's too fierce; and you too killing Fair.

I grow

I grow enrag'd to ſee ſuch Excellence:
If Words ſo much diſorder'd give Offence,
My Love's too full of Zeal to think of Sence.
Be you, like me, dull Reaſon hence remove,
And tedious Forms, and give a looſe to love.
Love eagerly; let us be Gods to Night;
And do not, with half yielding, daſh Delight.
Almah. Thou ſtrong Seducer, Opportunity!
Of Womankind, half are undone by thee!
Though I reſolve I will not be miſled,
I wiſh I had not heard what you had ſaid!
I cannot be ſo Wicked to comply;
And, yet, am moſt unhappy to deny!
Away.
Almanz. ——— I will not move me from this Place!
I can take no denial from that Face!
Almah. If I could yield, (but think not that I will)
You and my ſelf I in revenge ſhould kill.
For I ſhould hate us both, when it were done:
And would not to the Shame of Life be won.
Almanz. Live but to night, and truſt to morrow's mind!
Ere that can come there's a whole Life behind.
Methinks already crown'd with Joys I lie,
Speechleſs and breathleſs in an Exſtaſie.
Not abſent in one thought; I am all there:
Still cloſe, yet wiſhing ſtill to be more near.
Almah. Deny your own Deſires; for it will be
Too little now to be deny'd by me.
Will he, who does all Great, all Noble ſeem,
Be loſt and forfeit to his own Eſteem?
Will he, who may with Heroes claim a place,
Belye that Fame, and to himſelf be Baſe?
Think how Auguſt and God-like you did look,
When my Defence, unbrib'd, you undertook.
But, when an Act ſo Brave you diſavow,
How little, and how mercenary now!
Almanz. Are, then, my Services no higher priz'd?
And can I fall ſo low, to be diſpis'd?
Almah. Yes; for whatever may be bought, is low;
And you your ſelf, who ſell your ſelf are ſo.
Remember the great Act you did this day:
How did your Love to Virtue then give way?
When you gave freedom to my Captive Lord,
That Rival, who poſſeſt what you ador'd.
Of ſuch a Deed what Price can there be made?
Think well: is that an Action to paid?
It was a Miracle of Vertue ſhown:
And Wonders are with Wonder paid alone.
And would you all that ſecret Joy of Mind,
Which great Souls only in great Actions find,
All that, for one tumultious Minute, looſe?
Almanz. I wou'd that Minute before Ages chooſe.
Praiſe is the Pay of Heaven for doing Good;
But Love's the beſt Return for Fleſh and Blood.
Almah. You've mov'd my Heart, ſo much, I can deny
No more; but know, *Almanzor*, I can die,
Thus far my Virtue yields; if I have ſhown
More Love, than what I ought, let this attone. [*Going to ſtab her Self.*
Almanz. Hold, hold!
Such fatal Proofs of Love you ſhall not give:
Deny me; hate me; (both are juſt) but live!
Your Virtue I will ne'er diſturb again;
Nor dare to ask, for fear I ſhould obtain.

Almah.

Almah. Tis generous to have conquer'd your Deſire;
You mount above your Wiſh, and looſe it higher.
There's Pride in Virtue, and a kindly heat;
Not Feveriſh, like your Love, but full as great.
Farewell; and may our Loves hereafter be
But, Image-like, to heighten Piety.
Almanz. 'Tis time I ſhould be gone!
Alas I am but half converted yet;
All I reſolve I with one look forget:
And like a Lyon, whom no Arts can tame,
Shall tear ev'n thoſe who would my Rage reclaim. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*
[Zulema *and* Hamet *watch* Almanzor; *and when he is gone, go in after the Queen.*
Enter Abdelmelech *and* Lyndaraxa.
Lynd. It is enough, you've brought me to this Place:
Here ſtop, and urge no farther my Diſgrace.
Kill me: in Death your Mercy will be ſeen;
But make me not a Captive to the Queen.
Abdelm. 'Tis therefore I this puniſhment provide:
This only can revenge me on your pride.
Prepare to ſuffer what you Shun in vain;
And know, you are now to Obey, not Reign.
Enter Almahide *ſchrieking, her hair looſe; ſhe runs over the Stage.*
Almah. Help, help, O Heaven, ſome help!
Enter Zulema *and* Hamet.
Zulema.——Make haſte before,
And intercept her paſſage to the Door.
Abdelm. Villains, what Act are you attempting here!
Almah. I thank thee, Heaven; ſome Succour does appear. } *As* Abdelmelech *is going to help the Queen,* Lyndaraxa *pulls out his Sword, and holds it.*
Abdelm. With what ill Fate my good Deſign is curſt!
Zulema. We have no time to think: diſpatch him firſt.
Abdelm. O for a Sword!
[*They make at* Abdelmelech; *he goes off at one Door, while the Queen eſcapes at the other.*
Zulema. Ruin'd!
Hamet.——Undone!
Lynd. And which is worſt of all,
He eſcap'd.
Zulema.——I hear 'em loudly call.
Lynd. Your Fear will looſe you: call as loud as they.
I have not time to teach you what to ſay.
The Court will, in a moment, all be here;
But ſecond what I ſay, and do not fear.
Call hlep; run that way; leave the reſt to me. [Zul. *and* Ham. *retire, and cry help.*
Enter at ſeveral doors, the King, Abenamar, Selin, Ozmyn, Almanzor, *with Guards attending* Boabdelin.
Boab. What can the cauſe of all this tumult be?
And what the meaning of that naked Sword?
Lynd. I'll tell, when fear will ſo much breath afford.
The Queen and *Abdelmelech*——'Twill not out——
Ev'n I, who ſaw it, of the truth yet doubt,
It ſeems ſo ſtrange.
Almanz.——Did ſhe not name the Queen!
Haſte; ſpeak.
Lynd.——How dare I ſpeak what I have ſeen!
With *Hamet*, and with *Zulema*, I went
To pay both theirs, and my acknowledgement
To *Almahide*; and by her mouth implore
Your Clemency, our Fortunes to reſtore.
We choſe this hour, which we believ'd moſt free,
When ſhe retir'd from noiſe and company.
The Antichamber paſt, we gently knockt,
(Unheard it ſeems) but found the Lodgings lockt.
In duteous ſilence while we waited there,
We, firſt a noiſe, and then long wiſpers hear.
Yet thought it was the Queen at Pray'rs alone,
Till ſhe diſtinctly ſaid——if this were known,

My

My Love, what Shame, what Danger would enſue!
Yet I (and ſigh'd) could venture more for you.
Boab. O Heaven, what do I hear!
Almanz. Let her go on.
Lynd. And how, (then Murmur'd in a bigger Tone
Another Voice) and how ſhould it be known?
This Hour is from your Court Attendants free;
The King ſuſpects *Almanzor*, but not me.
Zulem. at the Door. I find her Drift; *Hamet* be Confident;
Second her Words, and fear not the Event. { Zulem. *and* Ham. *enter. The*
Boab. Welcome, my only Friends: Behold in me, { *King Embraces them.*
O Kings, behold th' effects of Clemency!
See here the Gratitude of Pardon'd Foes!
That Life I gave 'em, they for me expoſe!
Hamet. Though *Abdelmelech* was our Friend before,
When Duty call'd, he was our Friend no more
Almanz. Damn your delay, you Torturers proceed;
I will not hear one Word, but *Alwahide.*
Boab. When you, within, the Traitor's Voice did hear,
What did you then?
Zulema.———I durſt not truſt my Ear;
But, peeping through the Key-hole, I eſpy'd
The Queen, and *Abdelmelech* by her ſide:
She on the Couch, he on her Boſom lay,
Her Hand about his Neck, his Head did ſtay,
And from his Forehead wip'd the Drops away.
Boab. Go on, go on, my Friends, to clear my doubt;
I hope I ſhall have Life to hear you out.
Zulema. What had been, Sir, you may ſuſpect too well;
What follow'd, Modeſty forbids to tell.
Seeing, what we had thought beyond belief,
Our Hearts ſo ſwell'd with Anger and with Grief,
That, by plain force, we ſtrove the Door to break;
He, fearful, and with Guilt, or Love, grown weak,
Juſt as we enter'd, ſcap'd the other way:
Nor did th' amazed Queen behind him ſtay.
Lynd. His Sword, in ſo much haſte, he could not mind,
But left this Witneſs of his Crime behind.
Boab. O Proud, Ingreatful, Faithleſs Womankind!
How chang'd, and what a Monſter am I made!
My Love, my Honour, ruin'd and betray'd!
Almanz. Your Love and Honour! mine are ruin'd worſe:
Furies and Hell, what right have you to curſe!
Dull Husband as you are———
What can your Love, or what your Honour be!
I am her Lover, and ſhe's falſe to me.
Boab. Go; when the Authors of my Shame are found,
Let 'em be taken inſtantly, and bound:
They ſhall be puniſh'd as our Laws require;
Tis juſt, that Flames ſhould be condemn'd to Fire.
This, with the Dawn of Morning, ſhall be done.
Aben. You haſte too much her Execution.
Her Condemnation ought to be deferr'd:
With Juſtice, none can be condemn'd unheard.
Boab. A formal Proceſs tedious is, and long:
Beſides, the Evidence is full and ſtrong.
Lynd. The Law demands Two Witneſſes; and ſhe
Is caſt (for which Heaven knows I grieve) by Three.
Ozm. Hold, Sir. Since you ſo far inſiſt on Law,
We can, from thence, one juſt Advantage draw.
That Law, which dooms Adulteſſes do die,
Gives Champions, too, to ſlander'd Chaſtity.
Almanz. And how dare you, who from my Bounty live,
Intrench upon my Love's Perogative.

Your Courage in your own Concernments try:
Brothers are things remote while I am by.
Ozm. I knew not you thus far her Cauſe would own;
And muſt not ſuffer you to Fight alone:
Let Two to Two in equal Combate joyn;
You Vindicate her Perſon, I her Line.
Lynd. Of all Mankind *Almanzor* has leaſt Right
In her Defence, who wrong'd his Love, to Fght.
Almanz. 'Tis falſe; ſhe is not Ill, nor can ſhe be;
She muſt be Chaſte, becauſe ſhe's Lov'd by me.
Zulema. Dare you, what Senſe and Reaſon prove, deny?
Almanz. When ſhe's in Queſtion, Senſe and Reaſon lye.
Zulema. For Truth, and for my injur'd Sovereign,
What I have ſaid, I will to Death maintain.
Ozm. So foul a Falſhood who e'er juſtifies
Is baſely born; and, like a Villain, lies.
In Witneſs of that Truth, be this my Gage. [*Takes a Ring from his Finger.*
Hamet. I take it; and deſpiſe a Traytor's Rage.
Boab. The Combate's yours; a Guard the Liſts ſurround;
Then raiſe a Scaffold in the incompaſs'd Ground:
And, by it, Piles of Wood; in whoſe juſt Fire,
Her Champions ſlain, the Adultreſs ſhall expire.
Aben. We ask no Favour, but what Arms will yield.
Boab. Chooſe then Two equal Judges of the Field.
Next morning ſhall decide the doubful Strife,
Condemn the Unchaſte, or quit the Virtuous Wife.
Almanz. But I am both ways curſt.———
For *Almahide* muſt die, If I am ſlain;
Or, for my Rival, I the Conqueſt gain. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Almanzor *Solus.*

I Have out-fac'd my ſelf, and juſtify'd
What I knew falſe to all the World beſide.
She was as Faithleſs as her Sex could be:
And now I am alone, ſhe's ſo to me.
She's faln: and now where ſhall we Virtue find!
She was the laſt that ſtood of Womankind.
Could ſhe ſo Holily my Flames remove;
And fall that hour to *Abdelmelech*'s Love?
Yet her Protection I muſt undertake;
Not now for Love, but for my Honour's ſake.
That mov'd me firſt, and muſt oblige me ſtill;
My Cauſe is good, however hers be ill.
I'll leave her, when ſhe's freed; and let it be
Her Puniſhment, ſhe could be Falſe to me. [*To him* Abdelmelech, *guarded*
Abdelm. Heav'n is not Heav'n; nor is there Deities:
There is ſome New Rebellion in the Skies.
All that was Good and Holy is dethron'd:
And Luſt and Rapine are for Juſtice own'd.
Almanz. 'Tis true; what Juſtice in that Heav'n can be
Which thus affronts me with the ſight of thee!
Why muſt I be from juſt Revenge debarr'd!
Chains are thy Arms, and Priſons are thy Guard.
The Death thou dy'ſt may to a Husband be
A Satisfaction; but 'tis none to me.
My Love would Juſtice to it ſelf afford;
But now thou creep'ſt to Death, below my Sword.
Abdelm. This threatning would ſhow better, were I free
Almanz. No, wer't thou freed, I would not threaten thee.
This Arm ſhould then —— But now it is too late———
I could redeem thee to a nobler Fate.

As

As ſome huge Rock,
Rent from its Quarry, does the Waves divide,
So I———
Would ſowze upon thy Guards, and daſh 'em wide:
Then, to my Rage, left naked, and alone,
Thy too much freedom thou ſhould'ſt ſoon bemoan:
Dar'd, like a Lark, that on the open Plain,
Purſu'd and cuff'd, ſeeks ſhelter now in vain:
So on the ground, would'ſt thou expecting lye,
Not daring to afford me Victory.,
But yet thy Fate's not ripe; it is decreed,
Before thou dy'ſt, that *Almahide* be freed·
My Honour firſt her Danger ſhall revove,
And then, revenge on thee my injur'd Love. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

The SCENE *changes to the* Vivarambla; *and appears fill'd with Spectators: A Scaffold hung with Black*, &c.

Enter the Queen, guarded, with Eſperanza.

Almah. See how the gazing People croud the place;
All gaping to be fill'd with my Diſgrace. [*A Shout within.*
That ſhout, like the hoarſe Peals of Vultures rings,
When over Fighting Fields they beat their Wings.
Let never Woman truſt in Innocence,
Or think her Chaſtity its own Defence;
Mine has betray'd me to this publick Shame:
And Virtue, which I ſerv'd, is but a Name.

Eſper. Leave then that Shadow, and for ſuccour fly
To him we ſerve, the Chriſtians Deity.
Virtue's no God, nor has ſhe Power Divine:
But he protects it, who did firſt enjoyn.
Truſt then in him, and from his Grace implore
Faith to believe what rightly we Adore.

Almah. Thou Pow'r unknown, if I have err'd, forgive:
My Infancy was taught what I believe.
But if the Chriſtians truly worſhip thee,
Let me thy Godhead in thy Succour ſee:
So ſhall thy Juſtice in my Safety ſhine,
And all my Days, which thou ſhalt add, be thine.

Enter the King, Abenamar, Lyndaraxa, Benzayda: *then* Abdelmelech *guarded. And after him*, Selin *and* Alabez, *as Judges of the Field.*

Boab. You Judges of the Field, firſt take your place:
The Accuſers and Accus'd bring Face to Face.
Set Guards, and let the Liſts be open'd wide,
And may juſt Heav'n aſſiſt the juſter ſide.

Almah. What, not one tender Look, one paſſing Word!
Farewel, my much unkind, but ſtill lov'd Lord.
Your Throne was for my humble Fate too high;
And therefore Heav'n thinks fit that I ſhould die.
My Story be forgot when I am dead;
Leſt it ſhould fright ſome other from your Bed:
And, to forget me, may you ſoon Adore
Some happier Maid (yet none could love you more.)
But may you never think me innocent,
Leſt it ſhould cauſe you trouble to Repent.

Boab. 'Tis pity ſo much Beauty ſhould not live; [*Aſide.*
Yet I too much am injur'd to forgive. [*Goes to his Seat.*

Trumpets: Then Enter Two Moors bearing Two naked Swords before the Accuſers Zulema *and* Hamet, *who follow them. The Judges Seat themſelves; the Queen and* Abdelmelech *are led to the Scaffold.*

Alabez. Say, for what end you thus in Arms appear:
What are your Names, and what Demand you here?

Zulema. The *Zegry*'s Ancient Race our Linage claims;
And *Zulema* and *Hamet* are our Names.
Like Loyal Subjects in theſe Liſts we ſtand,
And Juſtice in our King's behalf, Demand.

Hamet. For whom, in witneſs of what both have ſeen,
Bound by our Duty, we appeach the Queen
And *Abdelmelech* of Adultery.
Zul. Which, like true Knights, we will maintain, or die.
Alabez. Swear on the *Alcoran* your Cauſe is right;
And *Mahomet* ſo proſper you in Fight.
[*They touch their Foreheads with the* Alcoran, *and bow.*
[*Trumpets on the other ſide of the Stage; two Moors as before, with naked Swords before* Almanzor *and* Ozmyn.
Selin. Say, for what end you thus in Arms appear:
What are your Names, and what demand you here?
Almanz. *Ozmyn* is his, *Almanzor* is my name;
We come as Champions of the Queensfair Fame.
Ozm. To prove theſe *Zegry*'s like falſe Traitors lie;
Which, like true Knights, we will maintain, or die.
[*Selin to Almahide.*] Madam, Do you for Champions take theſe Two,
By their Succeſs to live or die?
Almah. ——————I do.
Selin. Swear on the *Alcoran* your Cauſe is right;
And *Mahomet* ſo proſper you in Fight. [*They kiſs the* Alcoran.
Ozmyn *and* Benzayda *embrace, and take leave in dumb ſhow; while* Lyndaraxa *ſpeaks to her Brothers.*
Lynd. If you o'recome, let neither of them live;
But uſe with Care the Advantages I give.
One of their Swords in Fight ſhall uſeleſs be;
The Bearer of it is ſuborn'd by me, [*She and* Benzayda *retire.*
Alab. Now, Principals and Seconds, all advance;
And each of you aſſiſt his Fellows Chance.
Selin. The Wind and Sun we equally divide;
So, let th'event of Arms the Truth decide.
The Chances of the Fight, and every Wound,
The Trumpets, on the Victors part, reſound.
The Trumpets ſound; Almanzor *and* Zulema *meet and fight*; Ozmyn *and* Hamet. *After ſome Paſſes, the Sword of* Ozmyn *breaks; he retires defending himſelf, and is wounded: The* Zegry's *Trumpets ſound their Advantage.* Almanzor, *in the mean time, drives* Zulema *to the farther end of the Stage; till, hearing the Trumpets of the adverſe Party, he looks back and ſees* Ozmyn's *misfortune; he makes at* Zulema *juſt as* Ozmyn *falls, in retiring, and* Hamet *is thruſting at him.*
[*Hamet to Ozmyn, thruſting.*] Our difference now ſhall ſoon determin'd be.
Almah. Hold, Traytor, and defend thy ſelf from me.
Hamet *leaves* Ozmyn, *(who cannot riſe) and both he and* Zulema *fall on* Almanzor, *and preſs him: He retires, and* Hamet *advancing firſt, is run through the Body, and falls. The Queens Trumpets ſound.* Almanzor *purſues* Zulema.
Lynd. I muſt make haſte ſome remedy to find———
Treaſon, *Almanzor*, Treaſon; look behind.
Almanzor *looks behind him to ſee who calls, and* Zulema *takes the advantage and wounds him: the* Zegry's *Trumpets ſound.* Almanzor *turns upon* Zulema *and wounds him: he falls. The Queen's Trumpets ſound.*
Almanz. Now Triumph in thy Siſter's Treachery. [*Stabbing him.*
Zul. Hold, Hold; I have enough to make me die.
But, that I may in Peace reſign my Breath,
I muſt confeſs my Crime before my Death.
Mine is the Guilt, the Queen is innocent;
I lov'd her; and, to compaſs my intent,
Us'd Force, which *Abdelmelech* did prevent.
The Lye my Siſter forg'd: But, O my Fate
Comes on too ſoon, and I repent too late.
Fair Queen, forgive; and let my Penitence
Expiate ſome part of —— —— [*Dies.*
Almah. ——Ev'n thy whole Offence.

Almanz.

[*Almanzor to the Judges.*] If ought remain in the *Sultana*'s Cauſe;
I here am ready to fulfill the Laws.
Selin. The Law is fully ſatisfy'd; and we
Pronounce the Queen and *Abdelmelech* free.
Abdelm. Heav'n thou art Juſt!
The Judges riſe from their Seats, and go before Almanzor *to the Queen's Scaffold: he unbinds the Queen and* Abdelmelech; *they all go off, the People ſhouting, and the Trumpets ſounding the while.*
Boab. Before we pay our Thanks, or ſhew our Joy,
Let us our needful Charity employ.
Some skilful Surgeon ſpeedily be found,
T'apply fit Remedies to *Ozmyn*'s wound.
Benz. That be my Charge; my Linnen I will tear; { Benzayda *running to* Ozmyn.
Waſh it with Tears, and bind it with my Hair.
Ozm. With how much Pleaſure I my Pains endure!
And Bleſs the Wound which cauſes ſuch a Cure. { *Exit* Ozmyn, *led by* Benzayda *and* Abenamar.
Boab. Some from the place of Combate bear the ſlain.
Next *Lyndaraxa*'s Death I ſhould Ordain:
But, let her who this Miſchief did contrive,
For ever baniſh'd from *Granada* live.
Lynd. Thou ſhould'ſt have puniſh'd more, or not at all:
By her thou haſt not ruin'd, thou ſhalt fall. [*Aſide.*
The *Zegry*'s ſhall revenge their branded Line;
Betray their Gate, and with the Chriſtians joyn.
Exit Lyndaraxa *with* Alabez; *the Bodies of her Brothers are born after her.*
Almanzor, Almahide, Eſperanza, *re-enter to the King.*
Almah. The Thanks thus paid, which firſt to Heav'n were due,
My next, *Almanzor*, let me pay to you.
Somewhat there is, of more Concernment too,
Which 'tis not fit you ſhould, in publick, know.
Firſt, let your Wounds be dreſs'd with ſpeedy Care;
And then you ſhall th' important Secret ſhare.
Almanz. When e'er you ſpeak,
Were my Wounds Mortal, they ſhould ſtill bleed on;
And I would liſten till my Life were gone:
My Soul, ſhould, ev'n for your laſt Accent, ſtay
And then ſhout out, and with ſuch ſpeed obey,
It ſhould not bait at Heav'n to ſtop its way. [*Exit* Almanzor.
Boab. 'Tis true, *Almanzor* did her Honour ſave; [*Aſide.*
But yet what private Buſineſs can they have!
Such Freedom, Virtue will not ſure allow;
I cannot clear my Heart, but muſt my Brow. [*He approaches* Almahide.
Welcome again, my Virtuous Loyal Wife;
Welcome, to Love, to Honour, and to Life.—— { *Goes to Salute her, ſhe ſtarts back.*
You ſeem———
As if you from a loath'd Embrace did go!
Almah. Then briefly will I ſpeak, (ſince you muſt know,
What to the World my future Acts will ſhow.)
But hear me firſt, and then my Reaſons weigh:
'Tis known how Duty led me to obey
My Father's Choice; and how I ſince did live,
You, Sir, can beſt your Teſtimony give.
How to your Aid I have *Almanzor* brought,
When by rebellious Crowds your Life was ſought;
Then, how I bore your cauſeleſs Jealouſie,
(For I muſt ſpeak;) and after ſet you free,
When you were Priſ'ner in the chance of War:
Theſe, ſure, are proofs of Love.———
Boab. ———I grant they are.
Almah. And could you, then, O cruelly unkind,
So ill reward ſuch tenderneſs of Mind!
Could you, denying what our Laws afford
The meaneſt Subject, on a Traitor's word,

unheard

Unheard, Condemn, and ſuffer me to go
To Death, and yet no common Pity ſhow!
Boab. Love fill'd my Heart ev'n to the Brim before;
And then, with too much Jealouſie, boil'd o'er.
Almah. Be't Love or Jealouſie, 'tis ſuch a Crime,
That I'm forewarn'd to truſt a ſecond Time.
Know then, my Pray'rs to Heav'n ſhall never ceaſe,
To Crown your Arms in War; your Wars with Peace:
But, from this Day, I will not know your Bed.
Though *Almahide* ſtill lives, your Wife is dead:
And, with her, dies a Love ſo pure and true,
It could be kill'd by nothing but by you. [*Exit* Almahide.
Boab. Yes, you will ſpend your Life in Pray'rs for me,
And yet this Hour my hated Rival ſee.
She might a Husband's Jealouſie forgive;
But ſhe will only for *Almanzor* live.
It is reſolv'd, I will, my ſelf, provide
That Vengeance, which my uſeleſs Laws deny'd;
And, by *Almanzor*'s Death, at once remove
The Rival of my Empire, and my Love. [*Exit* Boabdelin.
Enter Almahide, *led by* Almanzor, *and follow'd by* Eſperanza; *She ſpeaks entring.*
Almah. How much, *Almanzor*, to your Aid I owe,
Unable to repay, I bluſh to know.
Yet, forc'd by Need, e'er I can clear that Score,
I, like ill Debtors, come to borrow more.
Almanz. Your new Commands I on my Knees attend:
I was created for no other End.
Born to be yours, I do by Nature ſerve,
And, like the lab'ring Beaſt, no Thanks deſerve.
Almah. Yet firſt your Virtue to your Succour call,
For, in this hard Command, you'll need it all.
Almanz. I ſtand prepar'd; and whatſoe'er it be,
Nothing is hard to him who loves like me.
Almah. Then know, I from your Love muſt yet implore
One Proof: —— that you would never ſee me more.
Almanzor ſtarting back. I muſt confeſs,
For this laſt Stroke I did no Guard provide;
I could ſuſpect no Foe was near that ſide.
From Winds and thickning Clouds we Thunder fear:
None dread it from that Quarter which is clear.
And I would fain believe, 'tis but your Art
To ſhew
You knew where deepeſt you could wound my Heart.
Almah. So much Reſpect is to your Paſſion due,
That ſure I could not practiſe Arts on you.
But, that you may not doubt what I have ſaid,
This Hour I have renounc'd my Husband's Bed:
Judge then how much my Fame would injur'd be,
If, leaving him, I ſhould a Lover ſee!
Almanz. If his Unkindneſs have deſerv'd that Curſe,
Muſt I, for loving well, be puniſh'd worſe?
Almah. Neither your Lore nor Merits I compare;
But my unſpotted Name muſt be my Care.
Almanz. I have this Day eſtabliſh'd its Renown.
Almah. Would you ſo ſoon what you have rais'd throw down?
Almanz. But, Madam, is not yours a greater Guilt,
To ruine him who has that Fabrick built?
Almah. No Lover ſhould his Miſtriſs Pray'rs withſtand:
Yet you contemn my abſolute Command.
Almanz. 'Tis not Contempt,
When your Command is iſſu'd out too late:
'Tis paſt my Pow'r; and all beyond is Fate.
I ſcarce could leave you when to Exile ſent,
Much leſs when now recall'd from Baniſhment:

For

For if that Heat your Glances caſt were ſtrong,
Your Eyes, like Glaſſes, Fire, when held ſo long.
Almah. Then, ſince you needs will all my Weakneſs know,
I love you; and ſo well, that you muſt go:
I am ſo much oblig'd; and have withal,
A Heart ſo boundleſs and ſo prodigal,
I dare not truſt my ſelf or you, to ſtay,
But like frank Gameſters, muſt forſwear the Play.
Almanz. Fate, thou art kind to ſtrike ſo hard a Blow;
I am quite ſtunn'd; and paſt all Feeling now.
Yet——can you tell me you have Pow'r and Will
To ſave my Life, and, at that inſtant, kill!
Almah. This, had you ſtay'd, you never muſt have known:
But now you go, I may with Honour own.
Almanz. But, Madam, I am forc'd to diſobey:
In your Defence, my Honour bids me ſtay.
I promis'd to ſecure your Life and Throne;
And, Heav'n be thank'd, that Work is yet undone.
Almah. I here make void that Promiſe which you made;
For now I have no farther Need of Aid.
That Vow, which to my plighted Lord was given,
I muſt not break; but may transfer to Heav'n.
I will with Vaſſals live:
There needs no Guard at a Religious Door;
Few will diſturb the Praying and the Poor.
Almanz. Let me but near that happy Temple ſtay,
And, through the Grates, peep on you once a Day.
To famiſh'd Hope I would no Banquet give:
I cannot ſtarve, and wiſh but juſt to live.
Thus, as a drowning Man
Sinks often, and does ſtill more faintly riſe;
With his laſt Hold catching what e'er he ſpies.
So, faln from thoſe proud Hopes I had before,
Your Aid I for a dying Wretch implore.
Almah. I cannot your hard Deſtiny withſtand; [*Boabdelin and Guards above.*
But ſlip, like bending Ruſhes, from your Hand.
Sink all at once, ſince you muſt ſink at laſt.
Almanz. Can you that laſt Relief of Sight remove,
And thruſt me out the utmoſt Line of Love!
Then, ſince my hopes of Happineſs are gone,
Deny'd all Favours, I will ſieze this one. [*Catches her Hand and kiſſes it.*
Boab. My juſt Revenge no longer I'll forbear:
I've ſeen too much; I need not ſtay to hear. [*Deſcends.*
Almanz. As a ſmall Show'r
To the parch'd Earth does ſome Refreſhment give,
So, in the Strength of this, one Day I'll live:
A Day—a Year —an Age—for Ever now; { *Betwixt each Word he kiſſes her Hand by Fore; ſhe ſtrugling.*
I feel from every Touch a new Soul flow. [*She ſnatches her Hand away.*
My hop'd Eternity of Joy is paſt!
'Twas inſupportable and could not laſt.
Were Heaven not made of leſs, or duller Joy;
'Twould break each Minute, and it ſelf deſtroy.

Enter King and Guards below.

King Boab. This, this is he, for whom thou didſt deny
To ſhare my Bed: —— Let 'em together die.
Almah. Hear me, my Lord.
Boab. ——————Your flatt'ring Arts are vain:
Make Haſte; and execute what I ordain; [*To Guards.*
Almanz. Cut piece-meal in this Cauſe,
From every Wound I ſhould new Vigour take:
And every Limb ſhould new *Almanzor*'s make.
[*He puts himſelf before the Queen; the Guards attack him, with the King.*

Enter

Enter Abdelmelech.

Abd. to the King. What angry God, to exerciſe his Spight,
Has arm'd your left Hand, to cut off your right! {*The King turns, and the Fight ceaſes.*

Haſte not to give, but to prevent a Fate:
The Foes are enter'd at the *Elvira* Gate.
Falſe *Lyndaraxa* has the Town betray'd;
And all the *Zegry*'s give the Spaniards Ayd.
Boab. O Miſchief, not ſuſpected nor foreſeen!
Abdel. Already they have gain'd the *Zacatin*;
And, thence, the *Vivarambla* Place poſſeſt;
While our faint Soldiers ſcarce defend the reſt.
The Duke of *Arcos* does one Squadron head;
The next by *Ferdinand* himſelf is led.
Almah. Now, brave *Almanzor*, be a God again;
Above our Crimes, and your own Paſſions, Reign.
My Lord has been, by Jealouſie, miſled
To think I was not faithful to his Bed.
I can forgive him, though my Death he ſought;
For too much Love can never be a Fault.
Protect him, then; and what to his Defence
You give not, give to clear my Innocence.
Almanz. Liſten, ſweet Heav'n; and all ye bleſt above,
Take Rules of Virtue from a mortal Love.
You've rais'd my Soul; and if it mount more high,
'Tis as the Wren did on the Eagle fly.
Yes, I once more will my Revenge neglect:
And whom you can forgive, I can protect.
Boab. How hard a Fate is mine, ſtill doom'd to Shame:
I make Occaſions for my Rival's Fame! [*Exeunt. An Alarm within.*

Enter Ferdinand, Iſabel, Don Alonzo d'Aguilar, *Spaniards and Ladies.*

Ferd. Already more than half the Town is gain'd:
But there is yet a doubtful Fight maintain'd.
Alonz. The fierce young King the enter'd does attack,
And the more fierce *Almanzor* drives 'em back.
Ferd. The valiant Moors, like raging Lions, fight;
Each Youth encourag'd by his Lady's ſight.
Qu. *Iſab.* I will advance with ſuch a ſhining Train,
That Mooriſh Beauties ſhall oppoſe in vain:
Into the Preſs of claſhing Swords we'll go;
And where the Darts fly thickeſt, ſeek the Foe.
K. *Ferd.* May Heav'n, which has inſpir'd this gen'rous Thought,
Avert thoſe Dangers you have boldly ſought.
Call up more Troops; the Women, to our Shame,
Will raviſh from the Men their part of Fame, [*Exeunt* Iſabella *and Ladies.*

Enter Alabez, *and kiſſes the King's Hand.*

Alabez. Fair *Lyndaraxa*, and the Zegry Line,
Have led their Forces with your Troops to join:
The adverſe Part, which obſtinately fought,
Are broke; and *Abdelmelech* Priſ'ner brought.
K. *Ferd.* Fair *Lyndaraxa* and her Friends ſhall find
Th'Effects of an oblig'd and grateful Mind.
Alabez. But, marching by the *Vivarambla* Place,
The Combate carry'd a more doubtful Face.
In that vaſt Square the Moors and Spaniards met,
Where the fierce Conflict is continued yet;
But with Advantage on the adverſe Side,
Whom fierce *Almanzor* does to Conqueſt guide.
K. *Ferd.* With my Caſtilian Foot I'll meet his Rage.
[*Is going out: Shouts within are heard, Victoria Victoria.*
But theſe loud Clamours better News preſage.

Enter the Duke of Arcos, *and Soldiers; their Swords drawn and bloody.*

D. of Arcos. *Granada* now is yours; and there remain
No Moors, but ſuch as own the Pow'r of *Spain.*

That

That Squadron which their King in Perſon led,
We charg'd; but found *Almanzor* in their Head:
Three ſeveral Times we did the Moors attack;
And thrice with Slaughter did he drive us back.
Our Troops then ſhrunk; and ſtill we loſt more Ground:
Till, from our Queen, we needful Succour found.
Her Guards to our Aſſiſtance bravely flew,
And, with freſh Vigour, did the Fight renew.
At the ſame Time———
Did *Lyndaraxa* with her Troops appear,
And while we charg'd the Front, engag'd the Rear.
Then fell the King (ſlain by a *Zegry*'s Hand.)
K. *Ferd.* How could he ſuch united Force withſtand?
D. of *Arcos.* Diſcourag'd with his Death, the Mooriſh Pow'rs
Fell back; and, falling back, were preſs'd by ours.
But, as when Winds and Rain together croud,
They ſwell till they have burſt the bladder'd Cloud:
And firſt the Lightning, flaſhing deadly clear,
Flies, falls, conſumes, before it does appear:
So, from his ſhrinking Troops, *Almanzor* flew;
Each Blow gave Wounds, and with each Wound he ſlew.
His Force at once I envy'd and admir'd;
And, ruſhing forward, where my Men retir'd,
Advan'd alone.
K. *Ferd.*——— You hazarded too far
Your Perſon, and the Fortune of the War.
D. of *Arcos.* Already, both our Arms for Fight did bare,
Already held 'em threatning in the Air:
When Heav'n (it muſt be Heav'n) my Sight did guide,
To view his Arm, upon whoſe Wriſt, I ſpy'd
A Ruby Croſs in Diamond Bracelets ty'd:
And juſt above it, in the brawnier part,
By Nature was engrav'd a bloody Heart.
Struck with theſe Tokens, which ſo well I knew,
And ſtagg'ring back, ſome Paces I withdrew:
He follow'd, and ſuppos'd it was my Fear;
When, from above, a ſhril Voice reach'd his Ear:
Strike not thy Father, it was heard to cry;
Amaz'd, and caſting round his wond'ring Eye,
he ſtop'd: then thinking that his Fears were vain;
He lifted up his thundring Arm again:
Again the Voice withheld him from my Death;
Spare, ſpare his Life, it cry'd, who gave thee Breath.
Once more he ſtop'd, then threw his Sword away;
Bleſt Shade, he ſaid, I hear thee, I obey
Thy ſacred Voice: then, in the Sight of all,
He at my Feet, I on his Neck did fall.
K. *Ferd.* O bleſt Event!———
Arcos.——— The Moors no longer fought;
But all their Safety, by Submiſſion, ſought:
Mean time my Son grew faint with loſs of Blood;
And, on his bending Sword ſupported, ſtood:
Yet, with a Voice beyond his Strength, he cry'd,
Lead me to live, or die, by *Almahide*.
K. *Ferd.* I am not for his Wounds leſs griev'd than you.
For if, what now my Soul divines, proves true,
This is that Son, whom in his Infancy
You loſt, when by my Father forc'd to fly.
D. *Arcos.* His Siſter's Beauty did my Paſſion move,
(The Crime for which I ſuffer'd was his Love.)
Our Marriage known, to Sea we took our flight,
There, In a Storm, *Almanzor* firſt ſaw Light.
On his right Arm, a bloody Heart was grav'd,
(The Mark by which this Day, my Life was ſav'd.)

The Bracelets and the Croſs his Mother ty'd
About his Wriſt, e're ſhe in Childbed dy'd.
How we were Captives made, when ſhe was dead,
And how *Almanzor* was in *Africk* bred,
Some other Hour you may at leiſure hear,
For ſee, the Queen, in Triumph, does appear.
Enter Qu. Iſabel, Lyndaraxa, *Ladies, Moors, and Spaniards, mix'd in Guards.*
Abdelmelech, Abenamar, Selin, *Priſoners.*
K. *Ferd.* All Stories, which *Granada*'s Conqueſt tell, { *King* Ferdinand *embracing*
Shall celebrate the Name of *Iſabel.* { *Queen* Iſabel.
Your Ladies too, who in their Country's Cauſe,
Led on the Men, ſhall ſhare in your Applauſe.
And for your ſakes, henceforward I ordain,
No Ladies Dow'r ſhall queſtion'd be in *Spain.*
Fair *Lyndaraxa*, for the help ſhe lent,
Shall, under Tribute, have this Government.
Abdelm, O Heav'n, that I ſhould live to ſee this Day!
Lynd. You murmur now, but you ſhall ſoon obey.
I knew this Empire to my Fate was ow'd:
Heav'n held it back as long as e're it could.
For thee, baſe Wretch, I want a Torture yet —— [*To* Abdelm.
——I'll cage thee, thou ſhalt be my *Bajazet.*
I on no Pavement but on thee will tread;
And, when I mount, my Foot ſhall know thy Head.
Abdelm. This firſt ſhall know thy Heart. [*Stabbing her with a Ponyard.*
Lynd. ——————O! I am ſlain!
Abdelm. Now boaſt, thy Country is betray'd to *Spain.*
K. *Ferd.* Look to the Lady.—Seize the Murderer.
Abdelm. I'll do my ſelf that Juſtice I did her. [*Stabbing himſelf.*
Thy Blood I to thy ruin'd Country give, [*To* Lynd.
But love too well, thy Murther to outlive.
Forgive a Love, excus'd by its Exceſs;
Which, had it not been cruel, had been leſs.
Condemn my Paſſion, then, but pardon me;
And think I murder'd him, who murder'd thee. [*Dies.*
Lynd. Die for us both; I have not leiſure now;
A Crown is come, and will not Fate allow.
And yet, I feel ſomething like Death is near:
My Guards, my Guards;——————
Let not that ugly Skeleton appear.
Sure Deſtiny miſtakes; this Death's not mine;
She dotes, and meant to cut another Line.
Tell her I am a Queen; ——— but 'tis too late;
Dying, I charge Rebellion on my Fate;
Bow down ye Slaves ——— [*To the Moors.*
Bow quickly down, and your Submiſſion ſhow. [*They bow.*
I'm pleas'd to taſte an Empire e're I go. [*Dies.*
Selin. She's dead, and here her proud Ambition ends.
Aben. Such Fortune ſtill ſuch black Deſigns attends.
Ferd. Remove thoſe mournful Objects from our Eyes;
And ſee perform'd their Funeral Obſequies. [*The Bodies carried off.*
Enter Almanzor *and* Almahide, Ozmyn *and* Benzayda; Almahide *brought in a Chair*; Almanzor *led betwixt Soldiers:* Iſabel *ſalutes* Almahide *in dumb Shew,*
D. of Arcos. See here that Son, whom I with Pride call mine; { *Preſenting* Almanzor *to the King.*
And who diſhonours not your Royal Line.
K. *Ferd.* I'm now ſecure this Scepter, which I gain,
Shall be continu'd in the Power of *Spain*;
Since he, who could alone my Foes defend,
By Birth and Honour is become my Friend.
Yet I can own no Joy, nor Conqueſt boaſt; [*To* Almanzor.
While in this Blood I ſee how dear it coſt.

Almanz. This Honour to my Veins new Blood will bring.
Streams cannot fail, fed by ſo high a Spring:
But all Court-Cuſtoms I ſo little know,
That I may fail in thoſe Reſpects I owe.
I bring a Heart which Homage never knew;
Yet it finds ſomething of it ſelf in you:
Something ſo Kingly, that my Haughty Mind
Is drawn to yours, becauſe 'tis of a Kind.
Q. *Iſabel.* And yet, that Soul, which bears it ſelf ſo high,
If Fame be true, admits a Sovereignty.
This Queen, in her fair Eyes, ſuch Fetters brings,
As chain that Heart, which ſcorns the Pow'r of Kings.
Almah. Little of Charm in theſe ſad Eyes appears;
If they had any, now 'tis loſt in Tears.
A Crown, and Husband, raviſh'd in one day;
Excuſe a Grief, I cannot chuſe but pay.
Q. *Iſab.* Have Courage, Madam, Heav'n has Joys in ſtore,
To recompence thoſe Loſſes you deplore.
Q. *Almah.* I know your God can all my Woes redreſs;
To him I made my Vows in my diſtreſs.
And what a Misbeliever vow'd this day,
Though not a Queen, a Chriſtian yet ſhall pay. *Qu.* Iſabel *embracing her.*
Q. *Iſab.* That Chriſtian Name you ſhall receive from me;
And *Iſabela* of *Granada* be.
Benz. This Bleſſed Change we all with Joy receive;
And beg to learn that Faith which you believe.
Q. *Iſab.* With Reverence for thoſe Holy Rites prepare;
And all commit your Fortunes to my Care.
K. *Ferd. to Almah.* You, Madam, by that Crown, you loſe, may gain,
If you accept a Coronet of *Spain*;
Of which *Almanzor*'s Father ſtands poſſeſt.
Q. *Iſab. to Almah.* May you in him, and he in you, be bleſt.
Q. *Almah.* I owe my Life and Honour to his Sword;
But owe my Love to my departed Lord.
Almanz. Thus, when I have no Living Force to dread,
Fate finds me Enemies amongſt the Dead.
I'm now to conquer Ghoſts; and to deſtroy
The ſtrong Impreſſions of a Bridal Joy.
Almah. You've yet a greater Foe, than theſe can be;
Virtue oppoſes you, and Modeſty.
Almanz. From a falſe Fear that Modeſty does grow;
And thinks True Love, becauſe 'tis fierce, its Foe.
'Tis but the Wax whoſe Seals on Virgins ſtay:
Let it approach Loves Fire, 'twill melt away.
But I have liv'd too long; I never knew
When Fate was conquer'd, I muſt combate you.
I thought to clime the ſteep Aſcent of Love;
But did not think to find a Foe above.
'Tis time to die, when you my Bar muſt be,
Whoſe Aid alone could give me Victory.
Without———
I'll pull up all the Sluces of the Flood:
And Love, within, ſhall boil out all my Blood.
Q. *Iſab.* Fear not your Love ſhould find ſo ſad Succeſs,
While I have Power to be your Patroneſs.
I am her Parent, now, and may command
So much of Duty, as to give her Hand. [*Gives him* Almahide's *hand.*
Almah. Madam, I never can diſpute your Pow'r,
Or, as a Parent, or a Conqueror.
But, when my Year of Widowhood expires,
Shall yield to your Commands, and his Deſires.
Almanz. Move ſwiftly, Sun, and fly a Lovers pace;
Leave Weeks and Months behind thee in thy Race!

K. *Ferd.* Mean time, you ſhall my Victories purſue;
The Moors in Woods and Mountains to ſubdue.
Almanz. The Toyls of War ſhall help to wear each Day;
And Dreams of Love ſhall drive my Nights away.
Our Banners to th' *Alhambra*'s Turrets bear;
Then, wave our Conqu'ring Croſſes in the Air;
And Cry, with Shouts of Triumph, Live and Reign
Great *Ferdinand* and *Iſabel* of *Spain*.

EPILOGUE.

THey, who have beſt ſucceeded on the Stage,
Have ſtill conform'd their Genius to their Age.
Thus Johnſon *did Mechanique humour ſhow,*
When Men were dull, and Converſation low.
Then, Comedy was Faultleſs, but 'twas courſe:
Cobb's *Tankard was a Jeſt, and* Otter's *Horſe.*
And as their Comedy, their Love was mean;
Except, by chance, in ſome one Labour'd Scene,
Which muſt attone for an ill-written Play.
They roſe; but at their height could ſeldom ſtay.
Fame *then was cheap, and the firſt comer ſped;*
And they have kept it ſince, by being dead.
But were they now to write, when Critiques weigh
Each Line, and ev'ry Word, throughout a Play,
None of 'em, no not Johnſon *in his height,*
Could paſs, without allowing grains for weight.
Think it not Envy that theſe Truths are told;
Our Poet's not Malicious, though he's Bold.
'Tis not to brand 'em that their faults are ſhown,
But, by their Errors, to excuſe his own.
If Love and Honour now are higher rais'd,
'Tis not the Poet, but the Age is prais'd.
Wit's new arriv'd to a more high degree;
Our Native Language more refin'd and free.
Our Ladies and our Men now ſpeak more wit
In Converſation, than thoſe Poets writ.
Then, one of theſe is, conſequently, true;
That what this Poet writes comes ſhort of you,
And imitates you ill, (which moſt he fears)
Or elſe his Writing is not worſe than theirs.
Yet, though you judge, (as ſure the Criticks will)
That ſome before him writ with greater skill:
In this one Praiſe he has their Fame ſurpaſt,
To pleaſe an Age more Gallant than the laſt.

FINIS.

To the Right Honourable

the EARL *of*

ROCHESTER.

My Lord,

I Humbly Dedicate to your Lordſhip that Poem, of which you were pleas'd to appear an early Patron, before it was Acted on the Stage. I may yet go farther, with your permiſſion, and ſay, That it receiv'd Amendment from your noble Hands, e're it was fit to be preſented. You may pleaſe likewiſe to remember, with how much Favour to the Author, and Indulgence to the Play, you commended it to the view of His Majeſty, then at *Windſor*, and by his Approbation of it in Writing, made way for its kind reception on the *Theatre*. In this Dedication therefore, I may ſeem to imitate a Cuſtom of the Ancients, who offer'd to their Gods the Firſtlings of the Flock, which I think they call'd *Ver Sacrum*, becauſe they help'd 'em to increaſe. I am ſure, if there be any thing in this Play, wherein I have rais'd my ſelf beyond the ordinary lowneſs of my Comedies, I ought wholly to acknowledge it to the Favour of being admitted into your Lordſhip's Converſation. And not only I, who pretend not to this way, but the beſt Comick Writers of our Age, will join with me to acknowledge, that they have copy'd the Gallantries of Courts, the Delicacy of Expreſſion, and the Decencies of Behaviour, from your Lordſhip, with more Succeſs, than if they had taken their Models from the Court of *France*. But this, my Lord, will be no Wonder to the World, which knows the Excellency of your natural Parts, and thoſe you have acquir'd in a noble Education. That which with more Reaſon I admire, is, that being ſo abſolute a Courtier, you have not forgot, either the Ties of Friendſhip, or the Practice of Generoſity. In my little Experience of a Court (which I confeſs I deſire not to improve) I have found in it much of Intereſt, and more of Detraction: Few Men there have that Aſſurance of a Friend, as not to be made ridiculous by him, when they are abſent. There are a middling ſort of Courtiers, who become happy by their want of Wit; but they ſupply that Want by an exceſs of Malice to thoſe who have it. And there is no ſuch Perſecution as that of Fools: They can never be conſiderable enough to be talk'd of themſelves; ſo that they are ſafe only in their Obſcurity, and grow miſchievous to witty Men, by the great Diligence of their Envy, and by being always preſent to repreſent and aggravate their Faults. In the mean time they are forc'd, when they endeavour to be pleaſant, to live on the Offals of their Wit, whom they decry; and either to quote it, (which they do unwillingly) or to paſs it upon others for their own. Theſe are the Men who make it their Buſineſs to chaſe Wit from the Knowledge of Princes, leſt it ſhould diſgrace their Ignorance. And this kind of Malice your Lordſhip has not ſo much avoided, as ſurmounted. But if by the excellent Temper of a Royal Maſter, always more ready to hear Good than Ill, if by his Inclination to love you, if by your own Merit and Addreſs, if by the Charms of your Converſation, the Grace of your Behaviour, your Knowledge of Greatneſs, and Habitude in Courts, you have been able to preſerve your ſelf with Honour in the midſt of ſo dangerous a Courſe; yet at leaſt the Remembrance of thoſe Hazards has inſpir'd you with Pity for other Men, who being of an inferiour Wit and Quality to you, are yet perſecuted, for being that in Little, which your Lordſhip is in Great. For the Quarrel of thoſe People extends it ſelf to any thing of Senſe; and if I may be ſo vain to own it amongſt the reſt of the Poets, has ſometimes reach'd to the very Borders of it, even to me. So that, if our general good Fortune had not rais'd up your Lordſhip to defend us, I know not whether any thing had been more ridiculous in Court, than Writers. 'Tis to your Lordſhip's Favour we generally owe our Protection and Patronage: And to the Nobleneſs of your Nature, which will not ſuffer the leaſt ſhadow of your Wit to be contemn'd in other Men. You have been often pleas'd not only to excuſe my Imperfections, but to vindicate what was tolerable in my Writings from their Cenſures. And what I can never forget, you have not only been careful of my Reputation, but of my Fortune. You have been ſolicitous to ſupply my neglect of my ſelf; and to overcome the fatal Modeſty of Poets, which ſubmits them to perpetual Wants, rather than to become importunate with thoſe People, who have the Liberality of Kings in their diſpoſing; and who, diſhonouring the Bounty of their Maſter, ſuffer ſuch to be in Neceſſity, who endeavour at leaſt to pleaſe Him; and for whoſe Entertainment He has generouſly provided, if the Fruits of His Royal Favour were not often ſtopp'd in other Hands. But your Lordſhip has given me Occaſion, not to complain of Courts, whil'ſt you are there. I have found the Effects of your Mediation in all my Concernments; and they were ſo much the more noble in you, becauſe they were wholly voluntary. I became your Lordſhip's (if I may venture on the Similitude) as the World was made, without knowing him who made it; and brought only a paſſive Obedience to be your Creature. This Nobleneſs of yours I think my ſelf the rather oblig'd to own, becauſe otherwiſe it muſt have been loſt to all Remembrance. For you are endued with that excellent Quality of a frank Nature, to forget the Good which you have done.

But,

But, my Lord, I ought to have conſider'd, that you are as great a Judge as you are a Patron; and that in praiſing you ill, I ſhall incur a higher Note of Ingratitude, than that I thought to have avoided. I ſtand in need of all your accuſtom'd Goodneſs for the Dedication of this Play; which though, perhaps, it be the beſt of my Comedies, is yet ſo faulty, that I ſhould have fear'd you, for my Critick, if I had not with ſome Policy given you the trouble of being my Protector. Wit ſeems to have lodg'd it ſelf more Nobly in this Age, than in any of the former; and People of my mean condition, are only Writers, becauſe ſome of the Nobility, and your Lordſhip in the firſt place, are above the narrow Praiſes which Poeſie could give you. But let thoſe who love to ſee themſelves exceeded, encourage your Lordſhip in ſo dangerous a Quality: For my own part, I muſt confeſs, that I have ſo much of Self-Intereſt, as to be content with reading ſome Papers of your Verſes, without deſiring you ſhould proceed to a Scene or Play; with the common Prudence of thoſe, who are worſted in a Duel, and declare they are ſatisfied when they are firſt wounded. Your Lordſhip has but another ſtep to make, and from the Patron of Wit, you may become its Tyrant, and oppreſs our little Reputations with more eaſe than you now protect them. But theſe, my Lord, are Deſigns, which I am ſure you harbour not; any more then the *French* King is contriving the Conqueſt of the *Swiſſers*. 'Tis a barren Triumph, which is not worth your Pains, and wou'd only rank him amongſt your Slaves, who is already,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's Moſt Obedient,

And Moſt Faithful Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

PROLOGUE.

Lord, how Reform'd and Quiet are we grown,
Since all our Braves, and all our Wits are gone!
Fop-corner now is free from Civil War:
White Wig and Vizard make no longer jar.
France, *and the Fleet, have ſwept the Town ſo clear,*
That we can Act in Peace, and you can Hear.
'Twas a ſad ſight before they march'd from home,
To ſee our Warriours in Red Waſtecoats, come,
With Hair tuck'd up, into our Tiring Room.
But 'twas more ſad to hear their laſt Adieu,
The Women ſob'd, and ſwore they would be true;
And ſo they were as long as e'er they cou'd:
But powerful Guinnee *cannot be withſtood,*
And they were made of Play-houſe *Fleſh and Blood.*
Fate did their Friends for double uſe ordain,
In Wars abroad, they grinning Honour gain,
And Miſtreſſes for all that ſtay, maintain.
Now they are gone, 'tis dead Vacation here,
For neither Friends nor Enemies appear.
Poor penſive Punk now peeps e'r Plays begin,
Sees the bare Bench, and dares not venture in:
But manages her laſt Half Crown with care,
And trudges to the Mall *on foot for Air.*
Our City Friends ſo far will hardly come;
They can take up with Pleaſures nearer home;
And ſee gay Shows, and gawdy Scenes elſewhere:
For we preſume they ſeldom come to hear.
But they have now ta'n up a Glorious Trade,
And cutting Moorcraft, ſtruts in Maſquerade.
There's all our Hope, for we ſhall ſhow to day,
A Maſquing Ball, to recommend our Play.
Nay, to endear 'em more, and let 'em ſee,
We ſcorn to come behind in Courteſie,
We'll follow the new Mode which they begin,
And Treat 'em with a Room, and Couch within:
For that's one way, howe'er the Play fall ſhort,
T'oblige the Town, the City, and the Court.

Perſons Repreſented.

MEN.	By
Polydamas, Uſurper of *Sicily*.	Mr. *Winterſhall.*
Leonidas, The Rightful Prince, unknown	Mr. *Kynaſton.*
Argaleon, Favourite to *Polydamas*	Mr. *Lydall.*
Hermogenes, Foſter-Father to *Leonidas*	Mr. *Cartwright.*
Eubulus, his Friend and Companion	Mr. *Watſon.*
Rhodophil, Captain of the Guards	Mr. *Mohun.*
Palamede, a Courtier	Mr. *Hart.*

WOMEN.	By.
Palmyra, Daughter to the Uſurper	Mrs. *Coxe.*
Amalthea, Siſter to *Argaleon*	Mrs. *James.*
Doralice, Wife to *Rhodophil*	Mrs. *Marſhall.*
Melantha, an affected Lady	Mrs. *Bowtell.*
Philotis, Woman to *Melantha*	Mrs. *Reeve.*
Beliſa, Woman to *Doralice*	Mrs. *Slade.*
Artemis, a Court Lady	Mrs. *Uphill.*

Scene, *SICILIE.*

MARRIAGE

MARRIAGE A-la-Mode.

ACT I. SCENE I. *Walks near the Court.*

Enter Doralice *and* Beliza.

Dor. BEliza, bring the Lute into this Arbour: the Walks are empty; I would try the Song the Princeſs *Amalthea* bid me learn.

[*They go in, and Sing.*

1.

WHy ſhould a fooliſh Marriage Vow,
Which long ago was made,
Oblige us to each other now
When Paſſion is decay'd?
We lov'd, and we lov'd, as long as we cou'd,
Till our Love was lov'd out in us both:
But our Marriage is dead, when the Pleaſure is fled:
'Twas Pleaſure firſt made it an Oath.

2.

If I have Pleaſures for a Friend,
And farther Love in ſtore,
What Wrong has he whoſe Joys did end,
And who cou'd give no more?
'Tis a Madneſs that he ſhould be jealous of me,
Or that I ſhou'd bar him of another:
For all we can gain, is to give our ſelves Pain,
When neither can hinder the other.

Enter Palamede, *in Riding Habit, and hears the Song. Re-enter* Doralice *and* Beliza.

Bel. Madam, a Stranger.

Dor. I did not think to have had Witneſſes of my bad Singing.

Pala. If I have err'd, Madam, I hope you'l pardon the Curioſity of a Stranger; for I may well call my ſelf ſo, after five Years Abſence from the Court: But you have freed me from one Errour.

Dor. What's that I beſeech you?

Pala. I thought good Voices and ill Faces, had been inſeparable; and that to be fair and ſing well, had been only the Priviledge of Angels.

Dor. And how many more of theſe fine things can you ſay to me?

Pala. Very few, Madam; for if I ſhould continue to ſee you ſome Hours longer, you look ſo killingly, that I ſhould be mute with Wonder.

Dor. This will not give you the Reputation of a Wit with me: You travelling Monſieurs livs upon the Stock you have got abroad, for the firſt Day or two: To repeat with a good Memory, and apply with a good Grace, is all your Wit. And, commonly, your Gullets are ſew'd up, like Cormorants: When you have re-gorg'd what you have taken in, you are the leaneſt things in Nature.

Pa'a.

Pala. Then, Madam, I think you had beſt make that uſe of me; let me wait on you for two or three Days together, and you ſhall hear all I have learnt of extraordinary in other Countreys: And one thing which I never ſaw till I came home; that is, a Lady of a better Voice, better Face, and better Wit, than any I have ſeen abroad. And, after this, if I ſhould not declare my ſelf moſt paſſionately in Love with you, I ſhould have leſs Wit than yet you think I have.

Dor. A very plain, and pithy Declaration. I ſee, Sir, you have been travelling in *Spain* or *Italy*, or ſome of the hot Countreys, where Men come to the Point immediately. But are you ſure theſe are not Words of courſe? for I would not give my poor Heart an occaſion of Complaint againſt me, that I engag'd it too raſhly, and then could not bring it off.

Pala. Your Heart may truſt it ſelf with me ſafely, I ſhall uſe it very civilly while it ſtays, and never turn it away, without fair Warning to provide for it ſelf.

Dor. Firſt, then, I do receive your Paſſion with as little Conſideration, on my part, as ever you gave it me, on yours. And now ſee what a miſerable Wretch you have made your ſelf.

Pala. Who, I miſerable? Thank you for that. Give me Love enough, and Life enough, and I defie *Fortune*.

Dor. Know then, thou Man of vain Imagination, know, to thy utter Confuſion, that I am virtuous.

Pala. Such another Word, and I give up the Ghoſt.

Dor. Then, to ſtrike you quite dead, know, that I am marry'd too.

Pala. Art thou marry'd; O thou damnable virtuous Woman?

Dor. Yes, marry'd to a Gentleman; young, handſome, rich, valiant, and with all the good Qualities that will make you deſpair and hang your ſelf.

Pala. Well, in ſpight of all that, I'll love you: *Fortune* has cut us out for one another; for I am to be marry'd within theſe three Days: Marry'd paſt Redemption, to a young, fair, rich, and virtuous Lady: And, it ſhall go hard, but I will love my Wife as little as I perceive you do your Husband.

Dor. Remember I invade no Propriety. My Servant you are only till you are marry'd.

Pala. In the mean time, you are to forget you have a Husband.

Dor. And you, that you are to have a Wife.

Bel. Aſide to her Lady. O Madam, my Lord's juſt at the end of the Walks; and, if you make not haſte, will diſcover you.

Dor. Some other time, new Servant, we'll talk farther of the Premiſes; in the mean while, break not my firſt Commandment, that is, not to follow me.

Pala. But where, then, ſhall I find you again?

Dor. At Court. Yours for two Days, Sir.

Pala. And Nights, I beſeech you, Madam.

[*Exit* Dorilice *and* Beliza.

Pala. Well, I'll ſay that for thee, thou art a very dextrous Executioner; thou haſt done my Buſineſs at one Stroke: Yet I muſt marry another ——— and yet I muſt love this; and if it lead me into ſome little Inconveniencies, as Jealouſies, and Duels, and Death, and ſo forth; yet while ſweet Love is in the Caſe, *Fortune* do thy worſt, and avant Mortality.

Enter Rhodophil, *who ſeems ſpeaking to one within.*

Rho. Leave 'em with my Lieutenant, while I fetch new Orders from the King. How? *Palamede!* [Sees *Palamede.*

Pala. Rhodophil!

Rho. Who thought to have ſeen you in *Sicily?*

Pala. Who thought to have found the Court ſo far from *Syracuſe?*

Rho. The King beſt knows the Reaſon of the Progreſs. But anſwer me, I beſeech you, what brought you home from Travel?

Pala. The Commands of an old rich Father.

Rho. And the hopes of burying him?

Pala. Both together, as you ſee, have prevail'd on my good Nature. In few words, My old Man has already marry'd me; for he has agreed with another old Man, as rich and as covetous as himſelf; the Articles are drawn, and I have given my Conſent, for fear of being diſ-inherited; and yet know not what kind of Woman I am to marry.

Rho. Sure your Father intends you ſome very ugly Wife; and has a mind to keep you in Ignorance, till you have ſhot the Gulf.

Pala.

Pala. I know not that; but obey I will, and muſt.

Rho. Then I cannot chuſe but grieve for all the good Girls and Curtizans of *France* and *Italy*: They have loſt the moſt kind-hearted, doting, prodigal, humble Servant in *Europe*.

Pala. All I could do in theſe three Years, I ſtay'd behind you, was to comfort the poor Creatures, for the loſs of you. But what's the Reaſon that, in all this time, a Friend could never hear from you?

Rho. Alaſs, dear *Palamede*, I have had no Joy to write, nor indeed to do any thing in the World to pleaſe me: The greateſt Misfortune imaginable is faln upon me.

Pala. Prithee, what's the Matter?

Rho. In one word, I am marry'd; wretchedly marry'd; and have been, above theſe two Years. Yes, faith, the Devil has had Power over me, in ſpight of my Vows and Reſolutions to the contrary.

Pala. I find you have ſold your ſelf for filthy Lucre; ſhe's old, or ill-condition'd.

Rho. No, none of theſe: I'm ſure, ſhe's young; and, for her Humour, ſhe laughs, ſings, and dances eternally; and, which is more, we never quarrel about it, for I do the ſame.

Pala. You're very unfortunate indeed: Then the Caſe is plain, ſhe is not handſome.

Rho. A great Beauty too, as People ſay.

Pala. As People ſay? Why, you ſhould know beſt that your ſelf.

Rho. Ask thoſe, who have ſmelt to a ſtrong Perfume two Years together, what's the Scent.

Pala. But here are good Qualities enough for one Woman.

Rho. Ay, too many, *Palamede*; if I could put 'em into three or four Women, I ſhould be content.

Pala. O, now I have found it; you diſlike her for no other Reaſon, but becauſe ſhe's your Wife.

Rho. And is not that enough? All that I know of her Perfections now, is only by Memory. I remember, indeed, that about two Years ago I lov'd her paſſionately; but thoſe golden Days are gone, *Palamede*: Yet I lov'd her a whole half Year, double the natural Term of any Miſtriſs, and think in my Conſcience I could have held out another Quarter; but then the World began to laugh at me, and a certain ſhame of being out of Faſhion, ſeiz'd me: At laſt, we arriv'd at that Point, that there was nothing left in us to make us new to one another: Yet ſtill I ſet a good Face upon the matter, and am infinite fond of her before Company; but, when we are alone, we walk like Lions in a Room, ſhe one way, and I another: And we lie with our Backs to each other ſo far diſtant, as if the faſhion of great Beds was only invented, to keep Husband and Wife ſufficiently aſunder.

Pala. The Truth is, your Diſeaſe is very deſperate; but, though you cannot be cur'd, you may be patch'd up a little; you muſt get you a Miſtriſs, *Rhodophil*. That, indeed, is living upon Cordials; but, as faſt as one fails, you muſt ſupply it with another. You're like a Gameſter, who has loſt his Eſtate; yet, in doing that, you have learn'd the Advantages of Play, and can arrive to live upon't.

Rho. Truth is, I have been thinking on't, and have juſt reſolv'd to take your Counſel; and, faith, conſidering the damn'd Diſadvantages of a marry'd Man, I have provided well enough for a poor humble Sinner, that is not ambitious of great Matters.

Pala. What is ſhe, for a Woman?

Rho. One of the Stars of *Syracuſe*, I aſſure you: Young enough, fair enough, and, but for one Quality, juſt ſuch a Woman as I would wiſh.

Pala. O Friend, this is not an Age to be critical in Beauty: When we had good ſtore of handſome Women, and but few Chapmen, you might have been more curious in your Choice; but now the Price is enhanc'd upon us, and all Mankind ſet up for Miſtriſſes; ſo that poor little Creatures, without Beauty, Birth, or Breeding, but only Impudence, go off at unreaſonable Rates; and a Man, in theſe hard Times, ſnaps at 'em, as he does at Broad-Gold, never examines the Weight, but takes light, or heavy, as he can get it.

Rho. But my Miſtriſs has one Fault, that's almoſt unpardonable; for, being a Town-Lady, without any Relation to the Court, yet ſhe thinks her ſelf undone,

if ſhe be not ſeen three or four times a Day, with the Princeſs *Amalthea*. And for the King, ſhe haunts, and watches him ſo narrowly in a Morning, that ſhe prevents even the Chymiſts, who beſet his Chamber, to turn their Mercury into his Gold.

Pala. Yet, hitherto, me-thinks, you are no very unhappy Man.

Rho. With all this, ſhe's the greateſt Goſſip in Nature: For, beſides the Court, ſhe's the moſt eternal Viſiter of the Town; and yet manages her time ſo well, that ſhe ſeems ubiquitary. For my part, I can compare to her nothing but the Sun; for, like him, ſhe takes no reſt, nor ever ſets in one place, but to riſe in another.

Pala. I confeſs ſhe had need be Handſome with theſe Qualities.

Rho. No Lady can be ſo curious of a new Faſhion, as ſhe is of a new *French*-Word; ſhe's the very Mint of the Nation; and as faſt as any Bullion comes out of *France*, coines it immediately into our Language.

Pala. And her Name is———

Rho. No Naming; that's not like a Cavalier:
Find her, if you can, by my deſcription; and I am not ſo ill a Painter, that I need write the Name beneath the Picture.

Pala. Well, then, how far have you proceeded in your Love?

Rho. 'Tis yet in the Bud, and what Fruit it may bear I cannot tell; for this inſufferable Humour, of haunting the Court, is ſo predominant, that ſhe has hitherto broken all her Aſſignations with me, for fear of miſſing her Viſits there.

Pala. That's the hardeſt part of your Adventure: But, for ought I ſee, Fortune has us'd us both alike; I have a ſtrange kind of Miſtriſs too in Court, beſides her I am to Marry.

Rho. You have made haſte to be in Love then; for, if I am not miſtaken, you are but this day arriv'd.

Pala. That's all one; I have ſeen the Lady already, who has charm'd me, ſeen her in theſe Walks, courted her, and receiv'd, for the firſt time, an Anſwer that does not put me into deſpair.

To them, Argaleon, Amalthea, Artemis.

I'll tell you at more leiſure my adventures. The Walks fill apace, I ſee. Stay, is not that the young Lord *Argaleon*, the Kings Favorite?

Rho. Yes, and as Proud as ever, as Ambitious, and as Revengeful.

Pala. How keeps he the Kings Favour with theſe Qualities?

Rho. Argaleon's Father help'd him to the Crown; beſides, he gilds over all his Voices to the King, and ſtanding in the dark to him, ſees all his Inclinations, Intereſts and Humours, which he ſo times and ſooths, that, in effect, he Reigns.

Pala. His Siſter *Amalthea*, who, I gheſs, ſtands by him, ſeems not to be of his temper.

Rho. O, ſhe's all Goodneſs and Generoſity.

Arga. Rhodophil, the King expects you earneſtly.

Rho. 'Tis done, my Lord, what he Commanded: I only waited his return from Hunting. Shall I attend your Lordſhip to him?

Arga. No; I go firſt another way. [*Exit haſtily.*

Pala. He ſeems in haſte, and diſcompos'd.

Amal. To Rhod. *after a ſhort whiſper.* Your friend? then he muſt needs be of much merit.

Rho. When he has Kiſs'd the King's Hand, I know he'll beg the Honour to Kiſs yours. Come, *Palamede.* [*Exeunt* Rhodo. *and* Pala. *bowing to* Amal.

Arte. Madam, you tell me moſt ſurprizing News.

Amal The fear of it, you ſee,
Has diſcompos'd my Brother; but to me
All that can bring my Country good, is welcome.

Arte. It ſeems incredible, that this old King,
Whom all the World thought Childleſs,
Should come to ſearch the fartheſt parts of *Sicily*,
In hope to find an Heir.

Amal. To leſſen your Aſtoniſhment, I will
Unfold ſome Private Paſſages of State,
Of which you yet are ignorant: Know, firſt,

That

That this *Polydamas*, who Reigns, unjuſtly
Gain'd the Crown.
Arte. Somewhat of this I have confus'dly heard.
Amal. I'll tell you all in brief: *Theagenes*,
Our laſt great King,
Had, by his Queen, one only Son, an Infant
Of three years old, call'd, after him, *Theagenes*.
The General, this *Polydamas*, then Marri'd:
The publick Feaſts for which were ſcarcly paſt,
When a Rebelion in the heart of *Sicily*
Call'd out the King to Arms.
Arte. ——————*Polydamas*
Had then a juſt excuſe to ſtay behind.
Amal. His Temper was too Warlike to accept it:
He left his Bride, and the new Joys of Marriage,
And follow'd to the Feild. In ſhort, they fought;
The Rebels were o'rcome: but in the Fight
The too bold King receiv'd a Mortal Wound.
When he perceiv'd his end aproaching near,
He call'd the General, to whoſe care he left
His Widow Queen, and Orphan Son; then dy'd.
Arte. Then falſe *Polydamas* betray'd his truſt?
Amal. He did; and with my Father's help, for which
Heav'n pardon him, ſo gain'd the Soldiers Hearts,
That in few days he was ſaluted King:
And when his Crimes had Impudence enough
To bear the Eye of day,
He march'd his Army back to *Syracuſe*.
But ſee how heav'n can puniſh Wicked Men,
In granting their Deſires: The News was brought him,
That day he was to enter it, that *Eubulus*,
Whom his dead Maſter had left Governour,
Was fled, and with him bore away the Queen,
And Royal Orphan; but, what more amaz'd him,
His Wife, now big with Child, and much deteſting
Her Husband's Practices, had willingly
Accompani'd their flight.
Arte. How I admire her Virtue!
Amal. ——————What became
Of her, and them, ſince that, was never known;
Only, ſome few days ſince, a famous Robber
Was taken with ſome Jewels of vaſt Price,
Which, when they were delivered to the King,
He knew had been his Wife's; with theſe, a Letter,
Much torn, and ſulli'd, but which yet he knew
To be her Writing.
Arte. ——————Sure from hence he learn'd
he had a Son.
Amal. ——————It was not left ſo plain:
The Paper only ſaid, ſhe dy'd in Childbed:
But when it ſhould have mention'd Son, or Daughter,
Juſt there it was torn off.
Arte. ——————Madam, the King.
[*To them*, Polydamas, Argaleon, *Guard and Attendants.*
Arga. The Robber, though thrice Rack'd, confeſs'd no more,
But that he took thoſe Jewels near this place.
Poly. But yet the Circumſtances ſtrongly argue,
That thoſe, for whom I ſearch, are not far off.
Arga. I cannot eaſily believe it.
Arte. ——————No,
You would not have it ſo. [*aſide.*
Poly. Thoſe I employ'd, have, in the Neighbouring Hamlet,

Amongſt the Fiſhers Cabins, made diſcovery
Of ſome young Perſons, whoſe uncommon Beauty,
And graceful Carriage, make it ſeem ſuſpicious
They are not what they ſeem: I therefore ſent
The Captain of my Guards, this morning early,
With Orders to ſecure and bring 'em to me.
Enter Rhodophil *and* Palamede.
O here he is. Have you perform'd my will?
Rho. Sir, thoſe whom you commanded me to bring,
Are waiting in the Walks.
Poly.——— Conduct 'em hither.
Rho. Firſt, give me leave
To beg your notice of this Gentleman.
Poly. He ſeems to merit it. His Name, and Quality?
Rho. Palamede, ſon to Lord *Cleodemus* of *Palermo*,
And new return'd from travel. [Pal. *approaches, and kneels to kiſs the King's Hand.*
Poly.——— You're welcome.
I knew your Father well, he was both brave
And honeſt; we Two once were Fellow-ſoldiers
In the laſt Civil Wars.
Pala. I bring the ſame unqueſtion'd Honeſty
And Zeal to ſerve your Majeſty, the Courage
You were pleaſed to praiſe in him,
Your Royal Prudence, and your Peoples Love,
Will never give me leave to try like him
In Civil Wars, I hope it may in Foreign.
Poly. Attend the Court, and it ſhall be my Care
To find out ſome Employment, worthy you.
Go, *Rhodophil*, and bring in thoſe without. [*Exeunt.* Rho. & Pala.
[Rhodophil *returns again immediatly, and with him Enter* Hermogenes, Leonidas, *and* Palmyra.
Behold Two Miracles! [*Looking earneſtly on* Leon. *and* Palmyra.
Of different Sexes, but of equal form:
So Matchleſs both, that my divided Soul
Can ſcarcely ask the Gods a Son or Daughter,
For fear of loſing one. If from your Hands,
You Powers, I ſhall this day receive a Daughter,
Argaleon, ſhe is yours; but but, if a Son,
Then *Amalthea*'s Love ſhall make him happy.
Arga. Grant, Heav'n, this admirable Nymph may prove
That Iſſue which he ſeeks.
Amal. Venus Urania, if thou art a Goddeſs,
Grant that ſweet Youth may prove the Prince of *Sicily*.
Poly. Tell me, Old Man, and tell me true, from whence [*To* Herm.
Had you that Youth and Maid?
Her.——— From whence you had
Your Scepter, Sir: I had 'em from the Gods.
Poly. The Gods then have not ſuch another Gift.
Say who their Parents were.
Her.——— My Wife, and I.
Arga. It is not likely, a Virgin of ſo excellent a Beauty
Should come from ſuch a Stock.
Amal. Much leſs, that ſuch a Youth, ſo ſweet, ſo graceful,
Should be produc'd from Peaſants.
Her. Why, Nature is the ſame in Villages,
And much more fit to form a noble Iſſue,
Where it is leaſt corrupted.
Poly. He talks too like a Man that knew the World
To have ben long a Peaſant. But the Rack
Will teach him other Language. Hence with him. { *As the Guard are carrying him away his Perruke falls off.*
Sure I have ſeen that Face before. *Hermogues*!
'Tis he, 'tis he who fled away with *Eubulus*,
And with my Dear *Eudoxia*.

Her.

Her. Yes, Sir, I am *Hermogenes*.
And if to have been Loyal be a Crime,
I ſtand prepar'd to ſuffer.
Poly. If thou would'ſt live, ſpeak quickly,
What is become of my *Eudoxia*?
Where is the Queen and young *Theagenes*?
Where *Eubulus*? and which of theſe is mine? [*Pointing to* Leon. *and* Palm
Her. Eudoxia is dead, ſo is the Queen;
The Infant King her Son, and *Eubulus*.
Poly. Traitor, 'tis falſe: Produce 'em, or———
Her.———Once more
I tell you, they are dead; but leave to threaten,
For you ſhall know no farther.
Poly. Then prove indulgent to my Hopes, and be
My Friend for ever. Tell me, good *Hermogenes*,
Whoſe Son is that brave Youth?
Her———Sir, he is yours.
Poly. Fool that I am, thou ſee'ſt that ſo I wiſh it;
And ſo thou flatter'ſt me.
Her.———By all that's holy.
Poly. Again. Thou canſt not ſwear too deeply.
Yet hold, I will believe thee:——yet I doubt.
Her. You need not, Sir.
Arga. Believe him not; he ſees you Credulous,
And would impoſe his own Baſe Iſſue on you,
And fix it to your Crown.
Amal. Behold his goodly Shape and feature, Sir,
Methinks he much reſembles you.
Arga. I ſay, if you have any Iſſue here,
It muſt be that fair Creature:
By all my hopes I think ſo.
Amal. Yes, Brother, I believe you by your Hopes;
For they are all for her.
Poly.———Call the Youth nearer.
Her. Leonidas, the King would ſpeak with you.
Poly. Come near, and be not dazled with the Splendour
And Greatneſs of a Court.
Leon. I need not this Incouragement.
I can fear nothing but the Gods.
And for this Glory, after I have ſeen
The Canopy of State ſpread wide above
In the Abyſs of Heaven, the Court of Stars,
The bluſhing Morning, and the riſing Sun,
What greater can I ſee?
Poly. This ſpeaks thee born a Prince; thou art thy ſelf [*Embracing him.*
That riſing Sun, and ſhalt not ſee on Earth
A brighter then thy ſelf.——All of you, Witneſs,
That for my Son I here receive this Youth,
This brave, this———but I muſt not praiſe him farther,
Becauſe he now is mine.
Leon. I wonnot, Sir, believe [*Kneeling.*
That I am made your Sport;
For I find nothing in my ſelf, but what
Is much above a Scorn; I dare give credit
To whatſoe'er a King, like you, can tell me.
Either I am, or will deſerve to be, your Son.
Arga. I yet maintain it is impoſſible
This young Man ſhould be yours; for, if he were,
Why ſhould *Hermogenes* ſo long conceal him,
When he might gain ſo much by his Diſcovery?
Her. I ſtaid a while to make him worthy, [*To the King.*
Sir, of you.
But in that time I found
Somewhat within him, which ſo mov'd my Love,

I never could reſolve to part with him.
Leon. You ask too many Queſtions, and are [*To* Argaleon.
Too Saucy for a Subject.
Arga. You rather over-act your part, and are
Too ſoon a Prince.
Leon. ——————Too ſoon you'll find me one.
Poly. Enough, *Argaleon*;
I have declar'd him mine: And you, *Leonidas*,
Live well with him I Love.
Arga. Sir, if he be your Son, I may have leave
To think your Queen had Twins: Look on this Virgin;
Hermogenes would enviouſly deprive you
Of half your Treaſure.
Her.——————Sir, ſhe is my Daughter.
I could, perhaps, thus aided by this Lord,
Prefer her to be yours; but Truth forbid
I ſhould procure her Greatneſs by a Lie.
Poly. Come hither, Beauteous Maid: Are you not ſorry,
Your Father will not let you paſs for mine?
Palm. I am content to be what Heav'n has made me.
Poly. Could you not wiſh your ſelf a Princeſs then?
Palm. Not to be Siſter to *Leonidas*.
Poly. Why, my ſweet Maid?
Palm. ——————Indeed I cannot tell;
But I could be content to be his Hand-maid.
Arga. I wiſh I had not ſeen her. [*Aſide.*
Palm. I muſt weep for your good Fortune; [*To* Leonidas.
Pray Pardon me, indeed I cannot help it,
Leonidas, (alas, I had forgot,
Now I muſt call you Prince;) but muſt I leave you?
Leon. I dare not ſpeak to to her, for if I ſhould, [*Aſide.*
I muſt weep too.
Poly. No, you ſhall live at Court, ſweet Innocence,
And ſee him here. *Hermogenes*,
Though you intended not to make me Happy,
Yet you ſhall be rewarded for th' event.
Come, my *Leonidas*, let's thank the Gods;
Thou for a Father, I for ſuch a Son. [*Exeunt all but* Leon. *and* Palm.
Leon. My dear *Palmyra*, many Eyes obſerve me,
And I have Thoughts ſo tender, that I cannot
In publick ſpeak 'em to you: Some Hours hence
I ſhall ſhake off theſe Crowds of fawing Courtiers,
And then—————— [*Exit* Leonidas.
Palm. Fly ſwift, you Hours, you meaſure Time for me in vain,
Till you bring back *Leonidas* again.
Be ſhorter now; and to redeem that wrong,
When he and I are met, be twice as long. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Melantha *and* Philotis.

Phil. COunt *Rhodophil*'s a fine Gentleman indeed, Madam,
and I think deſerves your Affection.
Mel. Let me die, but he's a fine Man; he Sings and Dances *en Francois*, and writes the *Billets doux* to a Miracle.
Phil. And thoſe are no ſmall Talents, to a Lady that underſtands, and values the *French* Ayr, as your Ladyſhip does.
Mel. How charming is the *French* Ayr! and what an *etourdybete* is one of our untravell'd Iſlanders! When we would make his Court to me, let me die, but he is juſt *Æſop*'s Aſs, that would imitate the Courtly *French* in his Addreſſes, but inſtead of thoſe, comes pawing upon me, and doing all things ſo *mal a droitly*.

Phil.

Phil. 'Tis great pity *Rhodophil*'s a Married Man, that you may not have an Honourable Intrigue with him.

Mel. Intrigue, *Philotis*! that's an old Phraſe; I have laid that word by: *Amour* ſounds better. But thou art Heir to all my Caſt words, as thou art to my old Wardrobe. Oh Count *Rhodophil*! Ah *mon cher*! I could Live and Die with him.

Enter Palamede *and a Servant.*

Serv. Sir, This is my Lady.

Pala. Then this is ſhe that is to be Divine, and Nymph, and Goddeſs, and with whom I am to be deſperately in love. [*Bows to her, delivering a Letter.*

This Letter, Madam, which I preſent you from your Father, has given me both the happy opportunity, and the boldneſs, to kiſs the faireſt Hands in *Sicily*.

Mel. Came you lately from *Palermo*, Sir?

Pala. But yeſterday, Madam.

Mel. [Reading the Letter] *Daughter, receive the bearer of this Letter, as a Gentleman whom I have choſen to make you Happy*; (O *Venus*, a new Servant ſent! me and let me die, but he has the Ayre of a gallant *Homme*) *his Father is the rich Lord* Cleodemus, *our Neighbour: I ſuppoſe you'll find nothing diſagreeable in his Perſon or his Converſe; both which he has improv'd by Travel. The Treaty is already concluded; and I ſhall be in Town within theſe Three days; ſo that you have nothing to do, but to obey your careful Father.*

[*To* Pala.] Sir, my Father, for whom I have a blind Obedience, has commanded me to receive your paſſionate Addreſſes; but you muſt alſo give me leave to Avow, that I cannot merit 'em from ſo accompliſh'd a Cavalier.

Pala. I want many things, Madam, to render me accompliſh'd; and the firſt and greateſt of 'em, is your Favour.

Mel. Let me die, *Philotis*, but this is extreamly *French*; but yet Count *Rhodophil*———A Gentleman, Sir, that underſtands the *Grand mond* ſo well, who has haunted the beſt Converſations, and who (in ſhort) has Voyag'd, may pretend to the good Graces of any Lady.

Pala. (*Aſide.*) Hey day! *Grand mond! Converſation! Voyag'd!* and *Good Graces!* I find my Miſtriſs is one of thoſe that run mad in new *French* words.

Mel. I ſuppoſe, Sir, you have made the *Tour* of *France*; and having ſeen all that's fine there, will make a conſiderable Reformation in the Rudeneſs of our Court: For, let me die, but an unfaſhion'd, untravell'd meer *Sicilian*, is a *Bete*, and has nothing in the World of an *honete homme*.

Pala. I muſt confeſs, Madam, that———

Mel. And what new *Minouets* have you brought over with you? Their *Minouets* are to a Miracle! and our *Sicilian* Jigs are ſo dull and ſad to 'em!

Pala. For *Minouets*, Madam———

Mel. And what new Plays are there in Vogue? And who Danc'd beſt in the laſt Grand Ballet? Come, ſweet Servant, you ſhall tell me all.

Pala. [*Aſide.*] Tell her all? Why, ſhe asks all, and will hear nothing——To Anſwer in order, Madam, to your Demands——

Mel. I am thinking what a happy Couple we ſhall be! For you ſhall keep up your Correſpondence abroad; and every thing that's new writ, in *France*, and fine, I mean, all that's delicate, and *bien tourné*, we will have firſt.

Pala. But, Madam, our Fortune———

Mel. I underſtand you, Sir; you'l leave that to me: For the mennage of a Family, I know it better than any Lady in *Sicily*.

Pala. Alas, Madam, we———

Mel. Then, we will never make Viſits together, nor ſee a Play, but always apart; you ſhall be every day at the King's *Levé*, and I at the Queen's; and we will never meet, but in the Drawing-Room.

Phil. Madam, the new Prince is juſt paſt by the end of the Walk.

Mel. The new Prince, ſay'ſt thou? Adieu, dear Servant; I have not made my Court to him theſe two long Hours. O, tis the ſweeteſt Prince! ſo Obligeant, Charmant, Raviſſant, that – Well, I'll make haſte to kiſs his Hands; and then make half a ſcore Viſits more, and be with you again in a twinkling. { *Exit running with* Philotis.

Pala. [*Solus.*] Now, Heaven, of thy Mercy, Bleſs me from this Tongue; it may keep the Field againſt a whole Army of Lawyers, and that in their own Language, *French Gibberiſh*. 'Tis true, in the day-time, 'tis tolerable, when a Man has Field-room to run from it; but, to be ſhut up in a

Bed

Bed with her, like two Cocks in a Pit, Humanity cannot ſupport it: I muſt Kiſs all night in my own Defence, and hold her down, like a Boy at Cuffs; nay, and give her the Riſing-blow every time ſhe begins to ſpeak.

Enter Rhodophil.

But here comes *Rhodophil*. 'Tis pretty odd, that my Miſtriſs ſhould ſo much reſemble his: The ſame News-monger, the ſame paſſionate Lover of a Court, the ſame———But *Baſta*, ſince I muſt Marry her, I'll ſay nothing, becauſe he ſhall not laugh at my misfortune.

Rho. Well, *Palamede*, How go the affairs of Love? You've ſeen your Miſtriſs?

Pala. I have ſo.

Rho. And how, and how? Has the old *Cupid*, your Father, choſen well for you? Is he a good Woodman?

Pala. She's much handſomer than I could have imagin'd: In ſhort, I love her, and will Marry her.

Rho. Then you are quite off from your other Miſtriſs?

Pala. You are Miſtaken, I intend to love 'em both, as a reaſonable Man ought to do. For, ſince all Women have their Faults, and Imperfections, 'tis fit that one of 'em ſhould help out 'tother.

Rho. This were a Bleſſed Doctrine, indeed, if our Wives would hear it; but, they're their own Enemies: If they would ſuffer us but now and then to make Excurſions, the benefit of our variety would be theirs; inſtead of one continu'd, lazy, tir'd Love, they would, in their turns, have twenty vigorous, freſh, and active Loves.

Pala. And I would ask any of 'em, Whether a poor narrow Brook, half dry the beſt part of the Year, and running ever one way, be to be compar'd to a luſty Stream, that has Ebbs and Flows?

Rho. Ay; or is half ſo profitable for Navigation.

Enter Doralice, *walking by, and Reading.*

Pala. Ods my life, *Rhodophil*, will you keep my Counſel?

Rho. Yes: Where's the Secret?

Pala. There 'tis. [*Showing* Doralice.

I may tell you, as my Friend, *ſub ſigillo*, &c. This is that very numerical Lady with whom I am in Love.

Rho. By all that's Virtuous, my Wife! [*Aſide.*

Pala. You look ſtrangely: How do you like her? Is ſhe not very Handſome?

Rho. Sure he abuſes me. [*Aſide.*

Why the Devil do you ask my Judgment? [*To him.*

Pala. You are ſo dogged now, you think no Man's Miſtriſs handſome, but your own. Come, you ſhall hear her Talk too; ſhe has Wit, I aſſure you.

Rho. This is too much, *Palamede*. [*Going back.*

Pala. Prithee do not hang back ſo: Of an old try'd Lover, thou art the moſt baſhful Fellow! [*Pulling him forward.*

Dor. Were you ſo near, and would not ſpeak, dear Husband. [*Looking up.*

Pala. Husband, quoth-a! I have cut out a fine piece of Work for my ſelf. [*Aſide.*

Rho. Pray, Spouſe, How long have you been acquainted with this Gentleman?

Dor. Who, I acquainted with this Stranger?

To my beſt knowledge, I never ſaw him before.

Enter Melantha, *at the other end.*

Pala. Thanks, Fortune, thou haſt help'd me. [*Aſide.*

Rho. *Palamede*, this muſt not paſs ſo: I muſt know your Miſtriſs a little better.

Pala. It ſhall be your own fault elſe. Come, I'll introduce you.

Rho. Introduce me! where?

Pala. There, to my Miſtriſs. { *Pointing to* Melantha, *who ſwiftly paſſes over the Stage.*

Rho. Who? *Melantha!*

O Heavens, I did not ſee her.

Pala. But I did: I am an *Eagle* where I love;

I have ſeen her this half Hour.

Dor. [*Aſide.*] I find he has Wit, he has got off ſo readily; but it would anger me, if he ſhould love *Melantha*.

Rho. [*Aſide*] Now I could e'en wiſh it were my Wife he lov'd: I find he's to be Marry'd to my Miſtriſs.

Pala.

Pala. Shall I run after, and fetch her back again, to preſent you to her?

Rho. No, you need not; I have the Honour to have ſome ſmall acquaintance with her.

Pala. [*Aſide.*] O *Jupiter*! What a Blockhead was I, not to find it out! My Wife that muſt be, is his Miſtriſs. I did a little ſuſpect it before; well, I muſt Marry her, becauſe ſhe's handſom, and becauſe I hate to be diſ-inherited for a younger Brother, which I am ſure I ſhall be if I diſobey; and yet I muſt keep in with *Rhodophil*, becauſe I love his Wife.

[*To Rhodo.*] I muſt deſire you to make my excuſe to your Lady, if I have been ſo unfortunate to cauſe any miſtake; and withal, to beg the Honour of being known to her.

Rho. O, that's but Reaſon. Hark you, Spouſe, Pray look upon this Gentleman as my Friend; whom, to my knowledge, you have never ſeen before this hour.

Dor. I'm ſo Obedient a Wife, Sir, that my Husband's Commands ſhall ever be a Law to me.

Enter Melantha *again, haſtily, and runs to embrace* Doralice.

Mela. O, my Dear, I was juſt going to pay my Devoirs to you; I had not time this Morning, for making my Court to the King, and our new Prince. Well, never Nation was ſo happy, and all that, in a young Prince; and he's the kindeſt Perſon in the World to me, let me die, if he is not.

Dor. He has been bred up far from Court, and therefore———

Mel. That imports not: Though he has not ſeen the *Grand mond*, and all that, let me die but he has the Ayr of the Court, moſt abſolutely.

Pala. But yet, Madam, he———

Mel. O, Servant, you can teſtifie that I am in his good Graces. Well, I cannot ſtay long with you, becauſe I have promis'd him this Afternoon to——— But hark you, my Dear, I'll tell you a Secret. [*Whiſpers to* Doralice.

Rho. The Devil's in me, that I muſt love this Woman. [*Aſide.*

Pala. The Devil's in me that I muſt Marry this Woman. [*Aſide.*

Mel. [*Raiſing her voice.*] So the Prince and I———But you muſt make a Secret of this, my Dear, for I would not for the World your Husband ſhould hear it, or my Tyrant there, that muſt be.

Pala. Well, Fair Impertinenr; your Whiſper is not loſt, we hear you. [*Aſide*

Dor. I underſtand then, that———

Mel. I'll tell you, my Dear, the Prince took me by the Hand, and preſs'd it *al a derobbée*, becauſe the King was near, made the *doux yeux* to me, and, *in ſuitte*, ſaid a thouſand Gallantries, or let me die, my Dear.

Dor. Then I am ſure you——

Mel. You are miſtaken, my Dear.

Dor. What, before I ſpeak?

Mel. But I know your meaning; you think, my Dear, that I aſſum'd ſomething of *fierté* into my Countenance, to *rebute* him; but, quite contrary, I regarded him, I know not how to expreſs it in our dull *Sicilian* Language, *d'un ayr enjouné*; and ſaid nothing but *ad autre, ad autre*, and that it was all Grimace, and would not paſs upon me.

Enter Artemis: Melantha *ſees her, and runs away from* Doralice.

[*To Artemis.*] My Dear, I muſt beg your Pardon, I was juſt making a looſe from *Doralice*, to pay my Reſpects to you; Let me die, if I ever paſs time ſo agreeably as in your company, and if I would leave it for any Lady's in *Sicily*.

Arte. The Princeſs *Amalthea* is coming this way.

Enter Amalthea; Melantha *runs to her.*

Mel. O dear Madam! I have been at your Lodgings, in my new *Galeche*, ſo often, to tell you of a new *Amour*, betwixt two Perſons, whom you would little ſuſpect for it; that, let me die, if one of my Coach-Horſes be not Dead, and another quite tyr'd, and ſunk under the *Fatigue*.

Amal. O. *Melantha*, I can tell you news, the Prince is coming this way.

Mel. The Prince, O ſweet Prince! He and I are to——and I forgot it.——Your Pardon, ſweet Madam, for my Abruptneſs. Adieu, my Dears. Servant, *Rodophil*; Servant, Servant; Servant All. [*Exit running.*

Amal. Rodophil, a word with you. [*Whiſpers.*

[*Dor. to Pala.*] Why do you not follow your Miſtriſs, Sir?

Pala. Follow her? Why, at this rate ſhe'll be at the *Indies* within this half Hour.

Dor. However, if you can't follow her all day, you'll meet her at night, I hope?

Pala. But can you, in Charity, ſuffer me to be ſo Mortify'd, without affording me ſome Relief? If it be but to puniſh that Sign of a Husband there; that lazy Matrimony, that dull inſipid Taſte, who leaves ſuch delicious Fare at home, to Dine abroad on worſe Meat, and to pay dear for't into the Bargain.

Dor. All this is in vain: Aſſure your ſelf, I will never admit of any viſit from you in private.

Pala. That is to tell me, in other words, my Condition is deſperate.

Dor. I think you in ſo ill a Condition, that I am reſolved to pray for you, this very Evening, in the cloſe Walk, behind the Terras; for that's a private Place, and there I am ſure no body will diſturb my Devotions. And ſo, good-night, Sir. [*Exit.*

Pala. This is the neweſt way of making an Appointment, I ever heard of: Let Women alone to contrive the means; I find we are but Dunces to 'em. Well, I will not be ſo prophane a Wretch as to interrupt her Devotions; but to make 'em more effectual, I'll down upon my Knees, and endeavour to join my own with 'em. [*Exit.*

Amal. [*To Rodophil.*] I know already they do not love each other; and that my Brother acts but a forc'd Obedience to the King's Commands; ſo that, if a Quarrel ſhould ariſe betwixt the Prince and him, I were moſt miſerable on both ſides.

Rho. There ſhall be nothing wanting in me, Madam, to prevent ſo ſad a conſequence.

Enter the King, Leonidas; *the King whiſpers* Amalthea.

[*To himſelf.*] I begin to hate this *Palamede*, becauſe he is to Marry my Miſtriſs: yet break with him I dare not, for fear of being quite excluded from her company. 'Tis a hard caſe when a Man muſt go by his Rival to his Miſtriſs: But, 'tis at worſt but uſing him like a pair of heavy Boots in a dirty Journey; after I have foul'd him all Day, I'll throw him off at Night. [*Exit.*

[*Amal. to the King.*] This Honour is too great for me to hope.

Poly. You ſhall this Hour have the aſſurance of it.
Leonidas, come hither; you have heard,
I doubt not, that the Father of this Princeſs
Was my moſt faithful Friend, while I was yet
A private Man; and when I did aſſume
This Crown, he ſerv'd me in that high Attempt.
You ſee, then, to what Gratitude obliges me;
Make your Addreſſes to her.

Leon. Sir, I am yet too young to be a Courtier;
I ſhould too much betray my Ignorance,
And want of breeding, to ſo fair a Lady.

Amal. Your Language ſpeaks you not bred up in Deſarts,
But in the ſoftneſs of ſome *Aſian* Court,
Where Luxury and Eaſe invent kind words,
To cozen tender Virgins of their Hearts.

Poly. You need not doubt
But in what words ſoe'er a Prince can offer
His Crown and Perſon, they will be receiv'd.
You know my Pleaſure, and you know your Duty.

Leon. Yes, Sir, I ſhall Obey, in what I can.

Poly. In what you can, *Leonidas?* Conſider,
He's both your King and Father, who Commands you.
Beſides, What is there hard in my Injunction?

Leon. 'Tis hard to have my Inclination forc'd.
I would not Marry, Sir; and, when I do,
I hope you'll give me freedom in my Choice.

Poly. View well this Lady,
Whoſe Mind as much tranſcends her Beauteous Face,
As that excells all others.

Amal. My Beauty, as it ne'er could merit Love,
So neither can it beg: and, Sir, you may
Believe that, what the King has offer'd you,
I ſhould refuſe, did I not value more
Your Perſon than your Crown.

Leon.——————Think it not Pride,

Or-

Or my new Fortunes ſwell me to contemn you;
Think leſs, that I want Eyes to ſee your Beauty;
And leaſt of all, think Duty wanting in me
T'obey a Father's Will: But———
Poly. ——— ——— Buwhat, *Leonidas?*
For I muſt know your Reaſon; and be ſure
It be convincing too.
Leon. ———————Sir, ask the Stars,
Which have impos'd Love on us like a Fate,
Why, Minds are bent to one, and fly another?
Ask why all Beauties cannot move all Hearts
For though there may
Be made a Rule for Colour or for Feature;
There can be none for liking.
Poly. Leonidas, you owe me more
Than to oppoſe your Liking to my Pleaſure.
Leon. I owe you all things, Sir; but ſomething too
I owe my ſelf.
Poly. You ſhall diſpute no more; I am a King,
And I will be Obey'd.
Leon. You are a King, Sir, but you are no God;
Or if you were, you could not force my Will.
Poly. But you are juſt, you Gods; O you are juſt, [*Aſide.*
In puniſhing the Crimes of my Rebellion
With a Rebellious Son!
Yet I can puniſh him, as you do me.
Leonidas, there is no jeſting with
My Will: I ne'er had done ſo much to gain
A Crown, but to be Abſolute in all things.
Amal. O, Sir, be not ſo much a King, as to
Forget you are a Father: Soft Indulgence
Becomes that Name. Though Nature gives you Pow'r,
To bind his Duty, 'tis with ſilken Bonds:
Command him, then, as you Command your ſelf:
He is as much a part of you, as are
Your Appetite and Will, and thoſe you force not,
But gently bend, and make 'em pliant to your Reaſon.
Poly. It may be I have us'd too rough a way:
Forgive me, my *Leonidas*; I know
I lie as open to the guſts of Paſſion,
As the bare Shore to every beating Surge.
I will not force thee, now; but I intreat thee,
Abſolve a Father's Vow to this fair Virgin:
A Vow which hopes of having ſuch a Son
Firſt caus'd.
Leon. Show not my Diſobedience by your Pray'rs;
For I muſt ſtill deny you, though I now
Appear more guilty to my ſelf, than you.
I have ſome reaſons, which I cannot utter,
That force my Diſobedience; yet I mourn
To Death, that the firſt thing you e'er enjoin'd me,
Should be that only one Command in Nature
Which I could not obey.
Poly. I did deſcend too much below my ſelf
When I intreated him. Hence to thy Deſart,
Thou'rt not my Son, or art notfit to be.
Amal. Great Sir, I humbly beg you, make not me [*Kneeling*
The cauſe of your Diſpleaſure. I Abſolve
Your Vow: Far, far from me be ſuch Deſigns;
So wretched a Deſire of being Great,
By making him unhappy. You may ſee
Something ſo Noble in the Prince his Nature,
As grieves him more not to Obey, than you
That you are not Obey'd.

Poly. ——————Then, for your ſake,
I'll give him one day longer, to conſider,
Not to deny; for my Reſolves are firm
As Fate, that cannot change. [*Exeunt King and* Amal.
Leon. ——————And ſo are mine.
This Beauteous Princeſs, Charming as ſhe is,
Could never make me Happy: I muſt firſt
Be falſe to my *Palmyra*, and then wretched.
But, then, a Father's Anger!
Suppoſe he ſhould recede from his own Vow,
He never would permit me to keep mine.
Enter Palmyra; Argaleon *following her a little after.*
See, ſhe appears!
I'll think no more of any thing, but her.
Yet I have one Hour good e'er I am wretched.
But, Oh! *Argaleon* follows her! ſo night
Treads on the foot-ſteps of a Winter's Sun,
And ſtalks all Black behind him.
Palm. ——————O *Leonidas*,
(For I muſt call you ſtill by that dear name)
Free me from this bad Man.
Leon. I hope he dares not be injurious to you.
Arga. I rather was injurious to my ſelf,
Than her.
Leon. That muſt be judg'd when I hear what you ſaid.
Arga. I think you need not give your ſelf that trouble:
It concern'd us alone.
Leon. You anſwer ſawcily, and indirectly:
What Intereſt can you pretend in her?
Arga. It may be, Sir, I made her ſome Expreſſions
Which I would not repeat, becauſe they were
Below my Rank, to one of hers.
Leon. What did he ſay, *Palmyra*?
Palm. I'll tell you all: Firſt, he began to look,
And then he ſigh'd, and then he look'd again;
At laſt, he ſaid my Eyes wounded his Heart:
And, after that, he talk'd of Flames, and Fires,
And ſuch ſtrange words, that I believ'd he Conjur'd.
Leon. O my Heart! Leave me, *Argaleon.*
Arga. Come, ſweet *Palmyra*,
I will inſtruct you better in my meaning:
You ſee he would be private.
Leon. ——————Go your ſelf,
And leave her here.
Arga. ——————Alas, ſhe's ignorant,
And is not fit to Entertain a Prince.
Leon. Firſt learn what's fit for you; that's to obey.
Arga. I know my Duty is to wait on you.
A great King's Son, like you, ought to forget
Such mean Converſe.
Leon. ——————What? a Diſputing Subject?
Hence; or my Sword ſhall do me Juſtice, on thee.
Arga. Yet I may find a time—————— [*Going.*
Leon. ——————What's that you mutter. [*Going after him.*
To find a time?
Arga. ——————To wait on you again——————
[*Softly.*] In the mean while I'll watch you. [*Exit, and watches during the Scene.*
Leon. How precious are the Hours of Love in Courts!
In Cottages, where Love has all the day,
Full, and at Eaſe, he throws it half away.
Time gives himſelf, and is not valu'd, there;
But ſells, at mighty Rates, each Minute, here.

There

There, he is lazy, unemploy'd, and ſlow;
Here, he's more ſwift; and yet has more to do.
So many of his Hours in publick move,
That few are left for Privacy, and Love.
Palm. The Sun, methinks, ſhines faint and dimly, here;
Light is not half ſo long, nor half ſo clear.
But, Oh! when every day was yours and mine,
How early up! what haſte he made to ſhine!
Leon. Such golden Days no Prince muſt hope to ſee;
Whoſe ev'ry Subject is more bleſt than he.
Palm. Do you remember, when their Tasks were done,
How all the Youth did to our Cottage run?
While Winter-winds were whiſtling loud without,
Our chearful Hearth was circled round about:
With Strokes in Aſhes, Maids their Lovers drew;
And ſtill you fell to me, and I to you.
Leon. When Love did of my Heart poſſeſſion take,
I was ſo young, my Soul was ſcarce awake:
I cannot tell when firſt I thought you fair;
But ſuck'd in Love, inſenſibly as Air.
Palm. I know too well when firſt my Love began,
When, at our Wake, you for the Chaplet ran:
Then I was made the Lady of the May,
And, with the Garland, at the Goal, did ſtay.
Still, as you ran, I kept you full in view;
I hop'd, and wiſh'd, and ran, methought, for you.
As you came near, I haſtily did riſe,
And ſtretch'd my Arm out-right, that held the Prize.
The Cuſtom was to kiſs whom I ſhould crown:
You kneel'd, and, in my Lap, your Head laid down.
I bluſh'd, and bluſh'd, and did the Kiſs delay:
At laſt, my Subjects forc'd me to obey;
But, when I gave the Crown, and then the Kiſs,
I ſcarce had Breath to ſay, take that——and this.
Leon. I felt, the while, a pleaſing kind of Smart;
The Kiſs went, tingling, to my very Heart.
When it was gone, the Senſe of it did ſtay;
The Sweetneſs cling'd upon my Lips all Day,
Like drops of Honey, loath to fall away.
Palm. Life, like a Prodigal, gave all his Store
To my firſt Youth, and now can give no more.
You are a Prince; and, in that high Degree,
No longer muſt converſe with humble me.
Leon. 'Twas to my loſs the Gods that Title gave;
A Tyrant's Son is doubly born a Slave:
He gives a Crown; but, to prevent my Life
From being happy, loads it with a Wife.
Palm. Speak quickly, what have you reſolv'd to do?
Leon. To keep my Faith inviolate to you.
He threatens me with Exile, and with Shame,
To loſe my Birth-right, and a Prince his Name;
But there's a Bleſſing which he did not mean,
To ſend me back to Love and you again.
Palm. Why was not I a Princeſs for your ſake?
But Heav'n no more ſuch Miracles can make:
And, ſince That cannot, This muſt never be;
You ſhall not loſe a Crown for Love of me.
Live happy, and a nobler Choice purſue;
I ſhall complain of Fate, but not of you.
Leon. Can you ſo eaſily without me live?
Or could you take the Counſel which you give?
Were you a Princeſs would you not be true?
Palm. I would; but cannot merit it from you.

Leon.

Leon. Did you not merit, as you do, my Heart;
Love gives Eſteem, and then it gives Deſert.
But if I baſely could forget my Vow,
Poor helpleſs Innocence, what would you do?
Palm. In Woods, and Plains, where firſt my Love began,
There would I live, retir'd from faithleſs Man:
I'd ſit all day within ſome lonely ſhade,
Or that cloſe Arbour which your Hands have made:
I'd ſearch the Groves, and ev'ry Tree, to find
Where you had carv'd our Names upon the Rind:
Your Hook, your Scrip, all that was yours, I'd keep,
And lay 'em by me when I went to ſleep.
Thus would I live; and Maidens, when I die,
Upon my Herſe white True-love-knots ſhould tie;
And thus my Tomb ſhould be inſcrib'd above,
Here the forſaken Virgin reſts from Love.
Leon. Think not that Time or Fate ſhall e'r divide
Thoſe Hearts, which Love and mutual Vows have ty'd.
But we muſt part; farewel, my Love.
Palm. ——————— Till when?
Leon. Till the next Age of Hours we meet agen.
Mean time ——— we may
When near each other we in publick ſtand,
Contrive to catch a Look, or ſteal a Hand:
Fancy will every Touch, and Glance improve;
And draw the moſt ſpirituous parts of Love.
Our Souls ſit cloſe, and ſilently within;
And their own Web from their own Intrals ſpin.
And when Eyes meet far off, our Senſe is ſuch,
That, Spider-like, we feel the tender'ſt Touch. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Rhodophil, *meeting* Doralice *and* Artemis. Rhodophil *and* Doralice *embrace.*

Rho. MY own dear Heart!
Dor. My own true Love! [*She ſtarts back.*
I had forgot my ſelf to be ſo kind; indeed I am very angry with you, Dear; you are come home an Hour after you appointed: If you had ſtaid a Minute longer, I was juſt conſidering, whether I ſhould ſtab, hang, or drown my ſelf. [*Embracing him.*
Rho. Nothing but the King's Buſineſs could have hinder'd me; and I was ſo vext, that I was juſt laying down my Commiſſion, rather than fail my Dear. [*Kiſſing her Hand.*
Arte. Why, this is Love as it ſhould be, betwixt Man and Wife: Such another Couple would bring Marriage into Faſhion again. But is it always thus betwixt you?
Rho. Always thus! this is nothing. I tell you there is not ſuch a pair of Turtles in all *Sicily*: there is ſuch an eternal Cooing and Kiſſing betwixt us, that indeed it is ſcandalous before civil Company.
Dor. Well, if I had imagin'd, I ſhould have been this fond Fool, I would never have marry'd the Man I lov'd: I marry'd to be happy; and have made my ſelf miſerable, by over-loving. Nay, and now my Caſe is deſperate; for I have been marry'd above theſe two Years, and find my ſelf every day worſe and worſe in Love: Nothing but Madneſs can be the end on't.
Arte. Doat on, to the Extremity, and you are happy.
Dor. He deſerves ſo infinitely much, that, the Truth is, there can be no doating in the Matter; but to love well, I confeſs, is a Work that pays it ſelf: 'tis telling Gold, and after taking it for ones pains.
Rho. By that I ſhould be a very covetous Perſon; for I am ever pulling out my Money, and putting it into my Pocket again.
Dor. O dear *Rhodophil!*
Rho. O ſweet *Doralice!* [*Embracing each other.*

Arte.

Arte. (*Aſide*) Nay, I am reſolv'd, I'll never interrupt Lovers: I'll leave 'em as happy as I found 'em. [*Steals away.*

Rho. What, is ſhe gone? [*Looking up.*

Dor. Yes; and without taking leave.

Rho. Then there's enough for this time. [*Parting from her.*

Dor. Yes ſure, the Scene's done, I take it.

They walk contrary ways on the Stage; he, with his Hands in his Pocket, whiſtling: ſhe, ſinging a dull melancholly Tune.

Rho. Pox o' your dull Tune, a Man can't think for you.

Dor. Pox o' your damn'd whiſtling; you can neither be Company to me your ſelf, nor leave me to the Freedom of my own Fancy.

Rho. Well, thou art the moſt provoking Wife!

Dor Well, thou art the dulleſt Husband; thou art never to be provok'd.

Rho. I was never thought dull, till I marry'd thee; and now thou haſt made an old Knife of me, thou haſt whetted me ſo long, till I have no Edge left.

Dor. I ſee you are in the Husbands Faſhion; you reſerve all your good Humours for your Miſtreſſes, and keep your ill for your Wives.

Rho. Prethee leave me to my own Cogitations; I am thinking over all my Sins, to find for which of them it was I marry'd thee.

Dor. Whatever your Sin was, mine's the Puniſhment.

Rho. My Comfort is, thou art not immortal; and when that bleſſed, that divine Day comes, of thy Departure, I'm reſolv'd I'll make one Holy-day more in the Almanack, for thy ſake.

Dor. Ay, you had need make a Holy-day for me, for I am ſure you have made me a Martyr.

Rho. Then, ſetting my victorious Foot upon thy Head, in the firſt Hour of thy ſilence, (that is, the firſt Hour thou art dead, for I deſpair of it before) I will ſwear by thy Ghoſt, an Oath as terrible to me, as *Styx* is to the Gods, never more to be in danger of the Banes of Matrimony.

Dor. And I am reſolv'd to marry the very ſame Day thou dy'ſt, if it be but to ſhow how little I'm concern'd for thee.

Rho. Prethee, *Doralice*, why do we quarrel thus a-days? ha? this is but a kind of Heatheniſh life, and does not anſwer the ends of Marriage. If I have err'd, propound what reaſonable Atonement may be made, before we ſleep, and I ſhall not be refractory: But withal conſider, I have been marry'd theſe three Years, and be not too tyranical.

Dor. What ſhould you talk of a Peace abed, when you can give no Security for performance of Articles?

Rho. Then, ſince we muſt live together, and both of us ſtand upon our Terms, as to matter of dying firſt, let us make our ſelves as merry as we can with our Misfortunes.

Why there's the Devil on't! If thou couldſt make my enjoying thee but a little leſs eaſie, or a little more unlawful, thou ſhouldſt ſee, what a Termagant Lover I would prove. I have take ſuch Pains to enjoy thee, *Doralice*, that I have fanci'd thee all the fine Women in the Town, to help me out. But now there's none left for me to think on, my Imagination is quite jaded. Thou art a Wife, and thou wilt be a Wife, and I can make thee another no longer. [*Exit* Rhodophil.

Dor. Well, ſince thou art a Husband, and wilt be a Husband, I'll try if I can find out another! 'Tis a pretty time we Women have on't, to be made Widows, while we are marry'd. Our Husbands think it reaſonable to complain, that we are the ſame, and the ſame to them, when we have more reaſon to complain, that they are not the ſame to us. Becauſe they cannot feed on one Diſh, therefore we muſt be ſtarv'd. 'Tis enough that they have a ſufficient Ordinary provided, and a Table ready ſpread for 'em; If they cannot fall too and eat heartily, the Fault is theirs; and 'tis pity, me-thinks, that the good Creature ſhould be loſt, when many a poor Sinner would be glad on't.

Enter Melantha, *and* Artemis *to her.*

Mel. Dear, my Dear, pity me; I am ſo chagrin to day, and have had the moſt ſignal Affront at Court! I went this Afternoon to do my Devoir to Princeſs *Amalthea*, found her, convers'd with her, and help'd to make her Court ſome half an Hour; after which ſhe went to take the Air, choſe out two Ladies to go with her, that came in after me, and left me moſt barbarouſly behind her.

Arte.

Arte You are the leſs to be pity'd, *Melantha*, becauſe you ſubject your ſelf to theſe Affronts, by coming perpetually to Court, where you have no Buſineſs nor Employment.

Mel. I declare, I had rather of the two, be *rally'd*, nay, *mal traittée* at Court, then be deifi'd in the Town: For, aſſuredly, nothing can be ſo *ridicule*, as a meer Town-Lady.

Dor. Eſpecially at Court. How have I ſeen 'em crowd and ſweat in the Drawing-Room, on a Holiday-night! for that's their time to ſwarm, and invade the Preſence. O, how they catch at a Bow, or any little Salute from a Courtier, to make ſhow of their Acquaintance! and rather than be thought to be quite unknown, they courteſie to one another: but they take true Pains to come near the Circle, and preſs and peep upon the Princeſs, to write Letters into the Countrey how ſhe was dreſs'd, while the Ladies that ſtand about make their court to her with abuſing them.

Arte. Theſe are ſad Truths *Melantha*; and therefore I would e'en adviſe you to quit the Court, and live either wholly in the Town; or, if you like not that, in the Countrey.

Dor. In the Countrey! nay, that's to fall beneath the Town; for they live there upon our Offals here: Their Entertainment of Wit, is only the remembrance of what they had when they were laſt in Town; they live this Year upon the laſt Years Knowledge, as their Cattel do all Night, by chewing the Cud of what they eat in the Afternoon.

Mel. And they tell, for News, ſuch unlikely Stories; a Letter from one of us is ſuch a Preſent to 'em, that the poor Souls wait for the Carrier's Day with ſuch Devotion, that they cannot ſleep the Night before.

Arte. No more than I can, the Night before I am to go a Journey.

Dor. Or I, before I am to try on a new Gown.

Mel. A Song that's ſtale here, will be new there a Twelve-month hence; and if a Man of the Town by chance come amongſt 'em, he's reverenced for teaching 'em the Tune.

Dor. A Friend of mine, who makes Songs ſometimes, came lately out of the Weſt, and vow'd he was ſo put out of Count'nance with a Song of his; for at the firſt Countrey-Gentleman's he viſited, he ſaw three Tailors croſs-leg'd upon the Table in the Hall, who were tearing out as loud as ever they could ſing,

——— *After the pangs of a deſperate Lover*, &c.

and all that Day he heard nothing elſe, but the Daughters of the Houſe, and the Maids, humming it over in every Corner, and the Father whiſtling it.

Arte. Indeed I have obſerv'd of my ſelf, that when I am out of Town but a fornight, I am ſo humble, that I would receive a Letter from my Tailor or Mercer for a favour.

Mel. When I have been at Graſs in the Summer, and am new come up again, methinks I 'm to be turn'd into *Ridicule* by all that ſee me; but when I have been once or twice at Court, I begin to value my ſelf again, and to deſpiſe my Countrey-acquaintance.

Arte. There are Places where all People may be ador'd, and we ought to know our ſelves ſo well as to chuſe 'em.

Dor. That's very true; your little Courtier's Wife, who ſpeaks to the King but once a month, need but go to a Town-Lady; and there ſhe may vapour, and cry, *The King and I*, at every word. Your Town-Lady, who is laugh'd at in the Circle, takes her Coach into the City, and there ſhe's call'd your Honour, and has a Banquet from the Merchant's Wife, whom ſhe laughs at for her kindneſs. And, as for my Finical Cit, ſhe removes but to her Countrey-houſe, and there inſults over the Coun-trey Gentlewoman that never comes up; who treats her with Frumity and Cuſtard, and opens her dear Bottle of *Mirabilis* beſide, for a Jill-glaſs of it at parting.

Arte. At laſt I ſee, we ſhall leave *Melantha* where we found her; for, by your Deſcription of the Town and Countrey, they are become more dreadful to her, than the Court, where ſhe was affronted. But you forget we are to wait on the Princeſs *Amalthea*. Come, *Dorralice*.

Dor. Farewell *Melantha*.

Mel. Adieu, my Dear.

Arte. You are out of Charity with her; and therefore I ſhall not give your Service.

Mel.

Mel. Do not omit it, I beſeech you; for I have ſuch a tender for the Court, that I love it ev'n from the Drawing-room to the Lobby, and can never be *rebbtée* by any uſage. But, hark you, my Dears, one thing I had forgot of great concernment.

Dor. Quickly then, we are in haſte.

Mel. Do not call it my Service, that's too vulgar; but do my *Baiſe mains* to the Princeſs *Amalthea*; that is *Spiritnelle*!

Dor. To do you Service then, we will *prendre* the *Carroſſe* to Court, and do your *Baiſe mains* to the Princeſs *Amalthea*, in your Phraiſe *Spiritnelle*.

[*Exeunt* Artemis *and* Doralice.

Enter Philotis, *with a Paper in her Hand.*

Mel. O, are you there, Minion? And, well, are not you a moſt precious Damſel, to retard all my Viſits for want of Language, when you know you are paid ſo well for furniſhing me with new Words for my daily Converſation? Let me die, if I have not run the riſque already, to ſpeak like one of the Vulgar; and if I have one phraſe left in all my ſtore, that is not thrid-bare *& uſé*, and fit for nothing but to be thrown to Peaſants.

Phil. Indeed, Madam, I have been very diligent in my vocation; but you have ſo drain'd all the *French* Plays and Romances, that they are not able to ſupply you with Words for your daily Expences.

Mel. Drain'd? what a Word's there! *Epuiſée*, you Sot you; Come, produce your Morning's Work.

Phil. 'Tis here Madam. [*Shows the Paper.*

Mel. O, my *Venus*! fourteen or fifteen Words to ſerve me a whole day! Let me die, at this rate I cannot laſt till night. Come, read your Works: twenty to one half of 'em will not paſs muſter neither.

Phil. Sottiſes. [*Reads.*

Mel. Sottiſes: *bon.* That's an Excellent Word to begin with-all: as for Example; He or ſhe ſaid a thouſand *Sottiſes* me. Proceed.

Phil. Figure: as what a Figure of a Man is there! *Naive*, and *Naiveté*.

Mel. Naive! as how?

Phil. Speaking of a thing that was naturally ſaid: It was ſo *naive*; or ſuch an innocent piece of ſimplicity; 'twas ſuch a *naiveté*.

Mel. Truce with your Interpretations: make haſte.

Phil. Foible, Chagrin, Grimace, Embarraſſe, Double entendre, Equivoque, Eſclaireiſſement, Suitte, Bevue, Facon, Panchant, Coup d'etordy, and *Ridicule.*

Mel. Hold, hold; how did they begin?

Phil. They began at *Sottiſes*, and endeed *en Redicule.*

Mel. Now give me your Paper in my Hand, and hold you my Glaſs, while I practiſe my Poſtures for the day. [Melantha *Laughs in the Glaſs.*

Mel. How does that Laugh become my Face?

Phil. Sovereignly well, Madam.

Mel. Sovereignly! Let me die, that's not amiſs. That Word ſhall not be yours; I'll invent it, and bring it up my ſelf; my new Point Gorget ſhall be yours upon't: not a Word of the Word, I charge you.

Phil. I am dumb, Madam.

Mel. That Glance, how ſutes it with my Face? [*Looking in the Glaſs again.*

Phil. 'Tis ſo *languiſſant.*

Mel. Languiſſant! that Word ſhall be mine too, and my laſt *Indian-Gown* thine for't.

Mel. That Sigh? [*Looks again.*

Phil. 'Twill make many a Man Sigh, Madam. 'Tis a meer *Incendiary.*

Mel. Take my Guimp Petticote for that truth. If thou haſt more of theſe Phraſes, let me die but I could give away all my Wardrobe, and go naked for 'em.

Phil. Go naked? then you would be a *Venus*, Madam. O *Jupiter*! what had I forgot? this Paper was given me by *Rhodophil*'s Page.

Mel. (*Reading the Letter*)——Beg the favour from you——Gratifie my Paſſion——ſo far——Aſſignation——in the Grotto——behind the Terras——Clock this Evening——Well, for the *Billits doux* ther'es no Man in *Sicily* muſt diſpute with *Rhodophil*; they are ſo *French*, ſo *gallant*, and ſo *tendre*, that I cannot reſiſt the Temptation of the Aſſignation. Now go you away, *Philotis*; it imports me to practiſe what I ſhall ſay to my Servant when I meet him. [*Exit* Philotis.

Rhodophil, you'll wonder at my Assurance to meet you here; let me die, I I am so out of Breath with coming, that I can render you no Reason of it. Then he will make this *Repartee*; Madam, I have no Reason to accuse you for that which is so great a Favour to me. Then, I Reply, But why have you drawn me to this Solitary Place? let me die but I am apprehensive of some Violence from you. Then, says he; Solitude, Madam, is most fit for Lovers; but by this fair Hand——————Nay, now I vow you're Rude, Sir. O fie, fie, fie; I hope you'l be Honourable?——You'd laugh at me if I should, Madam. ——What do you mean to throw me down thus? Ah me! ah, ah, ah.

Enter Polydamas, Leonidas, *and Guards.*

O *Venus*! the King and Court. Let me die but I fear they have found my *foible*, and will turn me into *ridicule*. [*Exit running.*

Leon. Sir I beseech you.

Poly.——————Do not urge my Patience.

Leon. I'll not deny
But what your Spies inform'd you of, is true:
I love the fair *Palmyra*; but I lov'd her
Before I knew your Tittle to my Bloud.

Enter Palmyra, *guarded.*

See, here she comes; and looks, amid'st her Guards,
Like a weak Dove under the Falcon's gripe.
O heav'n, I cannot bear it.

Poly.——————Maid, come hither.
Have you presum'd so far, as to receive
My Son's Affection?

Palm. Alas, what shall I Answer? to confess it,
Will raise a blush upon a Virgin's Face;
Yet I was ever taught twas base to Lie.

Poly. You've been too bold, and you must Love no more.

Palm. Indeed I must; I cannot help my Love:
I was so tender when I took the bent,
That now I grow that way.

Poly. He is a Prince; and you are meanly born.

Leon. Love either finds equality, or makes it,
Like Death, he knows no difference in Degrees,
But plains, aud levels all.

Palm. Alas, I had not render'd up my Heart,
Had he not lov'd me first; but he prefer'd me
Above the Maidens of my Age and Rank;
Still shun'd their Company, and still sought mine:
I was not won by Gifts, yet still he gave;
And all his Gifts, though small, yet spoke his Love.
He pick'd the earliest Strawberries in Woods,
The cluster'd Filberds, and the purple Grapes:
He taught a prating Stare to speak my Name;
And when he found a Nest of Nightingales,
Or callow Linnets, he would show 'em me,
And let me take 'em out.

Poly. This is a little Mistriss, meanly born,
Fit only for a Prince his vacant hours,
And then, to laughat her Simplicity,
Not fix a Passion there. Now hear my Sentence.

Leon. Remember, ere you give it, 'tis pronounc'd
Against us both.

Poly. First, in her Hand
There shall be plac'd a Player's painted Scepter,
And, on her Head, a gilded Pageant Crown;
Thus shall she go,
With all the Boys attending on her Triumph:
That done, be put alone into a Boat,
With Bread and Water only for three days;
So on the Sea she shall be set adrift,
And who relieves her, dies.

Palm. I only beg that you would execute

The

The laſt part firſt : let me be put to Sea ;
The Bread and Water, for my three days Life,
I give you back, I would not live ſo long ;
But let me ſcape the Shame.
Leon. Look to me, Piety ; and you, O Gods, look to my Piety :
Keep me from ſaying that which misbecomes a Son ;
But let me die before I ſee this done.
Poly. If you for ever will abjure her ſight,
I can be yet a Father ; ſhe ſhall live.
Leon. Hear, O you Pow'rs, is this to be a Father ?
I ſee 'tis all my happineſs and quiet
You aim at, Sir ; and take 'em :
I will not ſave ev'n my *Palmyra*'s Life
At that ignoble Price ; but I'll die with her.
Palm. So had I done by you,
Had Fate made me a Princeſs : Death, methinks,
Is not a Terrour now ;
He is not fierce, or grim, but fawns, and ſooths me,
And ſlides along, like *Cleopatra*'s Aſpick,
Off'ring his Service to my Troubled Breaſt.
Leon. Begin what you have purpos'd when you pleaſe ;
Lead her to Scorn, your Triumph ſhall be doubled.
As holy Prieſts
In pity go with dying Malefactours,
So will I ſhare her Shame.
Poly. You ſhall not have your Will ſo much ; firſt part 'em,
Then excute your Office.
Leon.——————No ; I'll die
In her defence. [*Draws his Sword.*
Palm.——————Ah, hold, and pull not on
A Curſe, to make me Worthy of my Death :
Do not by Lawleſs Force oppoſe your Father,
Whom you have too much diſobey'd for me.
Leon. Here, take it, Sir, and with it, pierce my Heart : [*Preſenting his Sword to h*
You have done more, in taking my *Palmyra*. [*Father upon his knees.*
You are my Father, therefore I ſubmit.
Poly. Keep him from any thing he may deſign
Againſt his Life, whil'ſt the firſt fury laſts ;
And now perform what I commanded you.
Leon. In vain ; if Sword and Poiſon be deni'd me,
I'll hold my Breath and die.
Palm. Farewell, my laſt *Leonidas* ; yet live,
I charge you live, till you believe me dead.
I cannot die in peace, if you die firſt.
If Life's a bleſſing, you ſhall have it laſt.
Poly. Go on with her, and lead him after me.
Enter Argaleon *haſtily, with* Hermogenes.
Arga. I bring you, Sir, ſuch News as muſt amaze you ;
And ſuch as will prevent you from an Action
Which would have rendred all your Life unhapy.
Poly. Hermogenes, you bend your Knees in vain ; [Hermogenes *kneels.*
My Doom's already paſt.
Her. I Kneel not for *Palmyra*, for I know
She will not need my Pray'rs ; but for my ſelf :
With a feign'd Tale I have abus'd your Ears,
And therefore merit Death ; but ſince, unforc'd,
I firſt accuſe my ſelf, I hope your Mercy.
Poly. Haſte to explain your meaning.
Her. Then, in few Words, *Palmyra* is your Daughter.
Poly. How can I give belief to this Impoſtor ?
He who has once abus'd me, often may.
I'll hear no more.
Arga.——————For your own ſake, you muſt.
Her. A Parent's Love (for I confeſs my Crime)

Mov'd me to ſay, *Leonidas* was yours;
But when I heard *Palmyra* was to die,
The fear of Guiltleſs Bloud ſo ſtung my Conſcience,
That I reſolv'd, ev'n with my Shame, to ſave
Your Daughter's Life.
Poly. But how can I be certain, that that Intereſt,
Which mov'd you firſt to ſay your Son was mine,
Does not now move you too, to ſave your Daughter?
Her. You had but then my Word; I bring you now
Authentick Teſtimonies. Sir, in ſhort, [*Delivers on his Knees a Jewel, and a Letter.*
If this will not convince you, let me ſuffer.
Poly. I know this Jewel well; 'twas once my Mothers, { *Looking firſt on the Jewel.*
Which, marrying, I preſented to my Wife.
And this, O this, is my *Eudocia*'s Hand.
This was the Pledge of Love given to Eudocia, [Reads.
Who, dying, to her young Palmyra *leaves it:*
And this when you, my deareſt Lord, receive,
Own her, and think on me, dying Eudocia.
Take it; 'tis well there is no more to read, [*To* Argaleon.
My Eyes grow full, and ſwim in their own light. [*He embraces* Palmyra.
Palm. I fear, Sir, this is your intended Pageant.
You ſport your ſelf at poor *Palmyra*'s coſt;
But if you think to make me proud,
Indeed I cannot be ſo: I was born
With humble thoughts, and lowly, like my Birth.
A real Fortune could not make me Haughty,
Much leſs afeign'd.
Poly. ——————This was her Mother's Temper.
I have too much deſerv'd thou ſhould'ſt ſuſpect
That I am not thy Father; but my love
Shall henceforth ſhow I am. Behold my Eyes,
And ſee a Father there begin to flow:
This is not feign'd, *Palmyra.*
Palm. I doubt no longer, Sir; you are a King,
And cannot Lie: Falſhood's a Vice too baſe
To find a Room in any Royal breaſt.
I know, in ſpight of my Unworthineſs,
I am your Child; for when you would have kill'd me,
Methought I lov'd you then.
Arga. Sir, we forget the Prince *Leonidas:*
His Greatneſs ſhould not ſtand neglected thus.
Poly. Guards, you may now retire: Give him his Sword,
And leave him free.
Leon. Then the firſt uſe I make of Liberty
Shall be, with your permiſſion, mighty Sir,
To pay that Reverence to which Nature binds me. [*Kneles to* Hermogenes.
Arga. Sure you forget your Birth, thus to miſplace
This Act of your Obedience; you ſhould kneel
To nothing but to Heav'n, and to a King.
Leon. I never ſhall forget what Nature owes,
Nor be aſham'd to pay it; though my Father
Be not a King; I know him brave and honeſt,
And well deſerving of a worthier Son.
Poly. He bears it Gallantly.
Leon. Why would you not Inſtruct me, Sir, before, [*To* Herm.
Where I ſhould place my duty?
From which, if Ignorance have made me ſwerve,
I beg your Pardon for an Erring Son.
Palm. I almoſt grieve I am a Princeſs, ſince
It makes him loſe a Crown.
Leon. And next, to you, my King, thus low I Kneel,
T'implore your mercy; if in that ſmall time
I had the Honour to be thought your Son,
I pay'd not ſtrict Obedience to your will:

I thought, indeed, I ſhould not be compell'd,
But thought it as your Son; ſo what I took
In Duty from you, I reſtor'd in Courage;
Becauſe your Son ſhould not be forc'd.
Poly. You have my Pardon for it.
Leon. To you, fair Princeſs, I congratulate
Your Birth; of which I ever thought you worthy:
And give me leave to add, that I am proud
The God's have pick'd me out to be the Man
By whoſe dejected Fate yours is to riſe;
Becauſe no Man could more deſire your Fortune,
Or franklier part with his to make you great.
Palm. I know the King, though you are not his Son,
Will ſtill regard you as my Foſter-Brother;
And ſo conduct you downward from a Throne,
By ſlow degrees, ſo unperceiv'd and ſoft,
That it may ſeem no Fall: or, if it be,
May Fortune lay a Bed of Down beneath you.
Poly. He ſhall be rank'd with my Nobility,
And kept from Scorn by a large Penſion giv'n him.
Leon. You are all Great and Royal in your Gifts; [*Bowing.*
But at the Donor's Feet I lay 'em down:
Should I take Riches from you, it would ſeem
As I did want a Soul to bear that Poverty
To which the Gods deſign'd my Humble Birth:
And ſhould I take your Honours without Merit,
It would appear, I wanted Manly Courage
To hope 'em, in your Service, from my Sword.
Poly. Still brave, and like your ſelf.
The Court ſhall ſhine this Night in its full ſplendour,
And celebrate this new Diſcovery.
Argaleon, lead my Daughter: As we go
I ſhall have time to give her my Commands,
In which you are concern'd. [*Exeunt all but* Leonidas.
Leon. Methinks I do not want
That huge long train of fawning followers,
That ſwept a Furlong after me.
'Tis true, I am alone;
So was the Godhead e'r he made the World,
And better ſerv'd Himſelf than ſerv'd by Nature.
And yet I have a Soul
Above this Humble Fate. I could Command,
Love to do good; give largely to true Merit;
All that a King ſhould do: But, though theſe are not
My Province, I have Scene enough within
To exerciſe my Virtue.
All that a Heart, ſo fix'd as mine, can move,
Is, that my niggard Fortune ſtarves my Love. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Palamede *and* Doralice *meet: She with a Book in her Hand, ſeems to ſtart at ſight of him.*

Dor. 'Tis a ſtrange thing that no warning will ſerve your turn; and that no Retirement will ſecure me from your impertinent Addreſſes! Did not I tell you, that I was to be private here at my Devotions?

Pala. Yes; and you ſee I have obſerv'd my Cue exactly: I am come to relieve you from them Come, ſhut up, ſhut up your Book; the Man's come, who is to ſupply all your Neceſſities.

Dor. Then, it ſeems, you are ſo impudent to think it was an Aſſignation? This, I warrant, was your lewd Interpretation of my innocent meaning.

Pala. Venus forbid that I ſhould harbour ſo unreaſonable a Thought of a fair young Lady, that you ſhould lead me hither into Temptation. I confeſs I might think indeed it was a kind of Honourable Challenge, to meet privately without

without Seconds, and decide the difference betwixt the two Sexes; but Heaven forgive me if I thought amiſs.

Dor. You thought too, I'll lay my Life on't, that you might as well make Love to me, as my Husband does to your Miſtriſs.

Pala. I was ſo unreaſonable to think ſo too.

Dor. And then you wickedly inferr'd, that there was ſome Juſtice in the revenge of it; or, at leaſt but little injury for a Man to endeavour to enjoy that which he accounts a Bleſſing, and which is not valu'd as it ought by the dull Poſſeſſor. Confeſs your Wickedneſs, did you not think ſo?

Pala. I confeſs I was thinking ſo, as faſt as I could; but you think ſo much before me, that you will let me think nothing.

Dor. 'Tis the very thing that I deſign'd: I have fore-ſtall'd all your Arguments, and left you without a word more, to plead for Mercy. If you have any thing farther to offer, e'r Sentence paſs——Poor Animal, I brought you hither only for my Diverſion.

Pala That you may have, if you'l make uſe of me the right way; but I tell thee, Woman, I am now paſt talking.

Dor. But it may be, I came hither to hear what fine things you could ſay for your ſelf.

Pala. You would be very angry, to my knowledge, if I ſhould loſe ſo much time to ſay many of 'em———By this Hand you would———

Dor. Fie, *Palamede*, I am a Woman of Honour.

Pala. I ſee you are; you have kept touch with your Aſſignation: and before we part, you ſhall find that I am a Man of Honour——yet I have one ſcruple of Conſcience——

Dor. I warrant you will not want ſome naughty Argument or other to ſatisfie your ſelf——I hope you are afraid of betraying your Friend?

Pala. Of betraying my Friend! I am more afraid of being betraid by you to my Friend. You Women, now are got into the way of telling firſt your ſelves: A Man who has any care of his Reputation, will be loth to truſt it with you.

Dor. O, you charge your Faults upon our Sex: You Men are like Cocks, you never make Love but you clap your Wings, and crow when you have done.

Pala. Nay rather, you Women are like Hens; you never lay, but you cackle an hour after, to diſcover your Neſt—— But I'll venture it for once.

Dor. To convince you that you are in the wrong, I'll retire into the dark *Grotto*, to my Devotion, and make ſo little noiſe, that it ſhall be impoſſible for you to find me.

Pala. But if I find you———

Dor. Ay, if you find me——— But I'll put you to ſearch in more corners than you imagine. [*She runs in, and he after her.*

Enter Rhodophil *and* Melantha.

Mel. Let me die, but this Solitude, and that *Grotto* are ſcandalous; I'll go no farther; beſides, you have a ſweet Lady of your own.

Rho. But a ſweet Miſtriſs, now and then, makes my ſweet Lady ſo much more ſweet.

Mel. I hope you will not force me?

Rho. But I will, if you deſire it.

Pala. [*Within.*] Where the Devil are you, Madam? S'death, I begin to be weary of this Hide and Seek: If you ſtay a little longer, till the Fit's over, I'll Hide in my turn, and put you to the finding me.

He Enters, and ſees Rhodophil *and* Melantha.

How! *Rhodophil* and my Miſtriſs!

Mel. My Servant to apprehend me! This is *Surprenant au dernier.*

Rho. I muſt on; there's nothing but Impudence can help me out.

Pala. Rhodophil, How came you hither in ſo good company?

Rho. As you ſee, *Palamede*; an effect of pure Friendſhip; I was not able to live without you.

Pala. But what makes my Miſtriſs with you?

Rho. Why, I heard you were here alone, and could not in Civility but bring her to you.

Mel. You'll pardon the effects of a Paſſion which I may now avow for you, if it tranſported me beyond the Rules of *bien ſeance.*

Pala. But who told you I was here? They that told you that, may tell you more, for ought I know.

Rho.

Rho. O, for that matter, we had Intelligence.

Pala. But let me tell you, we came hither ſo very privately, that you could not trace us.

Rho. Us? What Us? You are alone.

Pala. Us! The Devil's in me for miſtaking: Me, I meant. Or Us; that is you are me, or I you, as we are friends: that's us.

Dor. Palamede, Palamede. [*Within*

Rho. I ſhould know that Voice? who's within there, that calls you?

Pala. Faith I can't imagine; I believe the Place is haunted.

Dor. Palamede, Palamede, All-cocks hidden. [*Within.*

Pala. Lord, Lord, what ſhall I do? Well, dear Friend, to let you ſee I ſcorn to be Jealous, and that I dare truſt my Miſtriſs with you, take her back, for I would not willingly have her frighted, and I am reſolved to ſee who's there; I'll not be daunted with a Bug-bear, that's certain: prithee diſpute it not, it ſhall be ſo; nay, do not put me to Swear, but go quickly: there's an effect of pure Friendſhip now.

Enter Doralice, *and looks amaz'd, ſeeing them.*

Rho. Doralice! I am Thunder-ſtruck to ſee you here.

Pala. So am I! quite Thunder-ſtruck. Was it you that call'd me within? (I muſt be impudent.)

Rho. How came you hither, Spouſe?

Pala. Ay, How came you hither? And, which is more, How could you be here without my knowledge?

Dor. (*To her Husband.*) O, Gentleman, Have I caught you i'faith! Have I broke forth in Ambuſh upon you! I thought my Suſpicions would prove true.

Rho. Suſpicions! This is very fine, Spouſe! Prithee, What Suſpicions?

Dor. O, you feign Ignorance: Why, of you and *Melantha*; here have I ſtaid theſe two Hours, waiting with all the Rage of a Paſſionate, Loving Wife, but infinitely Jealous, to take you two in the manner; for hither I was certain you would come.

Rho. But you are miſtaken, Spouſe, in the occaſion; for we came hither on purpoſe to find *Palamede*, on intelligence he was gone before.

Pala. I'll be hang'd then if the ſame Party who gave you Intelligence I was here, did not tell your Wife you would come hither: Now I ſmell the Malice on't on both ſides.

Dor. Was it ſo, think you? Nay, then, I'll confeſs my part of the Malice too. As ſoon as ever I ſpy'd my Husband and *Melantha* come together, I had a ſtrange temptation to make him jealous in Revenge; and that made me call *Palamede, Palamede*, as though there had been an Intrigue between us.

Mel. Nay, I avow, there was an appearance of an Intrigue between us too.

Pala. To ſee how things will come about!

Rho. And, was it only thus, my dear *Doralice?* [*Embraces.*

Dor. And Did I wrong none *Rhodophil* with a falſe ſuſpicion?

Pala. [*Aſide.*] Now am I confident we had all Four the ſame Deſign: 'tis a pretty odd kind of Game this, where each of us plays for double Stakes: this is juſt Thruſt and Parry with the ſame Motion; I am to get his Wife, and yet to guard my own Miſtriſs. But I am vilely ſuſpicious, That while I Conquer in the Right Wing, I ſhall be Routed in the Left: For both our Women will certainly betray their Party, becauſe they are each of them for gaining of Two, as well as we; and I much fear,

If their Neceſſities and ours were known,
They have more need of Two, than we of One, [*Exeunt embracing one another.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Leonidas, *muſing*, Amalthea *following him.*

Amal. YOnder he is, and I muſt Speak, or Die:
And yet 'tis Death to ſpeak; yet he muſt know
I have a Paſſion for him, and may know it
With a leſs bluſh; becauſe to offer it
To his low Fortunes, ſhows I lov'd before,
His Perſon, not his Greatneſs.

Leon. Firſt Scorn'd, and now Commanded from the Court!

The

The King is good; but he is wrought to this
By proud *Argaleon*'s Malice.
What more Diſgrace can Love and Fortune join
T'inflict upon one Man? I cannot now
Behold my dear *Palmyra*: She, perhaps, too
Is grown aſham'd of a mean ill-plac'd Love.
Amal. Aſſiſt me, *Venus*, for I tremble when [*Aſide.*
I am to ſpeak; but I muſt force my ſelf.
Sir, I would crave but one ſhort Minute with you, [*To him.*
And ſome few words.
Leon. ——————The proud *Argaleon*'s Siſter! [*Aſide.*
Amal. Alas, it will not out; Shame ſtops my Mouth. [*Aſide.*
Pardon my Error, Sir, I was miſtaken,
And took you for another.
Leon. In ſpight of all his Guards, I'll ſee *Palmyra*; [*Aſide.*
Though meanly born, I have a Kingly Soul yet.
Amal. I ſtand upon a Precipice, where fain [*Aſide.*
I would retire, but Love ſtill thruſts me on:
Now I grow bolder, and will ſpeak to him.
[*To him.*] Sir, 'tis indeed to you that I would ſpeak,
And if——————
Leon. O, you are ſent to ſcorn my Fortunes:
Your Sex and Beauty are your Priviledge;
But ſhould your Brother——————
Amal. Now he looks angry, and I dare not ſpeak.
I had ſome Buſineſs with you, Sir,
But 'tis not worth your knowledge.
Leon. Then 'twill be Charity to let me Mourn
My Grief's alone, for I am much diſorder'd.
Amal. 'Twill be more Charity to Mourn 'em with you:
Heav'n knows I pity you.
Leon. ——————Your Pity, Madam,
Is generous, but 'tis unavailable.
Amal. You know not, till 'tis try'd.
Your Sorrows are no ſecret; you have loſt
A Crown, and Miſtriſs.
Leon. ——————Are not theſe enough?
Hang two ſuch weights on any other Soul,
And ſee if it can bear 'em.
Amal. More; you are baniſh'd, by my Brother's means,
And ne'er muſt hope again to ſee your Princeſs;
Except as Priſ'ners view fair Walks and Streets,
And careleſs Paſſengers going by their Grates,
To make 'em feel the want of Liberty.
But, worſe than all,
The King this Morning has enjoyn'd his Daughter
T'accept my Brother's Love.
Leon. ——————Is this your Pity?
You aggravate my Griefs, and Print 'em deeper
In new and heavier ſtamps.
Amal. 'Tis as Phyſicians ſhow the deſperate Ill
T'endear their Art, by mitigating Pains
They cannot wholly Cure: When you deſpair
Of all you wiſh, ſome part of it, becauſe
Unhop'd for, may be grateful; and ſome other——————.
Leon. What other?
Amal. Some other may——————
My Shame again has ſeiz'd me, and I can go [*Aſide.*
No farther——————
Leon. Theſe often failing Sighs, and Interruptions,
Make me imagine you have Grief like mine:
Have you ne'r Lov'd?
Amal. ——————I? never: 'tis in vain; [*Aſide.*
I muſt deſpair in ſilence.

Leon

Leon. You come, as I ſuſpected then, to mock,
At leaſt, obſerve my Griefs; take it not ill
That I muſt leave you. [*Is going.*
Amal. You muſt not go with theſe unjuſt Opinions.
Command my Life, and Fortunes; you are Wiſe,
Think, and Think well, what I can do to ſerve you.
Leon. I have but one thing in my Thoughts and Wiſhes:
If by your means I can obtain the ſight
Of my Ador'd *Palmyra*; or, what's harder,
One Minute's time, to tell her I die hers. [*She ſtarts back.*
I ſee I am not to expect it from you;
Nor could, indeed, with Reaſon.
Amal. Name any other thing: Is *Amalthea*
So deſpicable, ſhe can ſerve your Wiſhes
In this alone?
Leon. ——————If I ſhould ask of Heav'n,
I have no other Suit.
Amal. To ſhow you, then, I can deny you nothing,
Though 'tis more hard to me than any other,
Yet I will do't for you.
Leon. Name quickly, name the means; ſpeak, my good Angel.
Amal. Be not ſo much o'erjoy'd; for, if you are,
I'll rather Die than do't. This Night the Court
Will be in Maſquerade:
You ſhall attend on me; in that Diſguiſe
You may both ſee and ſpeak to her,
If you dare venture it.
Leon. Yes, were a God her Guardian,
And bore in each Hand Thunder, I would venture.
Amal. Farewel then; Two hours hence I will expect you:
My Heart's ſo full that I can ſtay no longer. [*Exit.*
Leon. Already it grows dusky; I'll prepare
With haſte for my Diſguiſe. But who are theſe?

Enter Hermogenes *and* Eubulus.

Her. 'Tis he; we need not fear to ſpeak to him.
Eub. Leonidas.
Leon.——————Sure I have known that Voice.
Her. You have ſome reaſon, Sir; 'tis *Eubulus*,
Who bred you with the Princeſs; and, departing,
Bequeath'd you to my Care.
Leon. My Foſter-Father! Let my Knees expreſs [*Kneeling.*
My Joys for your return!
Eub. Riſe, Sir, you muſt not kneel.
Leon.——————E'er ſince you left me,
I have been wandring in a Maze of Fate,
Led by falſe Fires of a fantaſtick Glory,
And the vain Luſtre of imagin'd Crowns.
But, ah! Why would you leave me? Or, how could you
Abſent your ſelf ſo long?
Eub. I'll give you a moſt juſt account of both:
And ſomething more I have to tell you, which
I know muſt cauſe your Wonder; but this place,
Though almoſt hid in darkneſs, is not ſafe.
Already I diſcern ſome coming towards us [*Torches appear.*
With Lights, who may diſcover me. *Hermogenes*,
Your Lodgings are hard by, and much more private.
Her. There you may freely ſpeak.
Leon. ——————Let us make haſte;
For ſome Affairs, and of no ſmall importance,
Call me another way. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Palamede *and* Rhodophil, *with vizor Maſques in their hands, and Torches before 'em.*

Pala. We ſhall have noble Sport to night, *Rhodophil*; this Maſquerading is a moſt Glorious Invention.

Rho. I believe it was invented firſt by ſome jealous Lover, to diſcover the haunts of his Jilting Miſtriſs; or, perhaps, by ſome diſtreſſed Servant, to gain an opportunity with a Jealous Man's Wife.

Pala. No, it muſt be the Invention of a Woman, it has ſo much of Subtilty and Love in it.

Rho. I am ſure 'tis extreamly pleaſant; for to go unkown, is the next degree to going inviſible.

Pala. What with our Antique Habits, and feign'd Voices, do you know me? and I know you; Methinks we move and talk juſt like ſo many over-grown Puppets.

Rho. Maſquerade is only Vizor-maſque improv'd, a heightning of the ſame Faſhion.

Pala. No; Maſquerade is Vizor-maſque in Debauch; and I like it the better for't; for, with a Vizor-maſque, we fool our ſelves into Courtſhip, for the ſake of an Eye that glanc'd, or a Hand that ſtole it ſelf out of the Glove ſometimes, to give us a Sample of the Skin: but in Maſquerade there is nothing to be known, ſhe's all *Terra incognita*, and the bold Diſcoverer leaps athoar, and takes his lot among the wild *Indians* and *Salvages*, without the vile conſideration of Safety to his Perſon, or of Beauty or Wholeſomneſs in his Miſtriſs.

Enter Beliza.

Rho. Beliza, what make you here?

Bel. Sir, my Lady ſent me after you, to let you know, ſhe finds her ſelf a little indiſpos'd, ſo that ſhe cannot be at Court, but is retir'd to reſt, in her own Appartment, where ſhe ſhall want the happineſs of your dear Embraces to night.

Rho. A very fine Phraſe, *Beliza*, to let me know my Wife deſires to lie alone.

Pala. I doubt, *Rhodophil*, you take the pains ſometimes to inſtruct your Wife's Woman in theſe Elegancies.

Rho. Tell my dear Lady, that ſince I muſt be ſo unhappy as not to wait on her to night, I will lament bitterly for her abſence. 'Tis true, I ſhall be at Court, but I will take no Divertiſement there; and when I return to my ſolitary Bed, if I am ſo forgetful of my Paſſion as to Sleep, I will Dream of her; and betwixt Sleep and Waking, put out my foot towards her ſide for midnight conſolation; and not finding her, I will ſigh, and imagine my ſelf a moſt deſolate Widower.

Bel. I ſhall do your Commands, Sir. [*Exit.*

Rho. (*Aſide*) She's ſick as aptly for my purpoſe, as if ſhe had contriv'd it ſo: Well, if ever Woman was help-meet for Man, my Spouſe is ſo; for within this hour I receiv'd a Note from *Melantha*, that ſhe would meet me this Evening in Maſquerade in Boys Habit, to rejoyce with me before ſhe entred into Fetters; for I find ſhe loves me better then *Palamede*, only becauſe he's to be her Husband. There's ſomething of Antipathy in the Word Marriage to the Nature of Love; Marriage is the meer Ladle of affection, that cools it when 'tis never ſo fiercely Boiling over.

Pala. Dear *Rhodophil*, I muſt needs beg your Pardon; there is an occaſion fallen out which I had forgot: I cannot be at Court to Night.

Rho. Dear *Palamede*, I am ſorry we ſhall not have one Courſe together at the Herd; but I find your Game lies ſingle: Good fortune to you with your Miſtriſs. [*Exit.*

Pala. He has wiſh'd me Good Fortune with his Wife: There's no ſin in this then, there's fair leave given. Well, I muſt go viſit the Sick; I cannot reſiſt the Temptations of my Charity. O, what a difference will ſhe find betwixs a dull reſty Husband, and a quick vigorous Lover! he ſets out like a Carrier's Horſe, plodding on, becauſe he knows he muſt, with the Bells of Matrimony chiming ſo melancholly about his Neck, in pain till he's at his Journeys end, and deſparing to get thither, he is fain to fortifie Imagination with the the thoughts of another Woman: I take heat after heat, like a well-breath'd Courſer, and ———But hark, what noiſe is that? Swords! [*Claſhing of Swords within.* Nay, then have with you. [*Exit* Palamede.

Re-enter Palemede, *with* Rhodophil, *and* Doralice *in Man's Habit.*

Rho. Friend, your Relief was very timely, otherwiſe I had beed oppreſs'd.

Pala. What was the Quarrel?

Rho. What I did, was in Reſcue of this Youth

Pala.

Pala. What cauſe could he give 'em?

Dor. The cauſe was nothing, but only the common cauſe of Fighting in querades: they were Drunk, and I was Sober.

Rho. Have they not hurt you?

Dor. No; but I am exceeding ill, with the fright on't.

Pala. Let's lead him to ſome place where he may refreſh himſelf.

Rho. Do you Conduct him then.

Pala. (*Aſide*) How croſs this happens to my deſign of going to *Dor* for I am confident ſhe was ſick on purpoſe that I ſhould viſit her. Hark *Rhodophil*, could not you take care of the Stripling? I am partly engag'd Night.

Rho. You know I have buſineſs: but come, Youth, if it muſt be ſo.

Dor. (*To Rhodophil*) No good Sir, do not give your ſelf that trouble; I ſ be ſafer, and better pleas'd with your Friend here.

Rho. Farewell then; once more I wiſh you a good Adventure.

Pala. Damn this Kindneſs! now muſt I be troubled with this young Rog and miſs my opportunity with *Doralice*. {*Exit* Rhodophil *alone*, Palame *with* Doralice.

SCENE II.

Enter Polydamas.

Polyd. *Argaleon* counſel'd well to Baniſh him;
He has, I know not what,
Of Greatneſs in his Looks, and of high Fate,
That almoſt awes me; but I fear my Daughter,
Who hourly moves me for him; and I mark'd
She ſigh'd when I but nam'd *Argaleon* to her.
But ſee, the Maskers: Hence my Cares, this Night,
At leaſt take Truce, and find me on my Pillow.

Enter the Princeſs in Maſquerade, with Ladies: at the other end, Argaleon *and Gentlemen in Maſquerade: then* Leonidas *leading* Amalthea. *The King ſits. A Dance. After the Dance,*

Amal. (*To Leonidas*) That's the Princeſs;
I ſaw the Habit ere ſhe put it on.

Leon. I know her by a thouſand other Signs;
She cannot hide ſo much Divinity.
Diſguis'd, and ſilent, yet ſome Graceful Motion
Breaks from her, and ſhines round her like a Glory. [*Goes to* Palmyra.

Amal. Thus ſhe reveals her ſelf, and knows it not:
Like Lov's Dark-lanthorn I direct his ſteps,
And yet he ſees not that which gives him light.

Palm. I know you; but, alas, *Leonidas*, [*To* Leonidas.
Why ſhould you tempt this danger on your ſelf?

Leon. Madam, you know me not, if you believe
I would not hazard greater for your ſake:
But you, I fear, are chang'd.

Palm. No, I am ſtill the ſame;
But there are many things became *Palmyra*
Which ill become the Princeſs.

Leon——————I ask nothing
Which Honour will not give you leave to grant:
One hours ſhort Audience, at my Fathers Houſe,
You cannot ſure refuſe me.

Palm. Perhaps I ſhould, did I conſult ſtrict Virtue;
But ſomething muſt be given to Love and you.
When would you I ſhould come?

Leon. This Evening, with the ſpeedieſt opportunity.
I have a Secret to diſcover to you,
Which will ſurpriſe, and pleaſe you.

Palm.————————'Tis enough.
Go now; for we may be obſerv'd and known.
I truſt your Honour; give me not occaſion
To blame my ſelf, or you.

Leon. You never ſhall repent your good Opinion. [*Kiſſes her Hand, and Exit.*

Arga. I cannot be deceiv'd; that is the Princeſs:
One of her Maids betray'd the Habit to me;
But who was he with whom ſhe held Diſcourſe?
'Tis one ſhe Favours, for he Kiſs'd her Hand.
Our Shapes are like, our Habits near the ſame:
She may miſtake, and ſpeak to me for him.
I am reſolv'd, I'll ſatisfie my Doubts,
Though to be more tormented.

SONG.

1.

WHil'ſt Alexis *lay preſt*
In her Arms he lov'd beſt,
With his Hands round her Neck,
And his Head on her Breaſt,
He found the fierce pleaſure too haſty to ſtay,
And his Soul in the Tempeſt juſt flying away.

2.

When Cœlia *ſaw this,*
With a ſigh, and a Kiſs,
She cry'd, Oh my Dear, I am robb'd of my Bliſs;
'Tis unkind to your Love, and unfaithfully done,
To leave me behind you, and die all alone.

3.

The Youth, though in haſte,
And breathing his laſt,
In pity dy'd ſlowly, while ſhe dy'd more faſt;
Till at length ſhe cry'd, Now, my Dear, now let me go,
Now die, my Alexis, *and I will die too.*

4.

Thus intranc'd they did lie,
Till Alexis *did try*
To recover new Breath, that again he might die:
Then often they di'd; but the more they did ſo,
The Nymph di'd more quick, and the Shepherd more ſlow.

[*Another Dance. After it* Argaleon *re-enters, and ſtands by the Princeſs.*

Palm. *Leonidas*, what means this quick return? [*To* Arga.

Arga. O heav'n! 'tis what I fear'd.

Palm. Is ought of moment happen'd ſince you went?

Arga. No, Madam, but I underſtood not fully
Your laſt Comands.

Palm.——————And yet you anſwerd to 'em.
Retire; you are too indiſcreet a Lover:
I'll meet you where I promis'd. [*Exit.*

Arga. O my curſt Fortune! what have I diſcover'd?
But I will be reveng'd. [*Whiſpers to the King.*

Poly. But are yon certain you are not deceiv'd?

Arga. Upon my Life.

Poly.——————Her Honour is concern'd.——————
Somewhat I'll do; but I am yet diſtracted,
And know not where to fix. I wiſh'd a Child,
And Heav'n, in anger, granted my Requeſt.
So blind we are, our Wiſhes are ſo vain,
That what we moſt Deſire, proves moſt our Pain. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE III.

An Eating-houſe. Bottles of Wine on the Table. Palamede; *and* Doralice *in Man's Habit.*

Dor. (*Aſide*) Now cannot I find in my Heart to diſcover my ſelf, though I long he ſhould know me.

Pala. I tell thee, Boy, now I have ſeen thee ſafe, I muſt be gone: I have no leiſure

leiſure to throw away on thy raw Converſation: I am a Perſon that underſtand better things, I.

Dor. Were I a Woman, Oh how you'd admire me! Cry up every Word I ſaid, and ſcrue your Face into a ſubmiſſive Smile; as I have ſeen a dull Gallant act Wit, and counterfeit Pleaſantneſs, when he whiſpers to a great Perſon in a Play-houſe; Smile, and look briskly, when the other anſwers, as if ſomething of extraordinary had paſt betwixt 'em, when, Heaven knows, there was nothing elſe but, What a Clock does your Lordſhip think it is? and my Lor'ds *reperte* is, 'Tis almoſt Park-time: or, at moſt, Shall we out of the Pit, and go behind the Scenes for an Act or two? And yet ſuch fine things as theſe would be Wit in a Miſtriſſes Mouth.

Pala. Ay Boy; there's Dame Nature in the caſe: He who cannot find Wit in a Miſtriſs, deſerves to find nothing elſe, Boy. But theſe are Riddles to thee, Child, and I have no leiſure to inſtruct thee; I have Affairs, to diſpatch, great Affairs; I am a Man of Buſineſs.

Dor. Come, you ſhall not go: you have no Affairs but what you may diſpatch here, to my knowledge.

Pala. I find now, thou art a Boy of more underſtanding than I thought thee; a very lewd wicked Boy: O' my Conſcience thou would'ſt debauch me, and haſt ſome evil deſigns upon my Perſon.

Dor. You are miſtaken, Sir; I would only have you ſhow me a more lawful reaſon why you would leave me, than I can, why you ſhould not, and I'll not ſtay you; for I am not ſo young, but I underſtand the neceſſities of Fleſh and Blood, and the preſſing occaſions of Mankind, as well as you.

Pala. A very forward and underſtanding Boy! Thou art in great danger of a Paige's Wit, to be brisk at 14. and dull at 20. But I'll give thee no farther account; I muſt, and will go.

Dor. My life on't, your Miſtriſs is not at home.

Pala. This Imp will make me very angry.
I tell thee, young Sir, ſhe is at home; and at home for me: And, which is more, ſhe is abed for me, and Sick for me.

Dor. For you only?

Pala. Ay, for me only.

Dor. But how do you know ſhe's ſick abed?

Pala. She ſent her Husband word ſo.

Dor. And are you ſuch a Novice in Love, to believe a Wive's Meſſage to her Husband?

Pala. Why, what the Devil ſhould be her meaning elſe?

Dor. It may be, to go in Masquerade as well as you; to obſerve your haunts, and keep you company without your knowledge.

Pala. Nay, I'll truſt her for that: ſhe loves me too well, to diſguiſe her ſelf from me.

Dor. If I were ſhe, I would diſguiſe on purpoſe to try your Wit; and come to my Servant like a Riddle, read me, and take me.

Pala. I could know her in any ſhape! My good Genius would prompt me to find out a handſome Woman: There's ſomething in her that would attract me to her without my Knowledge.

Dor. Then you make a Load-ſtone of your Miſtriſs?

Pala. Yes, and I carry Steel about me, which has been ſo often touch'd, that it never fails to point to the North Pole.

Dor. Yet ſtill my Mind gives me, that you have met her diſguis'd to night, and have not known her.

Pala. This is the moſt pragmatical conceited little Fellow, he will needs underſtand my Buſineſs better than my ſelf. I tell thee once more, thou doſt not know my Miſtriſs.

Dor. And I tell you, once more, that I know her better than you do.

Pala. The Boy's reſolv'd to have the laſt word.
I find I muſt go without Reply. [*Exit.*

Dor. Ah miſchief, I have loſt him with my fooling. *Palamede, Palamede.*

[*He returns. She plucks off her Peruke, and puts it on again, when he knows her.*

Pala. O Heavens! Is it you, Madam?

Dor. Now, where was your good Genius, that would prompt you to find me out?

Pala. Why, you ſee I was not deceiv'd; you, your ſelf, were my good Genius.

Dor.

Dor. But where was the Steel that knew the Load-ſtone? ha?

Pala. The truth is, Madam, the Steel has loſt its virtue; and therefore, if you pleaſe, we'll new touch it.

Enter Rhodophil *and* Melantha *in Boy's Habit.* Rhodophil *ſees* Palamede *kiſſing* Doralice's *Hand.*

Rho. Palamede again! Am I fall'n into your Quarters? What? engaging with a Boy? is all Honourable?

Pala. O, very Honourable on my ſide. I was juſt chaſtiſing this young Villain; he was running away without paying his ſhare of the Reckoning.

Rho. Then I find I was deceiv'd in him.

Pala. Yes, you are deceiv'd in him: 'Tis the archeſt Rogue, if you did but know him.

Mel. Good *Rhodophil*, let us get off *a-la derobbée*, for fear I ſhould be diſcover'd.

Rho. There's no retiring now; I warrant you for diſcovery: Now have I the oddeſt Thought, to entertain you before your Servant's Face, and he never the wiſer; 'twill be the prettieſt jugling trick to cheat him when he looks upon us.

Mel. This is the ſtrangeſt *caprice* in you. ———

[*Pala. to Doralice.*] This *Rhodophil*'s the unlcuckieſt fellow to me! this is now the ſecond time he has barr'd the Dice, when we were juſt ready to have nick'd him; but if ever I get the Box again———

Dor. Do you think he will not know me? Am I like my ſelf?

Pala. No more than a Picture in the Hangings.

Dor. Nay, then he can never diſcover me, now the wrong ſide of the Arras is turn'd towards him.

Pala. At leaſt 'twill be ſome pleaſure to me, to enjoy what freedom I can while he looks on; I will ſtorm the Out-works of Matrimony, even before his Face.

Rho. What Wine have you there, *Palamede*?

Pala. Old *Chios*, or the Rogue's Damn'd that drew it.

Rho. Come, to the moſt Conſtant of Miſtriſſes, that I believe is yours, *Palamede.*

Dor. Pray ſpare your Seconds; for my part I'm but a weak Brother.

Pala. Now, to the trueſt of Turtles; that is your Wife, *Rhodophil*, that lies ſick at home in the Bed of Honour.

Rho. Now let's have one common Health, and ſo have done.

Dor. Then, for once I'll begin it. Here's to him that has the faireſt Lady of *Sicily* in Maſquerade to night.

Pala. This is ſuch an obliging Health, I'll kiſs thee, dear Rogue, for thy Invention. [*Kiſſes her.*

Rho. He who has this Lady, is a happy Man, without diſpute.
———I'm moſt concern'd in this, I am ſure. [*Aſide.*

Pala. Was it not well found out, *Rhodophil*?

Mel. Ay, this was *bien trouvée* indeed.

[*Dor. to Melantha.*] I ſuppoſe I ſhall do you a kindneſs to enquire if you have not been in *France*, Sir?

Mel. To do you ſervice, Sir?

Dor. O, Monſieur, *vot valet bien humble.* [*Saluting her.*

Mel. Votrè eſclave, Monſieur, dè tout mon Cœur. [*Returning the Salute.*

Dor. I ſuppoſe, ſweet Sir, you are the Hope and Joy of ſome thriving Citizen, who has pinch'd himſelf at home, to breed you abroad, where you have learnt your Exerciſes, as it appears, moſt aukwardly, and are returned with the addition of a new Lac'd Boſom, and a Clap; to your good old Father, who looks at you with his Mouth, while you ſpout *French* with your *Mon Monſieur.*

Pala. Let me kiſs thee again for that, dear Rogue.

Mel. And you, I imagine, are my young Maſter, whom your Mother durſt not truſt upon ſalt Water, but left you to be your own Tutor at Fourteen, to be very briſk and *entreprenant*, to endeavour to be debauch'd e'er you have learnt the knack on't; to value your ſelf upon a Clap before you can get it, and to make it the height of your Ambition to get a Player for your Miſtriſs.

[*Rho. embracing Mel.*] O dear young Bully, thou haſt tickl'd him with a *repertee* i'faith.

Mel. You are one of thoſe that applaud our Country Plays, where Drums and Trumpets, and Blood, and Wounds, are Wit. *Rho.*

Rho. Again, my Boy? Let me kiſs thee moſt abundantly.

Dor. You are an admirer of the dull *French* Poetry, which is ſo thin, that it is the very Leaf-Gold of Wit, the very Wafers and whipp'd Cream of Senſe, for which a Man opens his Mouth and gapes, to ſwallow nothing: And to be an Admirer of ſuch profound Dulneſs, one muſt be endow'd with a great perfection of Impudence and Ignorance.

Pala. Let me embrace thee moſt vehemently.

Mel. I'll ſacrifice my Life for *French* Poetry. [*Advancing.*

Dor. I'll die upon the ſpot for our Country Wit.

[*Rho. to Melantha.*] Hold, Hold, young *Mars*: *Palamede*, draw back your Heroe.

Pala. 'Tis time; I ſhall be drawn in for a Second elſe at the wrong weapon.

Mel. O that I were a Man for thy ſake!

Dor. You'll be a Man as ſoon as I ſhall.

Enter a Meſſenger to Rhodophil.

Meſſ. Sir, the King has inſtant Buſineſs with you.
I ſaw the Guard drawn up by your Lieutenant,
Before the Palace-Gate, ready to march.

Rho. 'Tis ſomewhat ſudden; ſay that I am coming. [*Exit Meſſenger.*
Now, *Palamede*, What think you of this ſport?
This is ſome ſudden Tumult: Will you along?

Pala. Yes, yes, I will go; but the Devil take me if ever I was leſs in Humour. Why, the Pox, could they not have ſtaid their Tumult till to Morrow? then I had done my buſineſs, and been ready for 'em. Truth is, I had a little tranſitory Crime to have committed firſt; and I am the worſt Man in the World at Repenting, till a Sin be throughly done: But what ſhall we do with the two Boys?

Rho. Let them take a Lodging in the Houſe, till the buſineſs be over.

Dor. What, Lie with a Boy? for my part, I own it, I cannot endure to Lie with a Boy.

Pala. The more's my Sorrow, I cannot accommodate you with a better Bedfellow.

Mel. Let me die, if I enter into a pair of Sheets with him that hates the *French*.

Dor. Piſh, take no care for us, but leave us in the Streets; I warrant you, as late as it is, I'll find my Lodging as well as any drunken Bully of 'em all.

Rho. I'll Fight in meer Revenge; and wreak my Paſſion [*Aſide.*
On all that ſpoil this hopeful Aſſignation.

Pala. I'm ſure we Fight in a good Quarrel:
Rogues may pretend Religion, and the Laws;
But a kind Miſtriſs is the *Good Old Cauſe.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Palmyra, Eubulus, Hermogenes.

Palm. You tell me wonders; that *Leonidas*
Is Prince *Theagenes*, the late King's Son.

Eub. It ſeem'd as ſtrange to him, as now to you,
Before I had convinc'd him: But, beſides
His great reſemblance to the King his Father,
The Queen his Mother lives, ſecur'd by me
In a Religious Houſe; to whom each Year
I brought the news of his increaſing Virtues.
My laſt long Abſence from you both, was caus'd
By wounds, which in my Journey I receiv'd,
When, ſet upon by Thieves, I loſt thoſe Jewels
And Letters, which your dying Mother left.

Her. The ſame, he means, which, ſince, brought to the King,
Made him firſt know he had a Child alive:
'Twas then my Care of Prince *Leonidas*
Caus'd me to ſay he was th'Uſurper's Son;
Till, after forc'd by your apparent danger,
I made the true diſcovery of your Birth,
And once more hid my Prince's.

Enter

Enter Leonidas.

Leon. *Hermogenes* and *Eubulus*, retire;
Thoſe of our Party, whom I left without,
Expect your Aid and Counſel. [*Exeunt ambo.*
Palm. I ſhould, *Leonidas*, congratulate
This happy Change of your exalted Fate;
But, as my Joy, ſo you my Wonder move;
Your Looks have more of Buſineſs, than of Love:
And your laſt words ſome great Deſign did ſhow.
Leon. I frame not any to be hid from you.
You, in my Love, all my Deſigns may ſee;
But what have Love and you deſign'd for me?
Fortune, once more, has ſet the Ballance right:
Firſt, equall'd us, in lowneſs; then, in height.
Both of us have ſo long, like Gameſters, thrown,
Till Fate comes round, and gives to each his own.
As Fate is equal, ſo may Love appear:
Tell me, at leaſt, what I muſt Hope, or Fear.
Palm. After ſo many Proofs, How can you call
My Love in doubt? Fear nothing, and Hope, all.
Think what a Prince, with Honour, may receive,
Or I may give without a Parents leave.
Leon. You give, and then reſtrain the Grace you ſhow;
As oſtentatious Prieſts, when Souls they wooe,
Promiſe their Heav'n to all, but Grant to few.
But do for me, what I have dar'd for you.
I did no Argument from Duty bring:
Duty's a Name; and Love's a Real thing.
Palm. Man's Love may, like wild Torrents, overflow:
Woman's as deep, but in its Banks muſt go.
My Love is mine; and that I can impart;
But cannot give my Perſon with my Heart.
Leon. Your Love is then no Gift:
For when the Perſon it does not convey,
'Tis to give Gold, and not to give the Key.
Palm. Then ask my Father.
Leon. ————He detains my Throne:
Who holds back mine, will hardly give his own.
Palm. What then remains?
Leon. ——— That I muſt have recourſe
To Arms; and take my Love and Crown by force.
Hermogenes is forming the Deſign;
And with him all the Brave and Loyal join.
Palm. And is it thus you Court *Palmyra*'s Bed?
Can ſhe the Murd'rer of her Parent Wed?
Deſiſt from Force: So much you well may give
To Love, and Me, to let my Father live.
Leon. Each Act of mine my Love to you has ſhown;
But you, who tax my want of it, have none.
You bid me part with you, and let him live;
But they ſhould nothing ask, who nothing give,
Palm. I give what Virtue, and what Duty can,
In vowing ne'er to Wed another Man.
Leon. You will be forc'd to be *Argaleon*'s Wife.
Palm. I'll keep my Promiſe, though I loſe my Life.
Leon. Then you loſe Love, for which we both contend;
For Life is but the means, but Love's the end.
Palm. Our Souls ſhall love hereafter.
Leon. ————I much fear
That Soul which could deny the Body here,
To Taſte of Love, would be a niggard there.
Palm. Then 'tis paſt Hope; our cruel Fate, I ſee,
Will make a ſad Divorce 'twixt you and me.

For

For, if you force employ, by Heav'n I ſwear,
And all Bleſs'd Beings,———
Leon. ———Your raſh Oath forbear.
Palm. I never———
Leon. ———Hold, once more. But, yet, as he
Who ſcapes a dangerous Leap, looks back to ſee;
So I deſire, now I am paſt my fear,
To know what was that Oath you meant to ſwear.
Palm. I meant, that if you hazarded your Life,
Or ſought my Father's, ne'er to be your Wife.
Leon. See now, *Palmyra*, how unkind you prove!
Could you, with ſo much eaſe, forſwear my Love?
Palm. You force me with your ruinous Deſign.
Leon. Your Father's Life is more your Care than mine.
Palm. You wrong me: 'tis not; thô it ought to be;
You are my Care, Heav'n knows, as well as he.
Leon. If now the execution I delay,
My Honour, and my Subjects, I betray.
All is prepar'd for the juſt Enterprize;
And the whole City will to Morrow Riſe.
The Leaders of the Party are within,
And *Eubulus* has Sworn that he will bring,
To head their Arms, the Perſon of their King.
Palm. In telling this, you make me guilty too;
I therefore muſt diſcover what I know:
What Honour bids you do, Nature bids me prevent;
But kill me firſt, and then purſue your black intent.
Leon. Palmyra, no; you ſhall not need to die;
Yet I'll not truſt ſo ſtrict a Piety.
Within there.

Enter Eubulus.

———*Eubulus*, a Guard prepare;
Here, I commit this Priſ'ner to your Care. { *Kiſſes* Palmyra's *Hand, then gives it to* Eubulus.
Palm. Leonidas, I never thought theſe Bands
Could e'er be giv'n me by a Lover's Hands.
Leon. Palmyra, thus your Judge himſelf arraigns; [*Kneeling.*
He who impos'd theſe Bonds, ſtill wears your Chains:
When you to Love or Duty falſe muſt be,
Or to your Father guilty, or to me,
Theſe Chains, alone, remain to ſet you free. } *Noiſe of Swords claſhing.*
Poly. [*Within.*] Secure theſe, firſt; then ſearch the inner Room.
Leon. From whence do theſe tumultuous Clamours come?

Enter Hermogenes *haſtily.*

Her. We are betray'd; and there remains alone
This Comfort, that your Perſon is not known.

Enter the King, Argaleon, Rhodophil, Palamede, *Guards*; *ſome like Citizens as Priſoners.*

Poly. What mean theſe Midnight-conſultations here,
Where I, like an unſummon'd Gueſt, appear?
Leon. Sir,———
Arga. ———There needs no excuſe; 'tis underſtood;
You were all watching for your Prince's good.
Poly. My Reverend City-Friends, you are well met!
On what great Work were your grave Wiſdoms ſet?
Which of my Actions were you ſcanning here?
What *French* Invaſion have you found to fear?
Leon. They are my Friends, and come, Sir, with intent
To take their leaves before my Baniſhment.
Poly. Your Exile, in both Sexes, Friends can find:
I ſee the Ladies, like the Men, are kind. [*Seeing* Palmyra.
Palm. Alas, I came but———— [*Kneeling.*
Poly. ———Add not to your Crime
A Lie: I'll hear you ſpeak ſome other time.

How? *Eubulus*! nor time, nor they diſguiſe,
Can keep thee, undiſcover'd, from my Eyes.
A Guard there; ſeize 'em all.
Rho. Yield, Sir; what uſe of valour can be ſhown?
Pal. One, and unarm'd, againſt a multitude!
Leon. O, for a ſword! [*He reaches at one of the Guards Halberds, and is ſeiz'd behind.*
——————I w'not loſe my breath
In fruitleſs Pray'rs; but beg a ſpeedy Death.
Palm. O ſpare *Leonidas*, and puniſh me.
Poly. Mean Girl, thou want'ſt an Advocate for thee.
Now the myſterious knot will be unty'd;
Whether the young King lives, or where he dy'd:
To morrows dawn ſhall the dark riddle clear,
Crown all my joys, and diſſipate my fear. *Exeunt omnes.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Palamede, Straton. Palamede *with a Letter in his Hand.*

Pal. THis Evening, ſay'ſt thou, will they both be here? *Stra.* Yes. Sir, both my Old Maſter, and your Miſtris's Father: the Old Gentlemen ride hard this Journey; they ſay, it ſhall be the laſt time they will ſee the Town and both of 'em are ſo pleas'd with this Marriage, which they have concluded for you, that I am afraid they will live ſome years longer to trouble you with the joy of it.

Pal. But this is ſuch an unreaſonable thing, to impoſe upon me to be Marry'd to morrow; 'tis hurrying a Man to Execution, without giving him time to ſay his pray'rs.

Stra. Yet, if I might adviſe you, Sir, you ſhould not delay it: for your younger Brother comes up with 'em, and is got already into their Favours. He has gain'd much upon my old Maſter, by finding fault with Inn-keepers Bills, and by ſtarving us, and our Horſes, to ſhow his frugality; and he is very well with your Miſtris's Father, by giving him Receipts for the Splene, Gout, and Scurvy, and other Infirmities of old Age.

Pal. I'll rout him, and his Country Education: Pox on him, I remember him before I travell'd, he had nothing in him but meer Jocky; us'd to talk loud, and make Matches, and was all for the Crack of the Field: Senſe and Wit were as much baniſh'd from his Diſcourſe, as they are when the Court goes out of Town to a Horſe-Race. Go now and provide your Maſter's Lodgings.

Stra. I go, Sir. [*Exit*

Pal. It vexes me to the Heart, to leave all my Deſigns with *Doralice* unfiniſh'd; to have flown her ſo often to a Mark, and ſtill to be bob'd at Retrieve: If I had but once enjoy'd her, though I could not have ſatisfi'd my Stomach with the Feaſt, at leaſt I ſhould have reliſh'd my Mouth a little; but now ———

Enter Philotis.

Phil. Oh, Sir, you are happily met; I was coming to find you.

Pal. From your Lady, I hope.

Phil. Partly from her, but more eſpecially from my ſelf: She has juſt now receiv'd a Letter from her Father, with an abſolute Command to diſpoſe her ſelf to Marry you to morrow.

Pal. And ſhe takes it to the Death?

Phil. Quite contrary: the Letter could never have come in a more lucky minute; for it found her in an ill humour with a Rival of yours, that ſhall be nameleſs, about the pronounciation of a *French* Word.

Pal. Count *Rhodophil*; never diſguiſe it, I know the *Amour*: but I hope you took the occaſion to ſtrike in for me?

Phil. It was my good Fortune to do you ſome ſmall Service in it; for your ſake I diſcommended him all over: Cloaths, Perſon, Humour, Behaviour, every thing; and to ſum up all, told her, It was impoſſible to find a Marri'd Man that was otherwiſe; for they were all ſo mortifi'd at home with their Wives Ill Humours, that they could never recover themſelves to be Company abroad.

Pal. Moſt Divinely urg'd!

Phil. Then I took occaſion to commend your good Qualities: as the Sweetneſs of your Humour, the Comelineſs of your Perſon, your good Meene, your Valour;

Valour; but above all, your Liberality.

Pal. I vow to Gad I had like to have forgot that good Quality in my ſelf, if thou had'ſt not remember'd me on't: Here are five Pieces for thee.

Phil. Lord, you have the ſofteſt Hand, Sir! it would do a Woman good to touch it: Count *Rhodophil*'s is not half ſo ſoft; for I remember I felt it once, when he gave me Ten Pieces for my New-years Gift.

Pal. O, I underſtand you, Madam; you ſhall find my Hand as ſoft again as Count *Rhodophil*'s: there are Twenty Pieces for you. The former was but a Retaining Fee; now I hope you'l plead for me.

Phil. Your own Merits ſpeak enough. Be ſure only to ply her with *French* Words, and I'll warrant you'll do your buſineſs. Here are a Liſt of her Phraſes for this day: uſe 'em to her upon all Occaſions, and foil her at her own Weapon; for ſhe's like one of the Old *Amazons*, ſhe'l never Marry, except it be the Man who has firſt conquer'd her.

Pal. I'll be ſure to follow your Advice: but you'll forget to further my Deſign.

Phil. What do you think I'll be ungreatful?———
———But, however, if you diſtruſt my Memory, put ſome Token on my Finger to remember it by: that Diamond there would do admirably.

Pal. There 'tis; and I ask your Pardon heartily for calling your Memory into Queſtion: I aſſure you I'll truſt it another time, without putting you to the trouble of another Token.

Enter Palmyra *and* Artemis.

Art. Madam, this way the Priſoners are to paſs;
Here you may ſee *Leonidas*.

Palm. Then here I'll ſtay, and follow him to Death.

Enter Melantha *haſtily.*

Mela. O, here's her Highneſs!
Now is my time to introduce my ſelf, and to make my Court to her, in my new *French* Phraſes. Stay, let me read my Catalogue—*ſuitte*, *figure*, *chagrin*, *naivete*, and *let me die* for the Parentheſis of all.

Pal. (*aſide*) Do, perſecute her; and I'll perſecute thee as faſt in thy own Dialect.

Mel Madam the Princeſs! Let me die, but this is a moſt horrid Spectacle, to ſee a Perſon who makes ſo grand a Figure in the Court, without the *Suitte* of a Princeſs, and entertaining your *Chagrin* all alone; (*Naivete* ſhould have been there, but the diſobedient Word would not come in.) [*Aſide.*

Palm. What is ſhe, *Artemis?*

Art. An impertinent Lady, Madam; very ambitious of being known to your Highneſs.

Pal. (*to Melanthe*) Let me die, Madam, if I have not waited you here theſe two long hours, without ſo much as the *Suitte* of a ſingle Servant to attend me; entertaining my ſelf with my own *Chagrin*, till I had the Honour to ſee your Ladiſhip, who are a Perſon that makes ſo conſiderable a Figure in the Court.

Mel. Truce with your *Douceours*, good Servant; you ſee I am addreſſing to the Princeſs; pray do not *embarraſs* me———*embarraſs* me! What a delicious *French* Word do you make me loſe upon you too!
(*To the Princeſs*) Your Higneſs, Madam, will pleaſe to pardon the *Bevue* which I made, in not ſooner finding you out to be a Princeſs: but let me die if this *Eclairciſſement* which is made this day of your Quality, does not raviſh me; and give me leave to tell you———

Pal. But firſt give me leave to tell you, Madam, that I have ſo great a Tender for your Perſon, and ſuch a *panchant* to do you Service, that———

Mel. What, muſt I ſtill be troubled with your *Sottiſes?* (There's another Word loſt, that I meant For the Princeſs, with a miſchef to you) But your Highneſs, Madam———

Pal. But your Ladiſhip, Madam———

Enter Leonidas *guarded, and led over the Stage.*

Mel. Out upon him, how he looks, Madam! now he's found no Prince, he is the ſtrangeſt Figure of a Man; how could I make that *Coup d' etourdy* to think him one?

Palm. Away, impertinent——— My dear *Leonidas!*

Leon. My dear *Palmyra!*

Palm. Death ſhall never part us;
My Deſtiny is yours. [*He is led off; ſhe follows.*

Mel. Impertinent! O I am the moſt unfortunate Perſon this day breathing: that the Princeſs ſhould thus *rompre en viſiere*, without occaſion. Let me die but I'll follow her to Death, till I make my Peace.

Pal. (*holding her*) And let me die, but I'll follow you to the Infernals till you pity me.

Mel. (*turning towards him angrily*) Ay, 'tis long of you that this *Malheur* is fall'n upon me; your Impertinence has put me out of the good Graces of the Princeſs, and all that, which has ruin'd me and all that; and therefore let me die but I'll be reveng'd, and all that.

Pal. Façon, façon, you muſt and ſhall Love me, and all that; for my old Man is coming up, and all that; and I am *deſeſperé au dernier*, and will not be diſinherited, and all that.

Mel. How durſt you interrupt me ſo *mal a propos*, when you knew I was addreſſing to the Princeſs?

Pal. But why would you addreſs your ſelf ſo much *a contretemps* then?

Mel. Ah *mal peſte!*

Pal. Ah *l'enrage.*

Phil. Radouciſſez vous, de grace, Madame; vous êtes bien en colere pour peu de choſe. Vous 'n entendez pas la raillerie gallante.

Mel. Ad autres, ad autres: He mocks himſelf of me, he abuſes me; Ah me unfortunate! [*cries!*

Phil. You miſtake him, Madam, he does but accommodate his Phraſe to your Refin'd Language. *Ah, qu'il eſt un Cavalier accomply!* Purſue your Point, Sir—— [*To him.*

Pal. Ah qu'il fait beau dans ces boccages; [*Singing.*
Ah que le ciel donne un beau jour!
There I was with you, with a *minouét.*

Mel. Let me die now, but this Singing is fine, and extreamly *French* in him. [*Laughs*] But then that he ſhould uſe my own Words, as it were in contempt of me, I cannot bear it. [*Crying.*

Pal. Ces beaux ſejours, ces doux ramages ——

Mel. Ces beaux ſejours, ces doux ramages, [*Singing after him.*
Ces beaux ſejours, nous invitent a l' amour! Let me die but he ſings *en Cavalier*, and ſo humours the Cadence. [*Laughing.*

Pal. Voy, ma Clymene, voy ſoubs ce cheſne, [*Singing again.*
S' entrebaiſer ces oiſeaux amoreux! Let me die now, but that was fine. Ah, now, for three or four brisk *Frenchmen*, to be put into Maſquing Habits, and to ſing it on a Theatre, how witty it would be! and then to dance helter skelter to a *Chanſon a boire: toute la terre, toute la terre eſt a moy!* what's matter though it were made, and ſung, two or three years ago in *Cabarets*, how it would attract the Admiration, eſpecially of every one that's an *eveille!*

Mel. Well, I begin to have a Tender for you; but yet, upon condition, that——when we are Marry'd, you—— [Pal. *ſings while ſhe ſpeaks.*

Phil. You muſt drown her Voice: If ſhe makes her *French* Conditions, you are a Slave for ever.

Mel. Firſt, will you engage——that

Pal. Fa, la, la, la, &c. [*Louder.*

Mel. Will you hear the Conditions?

Pal. No; I will hear no Conditions! I am reſolv'd to win you *en Francois*: to be very aiery, with abundance of noiſe, and no ſenſe: Fa, la, la, la, &c.

Mel. Hold, hold: I am vanquiſh'd with your *gayeté d' eſprit.* I am yours, and will be yours, *ſans nulle reſerve, ny condition*: and let me die, if I do not think my ſelf the happieſt Nymph in *Sicily*——My dear *French* Dear, ſtay but a *minute*, till I *raccommode* my ſelf with the Princeſs, and then I am yours, *juſqu'a la mort.*

Allons donc—— [*Exeunt* Mel. Philot.

Pal. (*Solus, fanning himſelf with his hat*) I never thought before that Wooing was ſo laborious an Exerciſe: If ſhe were worth a Million, I have deſerv'd her; and now, me-thinks too, with taking all this Pains for her, I begin to like her. 'Tis ſo; I have known many, who never car'd for Hare nor Partridge, but thoſe they caught themſelves would eat heartily: the Pains, and the Story a Man tells of the taking of 'em, makes the Meat go down more pleaſantly. Beſides, laſt Night I had

had a ſweet Dream of her, and, Gad, ſhe I have once dream'd of, I am ſtark Mad till I enjoy her, let her be never ſo ugly.

Enter Doralice,

Doralice. Who's that you are ſo Mad to Enjoy, *Palamede?*

Pal. You may eaſily imagine that, ſweet *Doralice.*

Dor. More eaſily than you think I can: I met juſt now with a certain Man, who came to you with Letters, from a certain old Gentleman, yclipped your Father; whereby I am given to underſtand, that to morrow you are to take an Oath in the Church to be grave henceforward, to go ill-dreſs'd and ſlovenly, to get Heirs for your Eſtate, and to dandle 'em for your Diverſion; and in ſhort, that Love and Courtſhip are to be no more.

Pal. Now have I ſo much ſhame to be thus apprehended in the manner, that I can neither ſpeak nor look upou you; I have abundance of Grace in me, that I find: But if you have any ſpark of true Friendſhip in you, retire a little with me to the next Room, that has a Couch or Bed in't, and beſtow your Charity upon a poor dying Man: A little Comfort from a Miſtris, before a Man is going to give himſelf in Marriage, is as good as a luſty Doſe of Strong-water to a dying Malefactour; it takes away the ſenſe of Hell and Hanging from him.

Dor. No, good *Palamede*, I muſt not be ſo injurious to your Bride: 'Tis ill drawing from the Bank to day, when all your ready Money is payable to morrow.

Pal. A Wife is only to have the ripe Fruit, that falls of it ſelf; but a wiſe Man will always preſerve a ſhaking for a Miſtris.

Dor. But a Wife for the firſt Quarter is a Miſtris.

Pal. But when the ſecond comes.

Dor. When it does come, you are ſo given to variety, that you would make a Wife of me in another Quarter.

Pal. No, never, except I were married to you: Marry'd People can never oblige one another; for all they do is Duty, and conſequently there can be no Thanks: But Love is more frank and generous than he is honeſt; he's a liberal Giver, but a curſed Pay-maſter.

Dor. I declare I will have no Gallant; but, if I would, he ſhould never be a marry'd Man; a marry'd Man is but a Miſtris's half-ſervant, as a Clergy-man is but the King's half ſubject: For a Man to come to me that ſmells o'th' Wife! 'slife, I wou'd as ſoon wear her old Gown after her, as her Husband.

Pal. Yet 'tis a kind of Faſhion to wear a Princeſs's caſt Shoes, you ſee the Countrey Ladies buy 'em to be fine in 'em.

Dor. Yes, a Princeſs's Shoes may be worn after her, becauſe they keep their Faſhion, by being ſo very little us'd; but generally a marry'd Man is the Creature of the World the moſt out of Faſhion; his Behaviour is dumpiſh, his Diſcourſe his Wife and Family, his Habit ſo much neglected, it looks as if that were marry'd too; his Hat is marry'd, his Peruke is marry'd, his Breeches are marry'd, and if we could look within his Breeches, we ſhould find him marry'd there too.

Pal. Am I then to be diſcarded for ever? Pray do but mark how terrible that Word ſounds; For ever! It has a very damn'd Sound, *Doralice.*

Dor. Ay, for ever! It ſounds as helliſhly to me, as it can do to you, but there's no help for't.

Pal. Yet if we had but once enjoy'd one another: But then once only, is worſe than not at all; it leaves a Man with ſuch a lingring after it.

Dor. For ought I know 'tis better that we have not; we might upon Trial have lik'd each other leſs, as many a Man and Woman, that have lov'd as deſperately as we, and yet when they came to Poſſeſſion, have ſigh'd and cri'd to themſelves, Is this all?

Pal. That is only, if the Servant were not found a Man of this World; but if, upon Trial, we had not lik'd each other, we had certainly left loving; and faith, that's the greater Happineſs of the two.

Dor. 'Tis better as 'tis; we have drawn off already as much of our Love as would run clear; after poſſeſſing, the reſt is but Jealouſies, and Diſquiets, and Quarrelling, and Piecing.

Pal. Nay, after one great Quarrel, there's never any ſound Piecing; the Love is apt to break in the ſame place again.

Dor. I declare I would never renew a Love; that's like him who trims an old Coach for ten Years together, he might buy a new one better cheap.

Pal.

Pal. Well, Madam, I am convinc'd, that 'tis beſt for us not to have enjoy'd; but Gad, the ſtrongeſt Reaſon is, becauſe I can't help it.

Dor. The only way to keep us new to one another, is never to enjoy, as they keep Grapes by hanging 'em upon a Line; they muſt touch nothing if you would preſerve 'em freſh.

Pal. But then they wither, and grow dry in the very keeping; however I ſhall have a warmth for you, and an eagerneſs, every time I ſee you; and if I chance to out-live *Melantha* ——

Dor. And if I chance to out-live *Rhodophil* ——

Pal. Well, I'll cheriſh my Body as much as I can upon that Hope. 'Tis true, I would not directly murder the Wife of my boſome; but to kill her civilly, by the way of Kindneſs, I'll put as fair as another Man: I'll begin to morrow Night, and be very wrathful with her, that's reſolv'd on.

Dor. Well *Palamede*, here's my Hand, I'll venture to be your ſecond Wife, for all your Threatnings.

Pal. In the mean time I'll watch you hourly, as I would the ripeneſs of a Melon, and I hope you'll give me leave now and then to look on you, and to ſee if you are not ready to be cut yet.

Dor. No, no, that muſt not be, *Palamede*, for fear the Gardener ſhould catch you taking up the Glaſs.

Enter Rhodophil.

Rho. (*Aſide*) Billing ſo ſweetly! now I am confirm'd in my ſuſpicions: I muſt put en end to this, ere it go farther. [*Aſide.*

(*To Doralice*) Cry you mercy, Spouſe; I fear I have interrupted your Recreations.

Dor. What Recreations?

Rho. Nay, no excuſes, good Spouſe; I ſaw fair Hand convey'd to Lip, and preſt, as though you had been ſqueezing ſoft Wax together for an Indenture. *Palamede*, you and I muſt clear this Reckoning; why would you have ſeduc'd my Wife?

Pal. Why would you have debauch'd my Miſtris?

Rho. What do you think of that civil Couple, that play'd at a Game call'd, *Hide and Seek*, laſt Evening, in the Grotto?

Pal. What do you think of that innocent Pair, who made it their pretence to ſeek for others, but came, indeed, to hide themſelves there?

Rho. All things conſider'd, I begin vehemently to ſuſpect, that the young Gentleman I found in your Company laſt Night, was a certain Youth of my Acquaintance.

Pal. And I have an odd Imagination, that you could never have ſuſpected my ſmall Gallant, if your little villanous *French-man* had not been a falſe Brother.

Rho. Farther Arguments are needleſs; Draw off; I ſhall ſpeak to you now by the way of *Bilbo*. [*Claps his Hand to his Sword.*

Pal. And I ſhall anſwer you by the way of *Dangerfield*. [*Claps his Hand on his.*

Dor. Hold, hold; are not you two a couple of mad fighting Fools, to cut one another's Throats for nothing?

Pal. How for nothing? He courts the Woman I muſt marry.

Rho. And he courts you, whom I have marry'd.

Dor. But you can neither of you be jealous of what you love not.

Rho. Faith I am jealous, and that makes me partly ſuſpect that I love you better than I thought.

Dor. Piſh! a meer Jealouſie of Honour.

Rho. Gad I am afraid there's ſomething elſe in't; for *Palamede* has Wit, and if he loves you, there's ſomething more in ye than I have found: Some rich Mine, for ought I know, that I have not yet diſcover'd,

Pal. 'Slife, what's this? here's an Argument for me to love *Melantha*; for he has lov'd her, and he has Wit too, and, for ought I know, there may be a Mine: But, if there be, I am reſolv'd I'll dig for't.

Dor. (*to Rhod.*) Then I have found my Account in raiſing your Jealouſie: O! 'tis the moſt delicate ſharp Sawce to a cloy'd Stomach; it will give you a new Edge, *Rhodophil*.

Rho. And a new Point too, *Doralice*, if I could be ſure thou art honeſt.

Dor. If you are wiſe, believe me for your own ſake: Love and Religion have but one thing to truſt to; that's a good ſound Faith. Conſider, if I have play'd falſe, you can never find it out by any Experiment you can make upon me.

Rho

Rho. No? Why, ſuppoſe I had a delicate ſcrew'd Gun, if I left her clean, and found her foul, I ſhould diſcover, to my coſt, ſhe had been ſhot in.

Dor. But if you left her clean, and found her only ruſty, you would diſcover, to your ſhame, ſhe was only ſo for want of ſhooting.

Pal. *Rhodophil*, you know me too well, to imagine I ſpeak for fear; and therefore in conſideration of our paſt Friendſhip, I will tell you, and bind it by all things Holy, that *Doralice* is innocent.

Rho. Friend, I will believe you, and vow the ſame for your *Melantha*; but the Devil on't is, how we ſhall keep 'em ſo.

Pal. What doſt think of a Bleſſed Community betwixt us four, for the ſolace of the Women, and relief of the Men? Methinks it would be a pleaſant kind of life: Wife and Husband for the ſtanding Diſh, and Miſtriſs and Gallant for the Deſert.

Rhod. But ſuppoſe the Wife and the Miſtriſs ſhould both long for the ſtanding Diſh, How ſhould they be ſatisfy'd together?

Pal. In ſuch a caſe they muſt draw Lots: and yet that would not do neither; for they would both be wiſhing for the longeſt Cut.

Rho. Then I think, *Palamede*, we had as good make a firm League, not to invade each others Propriety.

Pal. Content, ſay I. From henceforth let all acts of Hoſtility ceaſe betwixt us; and that in the uſual form of Treaties, as well by Sea as Land, and in all freſh Waters.

Dor. I will add but one *Proviſo*, That whoever breaks the League, either by War abroad, or by Neglect at home, both the Women ſhall revenge themſelves by the help of the other Party.

Rho. That's but reaſonable. Come away, *Doralice*; I have a great Temptation to be Sealing Articles in private.

Pala. Haſt thou ſo? [*Claps him on the Shoulder.*
Fall on *Macbduff*,
And curſt be he that firſt cries, Hold, enough.

Enter Polydamas, Palmyra, Artemis, Argaleon: *after them*, Eubulus *and* Hermogenes, *Guarded.*

Palm. Sir, on my knees I beg you.

Pol. Away, I'll hear no more.

Palm. For my dead Mother's ſake; you ſay you lov'd her,
And tell me I reſemble her. Thus ſhe
Had begg'd.

Pol. ——————And thus had I deny'd her.

Palm. You muſt be merciful.

Arga.——————You muſt be conſtant.

Pol. Go, bear 'em to the Torture; you have boaſted
You have a King to Head you: I would know
To whom I muſt reſign.

Eub. ——————This is our Recompence
For ſerving thy dead Queen.

Her. ——————And Education
Of thy Daughter.

Arga. You are too modeſt in not naming all
His Obligations to you: Why did you
Omit his Son, the Prince *Leonidas*?

Pol. That Impoſture
I had forgot; their Tortures ſhall be doubled.

Her. You pleaſe me; I ſhall die the ſooner.

Eub. No; could I live an Age, and ſtill be rack'd,
I ſtill would keep the Secret. [*As they are going off.*

Enter Leonidas, *Guarded.*

Leon. Oh, whither do you hurry Innocence!
If you have any Juſtice, ſpare their Lives;
Or if I cannot make you Juſt, at leaſt
I'll teach you to more purpoſe to be Cruel.

Palm. Alas, what does he ſeek!

Leon. Make me the object of your Hate and Vengeance!
Are theſe decrepid Bodies worn to ruine,
Juſt ready, of themſelves, to fall aſunder,

And

And to let drop the Soul,
Are theſe fit Subjects for a Rack, and Tortures?
Where would you faſten any hold upon 'em?
Place Pains on me; united fix 'em here;
I have both Youth, and Strength, and Soul to bear 'em:
And if they merit Death, then I much more;
Since 'tis for me they ſuffer.
Her. ——————Heav'n forbid
We ſhould redeem our pains, or worthleſs Lives,
By out expoſing yours.
Eub. Away with us: Farewel, Sir.
I only ſuffer in my Fears for you.
Arga. So much concern'd for him? then my [*Aſide.*
Suſpicion's true [*Whiſpers the King.*
Palm. Hear yet my laſt Requeſt, for poor *Leonidas*;
Or take my Life with his.
Arga. [*To the King.*] Reſt ſatisfy'd; *Leonidas* is he.
Pol. I am amaz'd: What muſt be done?
Arga. Command his Execution inſtantly:
Give him not leiſure to diſcover it;
He may corrupt the Soldiers.
Pol. Hence with that Traitor; bear him to his death:
Haſte there, and ſee my Will perform'd.
Leon. Nay, then I'll die like him the Gods have made me.
Hold, Gentleman; I am—————— [Argaleon *ſtops his Mouth.*
Arga. Thou art a Traitor, 'tis not fit to hear thee.
Leon. I ſay I am the—————— [*Getting looſe a little.*
Arga. So; gag him, and lead him off. [*Again ſtopping his Mouth.*
[Leonidas, Hermogenes, Eubulus, *led off*; Polydamas *and* Argaleon *follow.*
Palm. Duty and Love by turns poſſeſs my Soul,
And ſtruggle for a fatal Victory:
I will diſcover he's the King; Ah, no:
That will perhaps ſave him;
But then I am guilty of a Father's Ruine.
What ſhall I do, or not do? either way
I muſt deſtroy a Parent, or a Lover.
Break Heart; for that's the leaſt of ills to me,
And Death the only Cure, [*Swoons.*
Arte. Help, help the Princeſs.
Rho. Bear her gently hence, where ſhe may
Have more Succour. [*She is born off*, Arte. *follows her.*
[*Shouts within, and claſhing of Swords,*
Pal. What noiſe is that?
Enter Amalthea *running.*
Amal. Oh, Gentlemen, if you have Loyalty,
Or Courage, ſhew it now: *Leonidas*
Broke on the ſudden from his Guards, and ſnatching
A Sword from one, his Back againſt the Scaffold,
Bravely defends himſelf; and owns aloud
He is our long loſt King, found for this moment?
But, if your Valours help not, loſt for ever.
Two of his Guards, mov'd by the Senſe of Virtue,
Are turn'd for him, and there they ſtand at Bay
Againſt an Hoſt of Foes.
Rho. ——————Madam, no more;
We loſe time: my Command, or my Example,
May move the Soldiers to the better Cauſe.
You'll Second me? [*To* Pal.
Pal. Or die with you: no Subject e'r can meet
A nobler Fate, than at his Sovereign's Feet. [*Exeunt,*
[*Claſhing of Swords within, and Shouts.*
Enter Leonidas, Rhodophil, Palamede, Eubulus, Hermogenes, *and their Party, victorious.* Polydamus *and* Argaleon *diſarm'd.*
Leon. That I ſurvive the dangers of this day;

Next

Next to the Gods, brave Friends, be yours the Honour.
And let Heaven witneſs for me, that my Joy
Is not more great for this my Right reſtor'd,
Than 'tis, that I have power to recompence
Your Loyalty and Valour. Let mean Princes
Of abject Souls, fear to reward great Actions;
I mean to ſhow,
That whatſoe'er Subjects, like you, dare merit,
A King, like me, dares give——

Rho. You make us bluſh, we have deſerv'd ſo little.

Pal. And yet inſtruct us how to merit more.

Leon. And as I would be juſt in my Rewards,
So ſhould I in my Puniſhments; theſe two,
This the Uſurper of my Crown, the other,
Of my *Palmyra*'s Love, deſerve that death
Which both deſign'd for me.

Pol. ——And we expect it.

Arga. I have too long been Happy to live wretched.

Pol. And I too long have Govern'd, to deſire
A Life without an Empire.

Leon. You are *Palmyra*'s Father; and as ſuch,
Though not a King, ſhall have Obedience paid
From him who is one. Father, in that name,
All Injuries forgot, and Duty own'd. [*Embraces him.*

Pol. Oh, had I known you could have been this King,
Thus God-like, Great and Good, I ſhould have wiſh'd
Thave been Dethron'd before! 'Tis now I live,
And more then Reign; now all my Joys flow pure,
Unmix'd with Cares, and undiſturb'd by Conſcience.

Enter Palmyra, Amalthea, Artemis, Doralice *and* Melantha.

Leon. See, my *Palmyra* comes! the frighted Blood
Scarce yet recall'd to her pale Cheeks,
Like the firſt ſtreaks of Light broke looſe from Darkneſs,
And dawning into Bluſhes.——Sir, you ſaid, [*To* Polyda.
Your Joys were full; Oh, would you make mine ſo!
I am but half-reſtor'd without this Bleſſing.

Pol. The Gods, and my *Palmyra*, make you Happy.
As you make me. [*Gives her hand to* Leonidas.

Palm. ——Now all my Pray'rs are heard:
I may be Dutiful, and yet may love.
Virtue and Patience have at length unravell'd
The knots which Fortune ty'd.

Mel. Let me die, but I'll congratulate his Majeſty: How admirably well his Royalty Becomes him! Becomes! That is *luy ſied*; but our damn'd Language expreſſes nothing.

Pal. How? does it become him already? 'twas but juſt now you ſaid he was ſuch a Figure of a Man.

Mel. True, my Dear, when he was a private Man he was a Figure; but ſince he is a King, methinks he has aſſum'd another Figure: he looks ſo Grand, and ſo Auguſt. [*Going to the King.*

Pal. Stay, ſtay; I'll Preſent you when it is more convenient. I find I muſt get her a Place at Court; and when ſhe is once there, ſhe can be no longer ridiculous; for ſhe is young enough, and pretty enough, and fool enough, and *Freneh* enough, to bring up a Faſhion there to be Affected.

[*Leon. to Rhodophil.*] Did ſhe then lead you to this brave Attempt?
[*To Amalthea.*] To you, fair *Amalthea*, what I am,
And what all theſe, from me, we jointly owe:
Firſt, therefore, to your great Deſert we give
Your Brother's Life; but keep him under Guard,
Till our new Power be ſetled. What more Grace
He may receive, ſhall from his future carriage
Be given, as he deſerves.

Arga. I neither now deſire, nor will deſerve it;

My loſs is ſuch as cannot be repair'd,
And to the wretched, Life can be no Mercy.
Leon. Then be a Priſoner always: thy ill Fate,
And Pride will have it ſo: but ſince, in this, I cannot,
Inſtruct me, generous *Amalthea*, how
A King may ſerve you.
Amal. ——————I have all I hope,
And all I now muſt wiſh; I ſee you Happy.
Thoſe Hours I have to live, which Heav'n in pity
Will make but few, I vow to ſpend with Veſtals:
The greateſt part, in Pray'rs for you; the reſt
In mourning my Unworthineſs.
Preſs me not farther to explain my ſelf;
'Twill not become me, and may cauſe your Trouble.
Leon. Too well I underſtand her ſecret Grief, [*Aſide.*
But dare not ſeem to know it.——Come my Faireſt [*To* Palmyra.
Beyond my Crown I have one Joy in ſtore;
To give that Crown to her whom I Adore. [*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

THus have my Spouſe and I inform'd the Nation,
And led you all the way to Reformation.
Not with dull Morals, gravely writ, like thoſe,
Which Men of cuſie Phlegme, with Care compoſe:
Your Poets of ſtiff words and limber Senſe,
Born on the confines of Indifference.
But by Examples drawn, I dare to ſay,
From moſt of you, who hear, and ſee the Play.
There are more Rhodophils in this Theatre,
More Palamedes, and ſome few Wives I fear.
But yet too fat our Poet would not ſtuff;
Tho' 'twas well offer'd, there was nothing done.
He would not quite the Womans frailty bare,
But, ſtript 'em to the Waſte, and left 'em there.
And the Men's Faults are leſs ſeverely ſhown,
For he conſiders that himſelf is one.
Some ſtabbing Wits, to bloody Satyr bent,
Would treat both Sexes with leſs Ceremony:
Would lay the Scene at home, at Hatchet-Hall,
For Wenches, taking up their Wives i' the Mall,
And a brisk Bout, which each of them did mean,
Made by miſtake of Miſtreſs and Gallant.
Our Modeſt Author thought it was enough
To cut you off a Sample of the Stuff:
He ſpar'd my Shame, and you, for ſure would not,
For you were all for Acting and the Plot:
You ſcap'd unless I could in to break the ſcene,
And ſet your Teeth, where each Diſcourſe did ſtick,
To Wenches and Servants all good Fellowſhip,
But the poor Cuckold ſat like ſome ſad Sight,
Such as the Cities Cheat and Town muſt take by th' by,
I Humbly beg my ſelf upon the City.

FINIS.

To My Most Honour'd Friend

Sir Charles Sedley, Baronet.

SIR,

THE Design of *Dedicating Plays*, is as common and unjuſt, as that of deſiring Seconds in a *Duel*. 'Tis engaging our Friends (it may be) in a ſenſeleſs Quarrel, where they have much to venture, without any Concernment of their own. I have declar'd thus much before-hand, to prevent you from Suſpicion, that I intend to Intereſt either your Judgment or your Kindneſs, in defending the Errors of this *Comedy*. It ſucceeded ill in the Repreſentation, againſt the Opinion of many the beſt Judges of our Age, to whom you know I read it, e're it was preſented Publickly. Whether the Fault was in the Play it ſelf or in the lameneſs of the Action, or in the number of its Enemies, who came reſolv'd to damn it for the Title, I will not now diſpute: That wou'd be too like the little Satisfaction which an unlucky Gameſter finds in the Relation of every caſt by which he came to loſe his Money. I have had formerly ſo much ſucceſs, that the miſcarriage of this Play was only my giving Fortune her Revenge: I ow'd it her; and ſhe was Indulgent that ſhe exacted not the Payment long before. I will therefore deal more reaſonably with you, than any Poet has ever done with any Patron: I do not ſo much as oblige you for my ſake to paſs two ill Hours in reading of my Play. Think, if you pleaſe, that this Dedication is only an occaſion I have taken to do my ſelf the greateſt Honour imaginable with Poſterity; that is, to be recorded in the Number of thoſe Men whom you have favour'd with your Friendſhip and Eſteem. For, I am well aſſur'd, that beſides the preſent Satisfaction I have, it will gain me the greateſt part of my Reputation with after-Ages, when they ſhall find me valuing my ſelf on your Kindneſs to me: I may have Reaſon to ſuſpect my own Credit with them, but I have none to doubt of yours. And they who perhaps wou'd forget me in my Poems, wou'd remember me in this *Epiſtle*.

This was the Courſe which has formerly been practis'd by the Poets of that Nation who were Maſters of the Univerſe. *Horace* and *Ovid*, who had little reaſon to diſtruſt their Immortality, yet took occaſion to ſpeak with Honour of *Virgil*, *Varius*, *Tibullus*, and *Propertius*, their Contemporaries: as if they ſought in the Teſtimony of their Friendſhip a farther Evidence of their Fame. For my own part, I, who am the leaſt amongſt the Poets, have yet the fortune to be honour'd with the beſt Patron, and the beſt Friend: For, (to omit ſome Great Perſons of our Court, to whom I am many ways oblig'd, and who have taken care of me, even amidſt the Exigences of a War) I can make my boaſt to have found a better *Maecenas* in the Perſon of my Lord Treaſurer *Clifford*; and a more Elegant *Tibullus* in that of Sir *Charles Sedley*. I have choſen that Poet, to whom I would reſemble you, not only becauſe I think him at leaſt Equal, if not Superior to *Ovid* in his *Elegies*; nor becauſe of his Quality for he was (you know) a *Roman* Knight, as well as *Ovid*: But for his Candor, his Wealth, his way of Living, and particularly becauſe of this Teſtimony which is given him by *Horace*, which I have a Thouſand times in my mind apply'd to you

Non tu Corpus eras ſine pectore; Dii tibi formam,
Dii tibi divitias dederant, artemq; fruendi.
Quid voveat dulci Nutricula majus Alumno
Quam ſapere, & fari poſſit quæ ſentiat, & cui
Gratia, forma, valetudo contingat abunde;
Et mundus victus, non deficiente crumena?

Certainly the Poets of that Age enjoy'd much Happineſs in the Converſation and Friendſhip of one another. They imitated the beſt way of Living, which was to purſue an inocent and inoffenſive Pleaſure; that which one of the Ancients called *Eruditam voluptatem*. We have, like them, our Genial Nights; where our Diſcourſe is neither too ſerious, nor too light; but always pleaſant, and, for the moſt part, inſtructive: the Raillery neither too ſharp upon the Preſent, nor too cenſorious on the Abſent; and the Cups only ſuch as will raiſe the Converſation of the Night, without diſturbing the Buſineſs of the Morow. And thus far not only the Philoſophers, but the Fathers of the Church have gone, without leſſening their Reputation of good Manners, or Piety. For this reaſon I have often laugh'd at the ignorant and ridiculous Deſcriptions which ſome Pedants have given of the Wits (as they are pleas'd to call them:) which are a Generation of Men as unknown to them, as the People of *Tartary*, or the *Terra Auſtralis* are to us. And therefore as we draw *Giants* and *Anthropophagi* in thoſe Vacancies of our *Maps*, where we have not Travell'd to diſcover better; ſo thoſe Wretches Paint Lewdneſs, Atheiſm, Folly, ill-Reaſoning, and all manner of Extravagances amongſt us, for want of Underſtanding what we are. Oftentimes it ſo falls out, that they have a particular Picque to ſome one amongſt us; and then they immediately intereſt Heaven in their Quarrel; as 'tis an uſual Trick in Courts, when one deſigns the ruine of his Enemy, to diſguiſe his Malice with ſome Concernment of the King's; and to revenge his own Cauſe, with Pretence of vindicating the Honour of his Maſter. Such Wits as they deſcribe, I have never been ſo unfortunate to meet in your Company: But have often heard much better Reaſoning at your Table, than I have encounter'd

in their Books. The Wits they describe, are the Fops we baniſh: For Blaſphemy and Atheiſm, if they were neither Sin nor ill Manners, are Subjects ſo very common, and worn ſo Thredbare, that People who have Senſe avoid them, for fear of being ſuſpected to have none. It calls the good Name of their Wit in queſtion, as it does the Credit of a Citizen when his Shop is fill'd with Trumperies, and painted Titles in ſtead of Wares: We conclude them Bankrupt to all manner of Underſtanding: And, that to uſe Blaſphemy, is a kind of applying Pigeons to the Soles of the Feet: It proclaims their Fancy as well as Judgment, to be in a deſperate Condition. I am ſure for your own particular, if any of theſe Judges had once the Happineſs to converſe with you, to hear the Candor of your Opinions; how freely you commend that Wit in others, of which you have ſo large a Portion your ſelf; how unapt you are to be Cenſorious; with how much eaſineſs you ſpeak ſo many Things, and thoſe ſo pointed, that no other Man is able to excell, or perhaps to reach by Study, they wou'd, inſtead of being your Accuſers, become your Proſelites; reverence ſo much good Senſe, and ſo much good Nature in the ſame Perſon: And come, like the Satyr, to warm themſelves at that Fire, of which they were ignorantly afraid, when they ſtood at a diſtance from it. But, you have too great a Reputation to be wholly free from Cenſure: 'Tis a Fine which Fortune ſets upon all extraordinary Perſons, and from which you ſhould not wiſh to be deliver'd till you are dead. I have been us'd by my Critiques much more ſeverely, and have more reaſon to complain, becauſe I am deeper tax'd for a leſs Eſtate. I am ridiculouſly enough accus'd to be a Contemner of Univerſities, that is, in other Words, an Enemy of Learning: Without the Foundation of which, I am ſure no Man can pretend to be a Poet. And if this be not enough, I am made a Detractor from my Predeceſſors, whom I confeſs to have been my Maſters in the Art. But this latter was the Accuſation of the beſt Judge, and almoſt the beſt Poet in the Latin Tongue. You find *Horace* complaining, that for taxing ſome Verſes in *Lucilius*, he himſelf was blam'd by others, though his Deſign was no other than mine now, to improve the Knowledge of Poetry: And it was no defence to him amongſt his Enemies, any more than it is for me, that he prais'd *Lucilius* where he deſerv'd it; *Pagina laudatur eadem.* 'Tis for this Reaſon I will be no more miſtaken for my good Meaning: I know I honour *Ben Johnſon* more than my little Critiques, becauſe without Vanity I may own, I underſtand him better. As for the Errors they pretend to find in me, I could eaſily ſhow them that the greateſt part of them are Beauties: And for the reſt, I could recriminate upon the beſt Poets of our Nation, if I could reſolve to accuſe another of little Faults, whom at the ſame time I admire for greater Excellencies. But I have neither Concernment enough upon me to write any thing in my own Defence, neither will I gratifie the Ambition of two wretched Scriblers, who deſire nothing more than to be anſwer'd. I have not wanted Friends, even amongſt Strangers, who have defended me more ſtrongly, than my contemptible Pedant cou'd attack me. For the other, he is only like *Fungoſo* in the Play, who follows the Faſhion at a diſtance, and adores the *Faſtidius Briſk* of *Oxford*. You can bear me Witneſs, that I have not Conſideration enough for either of them, to be angry: Let *Mævius* and *Bavius* admire each other; I wiſh to be hated by them and their Fellows, by the ſame Reaſon for which I deſire to be lov'd by you. And I leave it to the World, whether their Judgment of my Poetry ought to be preferr'd to yours; though they are as much prejudic'd by their Malice, as I deſire you ſhould be led by your Kindneſs, to be partial to,

SIR,

Your Moſt Humble

And Moſt Faithful Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE.

PRologues, *like Bells to Churches, Toul you in*
With Chiming Verſe till the dull Plays begin:
With this ſad difference though of Pit and Pue,
You Damn the Poet, *but the* Prieſt *Damns you.*
But Prieſts *can Treat you at your own Expence:*
And, Gravely, call you Fools, without Offence.
Poets, poor Devils, have ne'er your Folly ſhown
But, to their coſt, you prov'd it was their own.
For, when a Fop's preſented on the Stage,
Straight all the Coxcombs in the Town engage:
For his Deliverance, and Revenge they join:
And grunt like Hogs about their Captive Swine.
Your Poets daily ſplit upon this ſhelf:
You muſt have Fools, yet none will have himſelf.
Or, if in kindneſs, you that leave would give,
No Man could write you at that rate you live:
For ſome of you grow Fops with ſo much haſte,
Riot in Nonſence, and commit ſuch waſte,
'Twould ruine Poets, ſhould they ſpend ſo faſt.
He who made this, obſerv'd what Farces hit,
And durſt not diſoblige you now with Wit.
But, Gentlemen, you ever do the Mode:
You muſt have Fools out of the common Road.
Th'unnatural ſtrain'd Buffoon is only taking:
No Fop can pleaſe you now of God's own making.
Pardon our Poet if he ſpeaks his Mind,
You come to Plays with your own Follies lin'd.
Small Fools fall on you, like ſmall ſhowers, in vain:
Your own oil'd Coats keep out all common Rain.
You muſt have Mamamouchi, ſuch a Fop
As would appear a Monſter in a Shop:
He'll fill your Pit, and Boxes, to the brim,
Where, ram'd in Crowds, you ſee your ſelves in him.
Sure there's ſome Spell our Poet never knew,
In Hullibabilah de, *and* Chu, chü, chü.
But Marabarah ſahem *moſt did touch you,*
That is: Oh how we love the Mamamouchi!
Grimace and Habit ſent you pleas'd away:
You Damn'd the Poet, and cry'd up the Play.
This Thought had made our Author more uneaſie,
But that he hopes I'm Fool enough to pleaſe ye.
But here's my Grief; tho' Nature join'd with Art,
Have cut me out to All a Fooling Part;
Yet, to your Praiſe, the few Wits here will ſay,
'Twas imitating you taught Haynes *to Play.*

EPILOGUE.

SOme have expected from our Bills to day,
To find a Saxt in our Poet's Play.
The Zealous Rout *from* Coleman-ſtreet *did run,*
To ſee the Story of the Fryer *and* Nun.
Or Tales, yet more ridiculous to hear,
Vouch'd by their Vicar of Ten Pounds a Year;
Of Nuns, *who did againſt Temptation Pray,*
And Diſcipline laid on the Pleaſant way:
Or that to pleaſe the Malice of the Town,
Our Poet ſhould in ſome cloſe Cell have ſhown
Some Siſter, playing at Content *alone.*
This they did Hope; the other ſide did Fear:
And both, you ſee, alike are Couzen'd here.
Some thought the Title of our Play too blame;
They lik'd the Thing, but yet abhorr'd the Name:
Like modeſt Punks, who all you ask afford,
But, for the World, they would not name that word.
Yet, if you'll credit what I heard him ſay,
Our Poet meant no Scandal in his Play;
His Nuns *are good which on the Stage are ſhown,*
And, ſure, behind our Scenes *you'll look for none.*

Perſons Repreſented.

MEN.	By
Duke of *Mantoua*	Major *Mohun.*
Prince *Frederick*, his Son	Mr. *Kynaſton.*
Aurelian, a *Roman* Gentleman	Mr. *Hart.*
Camillo, his Friend	Mr. *Burt.*
Mario, Governor of *Rome*	Mr. *Cartwright.*
Aſcanio, Page of Honour to the Prince	Mrs. *Reeve.*
Benito, Servant to *Aurelian*	Mr. *Haynes.*
Valerio, Confident to the Duke	
Fabio, Servant to *Mario*	
Saphronia, Abbeſs of the *Tordi Specchi*	Mrs. *James.*
Lucretia, a Lady deſign'd to be a Nun	Mrs. *Marſhall.*
Hippolita, a Nun	Mrs. *Knep.*
Laura and *Violetta*, Siſters, Neeces to *Mario*	Mrs. *Bowtel.* and Mrs. *Cox.*

SCENE *ROME.*

THE ASSIGNATION: OR, Love in a Nunnery.

SCENE *ROME*. A great Glaſs Plac'd.

Enter Benito, *with a Guittar in his Hand.* Benito *bowing to the Glaſs.*

SAVE you, ſweet Signior *Benito*; by my Faith I am glad to ſee you look ſo bonily to day: Gad, Sir, every thing becomes you to a Miracle! your Peruke, your Cloaths, your Hat, your Shoe-tyes; and, Gad, Sir, let me tell you, you become every thing; you walk with ſuch a Grace, and you bow ſo pliantly——

Aurelian within. *Benito*, Where are you, Sirrah?

Ben. Sirrah! That my damn'd Maſter ſhould call a Man of my extraordinary Endowments, Sirrah! A Man of my Endowments? Gad, I ask my own Pardon, I mean, a Perſon of my Endowments; for a Man of my Parts and Talents, though he be but a *Valet de Chambre*, is a Perſon; and let me tell my Maſter —— Gad, I frown too, as like a Perſon as any Jack-Gentleman of 'em all; but, Gad, when I do not frown, I am an abſolute Beauty; whatever this Glaſs ſays to the contrary: And, if this Glaſs deny it, 'tis a baſe lying Glaſs, ſo I'll tell it to its Face, and kick it down into the Bargain.

Aurelian within. Why *Benito*, How long ſhall we ſtay for you?

Ben. I come, Sir. What the Devil would he have?
But by his Favour, I'll firſt ſurvey my Dancing and my Singing.

[*He plays on the Guittar, and dances and ſings to the Glaſs.*

I think that was not amiſs: I think ſo. Gad, I can dance, and play no longer, I am in ſuch a Rapture with my ſelf. [*Lays down the Guittar.*
What a villanous baſe Fate have I? With all theſe Excellencies, and a profound Wit, and yet to be a Serving-man?

Enter Aurelian *and* Camillo.

Aur. Why, you Slave, you Dog, you Son of twenty Fathers, am I to be ſerv'd at this rate eternally? A Pox o'your conceited Coxcomb.

Camillo. Nay, prythee, *Aurelian*, be not angry.

Aur. You do not know this Rogue, as I do, *Camillo.* Now, by this Guittar, and that great Looking Glaſs, I am certain how he has ſpent his Time. He courts himſelf every Morning in that Glaſs, at leaſt an hour; there admires his own Perſon, and his Parts, and ſtudies Poſtures and Grimaces, to make himſelf yet more ridiculous, than he was born to be.

Cam. You wrong him, ſure.

Aur. I do; for he is yet more Fool than I can ſpeak him: I never ſend him on a Meſſage, but he runs firſt to that Glaſs, to practiſe how he may become his Errand. Speak, Is this a Lye, Sirrah?

Ben. I confeſs, I have ſome kindneſs for the Mirrour.

Aur. The Mirrour! There's a Touch of his Poetry too; he could not call it a Glaſs. Then the Rogue has the Impudence, to make Sonnets, as he calls 'em; and, which is a greater Impudence, he ſings 'em too: There's not a Street in all *Rome* which he does not Nightly diſquiet with his villanous Serenades: With that Guittar there, the younger Brother of a Cittern, he frights away the Watch; and for his Violin, it ſqueaks ſo lewdly, that Sir *Tibert* in the Gutter miſtakes him for his Miſtriſs. 'Tis a meer Cat-call.

Cam. Is this true *Benito?*

Ben.

Ben. to Cam. aside. My Maſter, Sir, may ſay his pleaſure; I divert my ſelf ſometimes with hearing him: Alaſs, good Gentleman, 'tis not given to all Perſons to penetrate into Men's Parts and Qualities; but I look on you, Sir, as a Man of Judgment, and therefore you ſhall hear me play and ſing.

[*He takes up the Guittar and begins.*

Aur. Why, you invincible Sot you, will nothing mend you? Lay't down, or ———

Ben. to Camillo. Do ye ſee, Sir, this Enemy to the Muſes? He will not let me hold forth to you. [*Lays down the Guittar.*

O Envy, and Ignorance, whither will you! ———But, Gad, before I'll ſuffer my Parts to be kept in Obſcurity ———

Aur. What will you do Raſcal?

Ben. I'll take up the Guittar, and ſuffer heroically. [*He plays,* Aure. *Kicks.*

Aur. What? Do you Mutiny?

Ben. Ay, do, kick till your Toes ake; I'll be baffl'd in my Muſick by ne'r a Foot in Chriſtendom.

Aur. I'll put you out of your Time, with a Vengeance to you.

[*As* Aurelian *kicks harder,* Benito *ſings faſter, and ſometimes cries out.*

Cam. holding Aur. Nay, then 'tis time to ſtickle. Hold, *Aurelian*, prythee ſpare *Benito*, you know we have occaſion for him.

Aur. I think that was well kick'd.

Ben. And I think that was well ſung too.

Cam. Enough, *Aurelian.*

Ben. No, Sir: let him proceed to diſcourage Virtue, and ſee what will come on't.

Cam. Now to our Buſineſs: but we muſt firſt inſtruct *Benito.*

Aur Be rul'd by me, and do not truſt him; I propheſie he'll ſpoil the whole Affair; he has a Worm in's Head as long as a Conger, a Brain ſo barren of all Senſe, and yet ſo fruitful of fooliſh Plots, that if he does not all things his own way, yet at leaſt he'll ever be mingling his Deſigns with yours, and go halves with you; ſo that what with his Ignorance, what with his plotting, he'll be ſure to ruine you, with an Intention to ſerve you: For my part I had turn'd him off long ſince, but that my wiſe Father commanded me the contrary.

Cam. Still you ſpeak, as if what we did were Choice, and not Neceſſity: you know their Uncle is ſuſpicious of me, and conſequently jealous of all my Servants, but if we employ yours, who is not ſuſpected, becauſe you are a ſtranger; I doubt not to get an Aſſignation with the younger Siſter.

Aur. Well, uſe your own way, *Camillo*: but if it ever ſucceed, with his management ———

Cam. You muſt underſtand then, *Benito*, that this old Signior *Mario*, has two Neeces, with one of which I am deſperately in love, and ———

[*Ben. Aſide to him*] I underſtand you already, Sir, and you deſire Love reciprocal: Leave your Buſineſs in my hands, and, if it ſucceed not, think me no wiſer than my Maſter.

Cam. Pray take me with you. Theſe Siſters are great Beauties, and vaſt Fortunes; but, by a Clauſe in their Father's Will, if they Marry without their Uncle's Conſent, are to forfeit all. Their Uncle, who is covetous, and baſe to the laſt degree, takes advantage of this Clauſe, and, under pretence of not finding fit Matches for them, denies his Conſent to all who love 'em.

Ben. Denies 'em Marriage: very good, Sir.

Cam. More than this, he refuſes acceſs to any Suitor, and immures 'em in a mean Appartment on the Garden ſide, where he barbarouſly debars 'em from all humane Society.

Ben. Uſes them moſt barbarouſly: Still better and better.

Cam. The younger of theſe Siſters, *Violetta*, I have ſeen often in the Garden, from the Balcony in this Chamber, which looks into it; have divers times ſhot Tickets on the point of an Arrow, which ſhe has taken, and by the ſigns ſhe made me, I find they were not ill receiv'd.

Ben. I'll tell you now, juſt ſuch an Amour as this had I once with a young Lady, that ———

Aur. Quote your ſelf again, you *Rogue*, and my Feet ſhall renew their acquaintance with your Buttocks.

Cam. Dear *Benito*, take care to convey this Ticket to *Violetta*: I ſaw her juſt now go by to the next Chappel; be ſure to ſtand ready to give her Holy-water, and

and ſlip the Ticket into the hand of her Woman *Beatrix*; And take care the elder Siſter *Laura* ſees you not, for ſhe knows nothing of our Amour.

Ben. A word to the Wiſe.
Have you no Service to *Laura*? [*To* Aurelian.

Aur. None that I ſhall trouble you withal: I'll ſee firſt what Returns you make from this Voyage, before I put in my Venture with you. Away; be gone, Mr. *Mercury*.

Ben. I fly, Mr. *Jupiter*. [*Exit.*

Aur. This Lady *Laura* I have ſeen from your Balcone, and was ſeen by her: Methought, too, ſhe lookt with a languiſhing Eye upon me, as who ſhould ſay, Are you a Man, and have no pity for a poor diſtreſſed Virgin? For my part, I never found ſo much diſpoſition in my ſelf to Love any Woman at firſt ſight: Handſome ſhe is, of that I am certain.

Cam. And has Wit, I dare aſſure you; but I have not heard ſhe has admitted of any Gallantry.

Aur. Her Hour is not come yet; ſhe has not met with a Man to Love: when that happens (as I am reſolv'd to puſh my Fortune) you ſhall ſee that, as her Love warms, her Virtue will melt down, and diſſolve in it; for there's no ſuch Baud to a Woman, as her own Wit is.

Cam. I look upon the Aſſignation, as certain: Will you promiſe me to go? You and *Benito* ſhall walk in the Garden, while I ſearch the Nymph within the Shade; one thing I had forgot to tell you, that our General of the Church, the Duke of *Mantoua*, and the Prince his Son, are juſt approaching the Gates of *Rome*: Will you go ſee the Ceremony of their Entrance?

Aur. With all my heart. They ſay he has behav'd himſelf gallantly againſt the *French*, at their return from *Naples*: Beſides, I have a particular knowledge of young Prince *Frederick*, ever ſince he was laſt at our *Venetian* Carnivals.

Cam. Away, then, quickly; leſt we miſs the Solemnity. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Laura, *and* Violetta, *ſtriving about a Letter, which* Laura *holds.*

Vio. Let it go, I ſay.

Lau. I ſay, Let you go.

Vio. Nay, ſweet Siſter *Laura*.

Lau. Nay, dear *Violetta*, 'tis in vain to contend, I'm reſolv'd to ſee it. [*Pluckt the Paper from* Violetta.

Vio. But I am reſolv'd you ſhall not read it. I know not what Authority this is which you aſſume; or what privilege a year or two can give you, to uſe this Sovereignty over me.

Lau. Do you rebel, young Gentlewoman? I'll make you know I have a double Right over you: One, as I have more Years; and the other, as I have more Wit.

Vio. Though I am not all Air and Fire, as you are, yet that little Wit I have, will ſerve to conduct my Affairs without a Governeſs.

Lau. No, Gentlewoman, but it ſhall not: Are you fit at Fifteen to be truſted with a Maiden-head? 'Tis as much as your Betters can manage at full Twenty.

For 'tis of a Nature ſo ſubtil,
That, if 'tis not Luted with Care,
The Spirit will work through the Bottle,
And vaniſh away into Air.
To keep it, there nothing ſo hard is,
'Twill go betwixt Waking and Sleeping,
The Simple too weak for a Guard is,
And no Wit would be plagu'd with the keeping.

Vio. For ought I ſee, you are as little to be truſted with your Madneſs, as I with my Simplicity; and therefore pray reſtore my Letter.

Lau. reading it. What's here? An humble Petition for a private Meeting? Are you twittering at that ſport already Miſtriſs Novice?

Vio. How! I a Novice, at ripe Fifteen? I would have you to know, that I have kill'd my Man before I was Fourteen, and now am ready for another execution.

Lau. A very forward Roſe-Bud: you open apace, Gentlewoman. I find indeed your Deſires are quick enough; but where will you have Cunning to carry on your Buſineſs with Decency and Secrecy? Secrecy, I ſay, which is a main part of Chaſtity in our Sex. Where Wit, to be ſenſible of the Delicacies of Love? the Tenderneſs of a farewel Sigh for an Abſence? the Joy of a Return?

the

the zeal of a preſſing Hand? the ſweetneſs of little Quarrels, caus'd and cur'd by the exceſs of Love? and, in ſhort, the pleaſing diſquiets of the Soul, always reſtleſs, and wandring up and down in a Paradiſe of Thought, of its own making?

Vio. If I underſtood not thus much before, I find you are an excellent Inſtructor, and that argues you have had a feeling of the Cauſe in your time too, Siſter.

Lau. What have I confeſs'd before I was aware! She'll find out my inclination to that Stranger, whom I have only ſeen, and to whom I have never ſpoken—[*Aſide.*] No, good *Violetta*, I never was in Love; all my Experience is from Plays and Romances: But who is this Man, to whom you have promis'd an Aſſignation?

Vio. You'll tell my Uncle.

Lau. I hate my Uncle more than you do.

Vio. You know the Man; 'tis Signior *Camillo*: His Birth and Fortunes are equal to what I can expect; and he tells me his Intentions are Honourable.

Lau. Have I not ſeen him lately in his Balcony, which looks into our Garden, with another handſome Gentleman in his company, who ſeems a ſtranger?

Vio. They are the ſame. Do you think it a reaſonable thing, dear *Laura*, that my Uncle ſhould keep us up ſo ſtrictly, that we muſt be beholden to here-ſay, to know a young Gallant is in the next Houſe to us?

Lau. 'Tis hard indeed, to be mew'd like Hawks, and never Mann'd; to be lock'd in like Nuns here.

Vio. They that look for Nuns fleſh in me ſhall be miſtaken.

Lau. Well, What anſwer have you return'd to this Letter?

Vio. That I would meet him at Eight this Evening, in the cloſe Walk in the Garden, attended only by *Beatrix* my Woman.

Lau. Who comes with him?

Vio. Only his Friend's Man *Benito*; the ſame who brought me the Letter which you took from me.

Lau. Stay, let me think a little. Do *Camillo*, or this *Benito*, know your Maid *Beatrix*?

Vio. They have never talk'd with her; but only ſeen her.

Lau. 'Tis concluded then; you ſhall meet your Servant, but I'll be your *Beatrix*: I'll go inſtead of her, and counterfeit your Waiting-woman; in the dark I may eaſily paſs for her: By this means I ſhall be preſent to inſtruct you; for you are yet a Callow Maid: I muſt teach you to Peck a little, you may come to Prey for your ſelf in time.

Vio. A little Teaching will ſerve my turn: If the Old one left me to my ſelf, I could go near to get my Living

Lau. I find you are eager, and Baiting to be gone already, and I'll not hinder you when your Hour approaches. In the mean time go in, and ſigh, and think fondly, and ignorantly, of your approaching Pleaſures.

Love, in young Hearts, is like the Muſt of Wine;
'Tis ſweeter then; but elder 'tis more fine. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCEN I.

The Front of a Nunnery.

Prince Frederick, Aurelian, Camillo, *and* Aſcanio *the Princes Page*,

Fred. MY Father's Ancient, and may Repoſe himſelf, if he pleaſes, after the Ceremony of his Entrance; but we, who are Younger, ſhould think it a Sin, to ſpend any part of Day-light in a Chamber. What are your Ways of Living here?

Cam. Why, Sir, we paſs our Time, either in Converſation alone, or in Love alone, or in Love and Converſation together.

Fred. Come, explain, explain, my Counſel learned in the Laws of Living.

Cam. For Converſation alone; that's either in going to Court, with a Face of Buſineſs, and there diſcourſing of the Affairs of *Europe*, of which *Rome*, you know, is the Publick Mart; or, at beſt, meeting the *Vertuoſi*, and there, wearying one another with rehearſing our own Works, in Proſe and Poetry.

Fred. Away with that dry Method, I will have none on't. To the next.

Cam. Love alone, is either plain Wenching, where every Curtizan is your Miſtriſs, and every Man your Rival; or elſe, what's worſe, plain Whining after one Woman; that is, walking before her Door by Day, and haunting her Street by Night, with Guittars, dark Lanthorns, and Rondaches.

Aur. Which, I take it, is, or will be our Caſe, *Camillo.*

Fred. Neither of theſe will fit my Humour: If your third prove not more pleaſant, I ſhall ſtick to the old Almain Recreation; the Divine Bottle, and the Bounteous Glaſs, that tun'd up old *Horace* to his *Odes.*

Aur. You ſhall need to have no Recourſe to that; for Love, and Converſation will do your Buſineſs: that is, Sir, a moſt Delicious Curtizan, I do not mean down-right Punk, but Punk of more than ordinary Senſe in Converſation: Punk in Ragou, Punk who Plays on the Lute, and Sings; and, to ſum up all, Punk who Cooks and Dreſſes up her ſelf with Poyant Sawce, to become a new Diſh every time ſhe is ſerv'd up to you.

Fred. This, I believe, *Aurelian*, is your method of Living, you talk of it ſo Savorily.

Aur. There is yet another more inſipid ſort of Love and Converſation: As for Example, look you there, Sir; the Courtſhip of our Nuns. [*Pointing to the Nunnery.*] They talk prettily; but a Pox on 'em, they raiſe our Appetites, and then ſtarve us. They are as dangerous as cold Fruits without Wine, and are never to be us'd but where there are abundance of Wenches in readineſs, to qualifie 'em.

Cam. But yet they are ever at Hand, and eaſie to come by; and if you'll believe an experienc'd Sinner, eaſineſs in Love is more than half the Pleaſure of it.

Fre. This way of Cheating pleaſes me; for Debauchery, I hate it; and, to Love, is not in my Nature, except it be my Friends. Pray, What do you call that Nunnery.

Cam. 'Tis a Houſe of *Benedictines*, call'd the *Torre di Specchi*, where only Ladies of the beſt Quality are Profeſs'd. [Lucretia *and* Hippolita *appear at the Grates.*

Aur. Look you yonder, Sir, are two of the pretty Magpies, in White and Black: If you will lull your ſelf into a Platonick Dream, you may: But, conſider your Sport will be but dull, when you play without Stakes.

Fred. No matter, I'll fool away an Hour of Courtſhip; for I never yet was engag'd in a ſerious Love, nor I believe can be. Farewell, Gentlemen; at this time I ſhall diſpenſe with your Attendance: Nay, without Ceremony, becauſe I would be *Incognito.*

Cam. Come then, *Aurelian*, to our own affairs. [*Exeunt* Aur. *and* Camillo.

The Prince *and* Aſcano *approach.*

Fred. to *Lu.* For what Crime, fair Creature, were you condemn'd to this prepetual Priſon?

Luc. For Chaſtity and Devotion, and two or three ſuch melancholly Virtues: They firſt brought me hither, and now muſt keep me Company.

Fred. I ſhould rather have gneſs'd it had been Murder, and that you are Veil'd, for fear of doing more Miſchief with thoſe Eyes: For, indeed, they are too ſharp to be truſted out of the Scabbard.

Luc. Ceaſe, I beſeeh you, to accuſe my Eyes, till they have done ſome Execution on your Heart.

Fred. But I am out of reach, perhaps.

Luc. Truſt not to that; they may ſhoot at a diſtance, though they cannot ſtrike you near at hand.

Fred. But if they ſhould Kill, you are n'er the better: There's a Grate betwixt us, and you cannot fetch in the dead Quarry.

Luc. Provided we deſtroy the Enemy, we do not value their dead Bodies: But you, perhaps, are in your firſt Error, and think we are rather Captives than Warriours; that we come like Priſoners to the Grate, to beg the Charity of Paſſengers for their Love.

Fre. to Aſcanio. Enquire as dext'rouſly as you can, what is the Name and Quality of this Charming Creature.

Luc. to Hip. Be ſure, if the Page approaches you, to get out of him his Maſter's Name. [*The* Prince *and* Lucretia *ſeem to talk.*

Hip. to Aſca. By that ſhort Whiſper, which I obſerv'd you took with your Maſter, I imagine, Mr. *Page*, you come to ask a certain Queſtion of me.

Aſca.

Aſca. By this thy Queſtion, and by that Whiſper with thy Lady, (O thou Nymph of Devotion!) I find I am to impart a Secret, and not to ask one: Therefore, either confeſs thou art yet a mere Woman under that Veil, and, by conſequence, moſt horribly Inquiſitive, or thou ſhalt loſe thy Longing, and know nothing of my Maſter.

Hip. By my Virginity, you ſhall tell firſt.

Aſca. You'll break your Oath, on purpoſe to make the Forfeit.

Hip. Your Maſter is call'd——

Aſca. Your Lady is Yclip'd——

Hip. For Decency, in all Matters of Love, the Man ſhould offer firſt, you know.

Aſca. That needs not, when the Damſel is ſo willing.

Hip. But I have ſworn not to diſcover firſt, that her Name is Madam *Lucretia*; fair, as you ſee, to a Miracle, and of a moſt charming Converſation; of Royal Blood, and Neece to his Holineſs; and, if ſhe were not eſpous'd to Heaven, a Miſtriſs for a Sovereign Prince.

Aſca. After theſe Encomiums, 'twere vain for me to praiſe my Maſter: He is only poor Prince *Frederick*, otherwiſe call'd the Prince of *Mantoua*; Liberal and Valiant, Diſcreet and Handſome, and, in my ſimple Judgment, a fitter Servant for your Lady than his old Father, who is a Sovereign.

Hip. Dare you make all this good you have ſaid of your Maſter?

Aſca. Yes, and as much more of my ſelf to you.

Hip. I defy you upon't, as my Lady's Second.

Aſca. As my Maſter's, I accept it. The time?

Hip. Six this Evening.

Aſca. The Place?

Hip. At this Grate.

Aſca. The Weapons?

Hip. Hands, and and it may be Lips.

Aſca. 'Tis enough: Expect to hear from me.

[*They withdraw, and whiſper to their Principals.*

[*After the Whiſper*] *Fred. to Luc.* Madam, I am glad I know my Enemy; for ſince it is impoſſible to ſee, and not admire you, the Name of *Lucretia* is the beſt Excuſe for my Defeat.

Luc. Perſons, like Prince *Frederick*, ought not to aſſault Religious Houſes; or to purſue Chaſtity and Virtue to their laſt Retreat.

Fred. A Monaſtery is no Retreat for Chaſtity; 'tis only a hiding Place for bad Faces, where they are thruſt in Crowds together, like heaps of Rubbiſh out of the way, that the World may not be Peopl'd with deform'd Perſons: And that ſuch who are out of Play themſelves, may pray for a Bleſſing on their Endeavours, who are getting handſome Children, and carrying on the Work for Publick Benefit.

Luc. Then you would put off Heaven with your Leavings, and uſe it like them who play at Cards alone, take the Courts for your ſelves, and give the Refuſe to the Gentlemen.

Fred. You miſtake me, Madam; I would ſo contrive it, that Heaven and we might be ſerv'd at once: We have occaſion for wit and Beauty; now Piety and Ugline's will do as well for Heaven; that plays at one Game, and we at another; and therefore Heaven may make its hand with the ſame Cards that we put out.

Luc. I could eaſily convince you, if the Argument concern'd me; but I am one of thoſe, whom, for want of Wit and Beauty, you have condemn'd to Religion: And therefore am your Humble Servant to pray for your handſome Wife and Children.

Fred. Heaven forbid, Madam, that I ſhould condemn you, or indeed any handſome Woman, to be Religious. No, Madam; the Occaſions of the World are great and urgent for ſuch as you: And, for my part, I am of opinion, that it is as great a Sin for a Beauty to enter into a Nunnery, as for an ugly Woman to ſtay out of it.

Luc. The Cares of the World are not yet upon you; but as ſoon as ever you come to be afflicted with Sickneſs, or viſited with a Wife, you'll be content I ſhould pray for you.

Fre. Any where, rather than in a Cloyſter; for, truely I ſuppoſe, all your Prayers there, will be how to get out of it; and upon that Suppoſition, Madam,

I am come to offer you my Service for your Redemption. Come, faith, be perſwaded; the Church ſhall loſe nothing by it: I'll take you out, and put in two or three Crooked Apoſtles in your place. [*Bell rings within.*

Luc. Hark, the Bell rings, I muſt leave you; 'tis a ſummons to our Devotion.

Fred. Will you leave me for your Prayers, Madam? You may have enough of them at any time; but remember you cannot have a Man ſo eaſily.

Luc. Well, I'll ſay my Beads for you, and that's but Charity; for I believe I leave you in a moſt deplorable Condition. [*Exeunt Women.*

Fred. Not deplorable neither, but a little alter'd: If I could be in Love, as I am ſure I cannot, it ſhould be with her; for I like Her Converſation ſtrangely.

Aſca. Then, as young as I am, Sir, I am before-hand with you; for Iam in Love already. I would fain make the firſt Proof of my Manhod upon a Nun: I find I have a mighty grudging to Holy Fleſh.

Fred. I'll ply *Lucretia* again, as ſoon as ever her Devotion's over. Methinks theſe Nuns divide their Time moſt admirably: From Love to Prayers; from Prayers to Love: That is, juſt ſo much Sin, juſt ſo much Godlineſs.

Aſca. Then I can claim that Siſter's Love by Merit:
Half Man, half Boy; for her half Fleſh, half Spirit. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Street.*

Aurelian *and* Camillo.

Aur. I'll proceed no farther, if *Benito* goes: I know his Folly will produce ſome Miſchief.

Cam. But *Violetta* deſir'd me, in her Note, to bring him, on purpoſe to paſs the Time with her Woman *Beatrix*.

Aur. That Objection's eaſily remov'd: I'll ſupply *Benito*'s Place; the Darkneſs will prevent Diſcovery; and, for my Diſcourſe, I'll imitate the half Wit, and patch'd Breeding of a *Valet de Chambre*.

Cam. But how ſhall we get rid of him?

Aur. Let me alone for that.

Enter Benito.

Ben. Come, Are we ready, Gallants? the Clock's upon the ſtroke of Eight.

Aur. But we have alter'd our Reſolution: We go another way to Night.

Ben. I hope you have not broke my Aſſignation.

Aur. Why do you hope ſo?

Ben. Becauſe my Reputation is engag'd in't: I'ave ſtipulated upon my Honour that you ſhall come.

Aur. I ſhall beat you, if you follow me. Go, Sirrah, and adjourn to the great Looking-glaſs; and let me hear no more from you till to morrow Morning

Ben. Sir, my Fidelity, and, if I may be ſo vain, my Diſcretion, may ſtand you in ſome ſtead.

Aur. Well, come alongthen; they are brave Fellows who have challeng'd us: You ſhall have Fighting enough, Sir.

Ben. How, Sir, Fighting?

Aur. You may ſcape with the loſs of a Leg, or an Arm, or ſome ſuch tranſitory Limb.

Ben. No, Sir; I have that abſolute Obedience to your Commands, that I will bridle my Courage, and ſtay at Home. [*Exit.*

Cam. You took the only way to be rid of him. There's the Wall: Behind yond' Pane of it we'll ſet up the Ladder.

SCENE III. *A Night-piece of a Garden.*

Enter Laura *and* Violetta.

Vio. Remember your Waiting-Womans Part.

Lau. I warrant you, I'll wait on you by Night, as well as I govern'd you by Day.

Vio. Hark, I hear Foot Steps; and now, methinks, I ſee ſomething approaching us.

Lau. They are certainly the Men whom we expect

Enter Aurelian *and* Camillo

Cam. I hear Women's Voices.

Aur. We are right, I warrant you.

Cam. *Violetta*, my Love!

Vio. My dear *Camillo*! *Cam.*

Cam. Speak thoſe Words again; my own Name never ſounded ſo ſweetly to me, as when you ſpoke it, and made me happy by adding Dear to it.

Vio. Speak ſoftly then; I have ſtol'n theſe few Minutes from my watchful Uncle and my Siſter; and they are as full of Danger as they are of Love. Something within me checks me too, and ſays, I was too forward in vent'ring thus to meet you.

Cam. You are too fearful rather; and Fear's the greateſt Enemy to Love.

Vio. But Night will hide my Bluſhes, when I tell you, I love you much, or I had never truſted my Virtue and my Perſon in your Hands.

Cam. The one is Sacred, and the other Safe; but this auſpicious Minute is our firſt of near Converſe. May I not hope that Favour, which Strangers, in Civility may Claim even from the moſt Reſerv'd? [*Kiſſes her Hand.*

Vio. I fear you'll cenſure me.

Cam. Yes, as the Bleſt above tax Heaven for making them ſo happy.

[*They walk farther off.*

Aur. ſtepping towards Lau. Damſel of Darkneſs, advance, and meet my Flames.

Lau. ſtepping forward. Right truſty Valet, heard, but yet unſeen, I have advanc'd one Step on Reputation.

Aur. Now by laudable Cuſtome, I am to love the vehemently.

Lau. We ſhould do well to ſee each other firſt: You know 'tis ill taking Money without Light.

Aur. O, but the Coyn of Love is known by the Weight only, and you may feel it in the Dark: Beſides, you know 'tis Prince-like to Love without Seeing.

Lau. But then you may be ſerv'd as Princes are ſometimes.

Aur. Let us make haſte however, and diſptach a little Love out of the way: We may do it now with Eaſe, and ſave our ſelves a great deal of Trouble, if wee take it in time, before it grows too faſt upon our Hands.

Lau. Fie, no; let us Love diſcreetly, we muſt manage our Paſſion, and not love all our Love out at one Meeting, but leave ſome for another time.

Aur. I am for applying the Plaiſter whilſt the Wound is green, 'twill heal the better. [*Takes her by the Hand.*

Lau. Let go my Hand: What Crime has the poor Wretch committed that you preſs it thus? I remember no Miſchief it has done you.

Aur. O 'tis a Hainous Malefactor, and is preſs'd by Law, becauſe it will confeſs nothing. Come, withdraw a little farther, we have urgent Buſineſs with one another.

Lau. 'Twere a ſhame to quit my Ground upon the firſt Charge; yet, if you pleaſe to take Truce a little, I will conſent to go behind the Lovers, and liſten with you.

Aur. I wonder you deferr'd the Propoſition ſo long. I were neither true Valet, nor you true Woman, if we could not Eves-drop.

[*They retire behind the other two, who come forward upon the Stage.*

Cam. kiſſing Violetta's Hand. Give me another yet, and then———.

Vio. And then will you be ſatisfyd?

Cam. And then I'll ask a Thouſand more, and n'er be ſatisfy'd. Kiſſes are but thin Nouriſhment, they are too ſoon digeſted; and hungry Love craves more.

Vio. You feed a Wolf within you.

Cam. Then feaſt my Love with a more ſolid Dyet: He makes us now a Miſer's Feaſt, and we forbear to take our Fill. The ſilent Night, and all theſe downy Hours were made for Lovers: Gently they tread, and ſoftly meaſure Time, that no rude Noiſe may fright the tender Maid, from giving all her Soul to melting Joys.

Vio. You do not love me; if you did, you would not
Thus urge your Satisfaction in my Shame.
At beſt, I ſee you would not love me long,
For they who Plunder do not mean to ſtay.

Cam. I haſte to take Poſſeſſion of my own.

Vio. E'er Heaven and Holy Vows have made it ſo?

Cam. Then witneſs Heaven, and all theſe twinkling Stars——

Vio. Hold, hold; you are diſtemper'd with your Love:
Time, Place, and ſtrong Deſires now ſwear, not you.

Cam. Is not Love love, without a Prieſt and Altars?
The Temples are inanimate, and know not

What

What Vows are made in them; the Prieſt ſtands ready
For his Hire, and cares not what Hearts he Couples.
Love alone is Marriage.

Vio. I never will receive theſe Mid-night Vows;
But when I come hereafter to your Arms,
Ill bring you a ſincere, full, perfect Bliſs;
Then you will thank me that I kept it ſo,
And truſt my faith hereafter.

Lau. There's your Deſtiny, Lover mine: I am to be Honeſt by infection; my Lady will none you ſee.

Aur. Truth is, they are a loſt Couple, unleſs they learn grace by our Example. Come, ſhall we begin firſt, and ſhame them both? [*Takes her by the Hand again.*

Lau. You'll never be warn'd of this hand, *Benito.*

Aur. Oh, 'tis ſo ſoft, as 'twere made on purpoſe to take Hearts, and handle them without hurting. Theſe Taper Finger's too, and even Joynts, ſo ſupple, that methinks I mould 'em as they paſs through mine: Nay, in my Conſcience, tho it be Nonſence to ſay it, your Hand feels White too.

Lau. Methinks yours is not very hard, for a Serving-man's: But where, in the Name of Wonder, have you learn'd to talk ſo Courtly? you are a ſtrange *Valet de Chambre.*

Aur. And you are as ſtrange a Waiting-woman: You have ſo ſtab'd me with your Repartees to Night, that I ſhould be glad to change the Weapon to be reveng'd on you.

Lau. Theſe, I ſuppoſe, are Fragments which you learn'd from your wild Maſter *Aurelian*: Many a poor Woman has paſs'd through his Hands, with theſe very Words. You treat me juſt like a Serving-man, with the cold Meat which comes from your Maſter's Table.

Aur. You could never have ſuſpected me for uſing my Maſter's Wit, if you had not been guilty of Purloining from your Lady. I am told, that *Laura*, your Miſtriſs's Siſter, has Wit enough to confound a Hundred *Aurelians.*

Lau. I ſhall do your Commendations to *Laura* for your Compliment.

Aur. And I ſhall not fail to Revenge my ſelf by informing *Aurelian* of yours.

Enter Benito *with a Guittar.*

Ben. The poor Souls ſhall not loſe by the Bargin, though my fooliſh gadding Maſters have diſappointed them. That Ladder of Ropes was doubtleſs left there by the young Lady in hope of them.

Vio. Hark, I hear a Noiſe in the Garden.

Lau. I fear we are betray'd.

Cam. Fear nothing, Madam, but ſtand cloſe.

Ben. Now, *Benito*, is the time to hold forth thy Talent, and to ſet up for they ſelf. Yes, Ladies, you ſhall be Serenaded, and when I have diſplay'd my Gifts, I'll retire in Triumph over the Wall, and hug my ſelf for the Adventure. [*He tunes on the Guittar.*

Vio. Let us make haſte, Siſter, and get into Covert; this Muſick will raiſe the Houſe upon us immediately.

Lau. Alaſs, we cannot; the damn'd Muſician ſtands juſt in the Door where we ſhould paſs.

Ben. Singing.

Eveillez vous, Belles endormies;
Eveillez vous; car il eſt jour:
Mettez le tete a la feneſtre,
Vous entendrez parler d'amour.

Aur. aſide to Cam. Camillo, this is my incorrigible Rogue; and I dare not call him *Benito*, for fear of diſcovering my ſelf not to be *Benito.*

Cam. The Alarm's already given through the Houſe. Ladies, you muſt be quick: Secure your ſelves, and leave us to ſhift. [*Exeunt Women.*

Within. This way.

Aur. I hear'em coming; and, as ill luck will have it, juſt by that Quarter where our Ladder is plac'd.

Cam. Let us hide in the dark Walk, till they are paſt.

Aur. But then *Benito* will be caught, and being known to be my Man, will betray us.

Ben. I hear ſome in the Garden: Sure they are the Ladies, that are taken with my Melody. To't again, *Benito*; this time I'll abſolutely enchant 'em. [*Tunes again.*

Aur. He's at it again. Why *Benito*, Are you mad?

Ben.

Ben. Ah, Madam! Are you there? this is ſuch a Favour to your poor unworthy Servant. [Sings.

But ſtill between Kiſſing Amintas *did ſay,*
Fair Phillis *look up, and you'll turn Night to Day.*

Aur. Come away, you unſufferable Raſcal, the Houſe is up, and will be upon us immediately.

Ben. O Gemini, Is it you Sir?

Within. This way; follow, follow.

Aur. Leave your Scraping and Croaking, and ſtep with us into this Arbor.

Ben. Scraping and Croaking! 'Sfoot, Sir, either grant I Sing and Play, to a Miracle, or I'll juſtifie my Muſick, though I am caught, and hang'd for't.

Enter Mario *and* Servants.

Mar. Where is this Serenading Raſcal? If I find him, I'll make him an Example to all Midnight Caterwaulers, of which this Fidler is the lewdeſt.

Ben. O that I durſt but play my Tune out to convince him! Soul of Harmony! Is this lewd?

Plays and Sings ſoftly.

Cam. Peace, dear *Benito.* We muſt flatter him.

Ben. Singing ſoftly. Mettez le tête: The Notes which follow are ſo ſweet, Sir, I muſt Sing 'em, though it be my Ruine——————— *Parler d'amour.*

[Laura *and* Violetta *in the Balcony.*

Lau. Yes, we are ſafe, Siſter; but they are yet in Danger.

Vio. They are juſt upon 'em.

Lau. We muſt do ſomething: Help, help; Thieves, Thieves, we ſhall be Murder'd.

Mar. Where? Where are they?

Lau. Here, Sir, at our Chamber Door, and we are run into the Balcony for Shelter: Dear Uncle, come and help us.

Mar. Back again quickly: I durſt have ſworn they had been in the Garden. 'Tis an *Ignis fatuus*, I think, that leads us from one Place to another.

[*Exeunt* Mar. *and* Servants.

Vio, They are gone. My dear *Camillo*, make haſte, and preſerve your ſelf.

Cam. May our next Meeting prove more Propitious.

Aur. to Benito. Come, Sirrah, I ſhall make you Sing another Note when you are at Home.

Ben. Such another Word, and I'll ſing again.

Aur. Set the Ladder, and mount firſt, you Rogue.

Ben. Mount firſt your ſelf, and fear not my delaying:
If I am caught, they'll ſpare me for my playing. [*Sings as he goes off.*
Vous entendrez parler d'amour. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Front of the Nunnery.

Aſcanio *and* Hippolita *at the Grate.*

Hip. I See you have kept Touch, Brother.

Aſca. As a Man of Honour ought, Siſter, when he is challeng'd: And now, according to the Laws of Duel, the next thing is to ſtrip, and, in ſtead of Seconds, to ſearch one another.

Hip. We'll ſtrip our Hands, if you pleaſe, Brother; for they are the only Weapons we muſt uſe.

Aſca. That were to invite me to my Loſs, Siſter; I could have made a full Meal in the World, and you would have me take up with hungry Commons in the Cloyſter. Pray mend my Fare, or I am gone.

Hip. O, Brother, a Hand in a Cloyſter, is Fare like Fleſh in *Spain*; 'tis delicate, becauſe 'tis ſcarce. You may be ſatisfy'd with a Hand, as well as I am pleas'd with the Courtſhip of a Boy.

Aſca. You may begin with me, Siſter, as *Milo* did; by carrying a Calf firſt, you may learn to carry an Ox hereafter: In the mean time produce your Hand, I underſtand Nun's Fleſh better than you imagine: Give it me, you ſhall ſee how I will worry it. [*She gives her Hand.*

Now

Now could not we thruſt out our Lips, and contrive a Kiſs too?

Hip. Yes, we may; but I have had the Experience of it: It will be but half Fleſh, half Iron.

Aſca. Let's try however.

Hip. Hold, *Lucretia*'s here.

Aſca. Nay, if you come with Odds upon me, 'tis time to call Seconds.

[Aſcanio *hems.*

The Prince *and* Lucretia *appear.*

Luc. Sir, though your Song was pleaſant, yet there was one thing amiſs in it, that was your Rallying of Religion.

Fred. Do you ſpeak well of my Friend Love, and I'll try to ſpeak well of your Friend Devotion.

Luc. I can never ſpeak well of Love: 'Twas to avoid it that I enter'd here.

Fred. Then, Madam, you have met your Man: For, to confeſs the Truth to you, I have but counterfeited Love to try you; for I never yet could love any Woman: And ſince I have ſeen you, and do not, I am certain now I ſhall ſcape for ever.

Luc. You are the beſt Man in the World, if you continue this Reſolution. Pray, then, let us vow ſolemnly theſe two Things: The firſt, to eſteem each other better than we do all the World beſides; the next, never to change our Amity to love.

Fre. Agreed, Madam; ſhall I kiſs your Hand on't?

Luc. That's too like a Lover; Or if it were not, the narrowneſs of the Grate will excuſe the Ceremony.

Hip. No, But it will not, to my Knowledge: I have try'd every Bar many a fair time over, and, at laſt, have found out one where a Hand may get through and be gallanted.

Luc. Giving her Hand. There, Sir; 'tis a true one.

Fre. kiſſing it. This, then, is a Seal to our perpetual Friendſhip; and a Defiance to all Love.

Luc. That Seducer of Virtue.

Fre. That Diſturber of Quiet.

Luc. That Madneſs of Youth.

Fre. That Dotage of old Age.

Luc. That Enemy to good Humour.

Fre. And, to conclude all, that Reaſon of all unreaſonable Actions.

Aſca. This Doctrine is abominable; do not believe it, Siſter.

Hip. No, if I do, Brother, may I never have Comfort from ſweet Youth at my Extremity.

Luc. But remember one Article of our Friendſhip, That though we baniſh Love, we do not Mirth, nor Gallantry; for I declare, I am for all Extravagancies, but juſt Loving.

Fre. Juſt my own humour; for I hate Gravity and Melancholy next to Love.

Aſca. Now it comes into my Head, the Duke of *Mantua* makes an Entertainment to Night in Maſquerade: If you love Extravagancy ſo well, Madam, I'll put you into the Head of one; lay by your Nun-ſhip for an Hour or two, and come amongſt us in Diſguiſe.

Fre. My Boy is in the right, Madam. Will you venture?
I'll furniſh you with Masking-Habits.

Hip. O my dear Siſter, never refuſe it: I keep the Keys, you know: I'll warrant you we'll return before we are miſs'd. I do ſo long to have one fling into the ſweet World again before I die. Hang't, at worſt 'tis but one Sin more, and then we'll repent for all together.

Aſca. But if I catch you in the World, Siſter, I'll make you have a better Opinion of the Fleſh and the Devil for ever after.

Luc. If it were known, I were loſt for ever.

Fre. How ſhould it be known? You have her on your ſide, there, that keeps the Keyes: And, put the worſt, that you are taken in the World; the World's a good World to ſtay in; and there are certain Occaſions of waking in a Morning, that may be more pleaſant to you than your *Matins.*

Luc. Fie, Friend, theſe Extravagancies are a Breach of Articles in our Friendſhip: But well, for once, I'll venture to go out; Dancing and Singing are but petty Tranſgreſſions.

Aſca. My Lord, here's Company approaching; we ſhall be diſcover'd.

Fred.

Fred. Adieu then, *juſqu'a revoir*; *Aſcanio* ſhall be with you immediately, to conduct you.

Aſca. How will you diſguiſe, Siſter? Will you be a Man, or a Woman?

Hip. A Woman, Brother *Page*, for life: I ſhould have the ſtrangeſt Thoughts if I once wore Breeches.

Aſca. A Woman, ſay you? Here's my Hand, if I meet you in place convenient, I'll do my beſt to make you one. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Aurelian *and* Camillo,

Cam. But why thus melancholy, with Hat pull'd down, and the Hand on the Region of the Heart, juſt the reverſe of my Friend *Aurelian* of happy Memory.

Aur. Faith, *Camillo*, I am aſham'd on't, but cannot help it.

Cam. But to be in Love with a Waiting-woman! with an Eater of Fragments, a Simperer at the lower end of a Table, with mighty Golls, rough-Grain'd, and red with Starching, thoſe Diſcouragers and Abaters of elevated Love!

Aur. I could love Deformity it ſelf, with that good Humour. She who's arm'd with Gayety and Wit, needs no other Weapons to conquer me.

Cam. We Lovers are the great Creators of Wit in our Miſtreſſes. For *Beatrix*, She's a meer utterer of Yes and No, and has no more Senſe than what will juſt dignifie her to be an arrant Waiting-woman: That is, to lye for her Lady, and take your Money.

Aur. It may be then I found her in the Exaltation of her Wit; for certainly, Women have their good and ill Days of talking, as they have of looking.

Cam. But, however, ſhe has done you the Courteſie to drive out *Laura*: And ſo one Poyſon has expell'd th'other.

Aur. Troth, not abſolutely neither; for I dote on *Laura*'s Beauty, and on *Beatrix*'s Wit: I am wounded with a forked Arrow, which will not eaſily be got out.

Cam. Not to loſe time in fruitleſs Complaints, let us purſue our new Contrivance, that you may ſee your two Miſtreſſes, and I my one.

Aur. That will not now be difficult: This Plot's ſo laid, that I defy the Devil to make it miſs. The Woman of the Houſe, by which they are to paſs to Church, is brib'd; the Ladies are, by her, acquainted with the Deſign; and we need only to be there before them, and expect the Prey, which will undoubtedly fall into the Net.

Cam. Your Man is made ſafe, I hope, from doing us any Miſchief.

Aur. He has diſpos'd of himſelf, I thank him, for an hour or two: The Fop would make me believe that an unknown Lady is in Love with him, and has made him an Aſſignation.

Cam. If he ſhould ſucceed now, I ſhould have the worſe Opinion of the Sex for his ſake.

Aur. Never doubt but he'll ſucceed: Your briſk Fool that can make a Leg, is ever a fine Gentleman among the Ladies, becauſe he's juſt of their Talent, and they underſtand him better than a Wit.

Cam. Peace; the Ladies are coming this way to the Chappel, and their Jaylor with 'em: Let 'em go by without ſaluting, to avoid ſuſpicion; and let us go off to prepare our Engine.

Enter Mario, Laura, *and* Violetta.

Aur. I muſt have a Look before we go. Ah you little Divine Rogue! I'll be with you immediately. [*Exeunt* Aur. *and* Cam.

Vio. Look you, Siſter, there are our Friends, but take no Notice.

Lau. I ſaw them. Was not that *Aurelian* with *Camillo?*

Vio. Yes.

Lau. I like him ſtrangely. If his Perſon were join'd with *Benito*'s Wit, I know not what would become of my poor Heart.

Enter Fabio, *and whiſpers with* Mario.

Mar. Stay, Neeces, I'll but ſpeak a Word with *Fabio*, and go with you immediately.

Vio. I ſee, Siſter, you are infinitely taken with *Benito*'s Wit; but I have heard he is a very conceited Coxcomb.

Lau. They who told you ſo, were horribly miſtaken: You ſhall be Judge your ſelf, *Violetta*; for, to confeſs frankly to you, I have made him a kind of an Appointment.

Vio. How! Have you made an Aſſignation to *Benito*? A Servingman! a Trencher-carrying Raſcal!

Lau. Good words, *Violetta*! I only ſent to him from an unknown Lady near this Chappel, that I might view him in paſſing by, and ſee if his Perſon were anſwerable to his Converſation.

Vio. But how will you get rid of my Uncle?

Lau. You ſee my project; his Man *Fabio* is brib'd by me, to hold him in diſcourſe.

Enter Benito *looking about him.*

Vio. In my Conſcience this is he. Lord, what a Monſter of a Man is there! With ſuch a Workiday, rough-hewn Face too! for, faith, Heaven has not beſtow'd the finiſhing upon't.

Lau. 'Tis impoſſible this ſhould be *Benito*; yet he ſtalks this way: From ſuch a piece of animated Timber, ſweet Heaven deliver me.

[*Benito aſide.*] This muſt of neceſſity be the Lady who is in love with me. See, how ſhe ſurveys my Perſon! Certainly one Wit knows another by inſtinct. By that old Gentleman, it ſhould be the Lady *Laura* too. Hum: *Benito*, thou art made for ever.

Lau. He has the moſt unpromiſing Face, for a Wit, I ever ſaw; and yet he had need have a very good one, to make amends for his Face. I am half cur'd of him already.

Ben. What means all this ſurveying, Madam? You briſtle up to me, and wheel about me, like a Turky-cock that is making Love: Faith, How do you like my Perſon, ha?

Lau. I dare not praiſe it, for fear of the old Compliment, that you ſhould tell me, 'Tis at my Service. But, pray, Is your Name *Benito*?

Ben. Signior *Benito*, at your Service, Madam.

Lau. And have you no Brother, or any other of your Name, one that is a Wit, attending on Signior *Aurelian*?

Ben. No, I can aſſure your Ladyſhip: I my ſelf am the only Wit who does him the Honour, not to attend him, but to bear him company.

Lau. But ſure it was another You, that waited on *Camilla* in the Garden laſt night.

Ben. It was no other Me, but Me Signior *Benito*.

Lau. 'Tis impoſſible.

Ben. 'Tis moſt certain.

Lau. Then I would adviſe you to go thither again, and look for the Wit which you have left there; for you have brought very little along with you: Your Voice, methinks, too, is much alter'd.

Ben. Only a little over-ſtrain'd, or ſo, with Singing.

Lau. How ſlept you after your Adventure?

Ben. Faith, Lady, I could not ſleep one wink, for Dreaming of you.

Lau. Not ſleep for Dreaming? When the place falls, you ſhall be Bull-maſter-General at Court.

Ben. Et tu Brute! Do you miſtake me for Fool too? Then, I find there's one more of that Opinion beſides my Maſter.

Vio. Siſter, look to your ſelf, my Uncle's returning.

Lau. I am glad on't: He has done my buſineſs; he has abſolutely cur'd me. Lord, that I could be ſo miſtaken!

Vio. I told you what he was.

Lau. He was quite another thing laſt night: Never was Man ſo alter'd in Four and twenty Hours. A pure Clown, mere Elementary Earth, without the leaſt ſpark of Soul in him!

Ben. But, tell me truly, Are not you in love with me? Confeſs the Truth: I love Plain-dealing; you ſhall not find me refractory.

Lau. Away, thou Animal; I have found thee out for a high and mighty Fool, and ſo I leave thee.

Mar. Come, now I am ready for you; as little Devotion, and as much good Huſwifery as you pleaſe: Take example by me; I aſſure you no body debauches me to Church, except it be in your company. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Benito.

Ben. I am undone for ever: What ſhall I do with my ſelf? I'll run into ſome Deſart, and there I'll hide my opprobrious Head. No hang't, I won't neither; all Wits have their failings ſometimes, and have the fortune to be thought Fools once in their Lives. Sure this is but a Copy of her Countenance; for

for my Heart's true to me, and whiſpers to me, ſhe loves me ſtill: Well, I'll truſt in my own Merits, and be confident. [*A noiſe of throwing down water within.*

Enter Mario, Fabio, Laura, *and* Violetta.

[*Lau. Shaking her Cloaths.*] Oh, Sir, I am wet quite through my Cloaths; I am not able to endure it.

Vio. Was there ever ſuch an Inſolence?

Mar. Send in to ſee who lives there: I'll make an example of 'em.

Enter Frontona.

Fab. Here's the Woman of the Houſe her ſelf, Sir.

Fron. Sir, I ſubmit, moſt willingly, to any puniſhment you ſhall inflict upon me: For, though I intended nothing of an affront to theſe ſweet Ladies; yet I can never forgive my ſelf the misfortune of which I was the innocent occaſion.

Vio. O, I am ready to faint away.

Fron. Alas, poor ſweet Lady, ſhe's young and tender, Sir: I beſeech you, give me leave to repair my Offence, with offering my ſelf, and poor Houſe, for her Accommodation.

Ben. I know that Woman: There's ſome villanous Plot in this, I'll lay my Life on't. Now *Benito*, caſt about for thy Credit, and recover all again.

Mar. Go into the Coach, Neeces, and bid the Coachman drive apace. As for you, Miſtriſs, your ſmooth Tongue ſhall not excuſe you.

Lau. By your Favour, Sir, I'll accept of the Gentlewoman's Civility; I cannot ſtir a ſtep farther.

Fro. Come in, ſweet Buds of Beauty, you ſhall have a Fire in an inner Chamber; and if you pleaſe to Repoſe your ſelf a while, Sir, in another Room, they ſhall come out, and wait on you immediately.

Mar. Well, if it muſt be ſo.

[*Fron. whiſpering the Ladies.*] Your Friends are ready in the Garden, and will be with you as ſoon as we have ſhaken off your Uncle.

Ben. A Cheat, a Cheat, a rank one; I ſmell it, Old Sir, I ſmell it.

Mar. What's the matter with the Fellow? Is he diſtracted?

Ben. No, 'tis you are more likely to be diſtracted; but that there goes ſome Wit to the being Mad, and you have not the leaſt grain of Wit to be gull'd thus groſly.

Fron. What does the Fellow mean?

Ben. The Fellow means to detect your Villany, and to recover his loſt Reputation of a Wit.

Fron. Why, Friend, What Villany? I hope my Houſe is a Civil Houſe.

Ben. Yes, a very Civil one; for my Maſter lay in of his laſt Clap there, and was treated very civilly to my knowledge.

Mar. How's this, How's this?

Fron. Come, you are a dirty Fellow, and I am known to be a Perſon that —

Ben. Yes, you are known to be a Perſon that —

Fron. Speak your worſt of me, What Perſon am I known to be?

Ben. Why, if you will have it, you are little better than a Procureſs: You carry Meſſages betwixt Party and Party; and, in one word, Sir, ſhe's as arrant a Fruit-woman as any is about *Rome*.

Mar. Nay, if ſhe be a Fruit-woman, my Neeces ſhall not enter into her Doors.

Ben. You had beſt let them enter; you do not know how they may fructify in her Houſe: For I heard her with theſe Ears whiſper to 'em, that their Friends were within call.

Mar. This is palpable, this is manifeſt; I ſhall remember you, Lady Fruiterer, I ſhall have your Baskets ſearch'd when you bring Oranges again. Come away, Neeces; and Thanks, honeſt Fellow for thy diſcovery. } *Exeunt* Mario and Women.

Ben. Hah, couragio: Il Diavolo e morto. Now I think I have tickl'd it; this diſcovery has re-inſtated me into the Empire of my Wit again. Now, in the pomp of this Atchievement, will I preſent my ſelf before Madam *Laura*, with a Behold, Madam, the happy Reſtauration of *Benito*.

Enter Aurelian, Camillo, *and* Frontona, *over-hearing him.*

Oh, now, that I had the Mirror, to behold my ſelf in the fulneſs of my Glory! and oh, that the domineering Fop my Maſter were in Preſence, that I might triumph over him! that I might even contemn the wretched Wight, the Mortal of a groveling Soul, and of a debaſed Underſtanding,

He looks about him and ſees his Maſter.

How the Devil came theſe Three together? Nothing vexes me, but that I muſt ſtand Bare to him, after ſuch an Enterprize as this is.

Aur. Nay, put on, put on again, ſweet Sir; Why ſhould you be Uncover'd before the Fop your Maſter? the wretched Wight, the Mortal of a groveling Soul.

Ben. Ay, Sir, you may make bold with your ſelf at your own pleaſure: But for all that, a little bidding would make me take your Counſel, and be Cover'd, as Affairs go now.

Aur. If it be lawful for a man of a debaſed Underſtanding to confer with ſuch an exalted Wit, pray what was that glorious Atchievement which rapt you into ſuch an Ecſtaſie?

Ben. 'Tis a ſign your know well how Matters go, by your asking me ſo impertinent a Queſtion.

Aur. putting off his Hat to him. Sir, I beg of you, as your moſt humble Maſter, to be ſatisfy'd.

Ben. Your Servant, Sir; at preſent I am not at leiſure for Conference. But hark you, Sir, by the way of friendly Advice, one Word: Henceforward tell me no more of the Adventure of the Garden, nor of the great Looking glaſs——

Aur. You mean the Mirror.

Ben. Yes, the Mirror; tell me no more of that, except you could behold in it a better, a more diſcreet, or a more able Face for ſtratagem, than I can, when I look there.

Aur. But to the Buſineſs; What is this famous Enterprize?

Ben. Be ſatisfy'd, without troubling me farther, the Buſineſs is done, the Rogues are Defeated, and your Miſtriſs is ſecur'd: If you would know more, demand it of that Criminal, [*Pointing to* Frontona,] and aſk her how ſhe dares appear before you, after ſuch a ſignal Treachery, or before me, after ſuch an overthrow?

Fron. I know nothing, but only that, by your Maſters Order, I was to receive the two Ladies into my Houſe, and you prevented it.

Ben. By my Maſter's Order? I'll ne'r believe it. This is your Stratagem, to free your ſelf and defraud me of my Reward.

Cam. I'll witneſs what ſhe ſayes is true.

Ben. I am deaf to all Aſſeverations that make againſt my Honour.

Aur. I ll ſwear it then. We two were the two Rogues, and you the Diſcoverer of our Villany.

Ben. Then, woe, woe, to poor *Benito*! I find my abundance of wit has ruin'd me.

Aur But come a little nearer: I would not receive a good Office from a Servant, but I would reward him for his Diligence.

Ben. Virtue, Sir, is its own reward: I expect none from you.

Aur. Since it is ſo, Sir, you ſhall loſe no farther time in my Service: Henceforward pray know me for your humble Servant; for your Maſter I am reſolv'd to be no longer.

Ben. Nay, rather than ſo, Sir, I beſeech you let a good honeſt ſufficient Beating attone the Difference.

Aur. 'Tis in vain.

Ben. I am loath to leave you without a Guide.

Aur. He's at it again; do you hear, *Camillo*?

Cam. Prethy, *Aurilian*, be molify'd, and beat him.

Fron. Pray, Sir, hear Reaſon, and lay't on, for my ſake.

Aur. I am obdurate.

Cam. But, What will your Father ſay, if you part with him?

Aur. I care not.

Ben. Well, Sir, ſince you are ſo Peremptory, remember I have offer'd you Satisfaction, and ſo long my Conſcience is at eaſe: What a Devil, before I'll offer my ſelf twice to be Beaten by any Maſter in Criſtendom, I'll ſtarve, and that's my reſolution; and ſo your Servant that was Sir. *Exit.*

Aur. I am glad I am rid of him; he was my Evil Genius, and was always appearing to me, to blaſt my undertakings: Let me ſend him never ſo farr off, the Devil would be ſure to put him in my way, when I had any thing to Execute. Come, *Camillo*, now we have chang'd the Dice, it may be we ſhall have better Fortune. *Exeunt*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter the Duke of Mantoua *in Maſquerade*, Frederick, Valerio, *and others.*
On the other ſide Enter Lucretia, Hippolita, *and* Aſcanio.

Luc. to Aſca. The Prince I know already, by your Deſcription of his Maſking-habit; but, Which is the Duke his Father?

Aſca. He whom you ſee talking with the Prince, and looking this way. I believe he has obſerv'd us.

Luc. If he has not, I am reſolv'd we'll make our ſelves as Remarkable as we can: I'll exerciſe my Talent of Dancing.

Hip. And I mine of Singing,

Duke to Frederick. Do you know the Company which came in laſt?

Fred. I cannot poſſibly imagine who they are: at leaſt I Will not tell you——— *Aſide.*

Duke. There's ſomething very uncommon in the Air of one of them.

Fred. Pleaſe you, Sir, I'll Diſcourſe with her, and ſee if I can ſatisfie your Highneſs.

Duke. Stay, there's a Dance begining, and ſhe ſeems as if ſhe wou'd make one.

SONG and DANCE.

LOng betwixt Love and Fear Philis *tormented*
Shun'd her own Wiſh, yet at laſt ſhe conſented;
But loath that Day ſhou'd her bluſhes diſcover,
Come gentle Night, ſhe ſaid,
Come quickly to my Aid,
And a poor ſhame-fac'd Maid
Hide from her Lover.

Now cold as Ice I am, now hot as Fire,
I dare not tell my ſelf my own Deſire;
But let Day fly away, and let Night haſte her:
Grant ye kind Powers above,
Slow hours to parting Love;
But when to Bliſs we move,
Bid 'em fly faſter.

How ſweet it is to Love when I diſcover,
That Fire which burnt my Heart, warming my Lover;
'Tis pity Love ſo true ſhould be miſtaken:
But if this Night he be
False or unkind to me,
Let me dye e're I ſee
That Im forſaken.

Duke, after the Dance. My curioſity re-doubles; muſt needs hale that unknown Veſſel, and enquire whither She's bound, and what Fraight ſhe carries.

Fred. She's not worth your trouble, Sir; She'll either prove ſome common Courtizan in Diſguiſe, or at beſt, ſome homely Perſon of Honor, that only Dances well enough to invite a ſight of her ſelf, and would look ill enough to fright you.

Duke. That's maliciouſly ſaid: All I ſee of her is Charming; and I have reaſon to think her Face is of the ſame Piece, at leaſt I'll try my fortune.

Fred. What an unlucky Accident is this! If my Father ſhould diſcover her, ſhe's ruin'd; if he does not, yet I have loſt her Converſation to Night.

Duke approaches Lucretia.

Aſca. 'Tis the Duke himſelf, who comes to Court you.

Luc. Peace, I'll fit him; for I have been inform'd to the leaſt tittle of his Actions ſince he came to Town.

Duke to Lucretia. Madam, the Duke of *Mantoua*, whom you muſt needs imagine to be in this Company, has ſent me to you, to know what kind of Face there is belonging to that excellent Shape, and to thoſe charming Motions, which he obſerv'd ſo lately in your Dancing. *Luc.*

Luc. Tell his Highneſs, if you pleaſe, that there is a Face within the Maſque, ſo very deform'd, that if it were diſcover'd it would prove the worſt Vizor of the two; and that, of all Men, he ought not to deſire it ſhould be expos'd, becauſe then ſomething would be found amiſs in an Entertainment which he has made ſo Splendid and Magnificient.

Duke. The Duke, I am ſure, would be very proud of your Compliment; but it would leave him more unſatisfy'd than before: For he will find in it ſo much of Gallantry, as, being added to your other Graces, will move him to a ſtrange Temptation of knowing you.

Luc. I ſhould ſtill have the more reaſon to refuſe him; for 'twere a madneſs, when I had charm'd him by my Motion and Converſe, to hazard the loſs of that Conqueſt by my Eyes.

Duke aſide. I am on Fire till I diſcover her.
At leaſt, Madam, tell me of what Family you are.

Luc. Will you be ſatisfy'd if I tell you I am of the *Colonne*?
you have ſeen *Julia* of that Houſe.

Duke. Then you are ſhe.

Luc. Have I not her Stature moſt exactly?

Duke. As near as I remember.

Luc. But, by your favour, I have nothing of her Shape; for, if I may be ſo vain to praiſe my ſelf, ſhe's a little thicker in the Shoulders, and, beſides, ſhe moves Ungracefully.

Duke. Then you are not again.

Luc. No not ſhe: But you have forgotten *Emilia* of the *Urſini*, whom the Duke ſaluted yeſterday at her Balcony, when he enter'd. Her Air and Motion——

Duke. Are the very ſame with yours. Now I am ſure I know you.

Luc. But there's too little of her to make a Beauty: My Stature is much more Advantageous.

Duke. You have cozen'd me again.

Luc. Well, I find at laſt I muſt confeſs my ſelf. What think you of *Eugenia Beata?* The Duke ſeem'd to be infinitely pleas'd laſt Night, when my Brother preſented me to him at the *Belvedere.*

Duke. Now I am certain you are ſhe; for you have both her Stature, and her Motion.

Luc. But, if you remember your ſelf a little better, there's ſome ſmall difference in our Wit: For ſhe has indeed the Air and Beauty of a Roman Lady, but all the Dulneſs of a Dutch-woman.

Duke. I ſee, Madam, you are reſolv'd to conceal your ſelf; and I am as fully reſolv'd to know you.

Luc. See which of our Reſolutions will take place,

Duke. I come from the Duke, and can aſſure you he is of an Humour to be obey'd.

Luc. And I am of an humour not to obey him: But, Why ſhould he be ſo courious?

Duke. If you would have my Opinion, I believe he is in Love with you.

Luc. Without ſeeing me?

Duke. Without ſeeing all of you: Love is Love, let it wound us from what Part it pleaſe; and if he have enough from your Shape and Converſation, his Buſineſs is done, the more Compendiouſly, without the Face.

Luc. But the Duke cannot be taken with my Converſation, for he never heard me ſpeak.

Duke aſide. 'Slife, I ſhall diſcover my ſelf. Yes, Madam, he ſtood by, *Incognito*, and heard me ſpeak with you: but——

Luc. I wiſh he had truſted to his own Court ſhip, and ſpoke himſelf; for it gives us a bad Impreſſion of a Prince's Wit when we ſee Fools in favour about his Perſon.

Duke. What ever I am, I have in Commiſſion from him to tell you, He's in Love with you.

Luc. The good old Gentleman may dote, if he ſo pleaſes; but Love, and fifty years Old, are ſtark non-ſenſe.

Duke. But ſome Men, you know, are green at fifty.

Luc. Yes, in their Underſtandings.

Duke.

Duke. You ſpeak with great Contempt of a Prince, who has ſome Reputation in the World.

Luc. No; 'tis you that ſpeak with Contempt of him, by ſaying he is in Love at ſuch an Age.

Duke. Then, Madam, 'tis neceſſary you ſhould know him better for his Reputation: And, that ſhall be, though he violate the Laws of Maſquerade, and force you.

Fred. I ſuſpected this, from his violent Temper. [*Aſide.* Sir, the Emperor's Ambaſſador is here, in Maſquerade, and I believe this to be his Lady: It were well if you inquir'd of him, before you forc'd her to diſcover.

Duke. Which is the Ambaſſador?

Fred. That farthermoſt. [Duke *retires farther.*

Fred. to Luc. Take your Opportunity to eſcape, while his Back is turn'd, or you are ruin'd. *Aſcanio*, wait on her.

Luc. I am ſo frighted, I cannot ſtay to thank you.

[*Exeunt* Luc. Aſca. *and* Hippolita.

Duke to Fred. 'Tis a miſtake; the Ambaſſador knows nothing of her: I'm reſolv'd I'll know it of her ſelf, e're ſhe ſhall depart. Ha! Where is ſhe? I left her here.

Fred. aſide. Out of your reach, Father mine, I hope.

Duke. She has either ſhifted Places, or elſe ſlipt out of the Aſſembly.

Fred. I have look'd round: She muſt be gone, Sir.

Duke. She muſt not be gone, Sir; Search for her every where: I will have her.

Fred. Has ſhe offended your Highneſs?

Duke. Peace, with your impertinent Queſtions. Come hither, *Valerio.*

Valerio. Sir?

Duke. O, *Valerio*, I am deſperately in Love: That Lady, with whom you ſaw me talking, has —— But I loſe time; ſhe's gone; haſte after her; find her; bring her back to me.

Val. If it be poſſible.

Duke. It muſt be poſſible; the Quiet of my Life depends upon it.

Val. Which way took ſhe?

Duke. Go any way, every way; ask no Queſtions: I know no more, but that ſhe muſt, muſt be had. [*Exit* Valerio.

Fred. Sir, the Aſſembly will obſerve that——

Duke. Damn the Aſſembly, 'tis a dull inſignificant Crowd, now ſhe is not here; break it up, I'll ſtay no longer

Fred. Aſide. I hope ſhe's ſafe, and then this fantaſtick Love of my Father's will make us Sport to morrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Lucretia, Aſcanio, Hippolita,

Luc. Now, that we are ſafe at the Gate of our Covent, methinks the Adventure was not unpleaſant.

Hip. And now that I am out of danger, Brother, I may tell you what a Novice you are in Love, to tempt a young Siſter into the wide World, and not to ſhow her the difference betwixt that and her Cloyſter: I find I may venture ſafely with you another time.

Aſca. O, Siſter, you play the Brazen-head with me; you give me Warning when Time's paſt: But that was no fit Opportunity; I hate to ſnatch a morſel of Love, and ſo away: I am for a ſet-Meal, where I may enjoy a full Guſt; but when I once fall on, you ſhall find me a brave Man upon Occaſion.

Luc. 'Tis time we were in our Cells. Quick, *Hippolita*, where's the Key?

Hip. Here, in my pocket —— No, 'tis in my other Pocket: —— Ha —— 'tis not there, neither. I am ſure I put it in one of them.

Luc. What ſhould we do, if it ſhould be loſt now?

Hip. I have ſearch'd my ſelf all over, and cannot find it.

Aſca. A Woman can never ſearch her ſelf all over; let me ſearch you Siſter.

Luc. Is this a time for Raillery? Oh, ſweet Heaven! ſpeak Comfort quickly; Have you found it? [*Here* Aſcanio *ſlips away. Exit.*

Hip. Speak you Comfort, Madam, and tell me you have it, for I am too ſure that I have none on't.

Luc.

Luc. O unfortunate that we are! Day's breaking; the Handy-craft's Shops begin to open. [*Clock ſtrikes.*

Hip. The Clock ſtrikes two: Within this half Hour we ſhall be call'd up to our Devotions. Now, good *Aſcanio* —— Alaſs he's gone too! we are left miſerable, and forlorn.

Luc. We have not ſo much as one place in the Town for a Retreat.

Hip. O, for a Miracle in our time of need! That ſome kind good natur'd Saint would take us up, and heave us over the Wall into our Cells.

Luc. Dear Siſter, Pray; for I cannot: I have been ſo ſinful, in leaving my Cloyſter for the World, that I am aſham'd to trouble my Friends above to help me.

Hip. Alaſs, Siſter, with what Face can I pray, then! Yours were but little Vanities; but I have ſin'd ſwingingly, againſt my Vow; yes, indeed, Siſter, I have been very wicked? For I wiſh'd the Ball might be kept perpetually in our Cloyſter, and that half the handſome Nuns in it might be turn'd to Men, for the ſake of the other.

Luc. Well, if I were free from this Diſgrace, I would never more ſet Foot beyond the Cloyſter, for the ſake of any Man.

Hip. And here I vow, if I get ſafe within my Cell, I will not think of Man again theſe ſeven Years.

Aſcanio *Re-enters.*

Aſca. Hold, *Hippolita*, and make no more raſh Vows: if you do, as I live, you ſhall not have the Key.

Hip. The Key! why, Have it you, Brother?

Luc. He does but mock us: I know you have it not, *Aſcanio.*

Aſca. Ecce ſignum; Here it is for you.

Hip. O, ſweet Brother let me kiſs you.

Aſca. Hands off, ſweet Siſter, you muſt not be forſworn: You vow'd you wou'd not think of a Man theſe ſeven Years.

Hip. Ay, Brother, but I was not ſo haſty, but I had Wit enough to cozen the Saint to whom I vow'd: For you are but a Boy, Brother, and will not be a Man theſe ſeven Years.

Luc. But, where did you find the Key, *Aſcanio?*

Aſca. To confeſs the Truth, Madam, I ſtole it out of *Hippolita*'s Pocket, to take the Print of it in Wax; for I'll ſuppoſe, you'll give my Maſter leave to wait on you in the Nunnery-garden, after your Abbeſs has walk'd the Rounds.

Luc. Well, well, good morrow: When you have ſlept, come to the Grate for a Letter to your Lord. Now will I have the Headach, or the Meagrim, or ſome Excuſe, for I am reſolv'd I'll not riſe to Prayers.

Hip. Pray, Brother, take care of our Masking-habits, that they may be forthcoming another time.

Aſca. Sleep, ſleep, and dream of me, Siſter: I'll make it good, if you dream not too unreaſonably.

Luc. Thus Dangers in our Love make Joys more dear,
And Pleaſure's ſweeteſt, when 'tis mixt with Fear. [*Exeunt*

ACT IV. SCENE I. *A Dreſſing-Chamber.*

The Masking-habits of Lucretia *and* Hippolita *laid in a Chair.*

Fred. *and* Aſcanio.

Fred. I Never thought I ſhould have lov'd her. Is't come to this, after all my Boaſtings and Declarations againſt it? Sure I lov'd her before, and did not know it, till I fear'd to loſe her: There's the Reaſon. I had never deſir'd her if my Father had not. This is juſt the longing of a Woman: ſhe never finds the Appetite in her ſelf, till ſhe ſees the Meat on anothers Plate. I'm glad however, you took the Impreſſion of the Key; but 'twas not well to fright them.

Aſca. Sir, I could not help it; but here's the Effect on't: The Workman ſate up all Night to make it. [*Gives a Key.*

Fred.

Fred. This Key will admit me into the *Seraglio* of the Godly. The Monaſtery has begun the War, in ſallying out upon the World; and therefore 'tis but juſt that the World ſhould make Reprizals on the Monaſtery.

Aſca. Alaſs, Sir, you and *Lucretia* do but skirmiſh; 'tis I and *Hippolita* that make the War: 'Tis true, Opportunity has been wanting for a Battel, but the Forces have been ſtoutly drawn up on both ſides. As for your Concernment, I come juſt now from the Monaſtery, and have Orders from your Platonick Miſtriſs to tell you, ſhe expects you this Evening in the Garden of the Nunnery; withall, ſhe deliver'd me this Letter for you.

Fred. Give it me.

Aſca. O, Sir, the Duke your Father!

[*The Prince takes the Letter, and thinking to put it up haſtily, drops it.*

Enter Duke.

Duke. Now *Frederick!* not abroad yet?

Fred. Your laſt Nights Entertainment left me ſo weary, Sir, that I over-ſlept my ſelf this Morning.

Duke. I rather envy you, than blame you: Our Sleep is certainly the moſt pleaſant Portion of our Lives. For my own part, I ſpent the Night waking, and reſtleſs.

Fred. Has any thing of Moment happen'd to diſcompoſe your Highneſs?

Duke. I'll confeſs my Follies to you: I am in Love with a Lady I ſaw laſt Night in Maſquerade.

Fred. 'Tis ſtrange ſhe ſhould conceal her ſelf.

Duke. She has, from my beſt Search; yet I took exact notice of her Masking-habit, and deſcrib'd it to thoſe whom I employ'd to find her.

Fred. aſide. 'Sdeath, it lies there unremov'd; and, if he turns himſelf, full in his Eye. Now, now 'twill be diſcover'd.

Duke. For 'twas extreamly remarkable. I remember very well 'twas a looſe long Robe, ſtreak'd black and white, girt with a large Silver Ribband, and the Vizor was a *Moor's* Face.

Fred. Running to the Chair where the Habits are, ſits down.

Sir, I beg pardon of your Highneſs for this Rudeneſs, I am——O, Oh——

Duke. What's the Matter?

Fred. I am taken ſo extreamly ill o'the ſudden, that I am forc'd to ſit before you.

Duke. Alaſs, What's your Diſtemper?

Fred. A moſt violent griping, which pulls me together on a heap.

Duke. Some Cold, I fear you took laſt Night. [*Runs to the Door.*

Who waits there? Call Phyſitians to the Prince.

Fred. Aſcanio, remove theſe quickly. [*Aſcanio takes away the Habits, and Exit*

Duke, returning. How do you find your ſelf?

Fred. ariſing. Much better, Sir: That which pain'd me is remov'd; as it came unexpectedly, ſo it went as ſuddenly.

Enter Valerio.

Duke. The Air perhaps, will do you good. If you have Health, you may ſee thoſe Troops drawn out, which I deſign for *Millan.*

Fred. Shall I wait on your Highneſs?

Duke. No, leave me here with *Valerio*; I have a little Buſineſs, which diſpatch'd, I'll follow you immediately.

Well, What Succeſs, *Valerio?* [*Exit* Frederick.

Val. Our Endeavours are in vain, Sir: There has been Enquiry made about all the Palaces in *Rome*, and neither of the Masking-habits can be diſcover'd.

Duke. Yet, it muſt be a Woman of Quality. What Paper's that at my Foot?

Val. taking up the Letter. 'Tis Seal'd, Sir, and directed to the Prince.

Duke, taking the Letter. 'Tis a Woman's Hand. Has he got a Miſtriſs in Town ſo ſoon? I am reſolv'd to open it, though I do not approve my own Curioſity. [*Opens and reads it.*

NOW my Fear is over, I can laugh at my laſt Night's Adventure: I find that at Fifty all Men grow incorrigible, and Lovers eſpecially; for, certainly, never any Creature could be worſe treated than your Father. (How's this *Valerio?* I am amaz'd.) *and yet the good, old, out of Faſhion Gentleman heard himſelf Raillied, and bore it with all the Patience of a Chriſtian Prince.* (Now 'tis plain, the Lady in Maſquerade is a Miſtriſs of my Son's, and the undutiful Wretch was in the Plot to abuſe me.)

Aſcanio *will tell you the latter part of our Misfortune, how hardly we got into the Cloyſter.* (A Nun too! Oh the Devil!) *when we meet next, pray provide to laugh heartily for there is Subject ſufficient for a plentiful Fit, and Fop enough to ſpare for another time.*

Lucretia.

Val. Lucretia! Now the Myſtery is unfolded.

Duke. Do you know her?

Val. When I was laſt at *Rome*, I ſaw her often; ſhe is near Kinſwoman to the preſent Pope; and, before he plac'd her in this Nunnery of *Benedictines*, was the moſt celebrated Beauty of the Town.

Duke. I know I ought to hate this Woman, becauſe ſhe has affronted me thus groſly; but yet I cannot help it, I muſt love her.

Val. But, Sir, you come on too much diſadvantage to be your Son's Rival.

Duke. I am deaf to all Conſiderations: Prithee do not think of giving a Mad-Man Counſel: Pity me, and cure me, if thou canſt; but remember there's but one infallible Medicine, that's Enjoyment.

Val. I had forgot to tell you, Sir, that the Governour Don *Mario* is without, to wait on you.

Duke. Deſire him to come in.

Enter Don Mario.

Mar. I am come, Sir, to beg a Favour of your Highneſs, and 'tis on the behalf of my Siſter *Sophronia*, Abbeſs of the *Torr' di Specchi*.

Val. Sir, ſhe's Abbeſs of that very Monaſtery where your Miſtriſs is inclos'd. [*Aſide, to the Duke.*

Duke. I ſhould be glad to ſerve any Relation of yours, Don *Mario*.

Mar. Her Requeſt is, That you would be pleas'd to Grace her Chappel this Afternoon. There will be Muſick, and ſome little Ceremony, in the Reception of my two Neeces, who are to be plac'd in Penſion there.

Duke. Your Neeces, I hear, are fair, and great Fortunes.

Mar. Great Vexations I'm ſure they are; being daily haunted by a company of wild Fellows, who buz about my Houſe like Flies.

Duke. Your Deſign ſeems reaſonable; Women in hot Countries are like Oranges in cold: To preſerve them, they muſt be perpetually Hous'd. I'll bear you company to the Monaſtery. Come *Valerio*; this opportunity is happy beyond our expectation.

SCENE II.

Camillo, Aurelian.

Cam. He has ſmarted ſufficiently for this Offence; prithee, dear *Aurelian*, forgive him: He waits without, and appears penitent; I'll be reſponſible for his future carriage.

Aur. For your ſake, then, I receive him into Grace.

Cam. at the door. Benito, you may appear, your Peace is made.

Enter Benito.

Aur. But, it muſt be upon Conditions.

Ben. Any Conditions that are reaſonable; for, as I am a Wit, Sir, I have not eaten———

Aur. You are in the Path of Perdition already; that's the Principal of our Conditions, you are to be a Wit no more.

Ben. Pray, Sir, if it be poſſible, let me be a little Wit ſtill.

Aur. No, Sir: You can make a Leg, and Dance; thoſe are no Talents of a Wit: You are cut out for a brisk Fool, and can be no other.

Ben. Pray, Sir, let me think I am a Wit, or my Heart will break.

Cam. That you will naturally do, as you are a Fool.

Aur. Then, no farther medling with Adventurers, or Contrivances of your own; they are all belonging to the Territories of Wit, from whence you are baniſh'd.

Ben. But what if my Imagination ſhould really furniſh me with ſome———

Aur. Not a Plot, I hope?

Ben. No, Sir, no Plot, but ſome Expedient then, to mollifie the Word, when your Invention has fail'd you.

Aur. Think it a Temptation of the Devil; and believe it not.

Ben.

Ben. Then farewel all the Happineſs of my Life.

Cham. You know your doom, *Benito*, and now you may take your choice, whether you will renounce Wit or Eating.

Ben. Well, Sir, I muſt continue my Body at what rate ſoever; and the rather, becauſe now there's no farther need of me in your Adventures; for I was aſſured by *Beatrix*, this Morning, that her two Miſtriſſes are to be put in Penſion in the Nunnery of *Benedictines*, this Afternoon.

Cam. Then I am miſerable.

Aur. And you have deferr'd the telling it, till it is paſt time to ſtudy for prevention.

Cam. Let us run thither immediately, and either periſh in't, or free them. You'll aſſiſt me with your Sword?

Aur. Yes, if I cannot do't to more purpoſe, with my Counſel. Let us firſt play the faireſt of our Game; 'tis time enough to ſnatch when we have loſt it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Chappel.*

The Duke, Valerio, *Attendants. At the other Door*, Laura, Violetta, Beatrix, Mario. *Inſtrumental and Vocal Muſick. In the time of which*, *Enter* Aurelian *and* Camillo. *After the Muſick*, *Enter* Sophronia, Lucretia, Hippolita, *and other Nuns.*

Duke to Valerio, *who had whisper'd to him.*] I needed not thoſe marks to know her. She's one continu'd Excellence; ſhe's all over Miracle.

Soph. to the Duke.] We know, Sir, we are not capable, by our Entertainments, of adding any thing to your Pleaſures, and therefore we muſt attribute this Favour of your Preſence, to your Piety and Devotion.

Duke. You have treated me with Harmony ſo excellent, that I believ'd my ſelf among a Quire of Angels; eſpecially when I beheld ſo fair a Troop behind you.

Soph. Their Beauty, Sir, is wholly Dedicated to Heaven, and is no way ambitious of a Commendation, which from your Mouth might raiſe a Pride in any other of the Sex.

Cam. I am impatient, and can bear no longer, Let what will happen——

Aur. Do you not ſee your Ruine inevitable? Draw in a Holy Place! and in the Preſence of the Duke!

Mar. I do not like *Camillo*'s being here: I muſt cut ſhort the Ceremony. *Whiſpers* Sophronia.

Soph. to Lau. and Violet.] Come, Fair Couſins, we hope to make the Cloyſteral life ſo pleaſing, that it may be an inducement to you to quit the wicked World for ever

Violetta paſſing by Camillo.] Take that and read it at your leiſure. *Conveys a Note into his Hand.*

Cam. A Ticket, as I live, *Aurelian.*

Aur, Steal off, and be Thankful: If that be my *Beatrix* with *Laura*, ſhe's moſt confoundedly ugly. If ever we had come to Love-work, and a Candle had been brought us, I had fall'n back from that Face, like a Buck Rabbet in coupling, [*Exeunt* Camillo *and* Aurelian.

Soph. Daughters, the time of our Devotion calls us. All Happineſs to your Highneſs.

Luc to Hip.] Little thinks my venerable old Love there, that his Miſtriſs in Maſquerade is ſo near him. Now do I e'en long to abuſe that Fop-Gravity again

Hip. Methinks he looks on us.

Luc. Farewel, poor Love; I am ſhe, I am, for all my demure Looks, that treated thee ſo inhumanely laſt night. [*She is going off after* Sophronia.

Duke following her.] Stay, Lady, I would ſpeak with you.

Luc. Ah! (ſcreaking.)

Soph. How now, Daughter, What's the meaning of that undecent noiſe you make?

Luc. aſide.] If I ſpeak to him, he will diſcover my Voice, and then I am ruin'd.

Duke. If your name be *Lucretia*, I have ſome buſineſs of Concernment with you.

Luc. to Soph. Dear Madam, for Heaven's ſake make haſte into the Cloyſter; the Duke purſues me on ſome ill Deſign.

Soph. to the Duke. 'Tis not permitted, Sir, for Maids once entred into Religion, to hold Diſcourſes here of Worldly Things.

Duke. But my Diſcourſes are not Worldly, Madam:
I had a Viſion in the dead of Night,
Which ſhow'd me this fair Virgin in my ſleep,
And told me, that from her I ſhould be taught
Where to beſtow large Alms, and great Endowments,
On ſome near Monaſtery.

Soph.——————Stay, *Lucretia*,
The Holy Viſion's Will muſt be obey'd. [*Exeit* Soph. *cum ſuis.*

Luc. aſide. He does not know me, ſure; and yet I fear
Religion is the leaſt of his Buſineſs with me.

Duke. I ſee, Madam, Beauty will be Beauty in any Habit.
Though I confeſs, the Splendour of a Court
Were a much fitter Scene for yours, than is
A Cloyſter'd privacy.

Luc. counter-feiting her Voice. The World has no Temptations for a Mind
So fix'd, and rais'd above it.
This humble Cell contains and bounds my Wiſhes:
My Charity gives you my Prayers, and that's all my
Converſe with humane kind.

Duke. Since when, Madam, have the World and you been upon theſe equal Terms of Hoſtility? Time was you have been better Friends.

Luc. No doubt I have been vain, and ſinful; but the remembrance of thoſe days cannot be pleaſant to me now, and therefore, if you pleaſe, do not refreſh their Memory.

Duke. Their Memory! You ſpeak as if they were Ages paſt.

Luc. You think me ſtill what I was once, a vain, fond, giddy Creature; I ſee, Sir, whither your Diſcourſes tend, and therefore take my leave.

Duke. Yes, Madam, I know you ſee wither my Diſcourſes tend, and therefore 'twill not be convenient that you ſhould take your leave. Diſguiſe your ſelf no farther; you are known, as well as you knew me in Maſquerade.

Luc. I am not us'd enough to the World, to interpret Riddles; therefore, once more, Heaven keep you.

Duke. This will not do: Your Voice, your Meen, your Stature, betray you for the ſame I ſaw laſt Night: You know the time and place.

Luc. You were not in this Chappel; and I am bound by vow to ſtir no farther.

Duke. But you had too much Wit to keep that Vow.

Luc. If you perſiſt, Sir, in this raving Madneſs,
I can bring Witneſs of my Innocence. [*Is going.*

Duke. To ſave that Labour, ſee if you know that Hand, and let that juſtifie you. [*Shows her Letter.*

Luc. What do I ſee! my Ruine is inevitable.

Duke. You know you merit it:
You us'd me ill, and now are in my Power.

Luc. But you, I hope, are much too Noble
to deſtroy the Fame of a Poor Silly Woman?

Duke. Then, in few Words, for I am bred a Soldier,
And muſt ſpeak plain, it is your Love I ask:
If you deny, this Letter is produc'd;
You know the Conſequence.

Luc. I hope I do not:
For though there are Appearances againſt me,
Enough to give you hope I durſt not ſhun you;
Yet, could you ſee my Heart, 'tis a white Virgin-Tablet,
On which no Characters of earthly Love
Were ever writ: And, 'twixt the Prince and me,
If there were any Criminal Affection,
May Heaven this Minute——

Duke. Swear not; I believe you:
For could I think my Son had e'er enjoy'd you,

I ſhould

I ſhould not be his Rival. Since he has not,
I may have ſo much Kindneſs for my ſelf,
To wiſh that Happineſs.

Luc. You ask me what I muſt not grant;
Nor, if I lov'd you, would: You know my Vow of Chaſtity.

Duke. Yet again that ſenſeleſs Argument?
The Vows of Chaſtity can ne'er be broken,
Where Vows of Secrecy are kept: Thoſe I'll ſwear with you.
But 'tis enough, at preſent, you know my Reſolution.
I would perſuade, not force you to my Love;
And to that end I give you this Night's Reſpite.
Conſider all, that you may fear or hope;
And think that on your Grant, or your Denial,
Depends a double Welfare, yours and mine. [*Exit.*

Luc. A double Ruine, rather, if I grant: For what can I expect from ſuch a Father, when ſuch a Son betrays me! Could I think of all Mankind, that *Frederick* could be baſe? And, with the Vanity of Vulgar Souls betray a Virgins Fame? one who eſteem'd him, and I much fear did more than barely ſo—But I dare not examine my ſelf farther; for fear of confeſſing to my own Thoughts, a Tenderneſs of which he is unworthy.

Enter Hippolita.

Hip. I watch'd till your old Gallant was gone, to bring you News of your young one. A Miſchief on theſe old dry Lovers, they are good for nothing but tedious Talking: Well, yonder's the Prince at the Grate; I hope I need ſay no more to you.

Luc. I'll come when I have recover'd my ſelf a little.
I am a wretched Creature, *Hippolita!* the Letter
I writ the Prince———

Hip. I know it is faln into his Father's Hands by accident. He's as wretched as you too. Well, well, it ſhall be my part to bring you together; and then, if two young People that have opportunity, can be wretched and melancholy—I'll go before and meet *Aſcanio.* [*Exit.*

Luc. I am half unwilling to go, becauſe I muſt be Acceſſary to her Aſſignation with *Aſcanio*; but, for once, I'll meet the Prince in the Garden Walk: I am glad however that he is leſs Criminal than I thought him. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. *The Nunnery-Garden.*

Hippolita, Aſcanio, *meeting* Laura *and* Violetta.

Hip. I hear ſome Walking this way. Who goes there?

Lau. We are the two new Penſioners, *Laura* and *Violetta.*

Hip. Go in, to your Devotion: Theſe undue Hours of Walking ſavour too much of Worldly Thoughts.

Lau. Let us retire to the Arbour, where, by this time, I believe our Friends are. Goodnight, Siſter.

Hip. Good Angels guard you. [*Exeunt* Laura *&* Violetta.
Now, Brother, the coaſt is clear, and we have the Garden to our ſelves. Do you remember how you threatened me? But that's all one, how good ſoever the Opportunity may be, ſo long as we two reſolve to be Virtuous.

Aſca. Speak for your ſelf, Siſter, for I am Wickedly inclin'd. Yet, I confeſs, I have ſome Remorſe, when I conſider you are in Religion.

Hip. We ſhould do very well to conſider that, both of us; for, indeed, What ſhould young People do, but think of Goodneſs and Religion; eſpecially when they love one another, and are alone too, Brother?

Aſca. A Curſe on't, here comes my Lord, and *Lucretia.* We might have accompliſh'd all, and been Repenting by this time; yet who the Devil would have thought they ſhould have come ſo ſoon?
———Ah——— [*Sets his Teeth.*

Hip. Who the Devil would have put it to the Venture? This is always the Fault of you raw Pages: You that are too young, never uſe an Opportunity; and we that are elder can ſeldom get one.———Ah! [*Sets her Teeth.*

Enter Frederick *and* Lucretia.

Luc. I believe, indeed, it troubled you to loſe that Letter.

Fred. So much, Madam, that I can never forgive my ſelf that Negligence.

Luc.

Luc. Call it not ſo, 'twas but a Caſualty, though, I confeſs, the Conſequence is Dangerous; and therefore have not both of us reaſon to Defy Love, when we ſee a little Gallantry is able to produce ſo much Miſchief?

Fred. aſide. Now cannot I, for my Heart, bring out one word againſt this Love.

Luc. Come, you are mute, upon a Subject that is both eaſie and pleaſant. A man in Love is ſo ridiculous a Creature——

Fred. Eſpecially to thoſe that are not.

Luc. True; for to thoſe that are, he cannot be ſo: They are like the Citizens of *Bethlehem*, who never find out one another's Madneſs, becauſe they are all tainted. But for ſuch antient Fops, (as with Reverence) your Father is, What reaſon can they have to be in Love?

Fred. Nay, your old Fop's unpardonable, that's certain——But——

Luc. But What? Come, laugh at him.

Fred. But, I conſider he is my Father, I can't laugh at him.

Luc. But, if it were another, we ſhould ſee how you would inſult over him.

Fred. Ay, if it were another——And yet I don't know neither; 'tis no part of Good-nature to inſult: A Man may be overtaken with a Paſſion, or ſo, I know it by my ſelf.

Luc. How, by your ſelf? You are not in Love, I hope!
Oh, that he would confeſs firſt, now! [*Aſide.*

Fred. But, if I were, I ſhould be loath to be laugh'd at.

Luc. Since you are not in Love, you may the better counſel me: What ſhall I do with this ſame troubleſome Father of yours?

Fred. Any thing, but love him.

Luc. But you know he has me at a Bay; my Letter is in his poſſeſſion, and he may produce it to my Ruine: Therefore if I did allow him ſome little Favour, to mollifie him?——

Fred. How, Madam? would you allow him Favours? I can never conſent to it: Not the leaſt Look or Smile; they are all too precious, though they were to ſave his Life.

Luc. What, not your Father? Oh that he wou'd confeſs he lov'd me firſt!
[*Aſide.*

Fred. What have I done? I ſhall betray my ſelf, and confeſs my Love to be laugh'd at, by this hard-hearted Woman. [*Aſide*
Tis true, Madam, I had forgot; he is, indeed, my Father, and therefore you 'may uſe him as kindly as you pleaſe.

Luc. He's inſenſible; now he enrages me. [*Aſide.*
What if he propoſes to marry me? I am not yet profeſs'd, and 'twould be much to my Advantage.

Fred. Marry you! I had rather die a thouſand Deaths, than ſuffer it.

Luc. This begins to pleaſe me. [*Aſide.*
But, why ſhould you be ſo much my Enemy?

Fred. Your Enemy, Madam; Why, do you deſire it?

Luc. Perhaps I do.

Fred. Do it, Madam, ſince it pleaſes you ſo well.

Luc. But you had rather die, than ſuffer it.

Fred. No, I have chang'd my Mind: I'll live, and not be concern'd at it.

Luc. Do you contradict your ſelf ſo ſoon? Then, know, Sir, I did intend to do it; and I am glad you have given me Advice ſo ſuitable to my Inclinations.

Fred. Heaven! that you ſhould not find it out. I deliver'd your Letter on purpoſe to my Father, and 'twas my buſineſs now to come and mediate for him.

Luc. Pray, then, carry him the News of his good Succeſs.
Adieu, ſweet Prince.

Fred. Adieu, dear Madam.

Aſca. Hey day! What will this come to? They have couzen'd one another into a Quarrel; juſt like Friends in Fencing, a chance Thruſt comes, and then they fall to't in earneſt.

Hip. You and I, Brother, ſhall never meet upon even terms, if this be not piec'd. Faces about, Madam, turn quickly to your Man, or by all that's virtuous I'll call the Abbeſs.

Aſca. I muſt not be ſo bold with you, Sir; but, if you pleaſe, you may turn towards the Lady; and I ſuppoſe you would be glad I durſt ſpeak to you with more Authority, to ſave the Credit of your Willingneſs.

Fred.

Fred. Well, I'll ſhew her I dare ſtay, if it be but to confront her Malice.

Luc. I am ſure I have done nothing to be aſham'd of, that I ſhould need to run away.

Aſca. Pray give me leave, Sir, to ask you but one queſtion: Why were you ſo unwilling that ſhe ſhould be marry'd to your Father?

Fred. Becauſe then her Friendſhip muſt wholly ceaſe.

Aſca. But, you may have her Friendſhip, when ſhe's marry'd to him.

Fred. What, when another had enjoy'd her?

Aſca. Victoria, Victoria; he loves you, Madam, let him deny it if he can.

Luc. Fie, fie, love me, *Aſcanio*! I hope he would not forſwear himſelf, when he has rail'd ſo much againſt it.

Fred. I hope I may love your mind, Madam; I may love Spiritually.

Hip. That's enough, that's enough: Let him love the Mind without the Body, if he can.

Aſca. Ay, ay, when the Love is once come ſo far, that Spiritual Mind will never leave pulling, and pulling, till it has drawn the Beaſtly Body after it

Fred. Well, Madam, ſince I muſt confeſs it, (tho' I expect to be laugh'd at, after my railing againſt Love) I do love you all over, both Soul and Body.

Aſca. Lord, Sir, what a Tygreſs have you provok'd! You may ſee ſhe takes it to the death that you have made this Declaration.

Hip. I thought where all her Anger was: Why do you not rail, Madam? Why do you not baniſh him? The Prince expects it; he has dealt honeſtly, he has told you his Mind, and you make your worſt on't.

Luc. Becauſe he does expect it, I am reſolv'd I'll neither ſatisfie him nor you; I will neither rail nor laugh: Let him make his worſt of that, now.

Fred. If I underſtand you right, Madam, I am happy beyond either my Deſerts or Expectation.

Luc. You may give my words what Interpretation you pleaſe, Sir, I ſhall not envy you their meaning in the kindeſt ſenſe. But we are near the Jeſſamine Walk; there we may talk with greater Freedom, becauſe 'tis farther from the Houſe.

Fred. I wait you, Madam. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Aurelian *with a dark Lanthorn*, Camillo *and* Benito.

Cam. So, we are ſafe got over into the Nunnery-Garden; for what's to come, truſt Love and Fortune.

Aur. This muſt needs be the Walk ſhe mention'd; yet, to be ſure, I'll hold the Lanthorn while you read the Ticket.

Cam. reads. *I prepar'd this Ticket, hoping to ſee you in the Chappel: Come this Evening over the Garden-wall, on the right hand, next the* Tiber.

Aur. (We are right, I ſee.)

Cam. *Bring only your diſcreet* Benito *with you; and I will meet you, attended by my faithful* Beatrix. Violetta.

Ben. Diſcreet *Benito!* Did you hear, Sir?

Aur. Mortifie thy ſelf for that vain Thought; and, without enquiring into the Myſtery of theſe Words, which I aſſure thee were not meant to thee, plant thy ſelf by that Ladder without Motion, to ſecure our Retreat; and be ſure to make no Noiſe.

Ben. But, Sir, in caſe that———

Aur. Honeſt *Benito*, no more Queſtions: *Baſta* is the word. Remember, thou art only taken with us, becauſe thou haſt a certain evil *Dæmon* who conducts thy Actions, and would have been ſure, by ſome damn'd accident or other, to have brought thee hither to diſturb us.

Cam. I hear Whiſpering not far from us; and I think 'tis *Violetta*'s Voice.

Aur. to Benito. Retire to your Poſt: Avoid, good Satan. [*Exit* Ben.

Enter Laura *with a dark Lanthorn hid*, and Violetta.

Cam. Ours is the Honour of the Field, Madam; we are here before you.

Vio. Softly, dear Friend; I think I hear ſome walking in the Garden.

Cam. Rather, let us take this Opportunity for your Eſcape from hence; all things are here in readineſs.

Vio. This is the ſecond time we e'er have met; let us diſcourſe, and know each other better firſt; that's the way to make ſure of ſome Love before-hand: For

For as the World goes, we know not how little we may have when we are marry'd.

Cam. Losses of Opportunity are fatal in War, you know; and Love's a kind of Warfare.

Vio. I shall keep you yet a while from close fighting.

Cam. But, do you know what an hour in Love is worth? 'Tis more precious than an Age of ordinary Life; 'tis the very Quintessence and Extract of it.

Vio. I do not like your Chymical Preparation of Love; yours is all Spirit, and will fly too soon: I must see it fix'd, before I trust you. But we are near the Arbour: Now our Out-guards are set, let us retire a little, if you please; there we may talk more freely. [*Exeunt.*

Aur. to Lau. My Ladies Woman, methinks you are very reserv'd to night: Pray advance into the Lists; though I have seen your Countenance by day, I can endure to hear you talk by night. Be cunning, and set your Wit to show which is your best Commodity; it will help the better to put off that Drug your Face.

Lau. The coursest Ware will serve such Customers as you are: Let it suffice, Mr. Serving-man, that I have seen you too. Your Face is the Original of the ugliest Vizors about Town; and for Wit, I would advise you to speak reverently of it, as a thing you are never like to understand.

Aur. Sure, *Beatrix*, you came lately from looking in your Glass; and that has given your a bad Opinion of all Faces. But since when am I become so notorious a Fool?

Laur. Since yesterday; for t'other night you talk'd like a Man of Sense: I think your Wit comes to you, as the Sight of Owls does, only in the dark.

Aur. Why, when did you discourse by day with me?

Lau. You have a short Memory. This Afternoon, in the great Street. Do you not remember when you talk'd with *Laura?*

Aur. But what was that to *Beatrix?*

Lau. aside. 'Slife, I had forgot that I am *Beatrix.*
But, pray, when did you find me out to be so ugly?

Aur. This Afternoon, in the Chappel.

Lau. That cannot be; for I well remember you were not there, *Benito:* I saw none but *Camillo*, and his Friend the handsome Stranger.

Aur. aside. Curse on't, I have betray'd my self.

Lau. I find you are an Impostor: You are not the same *Benito*; your Language has nothing of the Serving-man.

Aur. And yours, methinks, has not much of the Waiting-woman.

Lau. My Lady is abus'd and betray'd by you: But I am resolv'd I'll discover who you are. [*Holds out a Lanthorn to him.*] How? the Stranger!

Aur. Nay, Madam, if you are good at that, I'll match you there too. [*Holds out his Lanthorn.*] O Prodigy! Is *Beatrix* turn'd to *Laura*?

Lau. Now the question is, Which of us two is the greatest Cheat?

Aur. That's hardly to be try'd at so short warning: Let's marry one another, and then, twenty to one, in a Twelve-month we shall know.

Lau. Marry! Are you at that so soon, Signior? *Benito* and *Beatrix*, I confess, had some Acquaintance; but *Aurelian* and *Laura* are mere Strangers.

Aur. That ground I have gotten as *Benito*, I am resolv'd I'll keep as *Aurelian.* If you will take State upon you, I have treated you with Ceremony already; for I have woo'd you by Proxy.

Lau. But you would not be content to bed me so; or give me leave to put the Sword betwixt us.

Aur. Yes, upon condition you'll remove it.

Lau. Pray let our Friends be judge of it; if you please, we'll find 'em in the Arbour.

Aur. Content; I am then sure of the Verdict, Because the Jury is brib'd already. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Benito, *meeting* Frederick, Ascanio, Lucretia *and* Hippolita.

Ben. Knowing my own Merits, as I do, 'tis not impossible but some of these Harlotry Nuns may love me: Oh, here's my Master! Now, if I could but put this into civil terms, so as to ask his leave, and not displease him——

Asca. I hear one talking, Sir, just by us.

Ben.

Ben. I am ſtol'n from my Poſt, Sir, but for one minute only, to demand Permiſſion of you, ſince it is not in our Articles, that if any of theſe Nuns ſhould caſt an eye, or ſo——

Fred. 'Slife, we're betray'd; but I'll ſecure this Raſcal. [*Draws, and runs at him.*

Ben. Help, Murder, Murder. [*Runs off.*

Enter Aurelian *and* Camillo; Laura and Violetta *after them.*

Aur. That was *Benito*'s Voice: We are ruin'd.

Cam. Oh, here they are; we muſt make our way.

[Aur. *and the* Prince *make a Paſs or two confuſedly, and fight off the Stage. The Women ſhriek.*

Aſca. Never fear, Ladies. Come on, Sir; I am your Man.

Cam. ſtepping back. This is the Prince's Page; I know his Voice. *Aſcanio?*

Aſca. Signior *Camillo?*

Cam. If the Prince be here, 'tis *Aurelian* is engag'd with him. Let us run in quickly, and prevent the Miſchief. [*Exeunt omnes.*

[*A little Claſhing within. After which, they all re-enter.*

Fred to Aur. I hope you are not wounded.

Aur. No, Sir; but infinitely griev'd that——

Fred. No more; 'twas a miſtake: But which way can we eſcape? The Abbeſs is coming; I ſee the Lights.

Luc. You cannot go by the Gate then. Ah me, unfortunate!

Cam. But over the Wall you may; we have a Ladder ready. Adieu, Ladies. Curſe on this ill Luck, when we had juſt perſwaded them to go with us!

Fred. Farewell, ſweet *Lucretia.*

Lau. Goodnight, *Aurelian.*

Aur. I, it might have prov'd a good one: Faith, ſhall I ſtay, yet, and make it one, in ſpite of the Abbeſs and all her Works?

Lau. The Abbeſs is juſt here; you will be caught
In the Spiritual Trap, if you ſhould tarry.

Aur. That will be time enough when we two marry. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Sophronia, Lucretia, Laura, Violetta.

Soph. BY this, then, it appears you all are guilty;
Only your ignorance of each others Crimes
Caus'd firſt that Tumult, and this Diſcovery.
Good Heavens, that I ſhould live to ſee this day!
Methinks theſe holy Walls, the Cells, the Cloyſters,
Should all have ſtruck a ſecret Horror on you:
And when, with unchaſt Thoughts,
You trod theſe lonely Walks, you ſhould have look'd
The venerable Ghoſt of our firſt Foundreſs
Should, with ſpread Arms, have met you in her Shroud,
And frighted you from Sin.

Luc. Alas, you need not aggravate our Crimes;
We know them to be great beyond Excuſe,
And have no hope, but only from your Mercy.

Lau. Love is, indeed, no Plea within theſe Walls;
But, ſince we brought it hither, and were forc'd,
Not led by our own Choice, to this ſtrict Life——

Vio. Too hard for our ſoft Youth, and Bands of Love,
Which we before had knit.

Lau. ——————Pity your Blood,
Which runs within our Veins, and ſince Heav'n puts it
In your ſole Power to ruine or to ſave,
Protect us from the ſordid Avarice
Of our domeſtick Tyrant, who deſerves not
That we ſhould call him Uncle, or you Brother.

Soph. If, as I might, with Juſtice I ſhould puniſh,
No Penance could be rigorous enough:
But I am willing to be more indulgent.
None of you are profeſs'd: And ſince I ſee

You are not fit for higher Happineſs,
You may have what you think the World can give you.
Luc. Let us adore you, Madam.
Soph. ——————————You, *Lucretia*,
I ſhall adviſe within.
Vio. ——————————But for us, Madam—
Soph. For you, dear Neeces, I have long conſider'd
The Injuries you ſuffer from my Brother;
And I rejoyce it is in me to help you.
I will endeavour, from this very hour,
To put you both into your Lovers hands,
Who, by your own Confeſſion, have deſerv'd you:
But ſo as (though 'tis done by my Connivance)
It ſhall not ſeem to be with my Conſent.
Lau. You do an Act of noble Charity;
And may juſt Heav'n reward it.
Enter Hippolita, *and whiſpers* Lucretia.
Soph. Oh, you're a faithful Portreſs of a Cloyſter.
What is't you whiſper to *Lucretia?*
On your Obedience tell me.
Luc.——Since you muſt know, Madam,
I have receiv'd a Courtſhip from the Prince
Of *Mantoua.* The reſt *Hippolita* may ſpeak.
Hip. His Page *Aſcanio* is at the Grate,
To know, from him, how you eſcap'd this danger:
And brings with him thoſe Habits——
Soph. I find that here has been a long Commerce:
What Habits?
Luc. I bluſh to tell you, Madam. They were Masking Habits, in which we went abroad.
Soph. O ſtrange Impiety! Well, I conclude
You are no longer for Religious Cloathing:
You would infect our Order.
Luc. kneeling. Madam, you promis'd us Forgiveneſs.
Soph. I have done; for 'tis indeed too late to chide.
Hip. With *Aſcanio*, there are two Gentlemen, *Aurelian* and *Camillo*, I think they call themſelves, who came to me, recommended from the Prince, and deſir'd to ſpeak with *Laura* and *Violetta.*
Soph. I think they are your Lovers, Neeces.
Vio. Madam, they are.
Hip. But, for fear of diſcovery from your Uncle *Mario*, whoſe Houſe, you know, joins to the Monaſtery, are both in Maſquerade.
Soph. to Laura and Violetta. This Opportunity muſt not be loſt.
You two ſhall take the Masking-habits inſtantly,
And, in them, ſcape your jealous Uncle's Eyes.
When you are happy, make me ſo, by hearing your Succeſs.
Kiſſes them. [*Exeunt* Lau *and* Vio.
Luc. A ſudden Thought is ſprung within my Mind,
Which, by the ſame Indulgence you have ſhown,
May make me happy too. I have not time
To tell you now, for fear I loſe this Opportunity.
When I return from ſpeaking with *Aſcanio*,
I ſhall declare the Secrets of my Love,
And crave your farther help.
Soph. In all that Virtue will permit you ſhall not fail to find it. [*Exit* Luc.
Hip. Madam, the fooliſh Fellow whom we took grows troubleſome; what ſhall we do with him?
Soph. Send for the Magiſtrate; he muſt be puniſh'd ——
Yet hold; that would betray the other Secret.
Let him be ſtrait turn'd out, on this Condition,
That he preſume not ever to diſcloſe
He was within theſe Walls. I'll ſpeak with him:
Come, and attend me to him. [*Exit* Sophronia.

Hip.

Hip. You fit to be an Abbeſs? We that live out of the World, ſhould at leaſt have the common Senſe of thoſe that live far from Town; if a Pedlar comes by 'em once a Year, they will not let him go without providing themſelves with what they want. [*Exit after* Sophronia.

SCENE II. *The Street.*

Aurelian, Camillo, Laura, Violetta: *All in Maſking-habits.*

Cam. This Generoſity of the Abbeſs is never to be forgot; and it is the more to be eſteem'd, becauſe it was the leſs to be expected.

Vio. At length, my *Camillo*, I ſee my ſelf ſafe within your Arms; and yet, methinks, I can never be enough ſecure of you; for now I have nothing elſe to fear, I am afraid of you; I fear your Conſtancy: They ſay Poſſeſſion is ſo dangerous to Lovers, that more of them die with Surfeits than of Faſting.

Lau. You'll be rambling too, *Aurelian*, I do not doubt it, if I would let you; but I'll take Care to be as little a Wife, and as much a Miſtriſs to you, as is poſſible: I'll be ſure to be always pleaſant, and never ſuffer you to be cloy'd.

Aur. You are certainly in the right: Pleaſantneſs of Humour makes a Wife laſt in the ſweet Meat, when it will no longer in the Fruit. But pray let's make haſte to the next honeſt Prieſt, that can ſay Grace to us, and take our Appetites while they are coming.

Cam. That way leads to the *Auſtin-Fryers*, there lives a Father of my Acquaintance.

Lau. I have heard of him; he has a mighty ſtroke at Matrimonies, and mumbles 'em over as faſt, as if he were teaching us to forget 'em all the while.

Enter Benito, *and over-hears the laſt Speech.*

Ben. Cappari; that's the Voice of Madam *Laura*.
Now, *Benito*, is the Time to repair the loſt Honour of thy Wit, and to blot out the laſt Adventure of the Nunnery.

Vio. That way I hear Company; let's go about by this other Street, and ſhun 'em.

Ben. That Voice I know too; 'tis the younger Siſter, *Violetta*'s. Now have theſe two moſt treacherouſly convey'd themſelves out of the Nunnery, for my Maſter and *Camillo*, and given up their Perſons to thoſe lewd Raſcals in Maſquerade; but I'll prevent 'em. Help there, Thieves and Raviſhers, villanous Maskers, ſtop Robbers, ſtop Raviſhers.

Cam. We are purſu'd that way, let's take this Street.

Lau. Save your ſelves, and leave us.

Cam, We'll rather die than leave you.

Enter at ſeveral Doors Duke of Mantoua *and Guards, and Don* Mario *and* Servants, *with Torches.*

Aur. So, now the way is ſhut up on both ſides. We'll die merrily however: ——— have at the faireſt.

Aurelian *and* Camillo *fall upon the Duke's Guards, and are ſeiz'd behind by* Mario's *Servants. At the drawing of Swords,* Benito *runs off.*

Duke. Are theſe Inſolencies uſually committed in *Rome* by Night? It has the Fame of a well-govern'd City; and methinks, Don *Mario*, it does ſomewhat reflect on you to ſuffer theſe Diſorders.

Mar. They are not to be hinder'd in the *Carnival*: You ſee, Sir, they have aſſum'd the Priviledge of Maskers.

Lau. to Au. If my Unkle know us, we are ruin'd; therefore be ſure you do not ſpeak.

Duke. How then can we be ſatisfy'd this was not a Device of Masking, rather than a Deſign of Raviſhing?

Mar. Their Accuſer is fled, I ſaw him run at the beginning of the Scuffle; but I'll examine the Ladies.

Vio. Now we are loſt.

[Duke, *coming near* Laura, *takes notice of her Habit.*

Duke aſide. 'Tis the ſame, 'tis the ſame; I know *Lucretia* by her Habit: I'm ſure I am not miſtaken. Now, Sir, you may ceaſe your Examination; I know the Ladies.

Aur. to Cam. How the Devil does he know 'em?

Cam. 'Tis alike to us; they are loſt both ways.

Duke taking } Madam, you may confeſs your ſelf to me. Whatever your
Laura *aſide.* } Deſign was in leaving the Nunnery, your Reputation ſhall be ſafe. I'll not diſcover you, provided you grant me the Happineſs I laſt requeſted.

Lau. I know not, Sir, how you could poſſibly come to know me, or of my Deſign in quitting the Nunnery; but this I know, that my Siſter and my ſelf are both unfortunate, except your Highneſs be pleas'd to protect us from our Unckle, at leaſt not to diſcover us.

Duke. His Holineſs your Unckle ſhall never be acquainted with your Flight, on Condition you will wholly renounce my Son, and give your ſelf to me.

Lau. Alas, Sir, For whom do you miſtake me?

Duke. I miſtake you not, Madam: I know you for *Lucretia*. You forget that your Diſguiſe betrays you.

Lau. Then, Sir, I perceive I muſt diſabuſe you: If you pleaſe to withdraw a little, that I may not be ſeen by others, I will pull off my Mask, and diſcover to you that *Lucretia* and I have no reſemblance, but only in our Misfortunes.

Duke. 'Tis in vain, Madam, this diſſembling: I proteſt if you pull off your Mask, I will hide my Face, and not look upon you, to convince you that I know you.

Enter Benito.

Ben. So, now the Fray is over, a Man may appear again with Safety. Oh, the Rogues are caught I ſee, and the Damſels deliver'd. This was the Effect of my Valour at the ſecond hand.

Aur. Look, look, *Camillo*, it was my perpetual Fool that caus'd all this, and now he ſtands yonder, laughing at his Miſchief, as the Devil is pictur'd, grinning behind the Witch upon the Gallows.

Ben. to Mario. I ſee, Sir, you have got your Women, and I am glad on't: I took 'em juſt flying from the Nunnery.

Duke to Lau. You ſee that Fellow knows you too.

Mar. Were theſe Women flying from a Nunnery?

Ben. Theſe Women? Hey day! Then, it ſeems, you do not know they are your Neeces.

Duke. His Neeces, ſay you? Take heed, Fellow, you ſhall be puniſh'd ſeverely if you miſtake.

Cam. Speak to *Benito* in time, *Aurelian*.

Aur. The Devil's in him, he's running down-Hill full ſpeed, and there is no ſtopping him.

Mar. My Neeces?

Ben. Your Neeces? Why, do you doubt it? I praiſe Heaven I never met but with two Half-wits in my Life, and my Maſter's one of 'em; I will not name the other, at this time.

Duke I ſay they are not they.

Ben. I am ſure they are *Laura* and *Violetta*, and that thoſe two Rogues were running away with 'em, and that I believe with their Conſent.

Vio. Siſter, 'tis in vain to deny our ſelves; you ſee our ill Fortune purſues us unavoidably. [*Turning up her Mask.*
Yes Sir, we are *Laura* and *Violetta*, whom you have made unhappy by your Tyranny.

Lau. turning up her Mask. And theſe two Gentlemen are no Raviſhers, but——

Ben. How, no Raviſhers? Yes, to my knowledge, they are ——.

As he ſpeaks, Aurelian *pulls off his Mask.*

No Raviſhers as Madam *Laura* was ſaying; but two as honeſt Gentlemen as e'er broke Bread: My own dear Maſter, and ſo forth!

[*Runs to* Aurelian, *who thruſts him back.*

Enter Valerio, *and whiſpers the Duke, giving him a Paper: which he reads, and ſeems pleas'd.*

Mar. Aurelian and *Camilla!* I'll ſee you in ſafe Cuſtody, and, for theſe Fugitives, go, carry 'em to my Siſter, and deſire her to have a better Care of her Kinſwomen.

Vio. We ſhall live yet to make you refund our Portions. Farewel *Camillo*; comfort your ſelf; remember there's but a Wall betwixt us.

Lau. And I'll cut through that Wall with Vinegar, but I'll come to you *Aurelian*.

Aur.

Aur. I'll cut through the Grates with *Aqua-fortis*, but I'll meet you. Think of theſe things, and deſpair and die, old Gentleman.

[Aurelian *and* Camillo *are carry'd off on one ſide, and* Laura *and* Violetta *on the other.*

Ben. All things go croſs to Men of Senſe: Would I had been born with the Brains of a Shop-keeper, that I might have thriven without knowing why I did ſo. Now muſt I follow my Maſter to the Priſon, and, like an ignorant Cuſtomer that comes to buy, muſt offer him my Back-ſide, tell him I truſt to his Honeſty, and deſire him to pleaſe himſelf, and ſo be ſatisfy'd. [*Exit.*

Duke to Valerio. I am over-joy'd; I'll ſee her immediately: Now my Buſineſs with Don *Mario* is at an end, I need not deſire his Company to introduce me to the Abbeſs, this Aſſignation from *Lucretia* ſhows me a nearer way. Noble Don *Mario*, it was my Buſineſs when this Accident happen'd in the Street to have made you a Viſit; but now I am prevented by an Occaſion which calls me another way.

Mar. I receive the Intention of that Honour as the greateſt Happineſs that cou'd befall me: In the mean time, if my Attendance ———

Duke. By no means, Sir, I muſt of neceſſity go in private, and therefore, if you pleaſe, you ſhall omit the Ceremony.

Mar. A happy Even to your Highneſs. Now will I go to my Siſter the Abbeſs, before I ſleep, and deſire her to take more Care of her Flock; or, for all our Relation, I ſhall make Complaint, and endeavour to eaſe her of her Charge. [*Exit.*

Duke. So, now we are alone. What ſaid *Lucretia?*

Val. When firſt I preſs'd her to this Aſſignation,
She ſpoke like one in doubt what ſhe ſhould do;
She demurr'd much upon the decency of it,
And ſomewhat too ſhe ſeem'd to urge of her
Engagement to the Prince: In ſhort, Sir,
I perceiv'd her wavering, and clos'd with the Opportunity.

Duke. O, when Women are once irreſolute, betwixt the former Love and the new one, they are ſure to come over to the latter: The Wind, their neareſt Likeneſs, ſeldome chops about, to return into the old Corner.

Val. In Concluſion, ſhe conſented to the Interview; and for the reſt, I urg'd it not. for I ſuppoſe ſhe will hear Reaſon ſooner from your Mouth than mine.

Duke. Her Letter is of the ſame Tenor with her Diſcourſe; full of Doubts and Doubles, like a hunted Hare when ſhe's near tyr'd. The Garden, you ſay, is the Place appointed?

Val. It is, Sir; and the next half Hour the time; but, Sir, I fear the Prince your Son will never bear the Loſs of her with Patience.

Duke. 'Tis no matter; let the young Gallant ſtorm to Night, to morrow he departs from *Rome.*

Val. That, Sir, will be ſevere.

Duke. He has already receiv'd my Commands to travel into *Germany:* I know it ſtung him to the quick; but he's too dangerous a Rival: The Soldiers love him too; when he's abſent they will reſpect me more.
But I defer my Happineſs too long; diſmiſs my Guards there. [*Exeunt Guards.*
The Pleaſures of old Age brook no delay:
Seldome they come, and ſoon they fly away. [*Exeunt*

SCENE. III.

Prince *and* Aſcanio.

Fred. 'Tis true, he is my Father; but when Nature
Is dead in him, Why ſhould it live in me?
What have I done, that I am baniſh'd *Rome*,
The World's Delight, and my Souls Joy *Lucretia*,
And ſent to reel with midnight Beaſts in *Almain*?
I cannot, will not bear it.

Aſca. I'm ſure you need not, Sir; the Army is all yours; they wiſh a youthful Monarch, and will reſent your Injuries.

Fred. Heaven forbid it. And yet I cannot loſe *Lucretia.*
There's ſomething I would do, and yet would ſhun
The Ill that muſt attend it.

Aſca.

Aſca. You muſt reſolve, for the time preſſes. She told me, this Hour, ſhe had ſent for your Father; what ſhe means I know not, for ſhe ſeem'd doubtful, and would not tell me her Intention.

Fred. If ſhe be falſe; —— yet, Why ſhould I ſuſpect her? Yet, Why ſhould I not? Shes a Woman; that includes Ambition, and Inconſtancy: Then ſhe's tempted high; 'twere unreaſonable to expect ſhe ſhould be faithful. Well, ſomething I have reſolv'd, and will about it inſtantly: And if my Friends prove faithful I ſhall prevent the worſt.

Enter Aurelian *and* Camillo *guarded.*

Aurelian and *Camillo?* How came you thus attended?

Cam. You may gueſs at the Occaſion, Sir; purſuing the Adventure which brought us to meet you in the Garden, we were taken by Don *Mario.*

Aur. And, as the Devil would have it, when both we and our Miſtriſſes were in expectation of a more pleaſant Lodging.

Fred. Faith, that's very hard, when a Man has charg'd and prim'd, and taken Aim, to be hinder'd of his Shoot —— Soldiers, releaſe theſe Gentlemen; I'll anſwer it.

Cap. Sir, we dare not diſobey our Orders.

Fred. I'll ſtand betwixt you and Danger. In the mean time take this, as an Acknowledgement of the Kindneſs you do me.

Cap. Ay, marry, there's Rhetorique in Gold: Who can deny theſe Arguments? Sir, you may diſpoſe of our Priſoners as you pleaſe; we'll uſe your Name if we are call'd in queſtion.

Fred. Do ſo. Good Night good Soldiers. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*
Now, Gentlemen, no Thanks, you'll find occaſion inſtantly to reimburſe me of my Kindneſs.

Cam. Nothing but want of Liberty could have hinder'd us from ſerving you.

Fred. Meet me, within this half Hour, at our Monaſtery; and if, in the mean time, you can pick up a dozen of good Fellows, who dare venture their Lives bravely, bring them with you.

Aur. I hope the Cauſe is bad too, otherwiſe we ſhall not deſerve your Thank: May it be for demoliſhing that curſed Monaſtery.

Fred. Come, *Aſcanio*, follow me. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE IV. *The Nunnery Garden.*

Duke, Lucretia.

Luc. In making this Appointment,
I go too far for one of my Profeſſion;
But I have a Divining Soul within me,
Which tells me, Truſt repos'd in Noble Natures
Obliges them the more.

Duke. I come to be Commanded, not to Govern;
Thoſe few ſoft words you ſent me, have quite alter'd
My rugged Nature; if it ſtill be violent,
'Tis only fierce and eager to obey you;
Like ſome impetuous Flood, which Maſter'd once,
With double Force bends backward.
The place of Treaty ſhows you ſtrongeſt here;
For ſtill the Vanquiſh'd ſues for Peace abroad,
While the proud Victor makes his Terms at home.

Luc. That Peace, I ſee, will not be hard to make,
When either ſide ſhews Confidence of Noble dealing
From the other.

Duke. And this, ſure, is our Caſe, ſince both are met alone.

Luc. 'Tis mine, Sir, more than yours.
To meet you ſingle, ſhows I truſt your Virtue;
But you appear diſtruſtful of my Love.

Duke. You wrong me much, I am not.

Luc. Excuſe me, Sir, you keep a curb upon me:
You awe me with a Letter, which you hold
As Hoſtage of my Love; and Hoſtages
Are ne'er requir'd but from ſuſpected Faith.

Duke. We are not yet in Terms of perfect Peace;

When

When e'er you pleaſe to ſeal the Articles,
Your Pledge ſhall be reſtor'd.
Luc. That were the way to keep us ſtill at diſtance;
For what we fear, we cannot truly love.
Duke. But how can I be then ſecure, that when
Your Fear is o'er, your love will ſtill continue?
Luc. Make tryal of my Gratitude; you'll find
I can acknowledge Kindneſs.
Duke. But that were to forego the faſter hold,
To take a looſe, and weaker.
Would you not judge him mad who held a Lion
In chains of Steel, and chang'd 'em for a Twine?
Luc. But Love is ſoft,
Not of the Lion's Nature, but the Dove's;
An Iron Chain would hang too heavy on a tender Neck.
Duke. Since on one ſide there muſt be Confidence,
Why may not I expect as well as you,
To have it plac'd in me? Repoſe your Truſt
Upon my Royal Word.
Luc. As 'tis the Privilege of Woman-kind
That Men ſhould court our Love,
And make the firſt Advances; ſo it follows
That you ſhould firſt Oblige, for 'tis our weakneſs
Gives us more cauſe of Fear, and therefor you,
Who are the ſtronger Sex, ſhould firſt ſecure it.
Duke. But, Madam, as you talk of Fear from me,
I may as well ſuſpect Deſign from you.
Luc. Deſign! of giving you my Love more freely;
Of making you a Title to my Heart,
Where you by Force would Reign.
Duke. O that I could believe you! but your words
Are not enough diſorder'd for True Love;
They are not plain, and hearty, as are mine:
But full of Art, and cloſe Inſinuation:
You promiſe All, but give me not one Proof
Of Love before; not the leaſt earneſt of it.
Luc. And, What is then this Midnight Converſation?
Theſe ſilent Hours divided from my Sleep?
Nay, more, ſtolen from my Prayers with Sacrilege,
And here transferr'd to you? This guilty Hand,
Which ſhould be us'd in dropping Holy Beads,
But now, bequeath'd to yours? This heaving Heart,
Which only ſhould be throbbing for my Sins,
But, which now beats uneven time for you?
Theſe are my Arts! And theſe are my Deſigns!
Duke. I love you more, *Lucretia*, than my Soul;
Nay, than yours too, for I would venture both
That I might now enjoy you; and if what
You ask, did not make me fear to loſe you,
Though it were even my Life, you ſhould not be deny'd it.
Luc. Then I will ask no more.
Keep my Letter to upbraid me with it;
To ſay, when I am ſully'd with your Luſt,
And fit to be forſaken, Go, *Lucretia*,
To your firſt Love; for this, for this, I leave you.
Duke. Oh, Madam, never think that Day can come!
Luc. It muſt, it will, I read it in your Looks;
You will betray me, when I'm once engag'd.
Duke. If not my Faith, your Beauty will ſecure you.
Luc. MyBeauty is a Flower upon the ſtalk,
Goodly to ſee; but, gather'd for the ſcent,
And once with eagerneſs preſs'd to your Noſtrils,
The Sweet's drawn out, 'tis thrown with Scorn away.
But I am glad I find you out ſo ſoon:

I ſimply

I ſimply lov'd, and meant (with Shame I own it)
To truſt my Virgin Honour in your hands.
I ask'd not Wealth, for hire; and, but by chance,
(I wonder that I thought on't) begg'd one Tryal,
And, but for Form, to have pretence to yield,
And that you have deny'd me. Farewel: I could
Have lov'd you, and yet, perhaps, I——

Duke. O ſpeak, ſpeak out, and do not drown that word;
It ſeem'd as if it would have been a kind one,
And yours are much too precious to be loſt.

Luc. Perhaps——I cannot yet leave loving you.
There 'twas. But I recall'd it in my Mind,
And made it falſe before I gave it Air.
Once more, farewel——I wo'not;
Now I can ſay I wo'not, wo'not love you. [*Going.*

Duke. You ſhall; and this ſhall be the Seal of my Affection. [*Gives the Letter.*
There, take it, my *Lucretia*: I give it with more Joy,
Than I with Grief receiv'd it.

Luc. Good night; I'll Thank you for't ſome other time.

Duke. You'll not abuſe my Love?

Luc. No; but ſecure my Honour.

Duke. I'll force it from your Hands. [Lucretia *runs.*

Luc. Help, help, or I am Raviſh'd; help, for Heaven's ſake.
Hippolita, Laura *and* Violetta *within, in ſeveral places.*

Within. Help, help *Lucretia*; they bear away *Lucretia* by force.

Duke. I think there is a Devil in every corner.

Enter Valerio.

Val. Sir, the deſign was laid on purpoſe for you, and all the Women plac'd to cry. Make haſte away; avoid the ſhame for Heaven's ſake.

Duke going.] O, I could fire this Monaſtery.

Enter Frederick *and* Aſcanio.

[*Frederick Entring, ſpeaks as to ſome behind him.*]

Fred. Pain of your Lives, let none of you preſume to Enter but my ſelf.

Duke. My Son! O, I could burſt with Spite, and die with Shame, to be thus apprehended! this is the baſeneſs and cowardiſe of Guilt: An Army now were not ſo dreadful to me as that Son, o'er whom the right of Nature gives me power.

Fred. Sir, I am come——

Duke. To Laugh at firſt, and then to blaze abroad
The Weakneſs and the Follies of your Father.

Val. Sir, he has Men in Arms attending him.

Duke. I know my doom then. You have taken a popular occaſion; I am now a Raviſher of Chaſtity, fit to be made Priſoner firſt, and then Depos'd.

Fred. You will not hear me, Sir.

Duke. No, I confeſs I have deſerv'd my Fate;
For, What had theſe gray Hairs to do with Love?
Or, if the unſeemly Folly would poſſeſs me,
Why ſhould I chuſe to make my Son my Rival?

Fred. Sir, you may add, you baniſh'd me from *Rome*,
And, from the Light of it, *Lucretia*'s Eyes.

Duke. Nay, if thou aggravat'ſt my Crimes, thou giv'ſt
Me Right to juſtifie 'em: Thou doubly art my Slave,
Both Son and Subject. I can do thee no wrong,
Nor haſt thou right t'arraign or puniſh me:
But thou inquir'ſt into thy Father's Years;
Thy ſwift Ambition could not ſtay my Death,
But muſt ride Poſt to Empire. Lead me now:
Thy Crimes have made me guiltleſs to my ſelf,
And given me Face to bear the publick Scorn.
You have a Guard without?

Fred. I have ſome Friends.

Duke. Speak plainly your intent.
I love not a ſophiſticated Truth,
With an allay of Lye in't.

Fred

Fred. kneeling.] This is not, Sir, the poſture of a Rebel,
But of a Suppliant; if the Name of Son
Be too much Honour to me.
What firſt I purpos'd, I ſcarce know my ſelf.
Love, Anger, and Revenge then rowl'd within me;
And yet, ev'n then, I was not hurry'd farther
Than to preſerve my own.
Duke. ——————Your own! What mean you?
Fred. My Love, and my *Lucretia*, which I thought,
In my then boiling Paſſion, you purſu'd
With ſome Injuſtice, and much Violence;
This led me to repel that force by force.
'Twas eaſie to ſurprize you, when I knew
Of your intended Viſit.
Duke. ——————Thank my Folly.
Fred. But Reaſon now has reaſſum'd its place,
And makes me ſee how black a Crime it is
To uſe a Force upon my Prince and Father.
Duke. You give me hope you will reſign *Lucretia.*
Fred. Ah no: I never can reſign her to you;
But, Sir, I can my Life: Which, on my Knees,
I tender, as th' attoning Sacrifice:
Or if your Hand (becauſe you are a Father)
Be loath to take away that life you gave,
I will redeem your Crime by making it
My own: So you ſhall ſtill be innocent, and I
Die Bleſs'd, and unindebted for my Being.
Duke. Embracing him,] O *Frederick*, you are too much a Son,
And I too little am a Father: You,
And you alone, have merited *Lucretia.*
'Tis now my only Grief,
I can do nothing to requite this Virtue:
For to reſtore her to you
Is not an Act of Generoſity,
But a ſcant, niggard Juſtice; yet I love her
So much, that even this little which I do
Is, like the bounty of an Uſurer,
High to be priz'd from me,
Becauſe 'tis drawn from ſuch a wretched Mind.
Fr. kiſſing his hands.] You give me now a ſecond better Life;
But, that the Gift may be more eaſie to you,
Conſider, Sir, *Lucretia* did not love you:
I fear to ſay ne'er would.
Duke. You do well to help me to o'ercome that difficulty:
I'll weigh that, too, hereafter. For a Love,
So violent as mine, will ask long time,
And much of Reaſon, to effect the Cure.
My preſent Care ſhall be to make you happy;
For that will make my Wiſh impoſſible,
And then the Remedies will be more eaſie.

Enter Sophronia, Lucretia, Violetta, Laura, Hippolita.

Soph. I have, with Joy, o'erheard this happy change,
And come with Bleſſings to applaud your Conqueſt,
Over the greateſt of Mankind, your ſelf.
Duke. I hope 'twill be a full and laſting one.
Luc. kneeling.] Thus, let me kneel, and pay my Thanks and Duty.
Both to my Prince, and Father?
Duke. Riſe, riſe, too charming Maid; for yet I cannot
Call you Daughter: That firſt Name, *Lucretia*,
Hangs on my Lips, and would be ſtill pronounc'd.
Look not too kindly on me, one ſweet glance,
Perhaps, would ruine both: Therefore I'll go,
And try to get new ſtrength to bear your Eyes.
Till then, Farewell. Be ſure you love my *Frederick*,

And do not hate his Father. [*Exeunt* Duke *and* Valerio.

Fred. at the door.] Now, Friends, you may appear.

Enter Aurelian. Camillo, Benito.

Aur. Your Pardon, Madam, that we thus intrude
On Holy Ground: Your ſelf beſt know it could not
Be avoided, and it ſhall be my Care it be excus'd.

Soph. Though Sovereign Princes bear a Privilege
of entring when they pleaſe within our Walls,
In others, 'tis a Crime paſt Diſpenſation:
And therefore, to avoid a publick Scandal,
Be pleas'd, Sir, to retire, and quit this Garden.

Aul. We ſhall obey you, Madam: But, that we may do it with leſs Regret, we hope you will give theſe Ladies leave to accompany us.

Soph. They ſhall.
And, Neeces, for my ſelf, I only ask you
To juſtifie my Conduct to the World,
That none may think I have betray'd a Truſt,
But freed you from a Tyranny.

Lau. Our Duty binds us to acknowledge it.

Cam. And our Gratitude to Witneſs it.

Vio. With a Holy, and laſting Remembrance of your Favour.

Fred. And it ſhall be my Care, either by Reaſon to bend your Uncle's Will, or, by my Father's Intereſt, to force your Dowry from his Hands.

Ben. to Aur.] Pray, Sir, let us make haſte over theſe Walls again: Theſe Gardens are unlucky to me; I have loſt my Reputation of Muſick in the one o' 'em, and of Wit in the other.

Aur. to Lau. Now, *Laura*, you may take your choice betwixt the two *Benito's*, and conſider whether you had rather he ſhould Serenade you in the Garden, or I in Bed to night.

Lau. You may be ſure I ſhall give Sentence for *Benito*; for the effect of your Serenading, would be to make me pay the Muſick Nine Months hence.

Hip. to Aſca.] You ſee, Brother, here's a General Jayl-delivery: There has been a great deal of buſtle and diſturbance in the Cloyſter to night; enough to diſtract a Soul which is given up, like me, to Contemplation: And therefore, if you think fit, I could e'en be content to retire, with you, into the World; and, by way of Penance, to Marry you; which, as Husbands and Wives go now, is a greater Mortification than a Nunnery.

Aſca. No, Siſter, if you love me, keep to your Monaſtery: I'll come now and then to the Grate and beg you a Recreation. But I know my ſelf ſo well, that if I had you one Twelve-Month in the World, I ſhould run my ſelf into a Cloyſter, to be rid of you.

Soph. Neeces, once more Farewel. Adieu, *Lucretia.*
My Wiſhes, and my Prayers attend you all.

Luc. to Fred.] I am ſo fearful,
That tho' I gladly run to your Embraces,
Yet, vent'ring in the World a ſecond time,
Methinks I put to Sea in a rough Storm,
With Shipwracks round about me.

Fred. My Dear, be kinder to your ſelf, and me,
And let not Fear fright back our coming Joys;
For we, at length, ſtand reconcil'd to Fate:
And now to Fear, when to ſuch Bliſs we move,
Were not to doubt our Fortune, but our Love.

FINIS.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE

Lord Clifford of Chudleigh.

My LORD,

AFter ſo many *Favours*, and thoſe ſo great, conferr'd on me, by your Lordſhip, theſe many Years; which, I may call, more properly, one Continued Act of Your *Generoſity* and *Goodneſs*; I know not whether I ſhould appear either more Ungrateful in my Silence, or more extravagantly Vain in my Endeavours to acknowledge them. For, ſince all Acknowledgments bear a Face of Payment, it may be thought, That I have flatter'd my ſelf into an Opinion of being able to return ſome part of my Obligements to You; the juſt deſpair of which Attempt, and the due Veneration I have for his Perſon, to whom I muſt Addreſs, have almoſt driven me, to Receieve only, with a profound Submiſſion, the Effects of that Virtue, which is never to be comprehended but by Admiration: And the greateſt Note of Admiration is Silence. 'Tis that Noble Paſſion, to which *Poets* raiſe their Audience in higheſt Subjects, and they have then gain'd over them the greateſt Victory, when they are Raviſh'd into a Pleaſure, which is not to be expreſs'd by Words. To this Pitch, *my Lord*, the Senſe of my Gratitude had almoſt rais'd me: To receive your *Favours*, as the *Jews* of Old receiv'd their *Law*, with a mute Wonder, to think, that the Loudneſs of Acclamation, was only the Praiſe of Men to Men, and that the ſecret Homage of the Soul was a greater Mark of Reverence, than an outward Ceremonious Joy, which might be counterfeit, and muſt be irreverent in its Tumult. Neither, *my Lord*, have I a particular Right to pay you my Acknowledgments: You have been a Good ſo Univerſal, that almoſt every Man in three Nations may think me injurious to his Propriety, that I invade your Praiſes, in undertaking to celebrate them alone; and, that I have aſſum'd to my ſelf a Patron, who was no more to be circumſcribed than the Sun and Elements, which are of Publick Benefit to Humane kind.

As it was much in your Power to oblige all who could pretend to Merit from the Publick, ſo it was more in your Nature and Inclination. If any went ill-ſatisfied from the Treaſury, while it was in your Lordſhip's Management, it proclaim'd the want of Deſert, and not of Friends: You diſtributed your Maſter's Favour with ſo equal hands, that *Juſtice* her ſelf could not have held the Scales more even: But, with that natural Propenſity to do good, that had that Treaſure been your own, your Inclination to Bounty muſt have ruin'd you: No Man attended to be deny'd: No Man brib'd for Expedition: Want, and Deſert were Pleas ſufficient. By your own Integrity and your prudent Choice of thoſe whom you employ'd, the King gave all that He intended, and Gratuities to his Officers made not vain His Bounty. This, *my Lord*, you were in your Publick Capacity of High-Treaſurer, to which you aſcended by ſuch Degrees, that your Royal Maſter ſaw your Virtues ſtill growing to His Favours, faſter than they could riſe to you. Both at home, and abroad, with your Sword, and with your Counſel, you have ſerv'd him with unbiaſs'd Honour, and with unſhaken Reſolution: Making His Greatneſs, and the true Intereſt of your Country, the Standard and Meaſure of your Actions. Fortune may deſert the Wiſe and Brave; but, true Virtue never will forſake it ſelf. 'Tis the Intereſt of the World, that Virtuous Men ſhould attain to Greatneſs, becauſe it gives them the Power of doing good. But, when by the Iniquity of the Times, they are brought to that Extremity, that they muſt either quit their Virtue or their Fortune; they owe themſelves ſo much, as to retire to the private Exercize of their Honour, to be great within, and by the Conſtancy of their Reſolutions, to teach the inferiour World, how they ought to judge of ſuch Principles, which are aſſerted with ſo generous and ſo unconſtrain'd a Tryal.

But, this voluntary neglect of Honours has been of rare Example in the World: Few Men have frown'd firſt upon Fortune, and precipitated themſelves from the Top of her Wheel, before they felt at leaſt the Declination of it. We read not of many Emperours like *Dioclefian*, and *Charles* the Fifth, who have prefer'd a Garden, and a Cloyſter, before a Crowd of Followers and the troubleſome Glory of an Active Life, which robs the Poſſeſſour of his Reſt and Quiet, to ſecure the Safety and Happineſs of others. *Seneca*, with the help of his *Philoſophy*, could never attain to that Pitch of Virtue. He only endeavour'd to prevent his Fall, by deſcending firſt; and, offer'd to reſign that Wealth, which he knew he could no longer hold. He would only have made a Preſent to his Maſter of what he foreſaw would become his Prey: He ſtrove to avoid the Jealouſie of a Tyrant; You diſmis'd your ſelf from the Attendance and Privacy of a Gracious King. Our Age has afforded us many Examples of a contrary Nature: But your Lordſhips is the only one of this. 'Tis eaſie to diſcover, in all Governments, thoſe who wait ſo cloſe on Fortune, that they are never to be ſhaken off at

any turn: Such who ſeem to have taken up a Reſolution of being Great, to continue their Stations on the Theatre of Buſineſs, to change with the Scene, and ſhift the Vizard for another Part. Theſe Men condemn, in their Diſcourſes, that Virtue which they dare not Practiſe. But the ſober Part of this preſent Age, and impartial Poſterity, will do right, both to your Lordſhip, and to them. And when they read on what Accounts, and with how much Magnanimity you quitted thoſe Honours, to which the higheſt Ambition of an *Engliſh* Subject could aſpire, will apply to you with much more Reaſon, what the Hiſtorian ſaid of a *Roman* Emperour; *Multi diutius Imperium tenuerunt; Nemo fortius reliquit.*

To this Retirement of your Lordſhip, I wiſh I could bring a better Entertainment, than this *Play*; which, though it ſucceeded on the Stage, will ſcarcely bear a ſerious Peruſal, it being contriv'd and written in a Month, the Subject barren, the Perſons low, and the Writing not heightned with many labour'd Scenes. The Conſideration of theſe Defects ought to have preſcrib'd more Modeſty to the Authour, than to have preſented it to that Perſon in the World, for whom he has the greateſt Honour, and of whoſe Patronage, the beſt of his Endeavours had been unworthy. But, I had not ſatisfied my ſelf in ſtaying longer, and could never have paid the Debt with a much better Play. As it is, the Meanneſs of it will ſhew, at leaſt, that I pretend not by it to make any manner of Return for your Favours; and, that I only give you a new Occaſion of Exerciſing your Goodneſs to me, in pardoning the Failings and Imperfections of,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt Humble,

Moſt Obliged, and

Moſt Obedient Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

AS needy Gallants, in the Scriv'ners Hands,
(Lands
Court the rich Knave that gripes their Mortgag'd
The first fat Buck of all the Season's sent,
And Keeper takes no Fee in Compliment:
The Dotage of some Engliſhmen *is ſuch,*
To fawn on thoſe who ruine them, the Dutch.
They ſhall have all, rather than make a War
With thoſe who of the ſame Religion are.
The Streights, *the* Guiney *Trade, the Herrings too,*
Nay, to keep Friendſhip, they ſhall pickle you.
Some are reſolv'd not to find out the Cheat,
But, Cukold-like, loves him who does the Feat.
What Injuries ſoe'er upon us fall,
Yet ſtill the ſame Religion anſwers all.
Religion wheedled you to Civil War,
(ſhare.
Drew Engliſh *Blood, and* Dutchmens *now would*
Be gull'd no longer, for you'll find it true,
They have no more Religion, faith——then you:
Intereſt's the God they worſhip in their State,
And you, I take it, have not much of that.
Will Monarchies my own Religion's Name,
But States are Atheiſts in their very Frame.
They ſhare a Sin, and ſuch Proportions fall,
That, like a Stink, 'tis nothing to 'em all.
How they love England, *you ſhall ſee this day:*
No Map ſhews Holland *truer than our Play.*
Their Pictures and Inſcriptions well we know;
We may be bold one Medal, ſure, to ſhow.
View there their Falſhoods, Rapine, Cruelty;
And think what once they were, they ſtill would be:
But hope not either Language, Plot, or Art;
'Twas writ in haſte, but with an Engliſh *Heart:*
And leſs hope Wit in Dutchmen; *that would be*
As much improper as would Honeſty.

EPILOGUE.

A Poet once the Spartans *led to fight,*
And made 'em Conquer in the Muſes Right:
So would our Poet lead you on this day,
Shewing your tortur'd Fathers in his Play.
To one well-born, th' Affront is worſe and more,
When he's abus'd and baſt'd by a Bore.
Wish an ill Grace the Dutch *their Miſchief, do;*
They've both ill Nature, and ill-Manners too.
Well may they boaſt themſelves an ancient Nation;
For they were bred ere Manners were in Faſhion:
And their New Commonwealth has ſet 'em free,
Only from Honour and Civility.
Venetians *do not more uncouthly ride,*
Than did their Lubber-State Mankind beſtride.
Their Sway became 'em with as ill a Mien,
As their own Paunches ſwell above their Chin:
Yet is their Empire no true Growth but Humour,
And only two Kings Touch can Cure the Tumour.
As Cato *did his* Africk *Fruits diſplay:*
So we before your Eyes their Indies *lay.*
All Loyal Engliſh *will like him conclude;*
Let Cæſar *Live, and* Carthage *be ſubdu'd.*

Perſons Repreſented.

Captain *Gabriel Towerſon*,	Mr. *Hart.*
Mr. *Beamont*, Mr. *Collins*, } *Engliſh* Merchants, his Friends,	Mr. *Mohun.* Mr. *Lydal.*
Captain *Middleton*, An *Engliſh* Sea Capt.	Mr. *Watſon.*
Perez, A *Spaniſh* Captain,	Mr. *Burt.*
Harman Senior, Governour of *Amboyna*,	Mr. *Cartwright.*
The *Fiſcal*,	Mr. *Winterſhall.*
Harman Junior, Son to the Governour,	Mr. *Kynaſton.*
Van Herring, A *Dutch* Merchant,	Mr. *Beeſton.*

WOMEN.

Tſabinda, Bethroth'd to *Towerſon*, An *Indian* Lady,	Mrs. *Marſhall.*
Julia, Wife to *Perez*,	Mrs. *James.*
An *Engliſh* Woman,	Mrs. *Cory.*

Page to *Towerſon.*
A Skipper.
Two *Dutch* Merchants.

SCENE *AMBOYNA.*

AMBOYNA:
OR, THE
CRUELTIES
OF THE
DUTCH
TO THE
ENGLISH MERCHANTS.

ACT I. SCENE I. *A Caſtle on the Sea-*

Enter Harman *Senior, the Governour, the* Fiſcal, *and* Van Herring, *Guards.*

Fiſc. A Happy Day to our noble Governour.

Harm. Morrow, *Fiſcal.*

Van. Her. Did the laſt Ships, which came from *Holland*, to theſe Parts, bring us no News of Moment?

Fiſc. Yes, the beſt that ever came into *Amboyna*, ſince we ſet footing here; I mean as to our Intereſt.

Harm. I wonder much my Letters, then, gave me ſo ſhort Accounts; they only ſaid the *Orange* Party was grown ſtrong again, ſince *Barnevelt* had ſuffer'd.

Van. Her. Mine inform me farther, the Price of Pepper, and of other Spices, was rais'd of late in *Europe.*

Harm. I wiſh that News may hold, but much ſuſpect it, while the *Engliſh* maintain their Factories among us in *Amboyna*, or in the neighbouring Plantations of *Seran.*

Fiſc. Still I have News that tickles me within, ha, ha, ha. I'faith, it does, and will do you, and all our Countrymen.

Harm. Prithee do not torture us, but tell it.

Van. Her. Whence comes this News?

Fiſc. From *England.*

Harm. Is their *Eaſt-India* Fleet bound outward for theſe Parts? or caſt away, or met at Sea by Pyrates?

Fiſc. Better, much better yet, ha, ha, ha.

Harm. Now am I famiſh'd for my part of the Laughter.

Fiſc. Then, my brave Governour, if you're a true *Dutchman*, I'll make your fat Sides heave with the Conceit on't, till you're blown like a pair of large Smith's Bellows; here, look upon this Paper.

Harman *reading. You may remember, we did endamage the* Engliſh *Eaſt-India Company, the Value of Five hundred thouſand Pounds, all in one Year; a Treaty is now ſign'd, in which the Buſineſs is ta'en up for Fourſcore Thouſand.* This is News indeed; wou'd I were upon the Caſtle Wall, that I might throw my Cap into the Sea, and my Gold Chain after it, this is golden News, Boys.

Van. Her. This is News would kindle a Thouſand Bon-fires, and make us piſs 'em out again in Rheniſh Wine.

Harm. Send preſently to all our Factories, acquaint them with theſe bleſſed Tydings: If we can 'ſcape ſo cheap, 'twill be no matter what Villanies henceforth we put in Practice,

Fiſc.

Fiſc. Hum, why, this now gives Encouragement to a certain Plot, which I have long been brewing, againſt theſe *Skellum Engliſh*. I almoſt have it here in *Pericranio*, and it is a ſound one, Faith, no leſs, than to cut all their Throats, and ſeize all their Effects within this Iſland. I warrant you we may compound again.

Van. Her. Seizing their Factories I like well enough, it has ſome Savour in't; but for this Whorſon cutting of Throats, it goes a little againſt the Grain, becauſe 'tis ſo notoriouſly known in Chriſtendom, that they have preſerv'd ours from being cut by the *Spaniards*.

Harm. Hang 'em, baſe *Engliſh* Sterts, let 'em e'en take their Part of their own Old Proverb, *Save a Thief from the Gallows*: They would needs protect us Rebels, and ſee what comes to themſelves.

Fiſc. You're i' th' right on't, Noble *Harman*; their Aſſiſtance, which was a Mercy, and a Providence to us, ſhall be a Judgment upon them.

Van. Her. A little Favour wou'd do well though; not that I wou'd ſtop the Current of your Wit, or any other Plot, to do them Miſchief; but they were firſt Diſcoverers of this Iſle, firſt Traded hither, and ſhow'd us the way.

Fiſc. I grant you that; nay more, that by Compoſition, made after many long and tedious Quarrels, they were to have a Third Part of the Traffick, and to build Forts, and they to contribute to the Charge.

Harm. Which we have ſo encreas'd each Year upon 'em, we being in Power, and therefore Judges of the Coſt, that we exact what e'er we pleaſe, [illegible] than half the Charge, and on pretence of their Non-payment, or the leaſt Delay, do often ſtop their Ships, detain their Goods, and drag 'em into Priſon, while our Commodities go on before, and ſtill foreſtall their Markets.

Fiſc. Theſe, I confeſs, are pretty Tricks, but will not do our Buſineſs; we muſt our ſelves be ruin'd at long Run, if they have any Trade here: I know our Charge at length will eat us out: I would not let theſe *Engliſh* from this Iſle have Cloves enough to ſtick an Orange with; not one to throw into their Bottle-Ale.

Harm. But to bring this about now, there's the Cunning.

Fiſc. Let me alone awhile, I have it, as I told you here; mean time we muſt put on a ſeeming Kindneſs; call 'em our Benefactors, and dear Brethren; pin 'em within the Danger of our Net, and then we'll draw it o'er 'em: When they are in, no Mercy, that's my Maxim.

Van. Her. Nay, Brother, I am not too obſtinate for ſaving *Engliſh-men*; 'twas but a Qualm of Conſcience, which Profit will diſpel; I have as true a *Dutch* Antipathy to *England*, as the proudeſt He in *Amſterdam*, that's a bold Word now.

Harm. We are ſecure of our Superiours there; well, they may give the *KING* of *Great Britain* a verbal Satisfaction, and with ſubmiſſive, fawning Promiſes, make Show to puniſh us, but Intereſt is their God as well as ours: To that Almighty, they will ſacrifice a Thouſand *Engliſh* Lives, and break a Hundred Thouſand Oaths, ere they will puniſh thoſe that make 'em rich, and pull their Rivals down. [*Guns go off within.*

Van. Her. Heard you thoſe Guns?

Harm. Moſt plainly.

Fiſc. The Sound comes from the Port; ſome Ship arriv'd ſalutes the Caſtle, and, I hope, brings more good News from *Holland*. [*Guns again.*

Harm. Now they anſwer 'em from the Fortreſs.

Enter Beamont *and* Collins.

Van. Her. *Beamont* and *Collins*, *Engliſh* Merchants both, perhaps they'll certifie us.

Beam. Captain *Harman Van Spelt*, good Day to you.

Harm. Dear, kind Mr. *Beamont*, a Thouſand, and a Thouſand, good Days to you, and all our Friends, the *Engliſh*.

Fiſc. Came you from the Port, Gentlemen?

Coll. We did; and ſaw arrive, our honeſt and our gallant Countryman, brave Captain *Gabriel Towerſon*.

Beam. Sent to theſe Parts, from our Employers of the *Eaſt-India* Company in *England*, as General of the Voyage.

Fiſc. Is the brave *Towerſon* return'd?

Coll. The ſame, Sir.

Harm.

Harm. He ſhall be nobly welcome. He has already ſpent Twelve Years upon, or near theſe rich *Molucca* Iſles, and home return'd with Honour, and great Wealth.

Fiſc. The Devil give him Joy of both, or I will for him. [*Aſide.*

Beam. He's my particular Friend; I liv'd with him, both at *Ternate*, *Tydore*, and at *Seran*.

Van. Her. Did he not leave a Miſtriſs in theſe Parts, a Native of this Iſland of *Amboyna*?

Coll. He did, I think they call her *Yſabinda*; who received Baptiſm for his ſake, before he hence departed.

Harm. 'Tis much againſt the Will of all her Friends, ſhe loves your Countryman, but they are not Diſpoſers of her Perſon; ſhe's beauteous, rich and young, and *Towerſon* well deſerves her.

Beam. I think, without Flattery to my Friend, he does. Were I to chuſe, of all Mankind, a Man, on whom I would rely for Faith and Friendſhip; or more, whoſe perſonal Aid I would invite, in any worthy Cauſe to ſtand by me; it ſhould be only *Gabriel Towerſon*: Daring he is, and therein fortunate; yet ſoft, and apt to pity the diſtreſs'd, and liberal to relieve 'em: I have ſeen him, not ſlow to pardon Foes, but by his Bounty win 'em to his Love: If he has any Fault, 'tis only that, to which great Minds can only ſubject be, he thinks all honeſt, 'cauſe himſelf is ſo, and therefore none ſuſpects.

Fiſc. I like him well for that; this Fault of his great Mind, as Beaumont calls it, may give him Cauſe to wiſh he was more wary, when it ſhall be too late. [*Aſide.*

Harm. I was in ſome ſmall hope, this Ship had been of our own Company, and brought back my Son; for much about this Seaſon I expect him. Good morrow, Gentlemen; I go to fill a Brendice to my noble Captain's Health, pray well him ſo; the Youth of our *Amboyna* I'll ſend hither to welcome him.

Coll. We'll ſtay, and meet him here. [*Exeunt Harman, Fiſc. and two Sea-men.*

Beam. I do not like theſe fleering *Dutchmen*, they over-act their Kindneſs.

Coll. I know not what to think of 'em: That old fat Governour, *Herman Van Speult*, I have known long; they ſay, he was a Cobler in his Country, and took the Meaſure of his Hoops for Tuns, by his own Belly. I know him not, he makes a Jeſt of Men in Miſery; the firſt fat merry Fool, I ever knew that was ill-natur'd.

Beam. He's abſolutely govern'd by this *Fiſcal*, whom I have heard an ignorant Advocate in *Rotterdam*, ſuch as in *England* we call a penny-finding Rogue; one that knows nothing, but the worſt part of the Law, its Tricks, and Snares: I fear he hates us *Engliſh* mortally. Pray Heaven we feel not the Effects on't,

Coll. Neither he, nor *Harman*, will dare to ſhow their Malice 'till after *Towerſon* is come. For though, 'tis true, we have no Caſtle here, he has all Eyes upon 'em in his Worth, which they both fear, and reverence.

Beam. I wiſh it ſo may prove; my Mind is a bad Prophet to me, and what it does fore-bode of Ill, it ſeldome fails to pay me. Here he comes.

Coll. And in his Company young *Harman*, Son to our Dutch Governour; I wonder how they met.

Enter Towerſon, Harman *Junior*, *and a* Skipper.

Towerſ. entering, to the Skipper. Theſe Letters ſee conveyed with ſpeed to our Plantations. This to *Cambello*, and to *Hitto* this, this other to *Luba*. Tell 'em their Friends in *England* greet 'em well; and when I hear you were in perfect health.

Skip. Sir, you ſhall be obey'd. [*Ex. Skipper.*

Beam. I heartily rejoice, that our Employers have choſe you for this Place; a better Choice they never could have made, or for themſelves, or me.

Coll. This I am ſure of, that our *Engliſh* Factories, in all theſe Parts, have wiſht you long the Man, and none cou'd be ſo welcome to their Hearts.

Harm. Jun. And let me ſpeak for my Countrymen, the *Dutch*; I have heard my Father ſay, he's your ſworn Brother: And this late Accident at Sea, when you reliev'd me from the Pyrates, and brought my Ship in ſafety off, will well ſecure you of our Gratitude.

Towerſ. You over-rate a little Courteſie: In your Deliverance from more than what I had my ſelf from you expected: The common Laws of Nations, and thoſe yet more particular of Peace, and ſtrict Commerce, between me and your Nation, exacted all I did, or cou'd have done.

[*To*

[*To* Beamont.] For you, my Friend, let me ne'er breathe our *Engliſh* Air again; but I more joy to ſee you, than my ſelf to have eſcap'd the Storm, that toſs'd me long, doubling the *Cape*, and all the ſoultry Heats, in paſſing twice the Line: For now I have you here, methinks this Happineſs ſhou'd not be bought at a leſs Price.

Harm. I'll leave you with your Friends: My Duty binds me to haſten to receive a Father's Bleſſing. [*Exit Harman Junior.*

Beam. Y'are ſo much a Friend, that I muſt tax you for being a ſlack Lover. You have not yet enquir'd of *Yſabinda*.

Towerſ. No, I durſt not, Friend, I durſt not; I love too well, and fear to know my Doom; there's hope, in doubt: But yet I fix'd my Eyes on yours, I look'd with Earneſtneſs, and ask'd with them: If ought of Ill had happen'd, ſure I had met it there; and ſince, methinks, I did not, I have now recover'd Courage, and reſolve to urge it from you.

Beam. Your *Yſabinda* then——

Towerſ. You have ſaid all in that, my *Yſabinda*, if ſhe ſtill be ſo.

Beam. Enjoys as much of Health, as Fear for you, and Sorrow for your Abſence would permit. [*Muſick within.*

Coll. Heark, Muſick I think approaching.

Beam. 'Tis from our Factory; ſome ſudden Entertainment, I believe, deſign'd for your Retnrn.

Enter Amboyners, *Men and Women, with Timbrels before them. A Dance.*

After the Dance, Enter Harman Senior, Har. Junior, Fiſcal, *and* Van Herring.

Harm. Sen. embracing Towerſon.] Oh my ſworn Brother, my dear Captain *Towerſon*; the Man whom I love better than a ſtiff Gale, when I am becalm'd at Sea; to whom, I have receiv'd the Sacrament, never to be falſe-hearted.

Towerſ. You ne'er ſhall have Occaſion on my Part; the like I promiſe for our Factories, while I continue here: This Iſle yields Spice enough for both; and *Europe*, Ports, and Chapmen, where to vend them.

Harm. Sen. It does, it does; we have enough, if we can be contented.

Towerſ. And, Sir, why ſhou'd we not? What mean theſe endleſs Jars of Trading Nations?' iTis true, the World was never large enough for Avarice or Ambition; but thoſe who can be pleas'd with moderate Gain, may have the ends of Nature, not to want: Nay, even its Luxuries may be ſupply'd from her o'erflowing Bounties in theſe Parts: From whence ſhe yearly ſends Spices, and Gums, the Food of Heaven in Sacrifice. And beſides theſe, her Gems of richeſt Value, for Ornament more than Neceſſity.

Har. Sen. You are i'th' right, we muſt be very Friends, i'faith, we muſt; I have an old *Dutch* Heart, as true and truſty as your *Engliſh* Oak.

Fiſc. We never can forget the Patronage of your *Elizabeth*, of Famous Memory; when from the Yoke of *Spain*, and *Alva*'s Pride, her potent Succours, and her well tim'd Bounty, freed us, and gave us Credit in the World.

Towerſ. For this we only ask a fair Commerce and Friendlineſs of Converſation here: And what our ſeveral Treaties bind us to, you ſhall, while *Towerſon* lives, ſee ſo perform'd, as fits a Subject to an *Engliſh* KING.

Harm. Sen. Now, by my Faith, you ask too little, Friend; we muſt have more than bare Commerce betwixt us: Receive me to your Boſom, by this Beard I will never deceive you.

Beam. I do not like his Oath, there's Treachery in that *Judas* colour'd Beard. [*Aſide.*

Fiſc. Pray uſe me as your Servant.

Van. Her. And me too, Captain.

Towerſ. I receive you both as Jewels, which I'll wear in either Ear, and never part with you.

Harm. Sen. I cannot do enough for him to whom I owe my Son.

Harm. Jun. Nor I, till Fortune ſend me ſuch another brave Occaſion of fighting ſo for you.

Harm. Sen. Captain, very ſhortly, we muſt uſe your Head in a certain Buſineſs; ha, ha, ha, my dear Captain.

Fiſc. We muſt uſe your Head indeed, Sir.

Towerſ. Sir, command me, and take it as a Debt I owe your Love.

Harm. Sen. Talk not of Debt; for I muſt have your Heart.

Van. Her. Your Heart indeed, good Captain.

Harm. Sen. You are weary now, I know, Sea-beat, and weary; 'tis time we

reſpite farther Ceremony; beſides, I ſee one coming, whom, I know, you long to Embrace; and I ſhou'd be unkind to keep you from her Arms.

Enter Yſabinda *and* Julia.

Yſabin. Do I hold my Love, Do I Embrace him, after a tedious Abſence of Three Years? Are ye indeed Return'd? Are ye the ſame? Do you ſtill love your *Yſabinda*? Speak, before I ask you Twenty Queſtions more: For I have ſo much Love, and ſo much Joy, that if you do not love as well as I, I ſhall appear diſtracted.

Towerſ. We meet then both out of our ſelves, for I am nothing elſe but Love and Joy; and to take care of my Diſcretion now, wou'd make me much unworthy of that Paſſion, to which you ſet no Bounds.

Yſabin. How cou'd you be ſo long away?

Towerſ. How can you think I was? I ſtill was here, ſtill with you, never abſent in my Mind.

Harm. Jun. She's a moſt charming Creature; I wiſh I had not ſeen her. [*Aſide.*

Yſab. Now I ſhall love your God, becauſe I ſee, that he takes care of Lovers: But, my dear *Engliſhman*, I prithee let it be our laſt of Abſence; I cannot bear another parting from thee, nor promiſe thee to live three other Years, if thou again goeſt hence

Towerſ. I never will without you.

Har. Sen. I ſaid before, we ſhou'd but trouble ye.

Towerſ. You make me bluſh; but if you ever were a Lover, Sir, you will forgive a Folly, which is ſweet, though I confeſs, 'tis much extravagant.

Harm. Jun. He has but too much Cauſe for this exceſs of Joy; oh happy, happy *Engliſhman*, but I unfortunate. [*Aſide.*

Towerſ. Now, when you pleaſe, lead on.

Harm. Sen. This day you ſhall be Feaſted at the Caſtle, where our Great Guns ſhall loudly ſpeak your welcome.

All Signs of Joy ſhall through the Iſle be ſhown,
Whilſt in full Rummers we our Friendſhip Crown. [*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Yſabinda, Harman Junior.

Yſab. THis to me from you, againſt your Friend.——

Har. Have I not Eyes, are you not Fair? Why does it ſeem ſo ſtrange?

Yſab. Come, 'tis a Plot betwixt you: My *Engliſhman* is jealous, and has ſet you to try my Faith; he might have ſpar'd the Experiment, after a three Years abſence: That was a Proof ſufficient of my Conſtancy.

Yſab. I heard him ſay, he never had return'd, but that his Maſters of the *Eaſt-India* Company proffer'd him large Conditions.

Yſab. You do belie him baſely.

Harm. As much as I do you, in ſaying you are Fair; or as I do my ſelf, when I declare I Die for you.

Yſab. If this be Earneſt, you've done a moſt unmanly, and ungrateful Part, to Court the intended Wife of him, to whom you are moſt oblig'd.

Harm. Leave me to anſwer that: Aſſure your ſelf I love you violently, and if you are wiſe, you'll make ſome difference 'twixt *Towerſon* and me.

Yſab. Yes, I ſhall make a difference, but not to your Advantage.

Harm. You muſt, or falſifie your Knowledge: An *Engliſhman*, part Captain, and part Merchant; his Nation of declining Intereſt here! Conſider this, and weigh againſt that Fellow, not me, but any, the leaſt and meaneſt *Dutchman* in this Iſle.

Yſab. I do not weigh by Bulk: I know your Countrymen have the Advantage there.

Harm. Hold back your hand, from firming of your Faith; you'll Thank me, in a little time, for ſtaying you ſo kindly from embarking in his Ruine.

Yſab. His Fortune is not ſo contemptible as you'd make it ſeem.

Harm. Wait but one Month for the Event.

Yſab. I will not wait one day, though I were ſure to ſink with him the next: So well I love my *Towerſon*, I will not loſe another Sun, for fear he ſhou'd not Riſe to Morrow. For your ſelf, pray reſt aſſur'd, of all Mankind, you ſhou'd not be my Choice, after an Act of ſuch Ingratitude.

Harm. You may Repent your Scorn at leiſure.

Yſab. Never, unleſs I Marry'd you. *Enter*

Enter Towerſon.

Towerſ. Now, my dear *Yſabinda*, I dare pronounce my ſelf moſt Happy: Since I have gain'd your Kindred, all Difficulties ceaſe.

Yſab. I wiſh we find it ſo.

Towerſ. Why, is ought happen'd ſince I ſaw you laſt? Methinks a Sadneſs dwells upon your Brow, like that I ſaw before my laſt long Abſence. You do not ſpeak: My Friend dumb too? Nay, then I fear ſome more than ordinary Cauſe produces this.

Harm. You have no Reaſon, *Towerſon*, to be ſad; you are the happy Man.

Towerſ. If I have any, you muſt needs have ſome.

Harm. No, you are Lov'd, and I am bid Deſpair.

Towerſ. Time, and your Services, will, perhaps, make you as happy as I am in my *Yſabinda's* Love.

Harm. I thought I ſpoke ſo plain, I might be underſtood; but ſince I did not, I muſt tell you, *Towerſon*, I wear the Title of your Friend no longer, becauſe I am your Rival.

Towerſ. Is this true, *Yſabinda*?

Yſab. I ſhou'd not, I confeſs, have told you firſt, becauſe I wou'd not give you that Diſquiet; but ſince he has, it is too ſad a Truth.

Towerſ. Leave us, my Dear, a little to our ſelves.

Yſab. I fear you'll Quarrel, for he ſeem'd incens'd, and threat'ned you with Ruine. [*To him aſide.*

Towerſ. 'Tis to prevent an Ill, which may be fatal to us both, that I wou'd ſpeak with him.

Yſab. Swear to me, by your Love, you will not fight.

Towerſ. Fear not, my *Yſabinda*; things are not grown to that extremity.

Yſab. I leave you, but I doubt the Conſequence. [*Exit* Yſabinda.

Towerſ. I want a Name to call you by; Friend, you declare you are not; and to Rival, I am not yet enough accuſtom'd.

Harm. Now I conſider on't, it ſhall be yet in your free Choice, to call me one or other; for, *Towerſon*, I do not decline your Friendſhip, but then yield *Yſabinda* to me.

Towerſ. Yield *Yſabinda* to you?

Harm. Yes, and preſerve the Bleſſing of my Friendſhip; I'll make my Father yours; your Factories ſhall be no more oppreſt, but thrive in all Advantages with ours; your Gain ſhall be beyond what you cou'd hope for from the Treaty: In all the Traffick of theſe *Eaſtern* Parts, ye ſhall——

Towerſ. Hold, you miſtake me, *Harman*: I never gave you juſt occaſion to think I wou'd make Merchandice of Love; *Yſabinda*, you know, is mine, contracted to me e're I went for *England*, and muſt be ſo till Death.

Harm. She muſt not, *Towerſon*; you know you are not ſtrongeſt in theſe Parts, and 'twill be ill conteſting with your Maſters.

Towerſ. Our Maſters? *Harman*, you durſt not once have nam'd that word in any part of *Europe*.

Harm. Here I both dare, and will; you ha' no Caſtles in *Amboyna*.

Towerſ. Though we have not, we yet have *Engliſh* Hearts, and Courages, not to endure Affronts.

Harm. They may be try'd.

Towerſ. Your Father, ſure, will not maintain you in this Inſolence; I know he is too honeſt.

Harm. Aſſure your ſelf he will eſpouſe my Quarrel.

Towerſ. We wou'd complain to *England*.

Harm. Your Countrymen have try'd that courſe ſo often, methinks they ſhou'd grow wiſer, and deſiſt: But now there is no need of troubling any others but our ſelves: The ſum of all is this; You either muſt reſign me *Yſabinda*, or inſtantly reſolve, to clear your Title to her by your Sword.

Towerſ. I will do neither now.

Harm. Then I'll believe you dare not fight me fairly.

Towerſ. You know I durſt have fought, though I am not vain enough to boaſt it, nor wou'd upbraid you with remembrance of it.

Harm. You deſtroy your Benefit with Rehearſal of it; but that was in a Ship, back'd by your Men; ſingle Duel is a fairer Tryal of your Courage.

Towerſ. I'm not to be provok'd out of my Temper: Here I'm a Publick Perſon; intruſted by my King and my Employers, and ſhou'd I kill you, *Harman*——

Harm. Oh, never think you can, Sir.

Towerſ. I ſhou'd betray my Countrymen to ſuffer, not only worſe Indignities than thoſe they have already born, but for ought I know, might give 'em up to general Impriſonment, perhaps betray them to a Maſſacre.

Harm. Theſe are but pityful and weak Excuſes: I'll force you to Confeſs you dare not Fight; you ſhall ha' Provocations.

Towerſ. I will not ſtay to take 'em: Only this before I go; If you are truly Gallant, inſult not where you have Power, but keep your Quarrel ſecret; we may have Time and Place out of this Iſland: Mean while I go to Marry *Yſabinda*; that you ſhall ſee I dare: No more, follow me not an Inch beyond this Place,, no, not an Inch. Adieu. [*Exit* Towerſon.

Harm. Thou goeſt to thy Grave, or I to mine. [*Is going after him.*

Enter Fiſcal.

Fiſc. Whither ſo faſt, *Min Heer?*

Harm. After that *Engliſh Dog*, whom, I believe, you ſaw.

Fiſc. Whom, *Towerſon?*

Harm. Yes; let me go, I'll have his Blood.

Fiſc. Let me adviſe you firſt; You young Men are ſo violently hot.

Harm. I ſay, I'll have his Blood.

Fiſc. To have his Blood is not amiſs; ſo far I go with you; but take me with you farther for the means: Firſt, What's the Injury?

Harm. Not to detain you with a tedious Story, I love his Miſtriſs, Courted her, was ſlighted; into the heat of this he came; I offer'd him the beſt Advantages, he cou'd, or to himſelf propoſe, or to his Nation, would he quit her Love.

Fiſc. So far you are Prudent, for ſhe's exceeding Rich.

Harm. He refus'd all; then I threat'ned him with my Father's Power.

Fiſc. That was unwiſely done; your Father, underhand, may do a Miſchief; but 'tis too groſs above-board.

Harm. At laſt, nought elſe prevailing, I defy'd him to ſingle Duel; this he refus'd, and I believe 'twas Fear.

Fiſc. No, no, miſtake him not; 'tis a ſtout Whorſon: You did ill to preſs him; 'twill not ſound well in *Europe*, he being here a Publick Miniſter; having no means of 'ſcaping ſhou'd he kill you, beſides, expoſing all his Country-men to a Revenge.

Harm. That's all one; I'm reſolv'd I will purſue my Courſe, and fight him.

Fiſc. Purſue your End, that's to enjoy the Woman, and her Wealth; I wou'd, like you, have *Towerſon* diſpatch'd; for, as I am a true *Dutchman*, I do hate him; but I wou'd convey him ſmoothly out of the World, and without noiſe; they'l ſay we are ingrateful elſe, in *England*, and barbarouſly cruel; now I could ſwallow down the thing Ingratitude, and the thing Murder, but the Names are odious.

Har. What wou'd you have me do then?

Fiſc. Let him enjoy his Love a little while, 'twill break no ſquares in the long Run of a Man's Life; you ſhall have enough of her, and in convenient time.

Harm. I cannot bear he ſhou'd enjoy her firſt; 'tis determin'd; I will kill him bravely.

Fiſc. I, a right young Man's Bravery, that's Folly: Let me alone, ſomething I'll put in practice, to rid you of this Rival e're he Marries, without your once appearing in it.

Harm. If I durſt truſt you now?

Fiſc. If you believe that I have Wit, or love you.

Harm. Well, Sir, you have prevail'd; be ſpeedy; for once I will rely on you: Farewel. [*Exit* Harman.

Fiſc. This hopeful Buſineſs will be quickly ſpoil'd, if I do not take exceeding Care of it.

Stay——*Towerſon* to be kill'd, and privately, that muſt be laid down as the Ground-work, for ſtronger Reaſons than a young Man's Paſſion: But who ſhall do't? No *Engliſhman* will, and much I fear no *Dutchman* dares attempt it.

Enter Perez.

Well ſaid, i'faith, old Devil; let thee alone, when once a Man is plotting Vil'any, to find him a fit Inſtrument.

This

This *Spaniſh* Captain, who Commands our Slaves, is bold enough, and is beſide in want, and proud enough to think he Mertits Wealth.

Perez. This *Fiſcal* loves my Wife; I'm jealous of him, and yet muſt ſpeak him fair to get my Pay; Oh, there's the Devil, for a *Caſtilian* to ſtoop to one of his own Maſter's Rebels, who has, or who deſigns to Cuckold him. [*Aſide.*

To Fiſcal.] I come to kiſs your Hand again, Sir; Six Months I am in Arrear, I muſt not Starve, and *Spaniards* cannot Beg.

Fiſc. I've been a better Friend to you, than perhaps you think, Captain.

Perez. I fear you have indeed. [*Aſide.*

Fiſc. And faithfully ſolicited your Buſineſs; ſend but your Wife to Morrow Morning early, the Money ſhall be ready.

Perez. What if I come my ſelf?

Fiſc. Why, you may have it if you come your ſelf, Captain; but in caſe your Occaſions ſhould call you any other way, you dare truſt her to receive it.

Perez. She has no skill in Money.

Fiſc. It ſhall be told into her Hand, or given her, upon Honour, in a Lump. But, Captain, you were ſaying you did want; now, I ſhou'd think, Three hundred Doubloons wou'd do you no great harm; they'll ſerve to make you merry on the Watch.

Perez. Muſt they be told into my Wive's hand too?

Fiſc. No; thoſe you may receive your ſelf, if you dare Merit 'em.

Perez. I am a *Spaniard*, Sir, that implies Honour: I dare all that is poſſible.

Fiſc. Then you dare kill a Man.

Perez. So it be fairly.

Fiſc. But what if he will not be ſo civil to be kill'd that way? He's a ſturdy Fellow: I know you ſtout, and do not queſtion your Valour; but I wou'd make ſure work, and not endanger you, who are my Friend.

Perez. I fear the Governour will execute me.

Fiſc. The Governour will thank you: 'Tis he ſhall be your Pay-maſter; you ſhall have your Pardon drawn up before-hand; and remember, no tranſitory Summ, Three hundred Quadruples, in your own Country Gold.

Perez. Well, name your Man.

Enter Julia.

Fiſc. Your Wife comes; take it in Whiſper. [*They whiſper.*

Julia. Yonder's my Maſter, and my *Dutch* Servant; how lovingly they talk in private! If I did not know my *Don*'s Temper to be monſtrouſly jealous, I ſhould think they were driving a ſecret Bargain for my Body; but *Cuerpo* is not to be digeſted by my *Caſtilian*. My Mother, *my Wife*, and my Miſtriſs; he lays the Emphaſis on me, as if to Cuckold him were a worſe Sin than breaking the Commandment. If my *Engliſh* Lover, *Beamont*, my *Dutch* Love the *Fiſcal*, and my *Spaniſh* Husband, were painted in a Piece, with me amongſt 'em, they wou'd make a pretty Emblem of the two Nations, that Cuckold his Catholick Majeſty in his *Indies*.

Fiſc. You'll undertake itthen?

Perez. I have ſerved under *Towerſon* as his Lieutenant, ſerv'd him well, and though I ſay't, bravely; yet ne'er have been rewarded, though he promis'd largely: 'Tis reſolv'd, I'll do't.

Fiſc. And ſwear Secreſie.

Perez. By this Beard.

Fiſc. Go, wait upon the Governour from me, confer with him about it in my Name; this Seal will give you Credit. [*Gives him his Seal.*

Perez. I go. [*Goes a ſtep or two, while the other approacheth his Wife.*

What ſhall I be, before I come again? [*Exit.*

Fiſc. Now, my fair Miſtriſs, we ſhall have the Opportunity which I have long deſir'd. [*To* Julia.

Perez. The Governour is now a-ſleeping; this is his Hour of Afternoons Repoſe. I'll go when he's awake. [*Returning.*

Fiſc. He ſlept early this Afternoon; I left him newly wak'd.

Perez. Well, I go then, but with an aking Heart. [*Exit.*

Fiſc. So, at length he's gone.

Jul. But you may find he was jealous by his dey.

Fiſc. If I were as you, I wou'd give evident Proofs, ſhou'd cure him of that Diſeaſe for ever after.

Enter

Enter Perez *again.*

Perez. I have conſider'd on't; and if you wou'd go along with me to the Governour, it wou'd do much better.

Fiſc. No, no; that wou'd make the Matter more ſuſpicious. The Devil take thee for an impertinent Cuckold. [*Aſide.*

Perez. Well, I muſt go then. [*Exit* Perez.

Jul. Nay, there was never the like of him; but it ſha'n't ſerve his turn; we'll Cuckold him moſt furiouſly.

Enter Perez *again.*

Per. I had forgot one thing; dear Sweet-heart, go home quickly, and overſee our Buſineſs: It wo'n't go forward without one of us.

Fiſc. I warrant you; take no care of your Buſineſs; leave it to me; I'll put it forward in your Abſence: Go, go; you'll loſe your Opportunity: I'll be at home before you, and ſup with you to Night.

Per. You ſhall be welcome; but——

Fiſc. Three hundred Quadruples.

Per. That's true; but——

Fiſc. But Three hundred Quadruples.

Per. The Devil take the Quadruples.

Enter Beamont.

Beam. There's my Cuckold that muſt be, and my Fellow Swager the *Dutchman*, with my Miſtriſs; my Noſe is wip'd to day; I muſt retire, for the *Spaniard* is jealous of me.

Per. Oh, Mr. *Beamont*, I'm to ask a Favour of you.

Beam. This is unuſual; pray command it, Senior.

Per. I'm going upon urgent Buſineſs; pray ſup with me to Night, and, in the mean time, bear my worthy Friend here Company.

Beam. With all my heart.

Per. So, now I am ſecure; though I dare not truſt her with one of 'em, I may with both; they'll hinder one another, and preſerve my Honour into the Bargain. Now for my Doubloons, [*Exit.*

Beam. Now, Mr. *Fiſcall*, you are the happy Man with the Ladies, and have got the Precedence of Traffick here too; you've the *Indies* in your Arms, yet I hope a poor *Engliſhman* may come in for a Third Part of the Merchandice.

Fiſc. Oh, Sir, in theſe Commodities, here's enough for both, here's Mace for you, and Nutmegs for me in the ſame Fruit; and yet the Owner has to ſpare for other Friends too.

Julia. My Husband's Plantation's like to thrive well betwixt you

Beam. Horn him, he deſerves not ſo much Happineſs as he enjoys in you; he's jealous.

Julia. 'Tis no wonder if a *Spaniard* look yellow.

Beam. Betwixt you and me, 'tis a little kind of Venture that we make in doing this *Don*'s Drudgery for him; for the whole Nation of 'em is generally ſo pocky, that 'tis no longer a Diſeaſe, but a ſecond Nature in 'em.

Fiſc. I have heard, indeed, that 'tis incorporated among 'em, as deeply as the *Moors* and *Jews* are, there's ſcarce a Family, but 'tis crept into their Blood, like the new Chriſtians.

Jul. Come, I'll have no whiſpering betwixt you; I know you were talking of my Husband, becauſe my Noſe itches.

Beam. Faith, Madam, I was ſpeaking in Favour of your Nation: What pleaſant Lives I have known *Spaniards* to live in *England.*

Jul. If you love me, let me hear a little.

Beam. We obſerv'd 'em to have much of the Nature of our Flies, they buzz'd abroad a Month or two i'th' Summer; wou'd venture, about Dog-days, to take the Air in the Park, but all the Winter ſlept like Dormice; and if ever they appear'd, in publick, after *Michaelmas*, their Faces ſhew'd the difference betwixt their Country and ours; for they look in *Spain* as if they were roaſted, and in *England* as if they were ſodden.

Jul. I'll not believe your Deſcription.

Fiſc. Yet our Obſervations of 'em in *Holland*, are not much unlike it; I've known a great *Don* at the *Hague*, with the Gentleman of his Horſe, his *Major domo*, and two Secretaries, all Dine at four ſeveral Tables, on the Quarter, of a ſingle Pullet: The Victuals of the under Servants was weigh'd out in Ounces, by the *Don* himſelf; with ſo much Garlick in the other Scale: A thin Slice of Bacon

Bacon went through the Family a Week together: For it was daily put into the Pot for Pottage; was ſerv'd in the midſt of the Diſh at Dinners, and taken out and weigh'd by the Steward, at the end of every Meal, to ſee how much it loſt; till at length, looking at it againſt the Sun, it appear'd tranſparent, and then he wou'd have whipp'd it up, as his own Fees, at a Morſel; but that his Lord barr'd the Dice, and reckon'd it to him for a part of his Board Wages.

Beam. In few Words, Madam, the general Notion we had of ,em, was, that they were very frugal of their *Spaniſh* Coin, and very liberal of their *Neapolitane*.

Jul. I ſee, Gentlemen, you are in the way of Rallying; therefore let me be no hind'rance to your Sport; do as much for one another, as you have done for our Nation.

Pray, Min Heer *Fiſcal*, what think you of the *Engliſh*?

Fiſc. Oh, I have an Honour for the Country.

Beam. I beſeech you, leave your Ceremony; we can hear of our Faults without Choler, therefore ſpeak of us with a true *Amſterdam* Spirit, and do not ſpare us.

Fiſc. Since you command me, Sir, 'tis ſaid of you, I know not how truly, that for your Fiſhery at home, you're like Dogs in the Manger, you will neither manage it your ſelves, nor permit your Neighbours; ſo that for your Sovereignty of the narrow Seas, if the Inhabitants of 'em, the Herrings, were capable of being their Judges, they would certainly award it to the *Engliſh*, becauſe they were then ſure to live undiſturb'd, and quiet under you.

Beam. Very good; Proceed, Sir.

Fiſc. 'Tis true, you gave us Aid in our time of Need, but you paid your ſelves with our Cautionary Towns: And that you have ſince deliver'd them up, we can never give ſufficient Commendation, either to your Honeſty, or to your Wit; for both which Qualities, you have purchas'd ſuch an Immortal Fame, that all Nations are inſtructed, how to deal with you another time.

Beam. A moſt grateful Acknowledgment: Sweet Sir, go on.

Fiſc. For your Trade abroad, if you ſhou'd obtain it, you are ſo horribly expenſive, that you wou'd undo your ſelves, and all Chriſtendom: For you wou'd ſink under your very Profit, and the Gains of the univerſal World would beggar you. You devour a Voyage to the *Indies*, by the multitude of Mouths with which you Man your Veſſels: Providence has contriv'd it well, that the *Indies* are manag'd by us, an induſtrious, and frugal People, who diſtribute its Merchandice to the reſt of *Europe*, and ſuffer it not to be conſum'd in *England*, that the other Members might be ſtarv'd, while you of *Great Britain*, as you call it, like a Rickety Head, would only ſwell and grow bigger by it.

Jul. I have heard enough of *England*. Have you nothing to return upon the *Netherlands*?

Beam. Faith, very little to any Purpoſe; he has been before-hand with us, as his Countrymen are in their Trade, and taken up ſo many Vices, for the Uſe of *England*, that he has left almoſt none for the *Low Countries*.

Jul. Come, a Word however.

Beam. In the firſt place, you ſhew'd your Ambition, when you began to be a State: For, not being Gentlemen, you have ſtollen the Arms of the beſt Families of *Europe*; and wanting a Name, you made bold with the firſt of the Divine Attributes; and call'd your ſelves the *HIGH* and *MIGHTY*: Though, let me tell you, that, beſides the Blaſphemy, the Title is ridiculous; for *HIGH* is no more proper for the *Netherlands*, than *MIGHTY* is for ſeven little raſcally Provinces, no bigger in all than a Shire in *England*. For my main Theam, your Ingratitude, you have, in Part, acknowledg'd it; by your laughing at our eaſie Delivery of your Cautionary Towns: The beſt is, we are us'd by you, as well as your own Princes of the Houſe of *Orange*. We and they have ſet you up, and you undermine their Power, and circumvent our Trade.

Fiſc. And good Reaſon, if our Intereſt requires it.

Beam. That leads me to your Religion, which is only made up of Intereſt: At home, ye tolerate all Worſhips, in them who can pay for it; and abroad, ye were lately ſo civil to the Emperour of *Pegu*, as to do open Sacrifice to his Idols.

Fiſc. Yes, and by the ſame Token, you *Engliſh* were ſuch preciſe Fools as to refuſe it.

Beam. For Frugality in Trading, we confeſs we cannot compare with you; for our Merchants live like Noblemen: Your Gentlemen, if you have any, live

live like *Boors*; you traffick for all the Rarities of the World, and dare uſe none of 'em your ſelves; ſo that, in effect, you are the Mill-Horſes of Mankind, that labour only for the wretched Provender you eat: A Pot of Butter, and a pickl'd Herring is all your Riches; and, in ſhort, you have a good Title to cheat all *Europe*, becauſe, in the firſt place, you cozen your own Backs and Bellies.

Fiſc. We may enjoy more when-e'er we pleaſe.

Beam. Your Liberty is a groſſer Cheat than any of the reſt; for you are ten times more tax'd, than any People in Criſtendom: You never keep any League with Foreign Princes; you flatter our Kings, and ruine their Subjects; you never deny'd us Satisfaction at home for Injuries, nor ever gave it us abroad.

Fiſc. You muſt make your ſelves more fear'd when you expect it.

Beam. And I propheſie that time will come, when ſome generous Monarch of our Iſland, will undertake our Quarrel, re-aſſume the Fiſhery of our Seas, and make them as conſiderable to the *Engliſh*, as the *Indies* are to you.

Fiſc. Before that comes to paſs, you may repent your over laviſh Tongue.

Beam. I was no more in earneſt than you were.

Jul. Pray let this go no farther; my Husband has invited both to Supper.

Beam. If you pleaſe, I'll fall to before he comes, or at leaſt, while he is conferring in private with the *Fiſcal*. [*Aſide to her.*

Jul. Their private Bus'neſſes let them agree;
The *Dutch* for him, the *Engliſh-man* for me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Perez.

Perez. TRue, the propos'd Reward is great enough; I want it too: Beſides this *Engliſh-man* has never paid me, ſince, as his Liutenant, I ſerv'd him once againſt the *Turk* at Sea; yet he confeſs'd I did my Duty well, when 'twice I clear'd our Decks; he has long promis'd me, but what are Promiſes to ſtarving Men? This is his Houſe, he may walk out this Morning.

Enter a Page *and another* Servant, *walking by, not ſeeing him.*

Theſe belong to him; I'll hide till they are paſt.

Serv. He ſleeps ſoundly for a Man who is to be marry'd when he wakes.

Page. He does well to take his time, for he does not know, when he's marry'd, whether he ſhall ever have a ſound Sleep again.

Ser. He bid we ſhou'd not wake him; but ſome of us, in good maners, ſhou'd have ſtay'd, and not have left him quite alone.

Page. In good manners, I ſhou'd indeed; but I'll venture a Maſter's Anger at any time for a Miſtriſs, and that's my Caſe at preſent.

Serv. I'll 'tempt as great a Danger as that comes to, for good old *Engliſh* Fellowſhip; I am invited to a Morning's Draught.

Page. Good morrow, Brother, good morrow; by that time you have fill'd your Belly, and I have emptied mine, it will be time to meet at home again. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Perez. So, this makes well for my Deſign; He's left alone, unguarded and aſleep: *Satan*, thou art a bounteous Friend, and liberal of Occaſions to do miſchief: My Pardon I have ready if I am taken, my Money half before-hand; up, *Perez*, rouze thy *Spaniſh* Courage up; if he ſhou'd wake, I think I dare attempt him; then my Revenge is Nobler, and Revenge, to injur'd Men, is full as ſweet as Profit.

[*The* Scene *drawn, diſcovers* Towerſon *on a Couch in his Night-Gown. A Table by him, Pen, Ink, and Paper on it.*

Re-enter Perez, *with a Dagger.*

Perez. Aſleep as I imagin'd, as faſt, as all the Plummets of eternal Night were hung upon his Temples: Oh, that ſome courteous *Demon*, in the other World, wou'd let him know, 'twas *Perez* ſent him thither! A Paper by him too; he little thinks it is his Teſtament, the laſt he e'er ſhall make: I'll read it firſt. [*Takes it up.*

Oh, by the Inſcription it is a Memorial, of what he means to do this day: what's here, my Name in the firſt Line? I'll read it. [*Reads.*

Memorandum, *That my firſt Action this Morning, ſhall be to find out my true and valiant Lieutenant*, Captain Perez; *and, as a Teſtimony of my Gratitude for his Honourable*

Honourable Service, to beſtow on him, Five hundred Engliſh *Pounds, making my juſt Excuſe, I had it not before within my Power to reward him.* [Lays down the Paper.

And was it then for this I ſought his Life? Oh baſe, degenerate *Spaniard*! hadſt thou done it, thou hadſt been worſe than damn'd; Heav'n took more Care of me, than I of him, to expoſe this Paper to my timely View. Sleep on thou Honourable *Engliſhman*, I'll ſooner now pierce my own Breaſt than thine; ſee, he ſmiles too in his ſlumber, as if his Guardian-Angel, in a Dream, told him he was ſecure: I'll give him warning, though, to prevent danger from another hand. [*Writes on* Towerſon's *Paper, then ſticks his Dagger in it.*

Stick there, that when he wakens he may know,
To his own Virtue he his Life does owe. [*Exit* Perez.

Towerſ. awakens. I have o'erſlept my hour this Morning, if to enjoy a pleaſing Dream, can be to ſleep too long: Methought my dear *Yſabinda* and my ſelf, were lying in an Arbour, wreath'd about with Myrtle and with Cypreſs; my Rival *Harman*, reconcil'd again to his Friendſhip, ſtrewed us with Flowers, and put on each a Crimſon-coulour'd Garment, in which we ſtraightway mounted to the Skies, and with us many of my *Engliſh* Friends, all clad in the ſame Robes: If Dreams have any meaning, ſure this portends ſome good——— What's that I ſee, a Dagger ſtuck into the Paper of my Memorials? and writ below, *Thy Virtue ſav'd thy Life*? It ſeems ſome one has been within my Chamber whilſt I ſlept; ſomething of Conſequence hangs upon this Accident: What, ho! who waits without——None anſwer me! are ye all dead?——What, ho!———

Enter Beamont.

Beam. How is it Friend? I thought, entring your Houſe, I heard you call.

Towerſ. I did; but as it ſeems, without effect; none of my Servants are within reach of my voice.

Beam. You ſeem amaz'd at ſomewhat!

Towerſ. A little diſcompos'd——read that, and ſee if I have no occaſion, that Dager was ſtuck there, by him who writ it.

Beam. I muſt confeſs, you have too juſt a Cauſe: I am my ſelf ſurpriz'd at an Event ſo ſtrange.

Towerſ. I know not who can be my Enemy within this 'ſland, except my Rival *Harman*; and for him, I truly did relate what paſs'd betwixt us yeſterday.

Beam. You bore your ſelf in that as it became you; as one who was a Witneſs to himſelf of his own Courage; and while, by neceſſary care of others, you were for'd to decline fighting, ſhew'd how much you did deſpiſe the Man who ſought the Quarrel: 'Twas baſe in him, ſo back'd as he is here, to offer it, much more to preſs you to it.

Towerſ. I may find a foot of Ground in *Europe*, to tell the inſulting Youth, he better had provok'd ſome other Man; but ſure, I cannot think 'twas he, who left that Dagger there.

Beam. No; for it ſeemes too great a Nobleneſs of Spirit, for one like him to practiſe: 'Twas certainly an Enemy, who came to take your ſleeping Life; but thus to leave unfiniſh'd the Deſign, proclaims the Act, no *Dutchman.*

Towerſ. That, Time will beſt diſcover; I'll think no farther of it.

Beam. I confeſs, you have more pleaſing Thoughts to employ your Mind at preſent; I left your Bride juſt ready for the Temple, and came to call you to her.

Towerſ. I'll ſtraight attend you thither.

Enter Harman Senior, Fiſcal, *and* Van Herring.

Fiſc. Remember, Sir, what I advis'd you; you muſt ſeemingly make up the Buſineſs. [*To* Harman.

Harm. I warrrnt you. What, my brave, bonny Bride-groom; not yet dreſt? You are a lazy Lover; I muſt chide you. [*To Towerſ.*

Towerſ. I was juſt preparing.

Harm. I muſt prevent part of the Ceremony: You thought to go to her; ſhe is, by this time, at the Caſtle, where ſhe is invited with our common Friends; for you ſhall give me leave, if you ſo pleaſe, to entertain you both.

Towerſ. I have ſome Reaſons, why I muſt refuſe the Honour you intend me.

Harm. You muſt have none: What, my old Friend, ſteal a Wedding from me? In troth, you wrong our Friendſhip.

Beam. to him aſide] Sir, go not to the Caſtle; you cannot, in Honour, accept an Invitation from the Father after an Affront from the Son.

Towerſ. Once more I beg your Pardon, Sir.

Harm. Come, come, I know your Reaſon of Refuſal, but it muſt not prevail: My Son has been to blame; I'll not maintain him in the leaſt Neglect, which he ſhou'd ſhew to any *Engliſh-man*; much leſs to you, the beſt, and moſt eſteem'd of all my Friends.

Towerſ. I ſhou'd be willing, Sir, to think it was a Young Man's Raſhneſs, or perhaps the Rage of a ſucceſsleſs Rival; yet he might have ſpar'd ſome Words.

Harm. Friend, he ſhall ask your Pardon, or I'll no longer own him; what, ungreateful to a Man whoſe Valour has preſerv'd him? He ſhall do't, he ſhall indeed; I'll make you Friends upon your own Conditions; he's at the Door, pray let him be admitted: This is a Day of general *Jubilee*.

Towerſ. You comand here, you know, Sir.

Fiſc. I'll call him in; I'm ſure he will be proud at any rate to redeem your kind Opinion of him. [*Ex.* Fiſc. *and re-enters with* Harman Jun.

Harm. Jun. Sir, my Father, I hope, has in part ſatisfy'd you, that what I ſpoke, was only an Effect of ſudden Paſſion; of which I am now aſham'd, and deſire it may be no longer logd'd in your Remembrance, than it is now in my Intention to do you any Injury.

Towerſ. Your Father may command me to more difficult Employments, than to receive the Friendſhip of a Man, of whom I did not willingly embrace an ill Opinion.

Harm. Jun. Nothing, henceforward, ſhall have Power to take from me that Happineſs, in which you are ſo generouſly pleas'd to re-inſtate me.

Harm. Sen. Why, this is as it ſhou'd be; truſt me, I weep for Joy.

Beam. Towerſon is eaſie, and too credulous. I fear 'tis all diſſembled on their parts. [*Aſide.*

Harm. Sen. Now ſet we forward to the Caſtle; the Bride is there before us.

Towerſ. Sir, I wait you.

[*Exeunt* Harman Sen. Towerſon, Beamont, *and* Van Herring.

Enter Captain Perez.

Fiſc. Now, Captain, when perform you what you promis'd concerning *Towerſon*'s Death?

Perez. Never——There, *Judas*, take your Hire of Blood again.

[*Throws him a Purſe.*

Harm. Jun. Your Reaſon for this ſudden Change.

Perez. I cannot own the Name of Man, and do't.

Harm. Jun. Your Head ſhall anſwer the Neglect of what you were commanded.

Perez. If it muſt, I cannot ſhun my Deſtiny.

Fiſc. Harman, you are too raſh; pray hear his Reaſons firſt.

Per. I have 'em to my ſelf; I'll give you none.

Fiſc. None, that's hard; well, you can be ſecret, Captain, for your own ſake, I hope.

Per. That I have ſworn already; my Oath binds me.

Fiſc. That's enough: We have now chang'd our Minds, and do not wiſh his Death; at leaſt as you ſhall know. [*Aſide.*

Per. I am glad on't; for he's a brave and worthy Gentleman: I would not, for the Wealth of both the *Indies*, have had his Blood upon my Soul to anſwer.

Fiſc. aſide. to Harm.] I ſhall find a time to take back our ſecret from him, at the Price of his Life, when he leaſt dreams of it; mean time 'tis fit we ſpeak him fair.

To Perez.] Captain, a Reward attends you greater than you cou'd hope, we only meant to try your Honeſty. I am more than ſatisfy'd of your Reaſons.

Perez. I ſtill ſhall labour to deſerve your Kindneſs in any Honourable Way. [*Ex.* Perez.

Harm. I told you that this *Spaniard* had not courage enough for ſuch an Enterprize.

Fiſc. He rather had too much of Honeſty.

Harm. Oh, you have ruin'd me! You promis'd me, this day, the Death of *Towerſon*, and now, inſtead of that, I ſee him happy; I'll go and fight him yet; I ſwear he never ſhall enjoy her. *Fiſc.*

Fiſc. He ſha'nt, that I ſwear with you; but you're too raſh; the Buſineſs never can be done your way.

Harm. I'll truſt no other Arm but my own in it.

Fiſc. Yes, mine you ſhall; I'll help you this Evening as he goes from the Caſtle, we'll find ſome way to meet him in the dark, and then make ſure of him for getting Maidenheads to Night: To morrow I'llbe ſtow a Pill upon my *Spaniſh* Don, leſt he diſcover what he knows.

Harm. Give me your Hand, you ll help me.

Fiſc. By all my hopes, I will: In the mean time, with a feign'd Mirth, 'tis fit we gild our Faces; the troth is, that we may ſmile in earneſt, when we look upon the *Engliſhman*, and think how we will uſe him.

Harm. Agreed, come to the Caſtle. [*Exeunt*

Enter Harman Senior, Towerſon, *and* Yſabinda, Beamont, Collins, Van Herring: *They ſeat themſelves,*

Epithalamium.

THE Day is come, I ſee it riſe,
Betwixt the Bride's and Bridgroom's Eyes;
That Golden Day, they wiſh'd ſo long,
Love pick'd it out amidſt the Throng:
He deſtin'd to himſelf this Sun,
And took the Reins, and drove him on;
In his own Beams he dreſt him bright,
Yet bid him bring a better Night.

The Day you wiſh'd arriv'd at laſt,
You wiſh as much that it were paſt;
One Minute more and Night will hide
The Bridegroom and the bluſhing Bride.
The Virgin now to Bed does go:
Take care, Oh Youth, ſhe riſe not ſo;
She pants and trembles at her doom,
And fears and wiſhes thou won'dſt come.

The Bridegroom comes, He comes apace,
With Love and Fury in his Face;
She ſhrinks away, he cloſe purſues,
And Prayers and Threats at once does uſe:
She, ſoftly ſighing, begs delay,
And with her Hand puts his away:
Now out aloud for help ſhe cries,
And now deſpairing ſhuts her Eyes.

Harm. Sen. I like this Song, 'twas ſprightly; it wou'd reſtore me twenty Years of Youth, had I but ſuch a Bride.

A DANCE.

After the Dance, Enter Harman Junior, *and Fiſcal.*

Beam. Come, let me have the Sea-Fight; I like that better, than a thouſand of your wanton *Epithalamiums.*

Harman Junior. He means that Fight in which he freed me from the Pyrates.

Towerſ. Prithee, Friend, oblige me, and call not for that Song; 'twill breed ill Blood. [*To* Beamont.

Beam. Prithee be not ſcrupulous; ye fought it bravely: Young *Harman* is ungrateful if he do's not acknowledge it. I ſay, ſing me the Sea-Fight.

The SEA-FIGHT.

WHO ever ſaw a Noble Sight,
That never view'd a brave Sea-fight?
Hang up your bloody Colours in the Air,
Up with your Fights, and your Nettings prepare;

Your merry Mates chear, with a luſty bold Spright
Now each Man his Brindice, and then to the Fight.
St. George, *St.* George *we cry,*
The ſhouting Turks *reply.*
Oh, now it begins, and the Gun-Room grows hot,
Ply it with Culverin, and with ſmall Shot:
Hark, does it not Thunder? No, 'tis the Guns roar,
The neighbouring Billows are turn'd into Gore;
Now each Man muſt reſolve to Die,
For here the Coward cannot flie.
Drums and Trumpets toll the Knell,
And Culverins the Paſſing Bell.
Now, now they Grapple, and now Board amain,
Blow up the Hatches, they're off all again:
Give 'em a Broad Side; the Dice run at all,
Down comes the Maſt and Yard, and Tacklings fall;
She grows giddy now, like blind Fortune's Wheel,
She ſinks there, ſhe ſinks, ſhe turns up her Keel.
Who ever beheld ſo Noble a Sight,
As this ſo Brave, ſo Bloody Sea-Fight.

Harm. Jun. See the Inſolence of theſe *Engliſh*; they cannot do a brave Action in an Age, but preſently they muſt put it into Metre, to upbraid us with their Benefits.

Fiſc. Let 'em Laugh that win at laſt.

Enter Captain Middleton, *and a Woman with him, all pale and weakly, and in tatter'd Garments.*

Towerſ. Captain *Middleton*, you are arriv'd in a good Hour, to be partaker of my Happineſs, which is as great this day, as Love and Expectation can make it. [*Riſing up to Salute* Middleton.

Middl. And may it long continue ſo.

Towerſ. But how happens it, that ſetting out with us from *England*, you came not ſooner hither?

Middl. It ſeems the Winds favour'd you with a quicker Paſſage: You know I loſt you in a Storm, on t'other ſide the *Cape*; with which diſabl'd, I was forc'd to put into *St. Helens Iſle*; there 'twas my Fortune to preſerve the Life of this our Country-woman, the reſt let her relate.

Yſab. Alas, ſhe ſeems half ſtarv'd, unfit to make Relations.

Van Her. How the Devil came ſhe off? I know her, but too well, and fear ſhe knows me too. [*Aſide.*

Towerſ. Pray, Country-woman, ſpeak.

Eng. Wom. Then thus in brief: In my dear Husband's company, I parted from our ſweet Native Iſle: We to *Lantore* were bound, with Letters from the States of *Holland*, gain'd for Reparation of great Damages, ſuſtain'd by us; when, by the inſulting *Dutch*, our Countrymen, againſt all ſhow of Right, were diſpoſſeſt, and naked ſent away from that rich Iſland, and from *Poleroon*.

Harm. Sen. Woman, you ſpeak with too much ſpleen; I muſt not hear my Countrymen affronted.

Woman. I wiſh they did not merit much worſe of me, than I can ſay of them: Well, we Sail'd forward with a merry Gale, till near *St. Helen's Iſle* we were o'ertaken, or rather way-laid by a *Holland* Veſſel, the Captain of which Ship, whom here I ſee, the Man who quitted us, of all we had in thoſe rich Parts before, now fearing to reſtore his ill-got Goods, firſt Hail'd, and then invited us on Board, keeping himſelf conceal'd; his baſe Lieutenant ply'd all our *Engliſh* Mariners with Wine, and when in dead of night they lay ſecure in ſilent Sleep, moſt barbarouſly Commanded they ſhould be thrown o'er Board.

Fiſc. Sir, do not hear it out.

Harm. Sen. This is all falſe and ſcandalous

Towerſ. Pray, Sir, attend the Story.

Engl. Wom. The Veſſel rifled, and the rich Hold Rummag'd, they ſink it down to Rights: But firſt I ſhou'd have told you, (Grief alas has ſpoi'd my Memory) that my dear Husband, 'waken'd at the noiſe, before they reach'd the Cabin where we lay, took me, all trembling with the ſuddain fright, and leapt into the Boat; we cut the Cordage, and ſo put out to Sea, driving at Mercy of

of the Waves and Wind; ſo ſcap'd we in the dark. To ſum up all, we got to Shore, and in the Mountains hid us, until the barbarous *Hollanders* were gone.

Towerſ. Where is your Husband, Country-woman.

Woman. Dead with Grief; with theſe two Hands I ſcratch'd him out a Grave, on which I plac'd a Croſs, and every day wept o'er the Ground where all my Joys lay buried. The manner of my Life who can expreſs! The Fountain Water was my only Drink; the crabbed Juice and Rind of half-ripe Lemons, almoſt my only Food, except ſome Roots; my Houſe the widow'd Cave of ſome wild Beaſt. In this ſad State I ſtood upon the Shore, when this brave Captain with his Ship approach'd; whence, holding up, and waving both my Hands, I ſtood, and by my Actions begg'd their Mercy; yet when they nearer came, I would have fled, had I been able, leſt they ſhould have prov'd thoſe murderous *Dutch*, I more than Hunger fear'd.

Harm. Sen. What ſay you to this Accuſation, *Van Herring*?

Van Her. 'Tis as you ſaid, Sir, falſe and ſcandalous.

Harm. Sen. I told you ſo? All falſe and ſcandalous.

Yſab. On my Soul it is not: Her Heart ſpeaks in her Tongue, and were ſhe ſilent, her Habit and her Face ſpeak for her.

Beam. Sir, you have heard the Proofs.

Fiſc. Meer Allegations and no Proofs: Seem not to believe it, Sir.

Harm. Sen. Well, well; we'll hear it another time.

Middl. You ſeem not to believe her Teſtimony, but my whole Crew can witneſs it.

Van Her. Ay, they are all *Engliſhmen.*

Towerſ. That's a Nation too gen'rous to do bad Actions, and too ſincere to juſtifie 'em done; I wiſh their Neighbours were of the ſame Temper.

Harm. Sen. Nay, now you kindle, Captain, this muſt not be; we are your Friends and Servants.

Middl. 'Tis well you are by Land; at Sea you would be Maſters; there I my ſelf have met with ſome Affronts, which though I wanted Power then to return, I hail'd the Captain of the *Holland* Ship, and told him, he ſhould dearly anſwer it, if e'er I met him in the *Narrow Seas*: His Anſwer was, (mark but the Inſolence) If I ſhould hang thee, *Middleton*, up at thy Main Yard, and ſink thy Ship; here's that about my Neck, (pointing to his Gold Chain) would anſwer it when I came into *Holland.*

Harm. Jun. Yes, this is like the other.

Towerſ. I find we muſt complain at home; there's no Redreſs to be had here.

Yſab. Come, Country-woman, I muſt call you ſo, ſince he who owns my Heart is *Engliſh* born; Be not dejected at your wretched Fortune; my Houſe is yours, my Clothes ſhall Habit you, even theſe I wear, rather than ſee you thus.

Harm. Sen. Come, come, no more Complaints; let us go in: I have Ten Rummers ready to the Bride; as many times ſhall all our Guns diſcharge, to ſpeak the general Gladneſs of this Day. I'll lead you, Lady.

[*Takes the Bride by the hand.*

Towerſ. A heavy Omen to my Nuptials!
My Country-men oppreſt by Sea and Land,
And I not able to redreſs the Wrong;
So weak are we, our Enemies ſo ſtrong.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ACT IV. SCENE. I. *A Wood.*

Enter Harman Junior, *and the* Fiſcal, *with Swords, and diſguis'd with Vizards.*

Harm. WE are diſguis'd enough; the Evening now grows dusk, I would the Deed were done.

Enter Perez *with a Soldier, and overhears them.*

Fiſc. 'Twill now be ſuddenly, if we have Courage: In this wild woody Walk, hot with the Feaſt and plenteous Bowls, the Bridal Company are walking to enjoy the cooling Breeze: I ſpoke to *Towerſon*, as I ſaid I would, and, on ſome private Buſineſs of great moment, deſir'd that he would leave the Company, and meet me ſingle here.

Harm

Harm. Where if he comes, he never ſhall return; but *Towerſon* ſtays too long for my Revenge; I am in haſte to kil him.

Fiſc. He promis'd me to have been here ere now; if you think fitting, I'll go back and bring him.

Harm. Do ſo; I'll wait you in this place. [*Exit* Fiſcal.

Per. Was ever Villainy like this of theſe unknown Aſſaſſinates: *Towerſon*, in vain I ſav'd thy ſleeping Life, if now I let thee loſe it, when thou wak'ſt: Thou lately haſt been bountiful to me, and this way I'll acknowledge it. Yet to diſcloſe their Crimes were dangerous. What muſt I do? This gen'rous *Engliſhman* will ſtrait be here, and Conſultation then perhaps will be too late; I am reſolv'd. Lieutenant, you have heard, as well as I, the bloody purpoſe of theſe Men.

Sold. I have; and tremble at the mention of it.

Perez. Dare you adventure on an Action as brave as theirs is baſe?

Sold. Command my Life..

Perez. No more: Help me diſpatch that Murderer, ere his Accomplice come; the Men I know not; but their Deſign is treacherous and bloody.

Sold. And he they mean to kill is brave himſelf, and of a Nation I much love.

Perez. Come on then. [*Both draw.*

[*To Harm.*] Villain, thou dy'ſt; thy Conſcience tells thee why; I need not urge the Crime. [*They aſſault him.*

Harm. Murder! I ſhall be baſely Murder'd; Help!

Enter Towerſon.

Towerſ. Hold, Villains! What unmanly odds is this? Courage, who e'er thou art, I'll ſuccour thee.

[Towerſon *fights with* Perez, *and* Harman *with the Lieutenant, and drive them off the Stage.*

Harm. Though, (brave unkown,) Night takes thee from my Knowledge, and I want time to thank thee now; take this, and wear it for my ſake: Hereafter I'll acknowledg it more largely. [*Exit.* } *Gives him a Ring.*

Towerſ. That Voice I've heard, but cannot call to mind, except it be young *Harman*'s——Yet who ſhou'd put his Life in danger thus? This Ring I wou'd not take as Salary, but as a Gage of his free Heart who left it: And when I know him, I'll reſtore the Pledge; ſure 'twas not far from hence I made th' Appointment: I know not what this *Dutchman*'s Buſineſs is, yet I believe 'twas ſomewhat from my Rival; it ſhall go hard but I will find him out, and then rejoin the Company. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Harman Junior *and* Fiſcal.

Fiſc. The Accident was wondrous ſtrange; did you neither know your Aſſaſſinates, nor your Deliverer?

Harm. 'Twas all a hurry; yet, upon better recollecting of my ſelf, the Man who freed me muſt be *Towerſon*.

Fiſc. Hark, I hear the Company walk this way, will you withdraw?

Harm. Withdraw, and *Yſabinda* coming!

Fiſc. The Wood is full of Murderers; every Tree, methinks, hides one behind it.

Harm. You have two Qualities, my Friend, that ſort but ill together; as miſchievous as Hell cou'd wiſh you, but fearful in the Execution.

Fiſc. There is a thing within me call'd a Conſcience, which is not quite o'ercome; now and then it rebels a little, eſpecially when I am alone, or in the dark.

Harm. The Moon begins to riſe, and glitters through the Trees.

Yſabinda *within.*

Yſab. Pray let us walk this way, that farther Lawn, between the Groves, is the moſt Green and pleaſant of any in this Iſle.

Harm. I hear my Syren's Voice, I cannot ſtir from hence. Dear Friend, if thou wilt e'er oblige me, divert the Company a little, and give me opportunity awhile to talk alone with her.

Fiſc. You'll get nothing of her, except it be by force.

Harm. You know not with what Eloquence Love may inſpire my Tongue: The guiltieſt wretch, when ready for his Sentence, has ſomething ſtill to ſay.

Fiſc. Well, they come; I'll put you in a way, and wiſh you good Succeſs; but do ye hear? remember you are a Man, and ſhe is a Woman: A little Force, it may be, wou'd do well. *Enter*

Enter Yſabinda, Beamont, Middleton, Collins, Harman Senior, *and* Julia.

Yſab. who ſaw the Bridegroom laſt?

Harm. Sen. He refus'd to pledge the laſt Rummer; ſo I am out of Charity with him.

Beam. Come, ſhall we backward to the Caſtle? I'll take care of you, Lady.

Julia. Oh, you have drunk ſo much, you are paſt all Care.

Coll. But where can be this jolly Bridegroom? anſwer me that; I will have the Bride ſatisfied.

Fiſc. He walk'd alone this way; we met him lately.

Yſab. I beſeech you, Sir, conduct us.

Harm. Jun. I'll bring you to him, Madam.

Fiſc. to Harm. Jun.] Remember, now's your time; if you o'er-ſlip this Minute, Fortune perhaps will never ſend another.

Harm. Jun. I am reſolv'd.

Fiſc. Come, Gentlemen, I'll tell you ſuch a pleaſant Accident, you'll think the Evening ſhort.

Jul. I love a Story and a Walk by Moon-ſhine.

Fiſc. Lend me your Hand then, Madam. [*Takes her by the one Hand.*

Beam. But one, I beſeech you then;
I muſt not quit her ſo. [*Takes her by the other*] [*Exeunt*

Re-enter Harman Jun. *and* Yſabinda.

Yſab. Come, Sir, which is the way? I long to ſee my Love.

Harm. Jun. You may have your Wiſh, and without ſtirring hence.

Yſab. My Love ſo near? Sure you delight to mock me.

Harm. Jun. 'Tis you delight to torture me; behold the Man, who loves you more than his own Eyes; more than the Joys of Earth, or Hopes of Heaven.

Yſab. When you renew'd your Friendſhip with my *Towerſon*, I thought theſe vain Deſires were dead within you.

Harm. Jun. Smother'd they were, not dead; your Eyes can kindle no ſuch petty Fires, as only blaze a while, and ſtraight go out.

Yſab. You know, when I had far leſs Ties upon me, I wou'd not hear you; therefore wonder not if I withdraw, and find the Company.

Harm. Jun. That wou'd be too much Cruelty, to make me wretched, and then leave me ſo.

Yſab. Am I in fault if you are miſerable? ſo you may call the Rich Man's Wealth, the Cauſe and Object of the Robber's Guilt: Pray, do not perſecute me farther; you know I have a Husband now, and wou'd be loth t'afflict his Knowledge with your ſecond Folly.

Harm. Jun. What wondrous Care do you take to make him happy! yet I approve your Method. Ignorance, Oh, 'tis a Jewel to a Husband, that is, 'tis Peace in him, 'tis Virtue in his Wife, 'tis Honour in the World; he has all this, while he is Ignorant.

Yſab. You pervert my Meaning: I wou'd not keep my Actions from his Knowledge; your bold Attempts I wou'd: But yet henceforth conceal your impious Flames; I ſhall not ever be thus Indulgent to your Shame, to keep it from his Notice.

Harm. Jun. You are a Woman; have enough of Love for him and me; I know the plenteous Harveſt all is his: He has ſo much of Love, that he muſt labour under it. In Charity you muſt allow ſome Gleanings to a Friend.

Yſab. Now you grow Rude: I'll hear no more.

Harm. Jun. You muſt.

Yſab. Leave me.

Harm. Jun. I cannot.

Yſab. I find I muſt be troubled with this idle Talk ſome Minutes more; but 'tis your laſt,

Harm. Jun. And therefore I'll improve it: Pray reſolve to make me Happy by your free Conſent; I do not love theſe half Enjoyments, t'enervate my Delights with uſing Force, and neither give my ſelf, nor you, that full Content which Two can never have, but where both join with equal eagerneſs to bleſs each other.

Yſab. Bleſs me, ye kind Inhabitants of Heaven, from hearing words like theſe!

Harm. Jun. You muſt do more than hear 'em: You know you were now going to your Bridal Bed. Call your own Thoughts but to a ſtrict Account, they'll

they'll tell you, all this day your Fancy ran on nothing elſe; 'tis but the ſame Scene ſtill you were to act; only the Perſon chang'd, it may be for the better.

Yſab. You dare not, ſure, attempt this Villany!

Harm. Jun. Call not the Act of Love by that groſs Name; You'll give it a much better when 'tis done, and wooe me to a ſecond.

Yſab. Do'ſt thou not fear a Heaven?

Harm. Jun. No, I hope one in you. Do it, and do it heartily; Time is precious: It will prepare you better for your Husband —— Come. [*Lays hold on her.*

Yſab. Oh Mercy, Mercy! Oh pity your own Soul, and pity mine! Think how you'll wiſh undone this horrid Act, when your hot Luſt is ſlack'd! Think what will follow when my Husband knows it, if Shame will let me live to tell it him! And tremble at a Power above, who ſees, and ſurely will revenge it!

Harm. I have thought!

Yſab. Then I am ſure you're penitent.

Harm. No, I only gave you Scope to let you ſee, all you have urg'd I knew: You find 'tis to no Purpoſe either to talk or ſtrive.

Yſab. running. Some Succour! help! Oh help? [*She breaks from him.*

Harman running after her. That too is vain, you cannot 'ſcape me. [*Exit.*

Harm. within.] Now you are mine; yield, or by Force I'll take it.

Yſab. within.] Oh, kill me firſt.

Harm. within.] I'll bear you where your Cries ſhall not be heard.

Yſab. as farther off.] Succour, ſweet Heaven, Oh ſuccour me.

Enter Harman Senior, Fiſcal, Van Herring, Beamont, Collins, Julia.

Beam. You have led us here a Fairie's Round in tha Moonſhine, to ſeek a Bridegroom in a Wood, till we have loſt the Bride.

Coll. I wonder what's become of her!

Harman Sen. Got together, got together, I warrant you, before this time. You *Engliſhmen* are ſo hot, you cannot ſtay for Ceremonies; a good honeſt *Dutchman* wou'd have been plying the Glaſs all this while, and drunk to the Hopes of *Hans in Kelder* till 'twas Bed-time.

Beam. Yes, and then have rowl'd into the Sheets, and turn'd o'th' t'other ſide to ſnore, without ſo much as a parting Blow; till about Midnight he would have waken'd in a Maze, and found firſt he was Married, by putting forth a Foot and feeling a Woman by him; and it may be then, inſtead of Kiſſing, deſir'd, yough Fro to hold his Head.

Coll. And by that Night's Work have given her a Proof what ſhe might expect for ever after.

Beam. In my Conſcience, you *Hollanders* never get your Children, but in the Spirit of Brandy; you are exalted then a little above your natural Phlegm, and only that which can make you fight and deſtroy Men, makes you get 'em.

Fiſcal. You may live to know, that we can kill Men when we are ſober.

Beamont. Then they muſt be drunk, and not able to defend themſelves.

Julia. Pray leave this Talk, and let us try if we can ſurpriſe the Lovers under ſome convenient Tree: Shall we ſeparate, and look them.

Beam. Let you and I go together then; and if we cannot find them, we ſhall do as good, for we ſhall find one another.

Fiſc. Pray take that Path, or that; I will purſue this. [*Exeunt, all but the* Fiſc.

Fiſc. So, now I have diverted them from *Harman*, I'll look for him my ſelf, and ſee how he ſpeeds in his Adventure.

Enter Harman Junior.

Harm. Jun. Who goes there?

Fiſc. A Friend: I was juſt in queſt of you, ſo are all the Company: Where have you left the Bride?

Harm. Jun. Ty'd to a Tree, and Gagg'd, and———

Fiſc. And what? Why do you ſtare and tremble? Anſwer me like a Man.

Harm. Jun. Oh, I have nothing left of Manhood in me! I am turn'd Beaſt or Devil! Have I not Horns, and Tail, and Leathern Wings? Methinks I ſhou'd have, by my Actions——— Oh, I have done a Deed ſo ill, I cannot name it.

Fiſc. Not name it, and yet do it! That's a Fool's Modeſty: Come, I'll name it for you; You have enjoy'd your Miſtriſs?

Harm. Jun. How eaſily ſo great a Villany comes from thy Mouth! I have done worſe, I have raviſh'd her.

Fiſc. That's no Harm, ſo you have kill'd her afterwards.

Harm. Jun. Kill'd her! Why thou art a worſe Friend than I.

Fiſc.

Fiſc. Thoſe Fits of Conſcience in another might be excuſable; but, in you, a *Dutchman*, who are of a Race that are born Rebels, and live every where on Rapine; won'd you degenerate and have Remorſe? Pray, what makes any thing a Sin but Law? And what Law is there here againſt it? Is not your Father Chief? Will he condemn you for a petty Rape? The Woman an *Amboyner*, and what's leſs, now Married to an *Engliſhman:* Come, if there be a Hell, 'tis but for thoſe that ſin in *Europe*, not for us in *Aſia*; Heathens have no Hell. Tell me, How was't? Prithee, the Hiſtory.

Harm. Jun. I forc'd her——— What Reſiſtance ſhe cou'd make, ſhe did, but 'twas in vain: I bound her, as I told you, to a Tree.

Fiſc. And ſhe exclaim'd, I warrant———

Harm. Jun. Yes, and call'd Heaven and Earth to witneſs.

Fiſc. Not after it was done.

Harm. Jun. More than before —— Deſir'd me to have kill'd her. Even when I had not left her Power to ſpeak, ſhe curs'd me with her Eyes.

Fiſc. Nay, then you did not pleaſe her; if you had, ſhe ne'er had curs'd you heartily; but we loſe time. Since you have done this Action, 'tis neceſſary you proceed; we muſt have no Tales told.

Harm. What do you mean?

Fiſc. To diſpatch her immediately: Cou'd you be ſo ſenſeleſs to raviſh her, and let her live? What if her Husband ſhould have found her? What if any other *Engliſh?* Come, there's no dallying; it muſt be done: My other Plot is ripe, which ſhall deſtroy 'em all to morrow.

Harm. I love her ſtill to Madneſs, and never can conſent to have her kill'd; we'll thence remove her, if you pleaſe, and keep her ſafe till your intended Plot ſhall take Effect: And, when her Husband's gone, I'll win her Love by every Circumſtance of Kindneſs.

Fiſc. You may do ſo; but, t'other is the ſafer way: But I'll not ſtand with you for one Life. I cou'd have wiſh'd that *Towerſon* had been kill'd before I had proceeded to my Plot; but ſince it cannot be, we muſt go on; Conduct me where you left her.

Harm. Oh, that I cou'd forget both Act and Place! [*Exeunt.*

Scene drawn diſcovers Yſabinda *bound.*

Enter Towerſon.

Towerſ. Sure I miſtook the Place; I'll wait no longer, ſomething within me does forebode ſome Ill; I ſtumbled when I enter'd firſt this Wood: My Noſtrils bled three Drops: Then ſtopp'd the Blood, and not one more wou'd follow. What's that which ſeems to bear a Mortal [*Sees* Yſabinda. Shape, yet neither ſtirs nor ſpeaks! Or, Is it ſome Illuſion of the Night? Some Spectre, ſuch as in theſe *Aſian* Parts more frequently appear; whate'er it be, I'll venture to approach it. My *Yſabinda* bound and gagg'd! Ye Powers, I tremble while I free her, and ſcarce dare reſtore her Liberty of Speech, [*Goes near.* for Fear of knowing more. [*Unbinds her and unga̅gs her.*

Yſab. No longer Bridegroom thou, nor I a Bride; thoſe Names are vaniſh'd; Love is now no more; Look on me as thou wou'dſt on ſome foul Leper, and do not touch me: I am all polluted, all Shame, all o'er Diſhonour. Fly my ſight, and, for my Sake, fly this deteſted Iſle, where horrid Ills ſo black and fatal dwell, as *Indians* cou'd not gueſs, till *Europe* taught.

Towerſ. Speak plainer, I am recollected now: I know I am a Man, the Sport of Fate; yet, Oh my better half! Had Heaven ſo pleas'd, I had been more content, to ſuffer in my ſelf than thee.

Yſab. What ſhall I ſay! That Monſter of a Man, *Harman*; now I have nam'd him, think the reſt. Alone, and ſingled, like a tim'rous Hind, from the full Herd by Flattery drew me firſt, then forc'd me to an Act, ſo baſe and brutal, Heaven knows my Innocence! But, why do I call that to witneſs! Heaven ſaw, ſtood ſilent; Not one Flaſh of Lightning ſhot from the conſcious Firmament to ſhew its Juſtice! Oh, had it ſtruck us both, it had ſav'd me!

Towerſ. Heaven ſuffer'd more in that than you or I. Wherefore have I been faithful to my Truſt, true to my Love, and tender to th'oppreſt? Am I condemn'd to be the ſecond Man, who e'er complain'd, he Virtue ſerv'd in vain? But dry your Tears, theſe Sufferings all are mine. Your Breaſt is white, and cold as falling Snow. You ſtill as fragrant as your Eaſtern Groves; and your whole Frame as innocent and holy, as if your Being were all Soul and Spirit, without the groſs Allay of Fleſh and Blood. Come to my Arms again.

Yſab. Oh never, never; I am not worthy now. My Soul indeed is free from Sin, but the foul ſpeckled Stains are from my Body ne'er to be waſh'd out, but in my Death. Kill me, my Love, or I muſt kill my ſelf; elſe you may think I was a black Adultereſs in my Mind, and ſome of me conſented.

Towerſ. Your Wiſh to die ſhews you deſerve to live. I have proclaim'd you guiltleſs to my ſelf. Self-homicide, which was in Heathens Honour, in us is only Sin.

Yſab. I thought th'Eternal Mind had made us Maſters of theſe Mortal Frames; you told me he had given us Wills to chuſe, and Reaſon to direct us in our Choice; if ſo, why ſhou'd he tye us up from dying, when Death's the greater Good?

Towerſ. Can Death, which is our greateſt Enemy, be good? Death is the Diſſolution of our Nature; and Nature therefore does abhor it moſt, whoſe greateſt Law is to preſerve our Beings.

Yſab. I grant, it is its great and general Law: But as Kings, who are, or ſhould be above Laws, diſpenſe with 'em, when levell'd at themſelves; Even ſo may Man, without Offence to Heaven, diſpenſe with what concerns himſelf alone: Nor is Death, in it ſelf, an Ill; then Holy Martyrs ſinn'd, who ran uncall'd to ſnatch their Martyrdom: And bleſſed Virgins, whom you celebrate for voluntary Death, to free themſelves from that which I have ſuffer'd.

Towerſ. They did it to prevent what might enſue; your Shame's already paſt.

Yſab. It may return, if I am yet ſo mean to live a little longer.

Towerſ. You know not, Heaven may give you Succour yet; you ſee it ſends me to you.

Yſab. 'Tis too late; you ſhou'd have come before.

Towerſ. Yet you may live to ſee your ſelf reveng'd. Come, you ſhall ſtay for that, then I'll die with you. You have convinc'd my Reaſon, nor am I aſham'd to learn from you. To Heaven's Tribunal my Appeal I make; if as a Governour he ſets me here, to guard this weak-built Cittadel of Life, when 'tis no longer to be held, I may with Honour quit the Fort. But firſt I'll both revenge my ſelf and you.

Yſab. Alas, you cannot take Revenge; your Countrymen are few, and thoſe unarm'd.

Towerſ. Though not on all the Nation, as I wou'd; yet I at leaſt can take it on the Man.

Yſab. Leave me to Heaven's Revenge; for thither I will go, and plead my ſelf my own juſt Cauſe. There's not an injur'd Saint of all my Sex, but kindly will conduct me to my Judge, and help me tell my Story.

Towerſ. I'll ſend th'Offender firſt, though to that place he never can arrive: Ten thouſand Devils damn'd for leſs Crimes than he, and *Tarquin* in their head, Way-lay his Soul to pull him down in Triumph, and to ſhew him in Pomp among his Countrymen; for ſure Hell hath its *Netherlands*, and its loweſt Country muſt be their Lot.

Enter Harman Junior, *and* Fiſcal.

Harm. 'Twas hereabout I left her ty'd. The Rage of Love renews again within me.

Fiſc. She'll like th'Effects on't better now. By this time it has ſunk into her Imagination, and given her a more pleaſing Idea of the Man, who offer'd her ſo ſweet a Violence.

Yſab. Save me, ſweet Heaven, the Monſter comes again!

Harm. Oh here ſhe is: My own fair Bride, for ſo you are, not *Towerſon's*; let me unbind you; I expect that you ſhou'd bind your ſelf about me now, and tye me in your Arms.

Towerſ. [*drawing.*] No, Villain, no; hot Satyr of the Woods! Expect another Entertainment now. Behold Revenge for injur'd Chaſtity, this Sword Heaven draws againſt thee, and here has plac'd me like a fiery Cherub, to guard this Paradice from any ſecond Violation.

Fiſc. We muſt diſpatch him, Sir, we have the odds; and when he is kill'd, leave me to invent the Excuſe.

Harm. Hold a little: As you ſhunn'd fighting formerly with me, ſo wou'd I now with you. The Miſchiefs I have done are paſt recall. Yield then your uſeleſs Right in her I love, ſince the Poſſeſſion is no longer yours; ſo is your Honour ſafe, and ſo is hers, the Husband only alter'd.

Towerſ.

Towerſ. Ye trifle, there's no Room for Treaty here: The Shame's too open and the Wrong too great. Now all the Saints in Heaven look down to ſee the Juſtice I ſhall do, for 'tis their Cauſe; and all the Fiends below prepare thy Tortures.

Yſab. If *Towerſon* wou'd, think'ſt thou my Soul ſo poor to own thy Sin, and make the baſe Act mine, by chuſing him who did it? Know, bad Man, I'll die with him, but never live with thee.

Towerſ. Prepare; I ſhall ſuſpect you ſtay for farther Help, and think not this enough.

Fiſc. We are ready for you.

Harm. Stand back, I'll fight with him alone.

Fiſc. Thank you for that; ſo if he kills you, I ſhall have him ſingle upon me. [*All three fight.*

Yſab. Heaven aſſiſt my Love.

Harm. There, *Engliſhman*, 'twas meant well to thy Heart. [Towerſ. *wounded.*

Fiſc. Oh, you can bleed, I ſee, for all your Cauſe.

Towerſ. Wounds but awaken *Engliſh* Courages.

Harm. Yet yield me *Yſabinda*, and be ſafe.

Towerſ. I'll fight my ſelf all Scarlet o'er firſt; were there no Love, or no Revenge, I cou'd not now deſiſt in Point of Honour.

Harm. Reſolve me firſt, one Queſtion; Did you not draw your Sword this Night before, to reſcue one oppreſt with Odds?

Towerſ. Yes, in this very Wood: I bear a Ring, the Badge of Gratitude from him I ſav'd.

Harm. This Ring was mine; I ſhou'd be loth to kill the frank Redeemer of my Life.

Towerſ. I quit that Obligation. But we loſe time. Come, Raviſher.

[*They fight again*; Towerſon *cloſes with* Harman, *and gets him down*; *as he is going to kill him, the* Fiſcal *gets over him.*

Fiſc. Hold, and let him riſe; for if you kill him, at the ſame inſtant you die too.

Towerſ. Dog, do thy worſt, for I would ſo be kill'd; I'll carry his Soul Captive with me into the other World. [*Stabs* Harman;

Harm. Oh Mercy, Mercy, Heaven. [*Dies:*

Fiſc. Take this then in Return.

[*As he's going to ſtab him,* Yſabinda *takes hold of his Hand.*

Yſab. Hold, hold; the Weak may give ſome help.

Towerſ. [*riſing.*] Now, Sir, I am for you.

Fiſc. [*retiring.*] Hold, Sir, there is no more Reſiſtance made; I beg you, by the Honour of your Nation, do not purſue my Life, I tender you my Sword. [*Holds his Sword by the Point to him.*

Towerſ. Baſe beyond Example of any Country, but thy own.

Yſab. Kill him, ſweet Love, or we ſhall both repent it.

Fiſc. [*kneeling to her.*] Divineſt Beauty! Abſtract of all that's excellent in Woman, can you be Friend to Murder?

Yſab. 'Tis none to kill a Villain, and a *Dutchman.*

Fiſc. [*kneeling to* Towerſ.] Noble *Engliſhman*, give me my Life, unworthy of your taking. By all that's good and holy here I ſwear, before the Governour to plead your Cauſe; and to declare his Son's deteſted Crime, ſo to ſecure your Lives.

Towerſ. Riſe, take thy Life, though I can ſcarce believe thee! If for a Coward it be poſſible, become an honeſt Man.

Enter Harman Senior, Van Herring, Beamont, Collins, Julia, *the Governour's Guards.*

Fiſc. to Harm. Oh, Sir, you come in time to reſcue me; the greateſt Villain, who this day draws Breath, ſtands here before your Eyes; behold your Son, that worthy, ſweet, unfortunate young Man, lies there, the laſt cold Breath yet hovering betwixt his trembling Lips.

Towerſ. Oh Monſter of Ingratitude!

Harm. Oh my unfortunate old Age, whoſe Prop and only Staff is gone; dead ere I die: Theſe ſhou'd have been his Tears, and I have been that Body to be mourn'd.

Beam. I am ſo much amaz'd, I ſcarce believe my Senſes.

Fiſc. And will you let him live, who did this Act? Shall Murder, and of your own Son, and ſuch a Son, go free? He lives too long, by this one Minute which he ſtays behind him.

Yſab. Oh Sir, remember, in that Place you hold, you are a common Father to us all; we beg but Juſtice of you; hearken firſt to my lamented Story.

Fiſc. Firſt hear me, Sir.

Towerſ. Thee, Slave! Thou liv'ſt but by the Breath I gave thee. Didſt thou but now plead on thy Knees for Life; and offer'dſt to make known my Innocence in *Harman*'s Injuries?

Fiſc. I offer'd to have clear'd thy Innocence, who baſely murder'd him? But Words are needleſs: Sir, you ſee Evidence before your Eyes, and I the Witneſs, on my Oath to Heaven, how clear your Son, how criminal this Man.

Col. Towerſon cou'd do nothing but what was Noble.

Beam. We know his Native Worth.

Fiſc. His Worth! Behold it on the Murderers Hand; a Robber firſt, he took Degrees in Miſchief, and grew to what he is. Know you that Diamond, and whoſe it was? See if he dares deny't?

Towerſ. Sir, 'twas your Son's, that freely I acknowledge; but how I came by it ——

Harm. No, 'tis too much; I'll hear no more.

Fiſc. The Devil of Jealouſie, and that of Avarice, both I believe poſſeſt him; or your Son was innocently talking with his Wife, and he perhaps had found 'em; this I gueſs, but ſaw it not, becauſe I came too late; I only view'd the ſweet Youth, juſt expiring, and *Towerſon* ſtooping down to take the Ring: She kneeling by to help him; when he ſaw me, he wou'd, you may be ſure, have ſent me after, becauſe I was a Witneſs of the Fact: This on my Soul is true.

Towerſ. Falſe as that Soul, each Word, each Syllable! The Ring he put upon my Hand this Night, when in this Wood unknown, and near this Place, without my timely Help he had been ſlain.

Fiſc. See this unlikely Story! What Enemies had he? who ſhou'd aſſault him? Or is it probable that very Man, who actually did kill him afterwards, ſhou'd ſave his Life ſo little time before?

Yſab. Baſe Man, thou know'ſt the Reaſon of his Death! He had committed on my Perſon, Sir, an impious Rape; firſt ty'd me to that Tree, and there my Husband found me; whoſe Revenge was ſuch, as Heaven and Earth will juſtifie.

Harm. I know not what Heaven will, but Earth ſhall not.

Beam. Her Story carries ſuch a Face of Truth, ye cannot but believe it.

Coll. The other a malicious, ill-patch'd Lie.

Fiſc. Yes, you are proper Judges of his Crime, who, with the reſt of your Accomplices, your Countrymen, and *Towerſon* the Chief, whom we too kindly us'd, wou'd have ſurpriz'd the Fort, and made us Slaves; that ſhall be prov'd, more ſoon than you imagine; I found it out this Evening.

Towerſ. Sure the Devil has lent thee all his Stock of Falſhood, and muſt be forc'd hereafter to tell Truth.

Beam. Sir, 'tis impoſſible you ſhou'd believe it.

Harm. Seize 'em all.

Coll. You cannot be ſo baſe.

Harm. I'll be ſo juſt, till I can hear your Plea againſt this Plot; which if not prov'd, and fully, you are quit; mean time, Reſiſtance is but vain.

Towerſ. Provided that we may have equal Hearing, I am content to yield, though, I declare, you have no Power to judge us. [*Gives his Sword.*

Beam. Barb'rous, ungrateful *Dutch!*

Harm. See 'em convey'd apart to ſeveral Priſons, leſt they combine to forge ſome ſpecious Lie in their Excuſe; Let *Towerſon* and that Woman too be parted.

Yſab. Was ever ſuch a Divorce made on a Bridal Night! But we before were parted ne'er to meet. Farewel, farewel, my laſt and only Love!

Towerſ. Curſe on my fond Credulity, to think there cou'd be Faith or Honour in the *Dutch*: Farewel, my *Yſabinda!* [illegible] farewel, my much wrong'd Countrymen! Remember yet that no unmanly Weakneſs in your Sufferings diſgrace the Native Honour of our Iſle.

For you I mourn, Grief for my ſelf were vain;
I have loſt all, and now wou'd loſe my Pain. [Exeunt.

ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I. *A Table ſet out.*

Enter Harman, Fiſcal, Van Herring, *and two Dutchmen: they ſit. Boy, Waiters, and Guards.*

Harm. MY Sorrow cannot be ſo ſoon digeſted, for loſing of a Son I lov'd ſo well; but, I conſider, great Advantages muſt with ſome Loſs be bought: As this rich Trade which I this Day have purchas'd with his Death; yet let me be reveng'd, and I ſhall ſtill live on, and eat, and drink down all my Griefs. Now to the Matter, *Fiſcal.*

Fiſc. Since we may freely ſpeak among our ſelves; All I have ſaid of *Towerſon* was moſt falſe. You were conſenting, Sir, as well as I, that *Perez* ſhou'd be hir'd to murder him; which he refuſing, when he was engag'd, 'tis dangerous to let him longer live.

Van Her. Diſpatch him! He will be a ſhrewd Witneſs againſt us, if he return to *Europe.*

Fiſc. I have thought better, if you pleaſe, to kill him, by a Form of Law, as Acceſſary to the *Engliſh* Plot, which I have long been forging.

Harm. Send one to ſeize him ſtraight. [*Exit a Meſſenger.*
But what you ſaid, that *Towerſon* was guiltleſs of my Son's Death, I eaſily believe; and ne'er thought otherwiſe, though I diſſembled.

Van. Her. Nor I; but 'twas well done to feign that Story.

1 *Dutch.* The true one was too foul.

2 *Dutch.* And afterwards to draw the *Engliſh* off from his Concernment, to their own, I think 'twas rarely manag'd that.

Harman. So far, 'twas well; now to proceed, for I would gladly know whether the Grounds are plauſible enough, of this pretended Plot.

Fiſc. With Favour of this honourable Court, give me but leave to ſmooth the Way before you. Some two or three Nights ſince, (it matters not;) a *Japon* Soldier, under Captain *Perez*, came to a Centinel upon the Guard, and, in familiar Talk, did queſtion him about this Caſtle, of its Strength, and how he thought it might be taken; this Diſcourſe the other told me early the next Morning: I thereupon did iſſue private Order to rack the *Japonneſe*, my ſelf being preſent.

Harm. But what's this to the *Engliſh?*

Fiſc. You ſhall hear: I aſk'd him, when his Pains were ſtrongeſt on him, if *Towerſon*, or the *Engliſh* Factory, had never hir'd him to betray the Fort; he anſwer'd, (as 'twas true) they never had: Nor was his Meaning more in that Diſcourſe, than, as a Soldier, to inform himſelf, and ſo to paſs the time.

Van Her. Did he confeſs no more?

Fiſc. You interrupt me; I told him I was certainly inform'd the *Engliſh* had Deſigns upon the Caſtle, and if he frankly won'd confeſs their Plot, he ſhou'd not only be releas'd from Torment, but bounteouſly rewarded: Preſent Pain, and future Hopes, in fine, ſo wrought upon him, he yielded to ſubſcribe whate'er I pleas'd; and ſo he ſtands committed.

Harm. Well contriv'd; a fair Way made upon this Accuſation, to put them all to Torture.

2 *Dutch.* By his Confeſſion, all of 'em ſhall die, even to their General *Towerſon.*

Harm. He ſtands convicted of another Crime, for which he is to ſuffer.

Fiſc. This does well, to help it though.
For *Towerſon* is here a Perſon publickly employ'd from *England*; and if he ſhou'd appeal, as ſure he will, you have no Power to judge him in *Amboyna.*

Van Her. But in regard of the late League and Union, betwixt the Nations how can this be anſwer'd?

1 *Dutch.* To torture Subjects to ſo great a KING! a Pain ne'er heard of in their happy Land, will ſound but ill in *Europe.*

Fiſc. Their *Engliſh* Laws in *England* have their Force; and we have ours, different from theirs, at home; it is enough; they either ſhall confeſs, or we will falſifie their Hands to make 'em: Then for th'Apology let me alone; I have it writ already to a Tittle, of what they ſhall ſubſcribe; this I will publiſh, and make our moſt unheard of Cruelties to ſeem moſt juſt and legal.

Harm. Then, in the Name of him who put it firſt into thy Head to form this damn'd

damn'd falſe Plot, proceed we to the Execution of it; and to begin, firſt ſeize we their Effects, riffle their Cheſts, their Boxes, Writings, Books, and take of 'em a ſeeming Inventory; but all to our own Uſe: I ſhall grow young with Thought of this, and loſe my Son's Remembrance.

Fiſc. Will you not pleaſe to call the Priſoners in? At leaſt inquire, what Torments have extorted.

Harm. Go thou and bring us Word. [*Exit* Fiſcal.
Boy, give me ſome Tobacco, and a Stope of Wine, Boy.

Boy. I ſhall, Sir.

Harm. And a Tub to leak in, Boy; When was this Table without a Leaking-Veſſel?

Van Her. That's an Omiſſion.

1 *Dutch.* A great Omiſſion.
'Tis a Member of the Table, I take it ſo.

Harm. Never any thing of Moment was done at our Council-Table, without a Leaking-Tub; at leaſt in my time: Great Affairs require great Conſultations; great Conſultations require great Drinking; and great Drinking a great Leaking-Veſſel.

Van Her. I am e'en drunk with Joy already, to ſee our Godly Buſineſs in this Forwardneſs.

Enter Fiſcal.

Harm. Where are the Priſoners?

Fiſc. At the Door.

Harm. Bring 'em in; I'll try if we can face 'em down by Impudence, and make 'em to confeſs.

Enter Beamont *and* Collins *Guarded.*

You are not ignorant of our Buſineſs with you; the Cries of your Accomplices already have reach'd your Ears; and your own Conſciences, above a thouſand Summons, a thouſand Tortures, inſtruct you what to do. No farther Jugglings; nothing but plain Sincerity and Truth to be delivered now: A free Confeſſion will firſt attone for all your Sins above, and may do much below to gain your Pardons. Let me exhort you therefore; be you merciful, firſt to your ſelves, and make Acknowledgment of your Conſpiracy.

Beam. What Conſpiracy?

Fiſc. Why la you, that the Devil ſhou'd go mask'd, with ſuch a ſeeming honeſt Face! I warrant, you know of no ſuch thing?

Harm. Were not you, Mr. *Beamont*, and you, *Collins*, both Acceſſary to the horrid Plot, for the Surprizal of this Fort and Iſland?

Beam. As I ſhall reconcile my Sins to Heaven, in my laſt Article of Life, I'm innocent.

Coll. And ſo am I.

Harm. So, you are firſt upon the Negative.

Beam. And will be ſo till Death.

Coll. What Plot is this you ſpeak of?

Fiſc. Here are Impudent Rogues! Now after Confeſſion of two *Japonneſes*, theſe *Engliſh* Starts dare ask what Plot it is.

Harm. Not to inform your Knowledge, but that Law may have its Courſe in every Circumſtance, *Fiſcal*, ſumm up their Accuſa tion to 'em.

Fiſc. You ſtand Accus'd, That, *New-years-day* laſt paſt, there met at Captain *Towerſon*'s Houſe, you preſent, and many others of your Factory: There, againſt Law and Juſtice, and all Tyes of Friendſhip, and of Partnerſhip betwixt us, you did conſpire to ſeize upon the Fort, to murder this our worthy Governour, and by the Help of your Plantations near, of *Jacatra*, and *Banda*, and *Loho*. to keep it for your ſelves.

Beam. What Proofs have you of this?

Fiſc. The Confeſſion of two *Japonneſes*, hir'd by you to attempt it.

Beam. I hear they have been forc'd by Torture to it.

Harm. It matters not which way the Truth come out; take heed, for their Example is before you.

Beam. Ye have no Right, ye dare not Torture us, we owe you no Subjection.

Fiſc. That, Sir, muſt be diſputed at the *Hague*; in the mean time we are in Poſſeſſion here.

2 *Dutch.* And we can make our ſelves to be obey'd.

Van.

Van Her. In few Words, Gentlemen, confeſs. There is a Beverage ready for you elſe, which you'll not like to ſwallow.

Collins. How's this?

Harm. You ſhall be muffled up like Ladies, with an Oyl'd Cloth put underneath your Chins, then Water pour'd above; which either you muſt drink, or muſt not breathe.

1 *Dutch.* That's one way; we have others.

Harm. Yes, we have two Elements at your Service; Fire as well as Water; certain things call'd Matches, to be ty'd to your Fingers Ends, which are as ſovereign as Nutmegs, to quicken your ſhort Memories.

Beam. You are inhumane to make your Cruelty your Paſtime; Nature made me a Man, and not a Whale, to ſwallow down a Flood.

Harm. You'll grow a Corpulent Gentleman like me; I ſhall love you the better for't; now you are but a Spare-Rib.

Fiſc. Theſe things are only offer'd to your Choice; you may avoid your Tortures, and confeſs.

Coll. Kill us firſt, for that we know is your Deſign at laſt; and 'tis more Mercy now.

Beam. Be kind, and execute us while we bear the Shapes of Men, ere Fire and Water have deſtroy'd our Figures; let me go whole out of the World, I care not; and find my Body, when I riſe again, ſo as I need not be aſham'd on't.

Harm. 'Tis well you're Merry: Will you yet confeſs?

Beam. Never.

Harm. Bear e'm away to Torture.

Van. Her. We'll try your Conſtancy.

Beam. We'll ſhame your Cruelty; if we deſerve our Tortures, 'tis, firſt, for freeing ſuch an infamous Nation, that ought to have been Slaves; and, then, for truſting them as Partners, who had caſt off the Yoke of their lawful Sovereign.

Harm. Away, I'll hear no more now; Who comes the next?

[*Exeunt the Engliſh, with a Guard.*

Fiſc. Towerſon's Page, a Ship-Boy, and a Woman.

Harm. Call 'em in. [*Exit Meſſenger.*

Van. Her. We ſhall have eaſie work with them.

Fiſc. Not ſo eaſie as you imagine; they have endur'd the Beverage already; all Maſters of their Pain, no one confeſſing.

Harm. The Devil's in theſe *Engliſh*! Thoſe brave Boys wou'd prove ſtout Topers if they liv'd.

Enter two Boys *and a Woman, led as from Torture.*

Come hither, ye perverſe Imps; they ſay you have endur'd the Water-Torment; we'll try what Fire will do with you. You, Sirrah, confeſs; were not you knowing of *Towerſon*'s Plot, againſt this Fort and Iſland?

Page. I have told your Hangman, No, twelve times within this Hour; when I was at the laſt Gaſp, and that's a time, I think, when a Man ſhou'd not diſſemble.

Harm. A Man, mark you that now: You *Engliſh* Boys hav ceda Trick of late, of growing Men betimes, and doing Mens Work too, before you come to Twenty.

Van. Her. Sirrah, I'll try if you are a Salamander, and can live i' th' Fire.

Page. Sure you think my Father got me of ſome *Dutch* Woman, and that I am but of a half-ſtrain Courage; but you ſhall find that I am all o'er *Engliſh*, as well in Fire as Water.

2 *Boy.* Well, of all Religions, I do not like your *Dutch*.

Fiſc. No! and why, young Stripling?

2 *Boy.* Becauſe your Pennance comes before Confeſſion.

Harm. Do you mock us, Sirrah? To the Fire with him.

2 *Boy.* Do ſo; all you ſhall get by it, is this; before I anſwered, No, now I'll be ſullen and will talk no more.

Harm. Beſt cutting off theſe little Rogues betime; if they grow Men, they'll have the Spirit of Revenge in 'em.

Page. Yes, as your Children have that of Rebellion; Oh, that I cou'd but live to be Governour here; to make your fat Guts pledge me in that Beverage I drunk; you, Sir *John Falſtaff* of *Amſterdam*.

2 *Boy.*

2 *Boy.* I have a little Brother in *England*, that I intend to appear to, when you have kill'd me; and if he does not promiſe me the Death of Ten *Dutchmen*, in the next War, I'll haunt him inſtead you.

Harm. What ſay you, Woman? Have compaſſion of your ſelf, and confeſs; you are of a ſofter Sex.

Woman. But of a Courage full as Manly; there is no Sex in Souls; wou'd you have *Engliſh* Wives ſhew leſs of Bravery than their Children do? To lie by an *Engliſh* Man's Side, is enough to give a Woman Reſolution.

Fiſc. Here's a Hen of the Game too; but we ſhall tame you in the Fire.

Wom. My Innocence ſhall there be try'd like Gold, till it come out the purer. When you have burnt me all into one Wound, cram Gunpowder into't, and blow me up. I'll not confeſs one Word to ſhame my Country.

Harm. I think we have got here the Mother of the *Maccabees*: Away with them all three. [*Exeunt the* Engliſh *Guarded.*

I'll take the Pains my ſelf to ſee theſe Tortur'd,

[*Exeunt* Harman, Van Herring, *and the two* Dutchmen *with the* Engliſh. *Manet* Fiſcal.

Enter Julia *to the* Fiſcal.

Jul. Oh, you have ruin'd me, you have undone me in the Perſon of my Husband!

Fiſc. If he will needs forfeit his Life to the Laws, by joyning with the *Engliſh* in a Plot, 'tis not in me to ſave him; but deareſt *Julia*, be ſatisfied, you ſhall not want a Husband.

Jul. Do you think I'll ever come into a Bed with him, who robb'd me of my dear ſweet Man?

Fiſc. Dry up your Tears; I'm in earneſt; I will marry you, i'faith, I will; it is your Deſtiny.

Jul. Nay, if it be my Deſtiny: But I vow I'll ne'er be yours, but upon one Condition.

Fiſc. Name your Deſire, and take it.

Jul. Then ſave poor *Beamont*'s Life.

Fiſc. This is the moſt unkind Requeſt you cou'd have made; it ſhews you Love him better: Therefore, in Prudence, I ſhou'd haſte his Death.

Jul. Come, I'll not be deny'd; you ſhall give me his Life, or I'll not love you; by this Kiſs you ſhall, Child.

Fiſc. Pray ask ſome other thing.

Jul. I have your word for this, and if you break it, how ſhall I truſt you for your marrying me.

Fiſc. Well, I will do't to oblige you.

[*Aſide*] But, to prevent her new Deſigns with him, I'll ſee him ſhipt away for *England* ſtreight.

Jul. I may build upon your Promiſe then?

Fiſc. Moſt firmly: I hear Company.

Enter Harman, Van Hering, *and the two* Dutchmen, *with* Towerſon *Priſoner.*

Harm. Now, Captain *Towerſon*, you have had the Privilege to be examin'd laſt: This on the ſcorce of my Old Friendſhip with you, though you have ill deſerv'd it. But here you ſtand accus'd of no leſs Crimes than Robbery firſt, then Murder, and laſt Treaſon: What can you ſay to clear your ſelf?

Towerſ. You're intereſted in all, and therefore partial; I have conſider'd on't, and will not plead, becauſe I know you have no Right to judge me: For the laſt Treaty, 'twixt our King and you, expreſſly ſaid That Cauſes Criminal were firſt to be Examin'd, and then Judg'd, not here, but by the Council of Defence; to whom I make Appeal.

Fiſc. This Court conceives that it has Power to Judge you; deriv'd from the moſt High and Mighty States, who in this Iſland are Supream, and that as well in Criminal, as Civil Cauſes.

1 *Dutchm.* You are not to queſtion the Authority of the Court which is to Judge you.

Towerſ. Sir, by your Favour, I both muſt, and will: I'll not ſo far betray my Nation's Right: We are not here your Subjects, but your Partners, and that Supremacy of Power you claim, extends but to the Natives, not to us. Dare you, who in the Britiſh Seas ſtrike Sayl; nay more, whoſe Lives and Freedom are our Alms, preſume to Sit and Judge your Benefactors? Your baſe new upſtart Commonwealth ſhou'd bluſh, to doom the Subjects of an *Engliſh* King; the

the meaneſt of whoſe Merchants wou'd diſdain the narrow Life, and the Domeſtick Baſeneſs of one of thoſe you call your Mighty States.

Fiſc. You ſpend your Breath in Railing; Speak to the Purpoſe.

Harm. Hold yet: Becauſe you ſhall not call us cruel, or plead I wou'd be Judge in my own Cauſe, I ſhall accept of that Appeal you make, concerning my Son's Death; provided firſt you clear your ſelf from what concerns the Pubblick; for that relating to our general Safety, the Judgment of it cannot be deferr'd, but with our common Danger.

Towerſ. Let me firſt be bold to queſtion you: What Circumſtance can make this your pretended Plot ſeem likely? The Natives firſt you tortur'd; their Confeſſion, Extorted ſo, can prove no Crime in us. Conſider next the Strength of this your Caſtle; it's Garriſon above Two hundred Men, beſides as many of your City Burghers; all ready, on the leaſt Alarm, or Summons, to Reinforce the others; for Ten *Engliſh*, and Merchants they, not Soldiers, with the Aid of Ten *Japoners*, all of 'em unarm'd, except Five Swords, and not ſo many Muſquets; th' Attempt had only been for Fools or Madmen.

Fiſc. We cannot help your want of Wit; Proceed.

Towerſ. Grant then we had been deſperate enough to hazard this; we muſt at leaſt forecaſt how to ſecure Poſſeſſion when we had it. We had no Ship nor Pinnace in the Harbour; nor cou'd have Aid from any Factory; the neareſt to us Forty Leagues from hence, and they but few in Number: You, beſides this Fort, have yet Three Caſtles in this Iſle amply provided for, and Eight Tall Ships riding at Anchor near; conſider this, and think what all the World will judge of it.

Harm. Nothing but Falſhood is to be expected from ſuch a Tongue, whoſe Heart is foul'd with Treaſon. Give him the Beverage.

Fiſc. 'Tis ready, Sir.

Harm. Hold; I have ſome Reluctance to proceed to that Extremity; he was my Friend, and I wou'd have him frankly to confeſs: Puſh ope that Priſon Door, and ſet before him the Image of his Pains in other Men.

[*The Scene opens, and diſcoveres the* Engliſh *Tortur'd, and the* Dutch *tormenting them.*

Fiſc. Now, Sir, How does the Object like you?

Towerſ. Are you Men or Devils? *D' Alva*, whom you condemn for Cruelty, did ne'er the like! He knew Original Villany was in your Blood: Your Fathers all are Damn'd for their Rebellion; when they Rebell'd, they were all us'd to this: Theſe Tortures ne'er were hatch'd in Humane Breaſts; but as your Country lies confin'd on Hell, juſt on its Marches, your black Neighbours taught ye; and juſt ſuch Pains as you invent on Earth, Hell has reſerv'd for you.

Harm. Are you yet mov'd?

Towerſ. But not as you wou'd have me. I cou'd weep Tears of Blood to view this Uſage; but you, as if not made of the ſame Mould, ſee with dry Eyes the Miſeries of Men, as they were Creatures of another kind, not Chriſtians, nor Allies, nor Partners with you, but as if Beaſts, transfix'd on Theatres, to make you cruel Sport.

Harm. Theſe are but vulgar Objects: Bring his Friend; let him behold his Tortures. Shut that Door. [*The Scene clos'd.*

Enter Beamont *led, with Matches ty'd to his Hands.*

Towerſ. Embracing him.] Oh, my dear Friend! Now I am truly wretched! Even in that Part which is moſt ſenſible, my Friendſhip! How have we liv'd to ſee the *Engliſh* Name the Scorn of theſe, the vileſt of Mankind.

Beam. Courage, my Friend; and rather praiſe we Heaven, that it has choſe Two ſuch as you and me, who will not ſhame our Country with our Pains, but ſtand like Marble Statues in their Fires, ſcorch'd and defac'd, perhaps, not melted down. So let 'em burn this Tenement of Earth; they can but burn me naked to my Soul, that's of a Nobler Frame, and will ſtand Firm, Upright, and Unconſum'd.

Fiſc. Confeſs; if you have Kindneſs, ſave your Friend.

Towerſ. Yes, by my Death I wou'd, not by my Confeſſion; he is ſo brave, he wou'd not ſo be Sav'd; but wou'd renounce a Friendſhip built on Shame.

Harm. Bring more Candles, and burn him from the Wriſts up to the Elbows.

Beam. Do; I'll enjoy the Flames like *Scævola*; and when one's Roaſted, give the other Hand.

Towerſ. Let me Embrace you while you are a Man; now you muſt loſe that

Form; be parch'd and rivell'd like a dry'd Mummy, or dead Malefactor, expos'd in Chains, and blown about by Winds.

Beam. Yet this I can endure; Go on, and weary out Two Elements; Vex Fire and Water with th' Experiments of Pains, far worse than Death.

Towerſ. Oh let me take my turn; you will have double Pleaſure; I'm aſham'd to be the only *Engliſhman* untortur'd.

Van Her. You ſoon ſhou'd have your Wiſh, but that we know in him you ſuffer more.

Harm. Fill me a brim full Glaſs: Now, Captain, Here's to all your Countrymen; I wiſh your whole *Eaſt-India* Company were in this Room, that we might uſe them thus.

Fiſc. They ſhou'd have Fires of Cloves and Cinnamon, we wou'd cut down whole Groves to Honour 'em, and be at Coſt to Burn 'em Nobly.

Beam. Barb'rous Villains! Now you ſhow your ſelves.

Harm. Boy, take that Candle thence, and bring it hither; I am exalted, and wou'd light my Pipe juſt where the Wyck is fed with *Engliſh* Fat.

Van Her. So wou'd I; Oh, the Tobacco taſtes Divinely after it.

Towerſ. We have Friends in *England*, who wou'd weep to ſee this acted on a Theatre, which here you make your Paſtime.

Beam. Oh that this Fleſh were turn'd a Cake of Ice, that I might in an inſtant melt away, and become nothing, to eſcape this Torment; there is not Cold enough in all the *North*, to quench my burning Blood. [Fiſcal *whiſpers* Harm.

Harm. Do with *Beamont* as you pleaſe, ſo *Towerſon* Die.

Fiſc. You'll not confeſs yet, Captain?

Towerſ. Hangman, No. I wou'd have don't before, if e'er I wou'd: To do it when my Friend has ſuffer'd this, were to be leſs than he.

Fiſc. Free him. [*They free* Beamont. [*To* Beamont *aſide.* *Beamont*, I have not ſworn you ſhou'd not ſuffer, but that you ſhou'd not Die; Thank *Julia* for't: But on your life do not delay this Hour to poſt from hence, ſo to your next Plantation: I cannot ſuffer a lov'd Rival near me.

Beam. I almoſt queſtion if I will receive my Life from thee: 'Tis like a Cure from Witches; 'twill leave a Sin behind it.

Fiſc. Nay, I'm not laviſh of my Courteſie; I can on eaſie Terms reſume my Gift.

Harm. Captain, you're a Dead Man; I'll ſpare your Torture for your Quality; prepare for Execution inſtantly.

Towerſ. I am prepar'd.

Fiſc. You die in Charity, I hope.

Towerſ. I can forgive even thee; my Innocence I need not name, you know it. One farewel Kiſs of my dear *Yſabinda*, and all my Buſineſs here on Earth is done.

Harm. Call her, ſhe's at the Door. [*Exit* Fiſcal.

Towerſ. to Beam. Embracing.] A long and laſt Farewel! I take my Death, with the more Chearfulneſs, becauſe thou liv'ſt behind me: Tell my Friends, I dy'd ſo as became a Chriſtian and a Man; give to my brave Imployers of the *Eaſt-India Company* the laſt Remembrance of my faithful Service; Tell 'em, I Seal that Service with my Blood; and, Dying, wiſh to all their Factories, and all the Famous Merchants of our Iſle, that Wealth their gen'rous Induſtry deſerves; but dare not hope it with *Dutch* Partnerſhip. Laſt, There's my Heart, I give it in this Kiſs [*Kiſſes him.*] Do not anſwer me, Friendſhip's a tender thing, and it would ill become me now to weep———

Beam. Adieu: If I wou'd ſpeak, I cannot——— [*Exit.*

Enter Yſabind.

Yſab. Is it permitted me to ſee your Eyes once more, before Eternal Night ſhall cloſe 'em.

Towerſ. I ſumon'd all I had of Man to ſee you; 'twas well the time allow'd for it was ſhort, I cou'd not bear it long: 'Tis dangerous, and would divide my Love betwixt Heaven and you. I therefore part in haſte; think I am going a ſudden Journey, and have not the leiſure to take a Ceremonious long Farewel.

Yſab. Do you ſtill love me?

Towerſ. Do not ſuppoſe I do; 'tis for your Eaſe, ſince you muſt ſtay behind me, to think I was unkind, you'll grieve the leſs!

Harm. Though I ſuſpect you join'd in my Son's Murder, yet ſince it is not prov'd, you have your Life. *Yſab.*

Ysab. I thank you for't; I'll make the Nobleſt uſe of your ſad Gift; that is to Die unforc'd; I'll make a Preſent of my Life to *Towerſon*; to let you ſee, though worthleſs of his Love, I would not live without him.

Towerſ. I charge you love my Memory, but live.

Harm. She ſhall be ſtrictly guarded from that Violence ſhe means againſt her ſelf.

Ysab. Vain Men! there are ſo many Paths to Death, you cannot ſtop 'em all O'er the green Turf, where my Love's laid, there will I Mourning ſit, and draw no Air but from the damps that riſe out of that hallow'd Earth; and for my Diet, I mean my Eyes alone ſhall feed my Mouth. Thus will I live, till he in Pity riſe, and the pale Shrowd take me in his cold Arms, and lay me kindly by him in his Grave.

Enter Collins, *and then* Perez, *Julia following him.*

Harm. No more; your Time's now come; you muſt away.

Coll. Now, Devils, you have done your worſt with Tortures: Death's a Privation of Pain, but they were a continual Dying.

Jul. Farewel, my Deareſt! I may have many Husbands, but never one like thee.

Per. As you love my Soul, take hence that Woman. My *Engliſh* Friends, I'm not aſham'd of Death, while I have you for Partners; I know you Innocent, and ſo am I, of this pretended Plot; but I am guilty of a greater Crime; For, being Married in another Country, the Governour's Perſuaſions, and my Love to that ill Woman, made me leave the firſt, and make this Fatal Choice. I'm juſtly puniſh'd; for her ſake I Die: the *Fiſcal* to enjoy her, has accus'd me. There is another Cauſe——By his Procurement I ſhou'd have kill'd.——

Fiſc. Away with him, and ſtop his Mouth. [*He is led off.*

Towerſ. I leave thee, Life, with no Regret at parting; full of whatever thou cou'dſt give, I riſe from thy neglected Feaſt, and go to Sleep: Yet on this brink of Death my Eyes are open'd, and Heaven has bid me Propheſie to you th'unjuſt Contrivers of this Tragick Scene.

An Age is coming, when an Engliſh *Monarch, with Blood, ſhall pay that Blood which you have ſhed. To ſave your Cities from Victorious Arms, you ſhall invite the Waves to hide your Earth, and trembling to the tops of Houſes fly; while Deluges invade your lower Rooms: Then, as with Waters you have ſwell'd our Bodies, with damps of Waters ſhall your Heads be ſwol'n.*

Till at the laſt your Sapp'd Foundations fall,
And Univerſal Ruine ſwallows all.

Van. Her. Ay, Ay, we'll venture both our Selves, and Children, for ſuch another pull.

1. *Dutchm.* Let him Propheſie when's Head's off.

2. *Dutchm.* There's ne'er a *Noſtradamus* of 'em all ſhall fright us from our Gain.

Fiſc. Now for a ſmooth Apology, and then a fawning Letter to the King of *England*; and our Work's done.

Harm. Tis done as I wou'd wiſh it. Now, Brethren, at my proper Coſt and Charges, three Days you are my Gueſts; in which good time we will divide their greateſt Wealth by Lots, while wantonly we rifle for the reſt.

Then, in full Rummers, and with joyful Hearts,
We'll drink Confuſion to all Engliſh *Starts.* [Exeunt.

TO

Her Royal Highneſs

THE

DUTCHESS.

MADAM,

AMBITION is ſo far from being a Vice in Poets, that 'tis almoſt impoſſible for them to ſucceed without it. Imagination muſt be rais'd by a deſire of Fame, to a Deſire of pleaſing: And they whom in all Ages Poets have endeavour'd moſt to pleaſe, have been the Beautiful and the Great. Beauty is their Deity to which they ſacrifice, and Greatneſs is their Guardian-Angel which protects them. Both theſe are ſo eminently join'd in the Perſon of your Royal Highneſs, that it were not eaſie for any but a Poet, to determine which of them out-ſhines the other. But, I confeſs, Madam, I am already byaſs'd in my Choice: I can eaſily reſign to others the Praiſe of your Illuſtrious Family, and that Glory which you derive from a long continu'd Race of Princes, famous for their Actions both in Peace and War: I can give up to the Hiſtorians of your Countrey, the Names of ſo many Generals and Heroes which crowd their Annals; and to our own, the Hopes of thoſe which you are to produce for the *Britiſh* Chronicle. I can yield, without Envy, to the Nation of Poets, the Family of *Eſte*, to which *Arioſto* and *Taſſo* have own'd their Patronage; and to which the World has ow'd their Poems. But I could not, without extream Reluctance, reſign the Theme of your Beauty to another Hand. Give me leave, Madam, to acquaint the World that I am jealous of this Subject; and let it be no Diſhonour to You, that after having rais'd the Admiration of Mankind, You have inſpir'd one Man to give it Voice. But with whatſoever Vanity this new Honour of being Your Poet has fill'd my Mind, I confeſs my ſelf too weak for the Inſpiration; the Prieſt was always unequal to the Oracle: The God within him was too mighty for his Breaſt. He labour'd with the Sacred Revelation, and there was more of the Myſtery left behind, than Divinity it ſelf could enable him to expreſs. I can, but diſcover a part of Your Excellencies to the World; and that too according to the meaſure of my own Weakneſs. Like thoſe who have ſurvey'd the Moon by Glaſſes, I can only tell of a new and ſhining World above us, but not relate the Riches and Glories of the Place. 'Tis therefore that I have already wav'd the Subject of your Greatneſs, to reſign my ſelf to the Contemplation of what is more peculiarly Yours. Greatneſs is indeed communicated to ſome few of both Sexes; but Beauty is confin'd to a more narrow Compaſs: 'Tis only in your Sex; 'tis not ſhar'd by many; and its Supreme Perfection is in you alone. And here, Madam, I am proud that I cannot flatter. You have reconcil'd the differing Judgments of Mankind; for all Men are equal in their Judgment of what is eminently beſt. The Prize of Beauty was diſputed only till you were ſeen; but now all Pretenders have withdrawn their Claims: There is no Competition but for the ſecond Place. Even the faireſt of our Iſland (which is fam'd for Beauties) not daring to commit their Cauſe againſt You, to the Suffrage of thoſe who moſt partially adore them. Fortune has, indeed, but render'd Juſtice to ſo much Excellence, in ſetting it ſo high to publick View; or rather Providence has done Juſtice to it ſelf, in placing the moſt perfect Workmanſhip of Heaven, where it may be admir'd by all Beholders. Had the Sun and Stars been ſeated lower, their Glory had not been communicated to all at once; and the Creator had wanted ſo much of his Praiſe, as he had made Your Condition more obſcure. But he has plac'd you ſo near a Crown, that you add a Luſtre to it by your Beauty. You are join'd to a Prince who only could deſerve You; whoſe Conduct, Courage, and Succeſs in War, whoſe Fidelity to his Royal Brother, whoſe Love for his Countrey, whoſe Conſtancy to his Friends, whoſe Bounty to his Servants, whoſe Juſtice to Merit, whoſe Inviolable Truth, and whoſe Magnanimity in all his Actions, ſeem to have been rewarded by Heaven, by the Gift of You. You are never ſeen, but You are bleſt; and I am ſure You bleſs all thoſe who ſee You. We think not the Day is long enough when we behold You: And You are ſo much the Buſineſs of our Souls, that while You are in ſight, we can neither look nor think on any elſe. There are no Eyes for other Beauties: You only are preſent, and the reſt of your Sex are but the unregarded Parts that fill your Triumph. Our Sight is ſo intent on the Object of its Admiration, that our Tongues have not leiſure even to praiſe You; for Language ſeems too low a thing to expreſs Your Excellence; and our Souls are ſpeaking ſo much within, that they deſpiſe all foreign Converſation. Every Man, even the dulleſt, is thinking more than the moſt Eloquent can teach him how to utter. Thus, Madam, in the midſt of Crowds, You reign in Solitude; and are ador'd with the deepeſt Veneration, that of Silence. 'Tis true, You are above all mortal Wiſhes; no Man deſires Impoſſibilities,

poſſibilities, becauſe they are beyond the Reach of Nature. To hope to be a God, is Folly exalted into Madneſs; but by the Laws of our Creation, we are oblig'd to adore Him; and are permitted to love Him too, at humane diſtance. 'Tis the Nature of Perfection to be attractive; but the Excellency of the Object refines the Nature of the Love. It ſtrikes an Impreſſion of awful Reverence; 'tis indeed that Love which is more properly a Zeal than Paſſion: 'Tis the Rapture which Anchorites find in Prayer, when a Beam of the Divinity ſhines upon them; that which makes them deſpiſe all worldly Objects; and yet 'tis all but Contemplation. They are ſeldom viſited from above; but a ſingle Viſion ſo tranſports them, that it makes up the Happineſs of their Lives. Mortality cannot bear it often: It finds them in the eagerneſs and height of their Devotion; they are ſpeechleſs for the time that it continues, and proſtrate and dead when it departs. The Ecſtaſie had need be ſtrong, which, without any end, but that of Admiration, has Power enough to deſtroy all other Paſſions. You render Mankind inſenſible to other Beauties; and have deſtroy'd the Empire of Love, in a Court which was the Seat of his Dominion. You have ſubverted (may I dare to accuſe you of it) even our Fundamental Laws, and reign abſolute over the Hearts of a ſtubborn and free-born People, tenacious almoſt to Madneſs of their Liberty. The brighteſt and moſt victorious of our Ladies make daily Complaints of revolted Subjects; if they may be ſaid to be revolted whoſe Servitude is not accepted; for Your Royal Highneſs is too great and too Juſt a Monarch, either to want or to receive the Homage of Rebellious Fugitives. Yet if ſome few among the Multitude continue ſtedfaſt to the firſt Pretenſions, 'tis an Obedience ſo lukewarm and languiſhing, that it merits not the Name of Paſſion; Their Addreſſes are ſo faint, and their Vows ſo hollow to their Sovereigns, that they ſeem only to maintain their Faith out of a Senſe of Honour: They are aſham'd to deſiſt, and yet grow careleſs to obtain: Like deſpairing Combatants they ſtrive againſt You, as if they had beheld unveil'd the Magical Shield of your *Arioſto*, which dazled the Beholders with too much Brightneſs; they can no longer hold up their Arms, they have read their Deſtiny in your Eyes.

Splende lo Scudo, a guiſa di Piropo;
E Luce altra non é tanto lucente:
Cader in terra a lo ſplendor fu d' vopo,
Con gli occhi abbacinati, e ſeza mente.

And yet, Madam, if I could find in my ſelf the Power to leave this Argument of Your Incomparable Beauty, I might turn to one which would equally oppreſs me with its Greatneſs. For Your Conjugal Virtues have deſerv'd to be ſet as an Example to a leſs degenerate, leſs tainted Age. They approach ſo near to Singularity in ours, that I can ſcarcely make a Panegyrick to Your Royal Highneſs, without a Satyr on many others: But your Perſon is a Paradice, and your Soul a Cherubin within to Guard it. If the Excellency of the outſide invite the Beholders, the Majeſty of your Mind deters them from too bold Approaches, and turns their Admiration into Religion. Moral Perfections are rais'd higher by You in the ſofter Sex; as if Men were of too courſe a Mould for Heaven to work on, and that the Image of Divinity could not be caſt to Likeneſs in ſo harſh a Metal. Your Perſon is ſo admirable, that it can ſcarce receive Addition when it ſhall be glorify'd; and your Soul, which ſhines through it, finds it of a Subſtance ſo near her own, that ſhe will be pleas'd to paſs an Age within it, and to be confin'd to ſuch a Palace.

I know not how I am hurried back to my former Theme: I ought and purpos'd to have celebrated thoſe Endowments and Qualities of Your Mind, which were ſufficient, even without the Graces of the Perſon, to render You, as You are, the Ornament of the Court, and the Object of Wonder to three Kingdoms. But all my Praiſes are but as a Bull-ruſh caſt upon a Stream; if they ſink not, 'tis becauſe they are born up by the Strength of the Current, which ſupports their lightneſs; but they are carried round again, and return on the Eddy where they firſt began. I can proceed no farther than Your Beauty; and even on that too, I have ſaid ſo little, conſidering the Greatneſs of the Subject, that, like him who would lodge a Bowl upon a Precipice, either my Praiſe falls back, by the Weakneſs of the Delivery, or ſtays not on the Top, but rowls over, and is loſt on the other ſide. I intended this a Dedication; but how can I conſider what belongs to my ſelf, when I have been ſo long contemplating on You! Be pleas'd then, Madam, to receive this *POEM*, without intituling ſo much Excellency as Yours, to the Faults and Imperfections of ſo mean a Writer; and inſtead of being favourable to the Piece, which merits nothing, forgive the Preſumption of the Author; who is, with all poſſible Veneration.

Your ROYAL HIGHNESS's

Moſt Obedient,

Moſt Humble,

Moſt Devoted Servant,

John Dryden.

The

The Author's Apology for Heroick Poetry, and Poetick Licence.

TO ſatisfie the Curioſity of thoſe who will give themſelves the trouble of reading the enſuing POEM, *I think my ſelf obliged to render them a Reaſon, why I publiſh an* OPERA *which was never acted. In the firſt place, I ſhall not be aſham'd to own, That my chiefeſt Motive, was the Ambition which I acknowledg'd in the Epiſtle. I was deſirous to lay at the Feet of ſo Beautiful and Excellent a Princeſs, a Work, which, I confeſs, was unworthy Her; but which I hope She will have the Goodneſs to forgive. I was alſo induc'd to it in my own defence, many hundred Copies of it being diſpers'd abroad, without my Knowledge or Conſent; ſo that every one gathering new Faults, it became at length a Libel againſt me; and I ſaw, with ſome Diſdain, more Nonſenſe than either I, or as bad a Poet could have cram'd into it, at a Month's warning; in which time, 'twas wholly written, and not ſince reviſ'd. After this, I cannot, without Injury to the deceas'd Author of* Paradiſe loſt, *but acknowledge that this* POEM *has receiv'd its intire Foundation, part of the Deſign, and many of the Ornaments from him. What I have borrow'd, will be ſo eaſily diſcern'd from my meaner Productions, that I ſhall not need to point the* Reader *to the Places: And truly, I ſhould be ſorry, for my own ſake, that any one ſhould take the pains to compare them together, the Original being undoubtedly one of the greateſt, moſt noble, and moſt ſublime* POEMS, *which either this Age or Nation has produc'd. And tho' I could not refuſe the Partiality of my Friend, who is pleas'd to commend me in his Verſes, I hope they will rather be eſteem'd the Effect of his Love to me, than of his deliberate and ſober Judgment: His Genius is able to make beautiful what he pleaſes: Yet, as he has been too favourable to me, I doubt not but he will bear of his Kindneſs from many of our Contemporaries: For we are fallen into an Age of Illiterate, Cenſorious, and Detracting People; who, thus qualify'd, ſet up for Criticks.*

In the firſt place, I muſt take leave to tell them, that they wholly miſtake the nature of Criticiſm, who think its Buſineſs is principally to find Fault. Criticiſm, as 'twas firſt inſtituted by Ariſtotle, *was meant a Standard of judging well. The chiefeſt part of which, is to obſerve thoſe Excellencies which ſhould delight a reaſonable* Reader. *If the Deſign, the Conduct, the Thoughts, and the Expreſſions of a* Poem, *be general, ſuch as proceed from a true Genius of Poetry, The Critick ought to paſs his Judgment in favour of the Author. 'Tis malicious and unmanly to ſnarl at the little lapſes of a Pen, from which* Virgil *himſelf ſtands not exempted.* Horace *acknowledges that honeſt* Homer *nods ſometimes: He is not equally awake in every Line: But he leaves it alſo as a ſtanding Meaſure for our Judgments.*

——Non, ubi plura nitent in Carmine, paucis
Offendi maculis, quas aut incuria fudit
Aut humana parum cavit Natura. ——

And Longinus, *who was undoubtedly, after* Ariſtotle, *the greateſt Critick among the* Greeks, *in his twenty ſeventh Chapter περὶ ὕψους, has judiciouſly preferr'd the ſublime Genius that ſometimes errs, to the midling or indifferent one which makes few Faults, but ſeldom or never riſes to any Excellence. He compares the firſt to a Man of large Poſſeſſions, who has not leiſure to conſider of every ſlight Expence, will not debaſe himſelf to the management of every Trifle: Particular Sums are not laid out or ſpar'd to the greateſt Advantage in his Oeconomy; but are ſometimes ſuffer'd to run to waſte, while he is only careful of the main. On the other ſide, he likens the Mediocrity of Wit, to one of a mean Fortune, who manages his Store with extream Frugality, or rather Parſimony; but who, with fear of running into Profuſeneſs, never arrives to the Magnificence of Living. This kind of Genius writes indeed, correctly: A wary Man he is in Grammar; very nice as to Soleciſm or Barbariſm, judges to a Hair of little Decencies, knows better than any Man what is not to be written, and never hazards himſelf ſo far as to fall; but plods on deliberately, and, as a grave Man ought, is ſure to put his Staff before him: In ſhort, he ſets his Heart upon it, and with wonderful Care makes his Buſineſs ſure; that is, in plain* Engliſh, *neither to be blam'd nor prais'd.——I could, ſaith my Author, find out ſome Blemiſhes in* Homer; *and am, perhaps, as naturally inclin'd to be diſguſted at a Fault as another Man. But, after all, to ſpeak impartially, his Failings are ſuch, as are only Marks of humane Frailty; they are little Miſtakes, or rather Negligences, which have eſcap'd his Pen in the fervour of his Writing; the Sublimity of his Spirit carries it with me, againſt his Careleſneſs: And though* Apollonius *his* Argonautes, *and* Theocritus *his* Eidullia, *are more free from Errors, there is not any Man of ſo falſe a Judgment, who would chuſe rather to have been* Apollonius *or* Theocritus *than* Homer.

'Tis worth our Conſideration, a little to examine how much theſe Hypercriticks *of* Engliſh *Poetry, differ from the Opinion of the* Greek *and* Latin *Judges of Antiquity; from the* Italians *and* French, *who have ſucceeded them; and, indeed, from the general Taſte and Approbation of all Ages. Heroick Poetry, which they contemn, has ever been eſteem'd, and ever will be, the greateſt Work of Humane Nature; in that Rank has* Ariſtotle *plac'd it, and* Longinus *is ſo full of the like Expreſſions, that he abundantly confirms the others Teſtimony.* Horace *as plainly delivers his Opinion, and particularly praiſes* Homer *in theſe Verſes:*

Trojani Belli Scriptorem, maxime Lolli,
Dum tu declamas Romæ, Prænefte relegi;
Qui quid ſit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Plenius ac melius Chryſippo & Crantore dicit.

And in another place, modeſtly excluding himſelf from the number of Poets, becauſe he only writ Odes and Satyrs, he tells you a Poet is ſuch an one,

—— Cui mens Divinor atque os,
magna ſonitorum.

Qua-

Quotations are superfluous in an eſtabliſh'd Truth, otherwiſe I could reckon up amongſt the Moderns, all the Italian *Commentators on* Ariſtotle's *Book of Poetry; amongſt the* French, *the greateſt in this Age,* Boileau *and* Rapin; *the latter of which is alone ſufficient, were all other Criticks loſt, to teach anew the Rules of Writing. Any Man who will ſeriouſly conſider the Nature of an Epick Poem, how it agrees with that of Poetry in general, which is to inſtruct and to delight; what Actions it deſcribes, and what Perſons they are chiefly whom it informs; will find it a Work which indeed is full of difficulty in the attempt, but admirable when 'tis well perform'd. I write not this with the leaſt intention to undervalue the other parts of Poetry; for Comedy is both excellently inſtructive, and extreamly pleaſant: Satyr laſhes Vice into Reformation, and Humour repreſents Folly ſo as to render it ridiculous. Many of our preſent Writers are eminent in both theſe kinds; and particularly the Author of the* Plain-Dealer, *whom I am proud to call my Friend, has oblig'd all honeſt and virtuous Men, by one of the moſt bold, moſt general, and moſt uſeful Satyrs which has ever been preſented on the* Engliſh *Theatre. I do not diſpute the preference of Tragedy; let every Man enjoy his taſte; but 'tis unjuſt that they who have not the leaſt notion of Heroick Writing, ſhould therefore condemn the Pleaſure which others receive from it, becauſe they cannot comprehend it. Let them pleaſe their Appetites in eating what they like; but let them not force their Diſh on all the Table. They who would combat general Authority with particular Opinion, muſt firſt eſtabliſh themſelves a Reputation of Underſtanding better than other Men. Are all the Flights of Heroick Poetry to be concluded Bombaſt, unnatural, and meer Madneſs, becauſe they are not affected with their Excellencies? 'Tis juſt as reaſonable as to conclude there is no Day, becauſe a blind Man cannot diſtinguiſh of Light and Colours; ought they not rather, in Modeſty, to doubt of their own Judgments, when they think this or that Expreſſion in* Homer, Virgil, Taſſo, *or* Milton's Paradiſe, *to be too far ſtrain'd, than poſitively to conclude, that 'tis all Puſtian and meer Nonſenſe? 'Tis true, there are Limits to be ſet betwixt the Boldneſs and Raſhneſs of a Poet; but he muſt underſtand thoſe Limits who pretends to judge, as well as he who undertakes to Write; and he who has no liking to the whole, ought in reaſon to be excluded from cenſuring of the Parts. He muſt be a Lawyer, before he mounts the Tribunal; and the Judicature of one Court too, does not qualifie a Man to preſide in another. He may be an excellent Pleader in the* Chancery, *who is not fit to rule the* Common Pleas. *But I will preſume for once to tell them, that the boldeſt Strokes of Poetry, when they are manag'd Artfully, are thoſe which moſt delight the* Reader.

Virgil *and* Horace, *the ſevereſt Writers of the ſevereſt Age, have made frequent uſe of the hardeſt Metaphors, and of the ſtrongeſt Hyperboles: And in this caſe the beſt Authority is the beſt Argument. For generally to have pleas'd, through all Ages, muſt bear the force of Univerſal Tradition. And if you would appeal from thence to Right Reaſon, you will gain no more by it in effect, than firſt, to ſet up your Reaſon againſt thoſe Authors; and ſecondly, againſt all thoſe who have admir'd them. You muſt prove why that ought not to have pleas'd, which has pleas'd the moſt Learned, and the moſt Judicious: And to be thought knowing, you muſt firſt put the Fool upon all Mankind. If you can enter more deeply than they have done, into the Cauſes and Reſorts of that which moves Pleaſure in a Reader, the Field is open, you may be heard. But thoſe Springs of Humane Nature are not ſo eaſily diſcover'd by every ſuperficial Judge: It requires Philoſophy as well as Poetry to ſound the depth of all the Paſſions; what they are in themſelves, and how they are to be provok'd; and in this Science the beſt Poets have excell'd.* Ariſtotle *rais'd the Fabrick of his Poetry, from obſervations of thoſe things, in which* Euripides, Sophocles, *and* Æſchylus *pleas'd: He conſidered how they rais'd the Paſſions, and thence has drawn Rules for our Imitation. From hence have ſprung the Tropes and Figures, for which they wanted a Name, who firſt practis'd them, and ſucceeded in them: Thus I grant you, That the knowledge of Nature was the Original Rule, and that all Poets ought to ſtudy her, as well as* Ariſtotle *and* Horace *her Interpreters. But then this alſo undeniably follows, That thoſe things which delight all Ages, muſt have been an Imitation of Nature; which is all I contend. Therefore is Rhetorick made an Art; therefore the Names of ſo many Tropes and Figures were invented; becauſe it was obſerv'd they had ſuch and ſuch an Effect upon the Audience. Therefore* Catachreſes *and* Hyperboles *have found their place amongſt them; not that they are to be avoided, but to be us'd judiciouſly, and plac'd in Poetry, as beightnings and Shadows are in Painting, to make the Figure bolder, and cauſe it to ſtand off to ſight.*

——Nec retia Cervis
Ulla, dolum meditantur, *ſays* Virgil *in his* Ecloguet. *And ſpeaking of* Leander *in his* Georgicks,

Cæca nocte natat ſerus freta, quem ſuper, ingens
Porta tonat Cœli; & ſcopulis illiſa reclamant
Æquora:——

In both of theſe you ſee he fears not to give Voice and Thought to things inanimate.

Will you arraign your Maſter Horace, *for his hardneſs of Expreſſion, when he deſcribes the Death of* Cleopatra? *and ſays ſhe did* Aſperos tractare ſerpentes, ut atrum corpore combiberet venenum? *becauſe the Body in that Action performs what is proper to the Mouth.*

As for Hyperboles, *I will neither quote* Lucan, *nor* Statius, *Men of an unbounded Imagination, but who often wanted the Poize of Judgment. The Divine* Virgil *was not liable to that exception; and yet he deſcribes* Polyphemus *thus;*

——Graditurque per æquor
Jam medium; nec dum fluctus latera ardua tingit.

In

In imitation of this place, our admirable Cowley *thus paints* Goliah.

The Valley, now, this Monster seem'd to fill;
And we, methought, look'd up to him from our Hill.

Where the two Words, Seem'd *and* Methought, *have mollified the Figure; and yet if they had not been there, the fright of the* Israelites *might have excused their belief of the Giant's Stature.*

In the eighth of the Æneids, Virgil *paints the Swiftness of* Camilla *thus:*

Illa vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret
Gramina, nec teneras cursu læsisset aristas:
Vel Mare per medium, fluctu suspensa tumenti,
Ferret iter, celere nec tingeret æquore plantas.

You are not oblig'd, as in History, to a literal Belief of what the Poet says: but you are pleas'd with the Image, without being cozen'd by the Fiction.

Yet even in History, Longinus *quotes* Herodotus *on this occasion of* Hyperboles. *The* Lacedemonians, *says he, at the Straits of* Thermopylæ, *defended themselves to the last Extremity; and when their Arms fail'd them, fought it out with their Nails and Teeth; till at length (the* Persians *shooting continually upon them) they lay buried under the Arrows of their Enemies. It is not reasonable, (continues the* Critick) *to believe that Men could defend themselves with their Nails and Teeth from an armed Multitude; nor that they lay buried under a Pile of Darts and Arrows: And yet there wants not probability for the Figure; because the* Hyperbole *seems not to have been made for the sake of the Description, but rather to have been produc'd from the occasion.*

'Tis true, the boldness of the Figures are to be hidden sometimes by the address of the Poet, that they may work their Effect upon the Mind, without discovering the Art which caus'd it. And therefore they are principally to be us'd in Passion; when we speak more warmly, and with more precipitation than at other times: For then, Si vis me flere, dolendum est primum ipsi tibi; *the Poet must put on the Passion he endeavours to represent. A Man in such an occasion is not cool enough, either to reason rightly, or to talk calmly. Aggravations are then in their proper Places; Interrogations, Exclamations, Hyperbata, or a disorder'd connexion of Discourse, are graceful there, because they are Natural. The sum of all depends on what before I hinted, That this Boldness of Expression is not to be blam'd, if it be manag'd by the Coolness and Discretion which is necessary to a Poet.*

Yet before I leave this Subject, I cannot but take notice how disingenuous our Adversaries appear: All that is dull, insipid, languishing, and without Sinews in a Poem, they call an Imitation of Nature: They only offend our most equitable Judges, who think beyond them; and lively Images and Elocution are never to be forgiven.

What Fustian, as they call it, have I heard these Gentlemen find out in Mr. Cowley's *Odes? I acknowledge my self unworthy to defend so exallent an Author: Neither have I room to do it here; only in general I will say, That nothing can appear more beautiful to me, than the Strength of those Images which they condemn.*

Imaging is, in it self, the very height and life of Poetry. 'Tis, as Longinus *describes it, a Discourse, which by a kind of Enthusiasm, or extraordinary Emotion of the Soul, makes it seem to us that we behold those things which the Poet paints, so as to be pleas'd with 'em, and to admire 'em.*

If Poetry be Imitation, that part of it must needs be best, which describes most lively our Actions and Passions, our Virtues and our Vices, our Follies and our Humours; for neither is Comedy without its part of Imaging; and they who do it best, are certainly the most excellent in their kind. This is too plainly prov'd to be denied. But how are Poetical Fictions, how are Hippocentaurs and Chimæra's, or how are Angels and Immaterial Substances to be imaged; which, some of them, are things quite out of Nature; others, such whereof we can have no Notion? This is the last refuge of our Adversaries, and more than any of them have yet had the wit to object against us. The Answer is easie to the first part of it. The Fiction of some Beings which are not in Nature, (second Notions as the Logicians call them) has been founded on the Conjunction of two Natures, which have a real separate Being. So Hippocentaurs *were imag'd by joyning the Natures of a Man and Horse together, as* Lucretius *tells us, who has us'd this word of Image oftner than any of the Poets.*

Nam certe ex vivo, Centauri non fit Imago,
Nulla fuit quoniam talis natura animal:
Verum ubi equi atque hominis, causa, convenit Imago,
Hæresit facile extemplo, &c.

The same reason may also be alledged for Chimæra's *and the rest. And Poets may be allow'd the like Liberty, for describing things which really exist not, if they are founded on popular Belief. Of this Nature are Fairies, Pigmies, and the extraordinary Effects of Magick: For 'tis still an Imitation, tho' of other Men's Fancies; and thus are* Shakespear's Tempest, *his* Midsummer Nights Dream, *and* Ben Johnson's Mask of Witches, *to be defended. For Immaterial Substances we are authoris'd by Scripture in their description; and herein the Text accommodates it self to vulgar Apprehension, in giving Angels the likeness of beautiful young Men. Thus, after the Pagan Divinity, has* Homer *drawn his Gods with humane Faces: And thus we have Notions of things above us, by describing them like other Beings more within our Knowledge.*

I wish

I wish I could produce any one Example of excellent Imagery in all this Poem: Perhaps I cannot; but that which comes nearest it, is in these four Lines, which have been sufficiently canvas'd by my well-natur'd Censors.

Seraph and *Cherub*, careless of their Charge,
And wanton, in full ease now live at large;
Ungarded leave the Passes of the Sky,
And all dissolv'd in Hallelujah's lie.

I have heard (says one of them) of Anchovies dissolv'd in Sauce, but never of an Angel in Hallelujah's. *A mighty Witticism!* (*if you will pardon a new Word*) *But there is some difference between a Laugher and a Critick. He might have burlesqu'd* Virgil *too, from whom I took the Image;*

Invadunt Urbem, somno vinoq; sepultam.

A City's being buried, is just as proper an occasion, as an Angel's being dissolv'd in Ease, and Songs of Triumph. Mr. Cowley *lies as open too in many places:*

Where their vast Courts the Mother Waters keep, *&c.*

For if the Mass of Waters be the Mothers, then their Daughters, the little Streams, are bound in all good manners to make Curt'sie to them, and ask them Blessing. How easie 'tis to turn into ridicule the best Descriptions, when once a Man is in the humour of laughing till he wheezes at his own dull Jest! But an Image which is strongly and beautifully set before the Eyes of the Reader, *will still be Poetry when the merry Fit is over; and last when the other is forgotten.*

I promis'd to say somewhat of Poetick Licence, *but have in part anticipated my Discourse already. Poetick Licence, I take to be the Liberty which Poets have assum'd to themselves in all Ages, of speaking things in Verse, which are beyond the Severity of Prose. 'Tis that particular Character, which distinguishes and sets the bounds betwixt* Oratio soluta *and* Poetry. *This, as to what regards the Thought, or Imagination of a Poet, consists in Fiction; but then those Thoughts must be express'd; and here arise two other branches of it: For if this* Licence *be included in a single Word, it admits of Tropes; if in a Sentence or Proposition, of Figures: Both which, are of a much larger Extent, and more fucculy to be us'd in Verse than Prose. This is that Birth-right which is deriv'd to us from our great Fore-fathers, even from* Homer *down to* Ben. *And they who would deny it to us, have, in plain terms, the Foxes Quarrel to the Grapes, they cannot reach it.*

How far these Liberties are to be extended, I will not presume to determine here, since Horace *does not. But 'tis certain, that they are to be varied according to the Language and Age in which an Author writes. That which would be allow'd to a* Grecian *Poet,* Martial *tells you, would not be suffer'd in a* Roman. *And 'tis evident, that the* English *does more nearly follow the strictness of the latter, than the freedoms of the former. Connexion of Epithets, or the conjunction of two Words in one, are frequent and elegant in the Greek; which yet Sir* Philip Sydney, *and the Translator of* Du Bartas, *have unluckily attempted in the English; tho' this, I confess, is not so proper an Instance of* Poetick Licence, *as it is of variety of* Idiom *in Languages.*

Horace *a little explains himself on this subject of* Licentia Poetica *in these Verses:*

——Pictoribus atque Poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas:
Sed non, ut placidis coëant immitia, non ut
Serpentes Avibus geminentur, Tygribus Hœdi.

He would have a Poem of a Piece; not to begin one thing, and end with another: He restrains it so far, that Thoughts of an unlike Nature ought not to be joyn'd together. That were indeed to make a Chaos. He tax'd not Homer, *nor the Divine* Virgil, *for interesting their Gods in the Wars of* Troy *and* Italy: *Neither, had he now liv'd, would he have tax'd* Milton, *as our false Criticks have presum'd to do, for his Choice of a supernatural Argument; but he would have blam'd any Author, who was a Christian, had he introduc'd into his Poems Heathen Deities, as* Tasso *is condemn'd by* Rapin *on the like occasion: And as* Camoëns, *the Author of the* Lusiads *ought to be censur'd by all his Readers, when he brings in* Bacchus *and* Christ *into the same Adventure of his Fable.*

From that which has been said, it may be collected, that the Definition of Wit (which has been so often attempted, (and ever unsuccessfully, by many Poets) is only this, That it is a Propriety of Thoughts and Words; or in other Terms, Thoughts and Words elegantly adapted to the Subject. If our Criticks will joyn issue on this Definition, that we may convenire in aliqo tertio; *if they will take it as a granted Principle, 'twill be easie to put an end to the Dispute. No Man will disagree from another's Judgment, concerning the Dignity of Style, in Heroick Poetry; but all reasonable Men will conclude it necessary, That sublimest Subjects ought to be adorn'd with the sublimest, and (consequently often) with the most figurative Expressions. In the mean time, I will not run into their faults of imposing my Opinions on other Men, any more than I would my Writings on their Taste: I have only laid down, and that superficially enough, my present Thoughts; and shall be glad to be taught better, by those who pretend to reform our Poetry.*

THE *State of* INNOCENCE: AND FALL of MAN, AN OPERA.

The first Scene *represents a* Chaos, *or a confus'd Mass of Matter; the Stage is almost wholly dark. A Symphony of Warlike Musick is heard for some time; then from the Heav'ns, (which are open'd) fall the Rebellious Angels, wheeling in the Air, and seeming transfix'd with Thunderbolts. The bottom of the Stairs being open'd, receives the Angels, who fall out of Sight. Tunes of Victory are play'd, and an Hymn Sung. Angels discovered above, brandishing their Swords. The Musick ceasing, and the Heav'ns being closed, the* Scene *shifts, and on a suddain represents Hell. Part of the* Scene *is a Lake of Brimstone, or rowling Fire; the Earth of a burnt Colour. The fall'n Angels appear on the Lake, lying prostrate; a Tune of Horrour and Lamentation is heard.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Lucifer *raising himself on the Lake.*

Lucifer. IS this the Seat our Conquerour has given?
And this the Climate we must change for Heaven?
These Regions and this Realm my Wars have got;
This mournful Empire is the Loser's Lot.
In Liquid Burnings, or on Dry to dwell,
Is all the sad variety of Hell.
But see the Victor has recall'd from far,
Th'avenging Storms, his Ministers of War;
His Shafts are spent, and his tir'd Thunders sleep,
Nor longer bellow through the boundless deep.
Best take th'occasion, and these Waves forsake,
While time is given. Ho, *Asmoday*, awake,
If thou art he: But, ah! How chang'd from him,
Companion of my Arms! How Wan! How Dim!
How faded all thy Glories are! I see
My self too well, and mine own Change in thee.

Asmoday. Prince of the Thrones, who in the fields of Light,
Led'st forth the imbattel'd Seraphims to Fight,
Who shook the Pow'r of Heav'ns Eternal State,
Had broke it too, if not upheld by Fate;
But now those Hopes are fled: Thus low we lie,
Shut from this Day, and that contented Skie;
And lost, as far as Heav'nly Forms can Die:
Yet not all perish'd, we defie him still,
And yet wage War with our unconquer'd Will.

Lucif.

Lucif. Strength may return.
Asm. Already of thy Virtue I partake,
Erected by thy voice.
Lucif. ——————See on the Lake
Our Troops, like ſcatter'd Leaves in *Autumn*, lie;
Firſt, let us raiſe our ſelves, and ſeek the dry,
Perhaps more eaſie Dwelling.
Asm. ——From the Beach,
Thy well-known Voice, the ſleeping Gods will reach,
And wake th'immortal Senſe, which Thunder's noiſe
Had quell'd, and Light'ning deep had driven within 'em.
Lucif. With Wings expanded wide, our ſelves we'll rear,
And fly incumbent on the duſky Air.
Hell, thy new Lord receive;
Heav'n cannot envy me an Empire here. [*Both fly to dry Land.*
Asm. Thus far we have prevail'd; if that be gain
Which is but change of Place, not change of Pain.
Now ſummon we the reſt
Lucif. Dominions, Pow'rs, ye Chiefs of Heav'ns bright Hoſt,
(O Heav'ns, once yours; but now, in Battel loſt!)
Wake from your ſlumbers: Are your Beds of Down?
Sleep you ſo eaſie there; or fear the frown
Of him who threw you thence, and joys to ſee
Your abject State confeſs his Victory?
Riſe, riſe, e'er from his Battlements he view
Your proſtrate Poſtures, and his Bolts renew,
To ſtrike you deeper down.
Asm. ——————They Wake, they Hear,
Shake off their Slumber firſt, and next their Fear.
And only for th'appointed Signal ſtay.
Lucif. Riſe from the Flood, and higher wing your way.
Mol. from the Lake.] Thine to Command, our part 'tis to Obey.
[*The reſt of the Devils riſe up, and fly to the Land.*
Lucif. So now we are our ſelves again, an Hoſt,
Fit to tempt Fate, once more, for what we loſt.
T' o'er-leap the Ætherial Fence; or if ſo high
We cannot climb, to undermine his Skie,
And blow him him up, who juſtly rules us now,
Becauſe more ſtrong: Should he be forc'd to bow,
The Right were ours again: 'Tis juſt to win
The higheſt place; t'attempt, and fail, is Sin.
Mol. Chang'd as we are, we'er yet from Homage free;
We have, by Hell, at leaſt gain'd Liberty:
That's worth our Fall; thus low tho' we are driven,
Better to Rule in Hell, than Serve in Heaven.
Lucif. There ſpoke the better half of *Lucifer*!
Asm. 'Tis fit in frequent Senate we confer,
And then determine how to ſteer our courſe;
To wage new War by Fraud, or open Force.
The Doom's now paſt; Submiſſion were in vain.
Mol. And, were it not, ſuch baſeneſs I diſdain.
I would not ſtoop to purchaſe all above;
And ſhould contemn a Pow'r whom Pray'r could move,
As one unworthy to have Conquer'd me.
Beelzebub. Moloch, in that, all are Reſolv'd like thee,
The means are unpropos'd; but 'tis not fit
Our dark *Divan* in publick view ſhould ſit
Or what we plot againſt the Thunderer,
Th'ignoble crowd of vulgar Devils hear.
Lucif. A Golden Palace let be rais'd on high;
To imitate? No, to out-ſhine the Sky!
All Mines are ours, and Gold above the reſt;
Let this be done, and quick, as 'twas expreſt.
A Palace Riſes, where ſit, as in Council, Lucifer, Aſmodai, Moloch, Belial, Beelzebub, *and* Satan.

Moſt High and Mighty Lords, who better fell
From Heav'n to riſe States-General of Hell;
Nor yet Repent tho' Ruin'd and Undone,
Our upper Provinces already won,
Such Pride there is in Souls created free,
Such hate of Univerſal Monarchy;
Speak (for we therefore met.)———
If Peace you chuſe, your Suffrages declare;
Or means propound, to carry on the War.
Mol. My Sentence is for War, that open too:
Unskill'd in Stratagems, plain Force I know.
Treaties are vain to Loſers: Nor would we,
Should Heav'n grant Peace, ſubmit to Sovereignty.
We can no caution give, we will Adore;
And he above is warn'd to truſt no more.
What then remains but Battel?
Satan. I agree
With this brave Vote; and if in Hell there be
Ten more ſuch Spirits, Heav'ns our own again:
We venture nothing, and may all obtain.
Yet who can hope but well, ſince e'en Succeſs
Makes Foes ſecure, and makes our danger leſs?
Seraph and *Cherub* careleſs of their Charge,
And wanton in full eaſe, now live at large,
Unguarded leave the Paſſes of the Sky,
And all diſſolv'd in *Hallelujahs* lie.
Mol. Grant that our hazardous Attempt prov'd vain;
We feel the worſt ſecur'd from greater pain;
Perhaps we may provoke the Conqu'ring Foe
To make us nothing, yet even then we know
That not to be, is not to be in woe.
Belial. That Knowledge which as Spirits we obtain,
Is to be valu'd in the midſt of Pain.
Annihilation were to loſe Heav'n more:
We are not quite exil'd, where Thought can ſoar.
Then ceaſe from Arms;
Tempt him not farther to purſue his blow;
And be content to bear thoſe Pains we know.
If what we had, we cou'd not keep, much leſs
Can we regain what thoſe above poſſeſs.
Beelzeb. Heav'n ſleeps not; from one wink a breach would be
In the full Circle of Eternity.
Long Pains, with uſe of bearing are half eas'd;
Heav'n unprovok'd, at length may be appeas'd.
By War, we can't eſcape our wretched Lot;
And may, perhaps, not Warring be forgot.
Aſm. Could we Repent, or did not Heav'n well know
Rebellion once forgiv'n, would greater grow;
I ſhould, with *Belial*, chuſe ignoble Eaſe.
But neither would the Conquerour give Peace,
Nor yet ſo loſt in this low State we are,
As to deſpair of a well manag'd War.
Nor need we tempt thoſe heights which Angels keep,
Who fear no Force, or Ambuſh from the deep.
What if we find ſome eaſier Enterpize?
There is a Place, if ancient Prophecies
And Fame of Heav'n not err, the Bleſt abode
Of ſome new Race, call'd Man, a Demi-God,
Whom, near this time, th'Almighty muſt Create;
He ſwore it, ſhook the Heav'ns, and made it Fate.
Lucif. I heard it; through all Heav'n the Rumour ran,
And much they talk of this intended *Man*:
Of Form Divine; but leſs in Excellence
Than we, endu'd with Reaſon, lodg'd in Senſe:

The Soul pure Fire, like ours, of equal force;
But, pent in Fleſh, muſt iſſue by Diſcourſe:
We ſee what is; to Man Truth muſt be brought
By Senſe, and drawn by a long Chain of Thought:
By that faint Light, to Will and Underſtand;
For made leſs knowing, he's at more Command.
Aſm. Thô Heav'n be ſhut, that World, if it be made,
As neareſt Heav'n, lies open to invade:
Man therefore muſt be known, his Strength, his State,
And by what Tenure he holds all of Fate.
Him let us then ſeduce, or overthrow:
The firſt is eaſieſt; and makes Heav'n his Foe.
Adviſe, if this Attempt be worth our Care.
Belial. Great is th' Advantage, great the Hazards are.
Some one (but who that Task dares undertake?)
Of this new Creature muſt diſcov'ry make.
Hell's Brazen Gates he firſt muſt break, then far
Muſt wander through old Night, and through the War
Of antique Chaos; and when theſe are paſt,
Meet Heav'ns Out-Guards, who ſcout upon the waſt:
At every Station muſt be bid to ſtand,
And forc'd to anſwer every ſtrict Demand.
Mol. This Glorious Enterpize——— [*Riſing up.*
Lucif. ———Raſh Angel, ſtay; {*Riſing, and laying his Scepter on* Moloch's *Head.*
That Palm is mine, which none ſhall take away.
Hot Braves like thee, may fight; but know not well
To manage this, the laſt great Stake of Hell.
Why am I rank'd in State above the Reſt,
If, while I ſtand of Sovereign Pow'r poſſeſt,
Another dares in danger farther go?
Kings are not made for Eaſe and Pageant ſhow.
Who would be Conquerour muſt venture all:
He merits not to Riſe, who dares not Fall.
Aſm. The Praiſe and Danger then be all your own.
Lucif. On this Foundation I erect my Throne:
Through Brazen Gates, vaſt Chaos, and old Night,
I'll force my way, and upwards ſteer my flight:
Diſcover this new World, and newer Man;
Make him my Footſtep to mount Heav'n again:
Then, in the Clemency of upward Air,
We'll ſcour our Spots, and the dire Thunders Scar,
With all the Remnants of th' unlucky War,
And once again grow bright, and once again grow fair.
Aſm. Mean time the Youth of Hell ſtrict Guard may keep,
And ſet their Centries to the utmoſt deep.
That no Ætherial Paraſite may come
To ſpy our Ills, and tell glad Tales at home.
Lucif. Before yon' Brimſtone-Lake thrice ebb and flow,
(Alas, that we muſt meaſure Time by Woe!)
I ſhall return; (my Mind preſages well)
And outward lead the Colonies of Hell.
Your Care I much approve; what Time remains,
With Sports and Muſick, in the Vales and Fields,
And whate'er Joy ſo ſad a Climate yields,
Seek to forget, at leaſt divert your Pains.

Betwixt the Firſt Act, and the Second, while the Chiefs ſit in the Palace, may be expreſſed the Sports of the Devils; as Flights and Dancing in Croteſque Figures; and a Song expreſſing the Change of their Condition; what they enjoy'd before; and how they fell bravely in Battel, having deſerved Victory by their Valour; and what they would have done, if they had Conquer'd.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I. *A Champion Country.*

Adam, *as newly Created, laid on a Bed of Moss and Flowers, by a Rock.*

Adam. WHat am I? Or from whence? for that I am, [*Rising.*
I know, because I think; but whence I came,
Or how this frame of mine began to be,
What other Being can disclose to me?
I Move, I See, I Speak, Discourse, and Know;
Tho' now I am, I was not always so.
Then that from which I was, must be before,
Whom as my Spring of Being I Adore.
How full of Ornament is all I view,
In all its Parts! and seems as beautiful as new:
O goodly order'd Work! O Pow'r Divine!
Of thee I am; and what I am is thine! [Raphael *descends to* Adam *in a Cloud.*

Raphael. First of Mankind, made o'er the World to Reign,
Whose fruitful Loins an unborn kind contain,
Well hast thou reason'd; of himself is none
But that Eternal Infinite, and One,
Who never did begin, who ne'er can end;
On him all Beings, as their Source, depend.
We first, who of his Image most partake,
Whom he all Spirits Immortal Pure did make.
Man next; whose Race exalted, must supply
The place of those, who, falling, lost the Sky.

Adam. Bright Minister of Heav'n, sent here below,
To me, who but begin to think and know;
If such could fall from Bliss, who knew and saw,
By near Admission, their Creator's Law;
What hopes have I, from Heav'n remote so far,
To keep those Laws unknowing when I err?

Raphael. Right Reason's Laws to every Humane Heart
The Eternal, as his Image, will impart.
This teaches to Adore Heav'ns Majesty:
In Pray'r and Praise does all Devotion lie.
So doing, thou and all thy Race are Blest.

Adam. Of every creeping thing, of Bird and Beast,
I see the Kinds; in Pairs distinct they go:
The Males their Loves, their Lovers Females know.
Thou nam'dst a Race which must must proceed from me,
Yet my whole Species in my self I see:
A barren Sex, and single of no use;
But full of Forms, which I can ne'er produce.

Raphel. Think not the Pow'r who made thee thus can find
No way like their's to propagate thy Kind.
Mean time, live happy in thy self alone;
Like him who, single, fills the Ætherial Throne.
To study Nature will thy Time employ:
Knowledge and Innocence are perfect Joy.

Adam. If Solitude were best, th' All-Wise above
Had made no Creature for himself to love.
I add not to the Pow'r he had before;
Yet to make me, extends his Goodness more.
He would not be alone who all things can;
But Peopled Heav'n with Angels, Earth with Man.

Raphael. As Man and Angels to the Deity,
So all inferiour Creatures are to thee.
Heav'ns Greatness no Society can bear;
Servants he made, and those thou want'st not here.

Adam.

Adam. Why did he Reaſon in my Soul implant,
And Speech th'Effect of Reaſon? To the Mute
My Speech is loſt; my Reaſon to the Brute.
Love and Society more Bleſſings bring
to them, the Slaves, than Power to me their King.
Raphael. Thus far to try thee; but, to Heaven, 'twas known,
It was not beſt for Man to be alone;
An Equal, yet thy Subject, is deſign'd
For thy ſoft Hours, and to unbend thy Mind.
Thy ſtronger Soul ſhall her weak Reaſon ſway;
And thou, through Love, her Beauty ſhalt obey:
Thou ſhalt ſecure her helpleſs Sex from Harms;
And ſhe thy Cares ſhall ſweeten with her Charms.
Adam. What more can Heav'n beſtow, or Man require?
Raphael. Yes; he can give beyond thy own Deſire.
A Manſion is provided thee more fair
Than this, and worthy Heav'ns peculiar Care:
Not fram'd of common Earth, nor Fruits, nor Flowers
Of vulgar Growth; but like Celeſtial Bowers:
The Soil luxuriant, and the Fruit Divine;
Where golden Apples on green Branches ſhine,
And Purple Grapes diſſolve into immortal Wine.
For Noon-day's heat are cloſer Arbours made;
And for freſh Ev'ning Air, the op'ner Glade.
Aſcend; and, as we go,
More Wonders thou ſhalt know.
Adam. And, as we go, let Earth and Heav'n above
Sound our Great Maker's Pow'r, and greater Love.

[*They aſcend to ſoft Muſick, and a Song is ſung.*

The Scene changes; and repreſents above, a Sun glorioufly riſing, and moving orbicularly: At a diſtance, below, is the Moon; the part next the Sun enlightened, the other dark. A black Cloud comes whirling from the adverſe part of the Heavens, bearing Lucifer *in it; at his nearer Approach, the Body of the Sun is dark'ned.*

Lucifer. Am I become ſo monſtrous? So diſfigur'd,
That Nature cannot ſuffer my Approach,
Or look me in the Face? But ſtands aghaſt;
And that fair Light which glides this new-made Orb,
Shorn of his Beams, ſhrinks in! Accurſt Ambition!
And thou, black Empire of the nether World,
How dearly have I bought you! But 'tis paſt:
I have already gone too far to ſtop,
And muſt puſh on my dire Revenge, in Ruine
of this gay Frame, and Man my up-ſtart Rival,
In Scorn of me created. Down my Pride,
And all my ſwelling Thoughts; I muſt forget,
A while, I am a Devil, and put on
A ſmooth, ſubmiſſive Face; elſe I, in vain
Have paſt through Night and Chaos, to diſcover
Thoſe envy'd Skies again, which I have loſt.
But ſtay; far off, I ſee a Chariot driv'n,
Flaming with Beams, and in it *Uriel*,
One of the Seven, (I know his hated Face)
Who ſtands in Preſence of th'Eternal Throne,
And ſeems the Regent of that glorious Light.

From that part of the Heavens, where the Sun appears, a Chariot is diſcovered, drawn with white Horſes; and in it Uriel, *the Regent of the Sun. The Chariot moves ſwiftly towards* Lucifer; *and at* Uriel's *Approach, the Sun recovers his Light.*

Uriel. Spirit, who art thou? And from whence arriv'd?
(For I remember not thy Face in Heav'n.)

Or

Or by Command, or hither led by Choice?
Or wander'ſt thou within this lucid Orb,
And ſtray'd from thoſe fair Fields of Light above,
Amidſt this new Creation want'ſt a Guide,
To reconduct thy Steps?
Lucif. ——— Bright *Uriel*,
Chief of the Seven, thou flaming Miniſter,
Who guard'ſt this new created Orb of Light,
(The World's Eye that, and thou the Eye of it)
Thy Favour, and high Office, make thee known:
An humble Cherub I, and of leſs Note,
Yet, bold, by thy Permiſſion, hither come,
On high Diſcoveries bent.
Uriel. ——— Speak thy Deſign.
Lucif. Urg'd by Renown of what I heard above,
Divulg'd by Angels neareſt Heav'n's high King,
Concerning this new World, I came to view,
(If worthy ſuch a Favour) and admire
This laſt Effect of our great Maker's Pow'r:
Thence, to my wond'ring Fellows ſhall I turn,
Full fraught with joyful Tidings of theſe Works,
New Matter of his Praiſe, and of our Songs.
Uriel. Thy Buſineſs is not what deſerves my Blame,
Nor thou, thy ſelf, unwelcome; ſee, fair Spirit,
Below yon' Sphere, (of Matter not unlike it,)
There hangs the Ball of Earth and Water mixt,
Self-center'd, and unmov'd.
Lucif. ——— But where dwells Man?
Uriel. On yonder Mount; thou ſeeſt it fenc'd with Rocks,
And round th'Aſcent a Theatre of Trees,
A Sylvane Scene, which riſing by degrees,
Lifts up the Eye below, nor gluts the Sight
With one full Proſpect, but invites by many,
To view at laſt the whole: There his Abode,
Thither direct thy Flight.
Lucif. ——— O bleſt be thou,
Who, to my low Converſe, haſt lent thy Ear,
And favour'd my Requeſt: Hail, and farewel. [*Flies downwards out of Sight.*
Uriel. Not unobſerv'd thou go'ſt, whoe'er thou art;
Whether ſome Spirit, on holy Purpoſe bent,
Or ſome fall'n Angel, from below broke looſe,
Who com'ſt with envious Eyes, and curſt Intent,
To view this World, and its created Lord:
Here will I watch, and while my Orb rouls on,
Purſue from hence thy much ſuſpected Flight;
And, if diſguis'd, pierce through the Beams of Light.
[*The Chariot drives forward out of ſight.*

The Scene *Paradiſe.*

Trees cut out on each ſide, with ſeveral Fruits upon them: A Fountain in the midſt. At the far end, the Proſpect terminates in Walks.

Adam. If this be Dreaming, let me never wake;
But ſtill the Joys of that ſweet Sleep partake,
Methought, — but why do I my Bliſs delay
By thinking what I thought? Fair Viſion, ſtay;
My better half, thou ſofter part of me,
To whom I yield my boaſted Sov'raignty,
I ſeek my ſelf, and find not, wanting thee. } *Exit.*
Enter Eve.
Eve. Tell me, ye Hills and Dales, and thou fair Sun,
Who ſhin'ſt above, what am I; whence begun?

Like

Like my ſelf, I ſee nothing: From each Tree
The feather'd Kind peep down, to look on me.
And Beaſts, with up-caſt Eyes, forſake their ſhade,
And gaze, as if I were to be obey'd.
Sure I am ſomewhat which they wiſh to be,
And cannot: I my ſelf am proud of me.
What's here? another Firmament below, [*Looks into a Fountain.*
Spread wide, and other Trees that downward grow?
And now a Face peeps up, and now draws near,
With ſmiling Looks, as pleas'd to ſee me here.
As I advance, ſo that advances too,
And ſeems to imitate whate'er I do:
When I begin to ſpeak, the Lips it moves;
Streams drown the Voice, as it wou'd ſay it loves.
Yet when I would embrace, it will not ſtay: [*Stoops down to embrace.*
Loſt, e'er tis held; when neareſt, far away.
Ah! Fair, yet falſe! Ah! Being, form'd to cheat,
By ſeeming Kindneſs, mixt with deep Deceit.

Enter Adam.

Adam. O Virgin! Heav'n begot and born of Man,
Thou faireſt of thy great Creator's Works;
Thee, Goddeſs, thee th'Eternal did ordain
His ſofter Subſtitute on Earth to Reign:
And whereſoe'er thy happy Foot-ſteps tread,
Nature in Triumph after thee is led:
Angels with Pleaſure view thy matchleſs Grace,
And love their Maker's Image in thy Face.
Eve. O! only like my ſelf, (for nothing here
So graceful, ſo Majeſtick does appear:)
Art thou the Form my longing Eyes did ſee,
Loos'd from thy Fountain, and come out to me?
Yet, ſure thou art not; nor thy Face the ſame;
Nor thy Limbs moulded in ſo ſoft a Frame:
Thou look'ſt more ſternly, doſt more ſtrongly move;
And more of Awe thou bear'ſt, and leſs of Love.
Yet pleas'd I hear thee, and above the reſt,
I, next my ſelf, admire and love thee beſt.
Adam. Made to command, thus freely I obey,
And at thy Feet the whole Creation lay.
Pity that Love thy Beauty does beget:
What more I ſhall deſire, I know not yet.
Firſt let us look'd in thoſe Embraces be;
Thence I, perhaps, may teach my ſelf and thee.
Eve. Somewhat forbids me which I cannot name;
For ignorant of Guilt, I fear not Shame:
But ſome reſtraining Thought, I know not why,
Tells me you long ſhould beg, I long deny.
Adam. In vain! my Right to thee is ſeal'd above;
Look round, and ſee where thou canſt place thy Love.
All Creatures elſe are much unworthy Thee;
They match'd, and thou alone art left for me.
If not to Love, we both were made in vain:
I my new Empire would reſign again;
And change, with my dumb Slaves, my nobler Mind,
Who, void of Reaſon, more of Pleaſure find.
Methinks, for me they beg; each ſilently
Demands thy Grace, and ſeems to watch thine Eye.
Eve. I well foreſee, whene'er thy Suit I grant,
That I my much lov'd Sovereignty ſhall want:
Or like my ſelf ſome other may be made,
And her new Beauty may thy Heart invade.
Adam. Could Heav'n ſome greater Maſter-piece deviſe,
Set out with all the Glories of the Skies,

That Beauty yet in vain he ſhould decree,
Unleſs he made another Heart for me.
Eve. With how much Eaſe I, whom I love, believe!
Giving my ſelf, my want of Worth I grieve.
Here, my inviolable Faith I plight,
So, Thou be my Defence, I thy Delight. [*Exeunt, he leading her.*

ACT. III. SCENE. I. *Paradiſe.*

Lucifer. FAIR Place! Yet what is this to Heav'n, where I
Sate next, ſo almoſt equall'd the moſt High?
I doubted, meaſuring both, who was more ſtrong:
Then, willing to forget time ſince ſo long,
Scarce thought I was created; vain Deſire
Of Empire, in my Thoughts, ſtill ſhot me higher,
To move above his ſacred Head; ah why,
When he ſo kind, was ſo ungrateful I?
He bounteouſly beſtow'd unenvy'd Good
On me; in arbitrary Grace I ſtood:
T'acknowledge this, was all he did exact;
Small Tribute, where the Will to pay was Act.
I mourn it now, unable to repent,
As he, who knows my Hatred to relent,
Jealous of Pow'r once queſtion'd: Hope, farewel;
And with Hope, Fear; no Depth below my Hell
Can be prepar'd: Then, Ill, be thou my Good;
And vaſt Deſtruction, be my Envy's Food.
Thus I, with Heav'n, divided Empire gain;
Seducing Man, I make his Project vain,
And in one Hour, deſtroy his Six Days Pain.
They come again; I muſt retire.

Enter Adam *and* Eve.

Adam. Thus ſhall we live in perfect Bliſs, and ſee,
Deathleſs our ſelves, our num'rous Progeny.
Thou young and beauteous, my Deſires to bleſs;
I, ſtill deſiring, what I ſtill poſſeſs.
Eve. Heav'n, from whence Love (our greateſt Bleſſing) came
Can give no more, but ſtill to be the ſame.
Thou more of Pleaſure mayſt with me partake;
I, more of Pride, becauſe thy Bliſs I make.
Adam. When to my Arms thou brought'ſt thy Virgin-Love,
Fair Angels ſung our Bridal Hymn above:
Th'Eternal nodding ſhook the Firmament,
And conſcious Nature gave her glad Conſent.
Roſes unbud, and ev'ry fragrant Flower,
Flew from their Stalks, to ſtrow thy Nuptial Bower:
The furr'd and feather'd Kind, the Triumph did purſue,
And Fiſhes leapt above the Streams, the paſſing Pomp to view.
Eve. When your kind Eyes look'd languiſhing on mine,
And wreathing Arms did ſoft Embraces join,
A doubtful Trembling ſeiz'd me firſt all o'er;
Then, Wiſhes; and a Warmth, unknown before:
What follow'd, was all Ecſtaſie and Trance;
Immortal Pleaſures round my ſwimming Eyes did dance,
And ſpeechleſs Joys, in whoſe ſweet Tumult toſt,
I thought my Breath, and my new Being loſt.
Lucif. O Death to hear! And a worſe Hell on Earth: [*Aſide.*
What mad Profuſion on this Clod-born Birth!
Abyſs of Joys, as if Heav'n meant to ſhew
What, in baſe Matters, ſuch a Hand could do:
Or was his Virtue ſpent, and he no more
With Angels could ſupply th'exhauſted Store;
Of which I ſwept the Sky? ———

And

And wanting Subjects to his haughty Will,
On this mean Work employ'd his trifling Skill.
Eve. Blest in our selves, all Pleasures else abound;
Without our Care, behold th'unlabour'd Ground,
Bounteous of Fruit, above our shady Bowers
The creeping *Jessamin* thrusts her fragrant Flowers;
The *Myrtle*, *Orange*, and the blushing *Rose*,
With bending Heaps so nigh their Blooms disclose,
Each seems to smell the Flavour which the other blows.
By these the *Peach*, the *Guava*, and the *Pine*,
And, creeping 'twixt 'em all, the mant'ling *Vine*,
Does round their Trunks her purple Clusters twine.
Adam. All these are ours, all Nature's Excellence,
Whose Taste and Smell can bless the feasted Sense:
One only Fruit, in the mid-Garden plac'd,
(The Tree of Knowledge) is deny'd our Taste;
(Our Proof of Duty to our Maker's Will:)
Of Disobedience, Death's the threatned Ill.
Eve. Death is some Harm, which tho' we know not, yet,
Since threatned, we must needs imagine great:
And sure he merits it, who disobeys
That one Command, and one of so much Ease.
Lucif. Must they then die, if they attempt to know?
He sees they would rebel, and keeps them low.
On this Foundation I their Ruine lay;
Hope, to know more, shall tempt to disobey.
I fell by this, and since their Strength is less,
Why should not equal Means give like Success?
Adam. Come, my fair Love, our Morning Task we lose;
Some Labour, e'en the easiest Life would chuse:
Ours is not great, the dangling Boughs to crop,
Whose too luxuriant Growth our Alleys stop,
And choke the Paths: This our Delight requires;
And Heav'n no more of daily Work desires.
Eve. With thee to live is *Paradise* alone;
Without the Pleasure of thy Sight is none.
I fear small Progress will be made this day,
So much our Kisses will our Task delay. [*Exeunt.*
Lucif. Why have not I, like these, a Body too,
Form'd for the same Delights which they pursue?
I could (so variously my Passions move)
Enjoy, and blast her in the Act of Love.
Unwillingly I hate such Excellence;
She wrong'd me not; but I revenge th'Offence,
Through her, on Heav'n, whose Thunder took away
My Birthright Skies! Live happy whilst you may,
Blest Pair, y'are not allow'd another day! [*Exit.*

[Gabriel *and* Ithuriel *descend, carried on bright Clouds; and flying cross each other, then light on the Ground.*

Gabriel. Ithuriel, since we two commission'd are
From Heav'n the Guardians of the new-made Pair,
Each Mind his Charge; for, see, the Night draws on,
And rising Mists pursue the setting Sun.
Ithuriel. Blest is our Lot to serve; our Task we know:
To watch, lest any from th' Abyss below
Broke loose, disturb their Sleep with Dreams; or worse,
Assault their Beings with superior Force. [Uriel *flies down from the Sun.*
Uriel. Gabriel, if now the Watch be set, prepare,
With strictest Guard, to show thy utmost Care.
This Morning came a Spirit, fair he seem'd,
Whom, by his Face, I some young *Cherub* deem'd;
Of Man he much enquir'd, and where his Place,
With shews of Zeal to praise his Maker's Grace;

But I, with watchful Eyes obſerv'd his Flight,
And ſaw him on yon ſteepy Mount alight;
There, as he thought, unſeen, he laid aſide
His borrow'd Mask, and re-aſſum'd his Pride:
I mark'd his Looks, averſe to Heav'n and Good;
Dusky he grew, and long revolving ſtood
On ſome deep dark Deſign; thence ſhot with haſte,
And oe'r the Mounts of Pradiſe he paſt:
By his proud Port he ſeem'd the Prince of Hell;
And here he lurks in Shades till Night: Search well
Each Grove and Thicket, pry in every Shape,
Leſt, hid in ſome, th' Arch-Hypocrite eſcape.

Gabriel. If any Spirit come t'invade or ſcout
From Hell, what Earthy Fence can keep him out?
But reſt ſecure of this, he ſhall be found,
And taken, or proſcrib'd this happy Ground.

Ithuriel. Thou to the Eaſt, I Weſtward walk the round,
And meet me in the midſt. *(Uriel.)* Heav'n your Deſign.
Succeed: Your Charge requires you, and me mine.

[Uriel *flies forward out of ſight.* *The two Angles* Exeunt *ſeverally.*

A Night-Peice of a pleaſant Bower: Adam *and* Eve *aſleep in it.* *Enter* Lucifer.

Lucifer. So, now they lie ſecure in Love, and ſteep
Their ſated Senſes in full Draughts of ſleep.
By what ſure means can I their Bliſs invade?
By Violence? No, for they're immortal made.
Their Reaſon ſleeps, but Mimick Fancy wakes;
Supplies her parts, and wild Idea's takes
From Words and things ill-ſorted and mis-joyn'd;
The Anarchy of Thought and Chaos of the Mind:
Hence Dreams confus'd and various may ariſe;
Theſe will I ſet before the Woman's Eyes,
The weaker ſhe, and made my eaſier Prey;
Vain Shows and Pomp the ſofter Sex betray.

[Lucifer *ſits down by* Eve, *and ſeems to whiſper in her Ear.*

A Viſion, where a Tree riſes loaden with Fruits; four Spirits riſe with it, and draw a Canopy out of the Tree; other Spirits dance about the Tree in deform'd ſhapes; after the Dance, an Angel enters with a Woman, habited like Eve.

Angels ſinging:

Look up, look up, and ſee
What Heav'n prepares for thee;
Look up and this fair Fruit behold,
Ruddy it ſmiles, and rich with ſtreaks of Gold.
The loaden Branches downward bend,
Willing they ſtoop, and thy fair Hand attend.
Fair Mother of Mankind, make haſte,
And bleſs, and bleſs thy Senſes with the taſte.

Woman. No; 'tis forbidden: I
In taſting it ſhall die.

Angel. Say who enjoy'nd this harſh Command?

Woman. 'Twas Heav'n, and who can Heav'n withſtand?

Angel. Why was it made ſo Fair? why plac'd in ſight?
Heav'n is too good to envy Man's Delight.
See, we before thy Face will try,
What thou ſo fear'ſt, and will not die.

[*The Angel takes the Fruit, and gives to the Spirits who danc'd; thy immediately put off their diform'd ſhapes, and appear Angels.*

Angels ſinging. Behold what a Change on a ſudden is here!
How glorious in Beauty, how bright they appear!
From Spirits deform'd they are Deities made,
Their Pinions at Pleaſue the Clouds can invade.

[*The Angel gives to the Woman, who Eats.*

'Till equal in Honour they riſe
With Him who commands in the Skies:
Then taſte without Fear, and be happy and wiſe.

Woman.

Woman. Ah! now I believe; ſuch a Pleaſure I find,
As enlightens my Eyes, and enlivens my Mind.
[*The Spirits who were turn'd Angels, fly up when they have taſted.*
I only repent
I deferr'd my Content.
Angel. Now wiſer Experience has taught you to prove,
What a Folly it is,
Out of Fear to ſhun Bliſs.
To the Joy that's forbidden we eagerly move;
It enhances the Price, and encreaſes the Love.
Chorus of Both. To the Joy, &c.
Two Angels deſcend; they take the Woman each by the Hand, and fly up with her out of ſight. The Angel who ſung, and the Spirits who held the Canopy, at the ſame inſtant ſink down with the Tree.
Enter Gabriel *and* Ithuriel *to* Lucifer, *who remains.*
Gabriel. What art thou? ſpeak, thy Name, and thy Intent.
Why here alone? and on what Errand ſent?
Not from above: No, thy wan Looks betray
Diminiſh'd Light, and Eyes unus'd to day.
Lucifer. Not to know me, argues thy ſelf unknown:
Time was, when ſhining next th' Imperial Throne,
I ſate in awful State, while ſuch as thou
Did, in the ignoble Crowd, at diſtance bow.
Gabriel. Think'ſt thou, vain Spirit, thy Glories are the ſame?
And ſeeſt not Sin obſcures thy Godlike Frame?
I know the now by thy ungreateful Pride;
That ſhows me what thy faded Looks did hide.
Traytor to Him who made, and ſet thee high;
And Fool, that Pow'r which form'd thee to defie.
Lucifer. Go, Slaves, return, and fawn in Heav'n again;
Seek thanks from Him, whoſe Quarrel you maintain.
Vile Wretches! of your Servitude to boaſt:
You baſely keep the Place I bravely loſt.
Ithuriel. Freedom is choice of what we will and do:
Then blame not Servants who are freely ſo.
'Tis baſe not to acknowledge what we owe.
Lucifer. Thanks, howe'er due, proclaim Subjection yet:
I fought for Power to quit th' upbraided Debt.
Whoe'er expects our Thanks, himſelf repays;
And ſeems but little, who can want our Praiſe.
Gabriel. What in us Duty, ſhows not Want in Him:
Bleſt in Himſelf alone.——————
To whom no Praiſe we, by good Deeds, can add;
Nor can his Glory ſuffer from our bad.
Made for His Uſe; yet He has form'd us ſo,
We, unconſtrain'd, what he commands us do.
So praiſe we Him, and ſerve Him freely beſt;
Thus thou, by choice, art fallen, and we are bleſt.
Ithuriel. This, leſt thou think thy Plea, unanſwer'd, good,
Our Queſtion thou evad'ſt: How didſt thou dare
To break Hell Bounds, and near this Humane Pair
In nightly ambuſh lie?
Lucifer. Lives there who would not ſeek to force his way
From Pain to Eaſe, from Darkneſs to the Day?
Should I, who found the means t'eſcape, not dare
To change my ſulph'rous Smoke, for upper Air!
When I in fight ſuſtain'd your Thunderer,
And Heav'n on me alone ſpent half his War,
Think'ſt thou thoſe Wounds were light? Should I not ſeek
The Clemency of ſome more temp'rate Clime
To purge my Gloom; and by the Sun refin'd,
Bask in his Beams, and bleach me in the Wind?
Gabriel. If Pain to ſhun be all thy Buſ'neſs here,
Methinks thy Fellows the ſame courſe ſhould ſteer.

Is their Pain leſs, who yet behind thee ſtay;
Or thou leſs hardy to endure than they?
Lucifer. Nor one, nor t'other; but as Leaders ought,
I ventur'd firſt alone; firſt Danger ſought:
And firſt explor'd this new-created Frame,
Which fill'd our dusky Regions with its Fame:
In hopes my fainting Troops to ſettle here,
And to defend againſt your Thunderer
This ſpot of Earth, or nearer Heav'n repair,
And forrage to his Gates from middle Air.
Ithuriel. Fool! To believe thou any part canſt gain
From Him, who couldſt not thy firſt Ground maintain.
Gabriel. But whether that Deſign, or one as vain,
T'attempt the Lives of theſe, firſt drew thee here;
Avoid the Place, and never more appear
Upon this Hallow'd Earth, elſe prove our Might.
Lucifer. Not that I fear, do I decline the Fight:
You I diſdain; let me with him contend,
On whom your limitary Powers depend.
More Honour from the Sender than the Sent;
Till then, I have accompliſh'd my Intent;
And leave this Place, which but augments my Pain,
Gazing to wiſh, yet hopeleſs to obtain. [*Exit. They following him.*

ACT IV. SCENE I. *Paradiſe.*

Adam *and* Eve.

Adam. STrange was your Dream, and full of ſad Portent;
Avert it Heav'n, (if it from Heaven were ſent:)
Let on thy Foes the dire Preſages fall;
To us be good and eaſie, when we call.
Eve. Behold from far a breaking Cloud appears,
Which, in it, many winged Warriors bears.
Their Glory ſhoots upon my aking Senſe;
Thou ſtronger may'ſt endure the Flood of Light;
And while in Shades I chear my fainting Sight,
Encounter the deſcending Excellence. [*Exit.*

The Cloud deſcends with Six Angels in it; and when 'tis near the ground, breaks; and on each ſide, diſcovers Six more: They deſcend out of the Cloud. Raphael *and* Gabriel *Diſcourſe with* Adam, *the reſt ſtand at diſtance.*

Raph. Firſt of Mankind, that we from Heav'n are ſent,
Is from Heavn's Care thy Ruine to prevent.
Th' Apoſtate Angel has, by Night, been here,
And whiſper'd through thy ſleeping Conſort's Ear
Deluſive Dreams: Thus warn'd by us, beware;
And guide her Frailty by thy timely Care.
Gabriel. Theſe, as thy Guards from outward Harms, are ſent;
Ills from within, thy Reaſon muſt prevent.
Adam. Natives of Heav'n, who in Compaſſion deign
To want that place where Joys Immortal Reign,
In care of me; what Praiſes can I pay,
Deſcended in Obedience, taught t'Obey?
Raph. Praiſe him alone, who, God-like, form'd thee free,
With Will unbounded, as a Deity;
Who gave thee Reaſon as thy Aid, to chuſe
Apparent Good, and Evil to refuſe.
Obedience is that Good: This Heav'n exacts;
And Heav'n, all Juſt, from Man requires not Acts
Which Man wants Pow'r to do: Pow'r then is giv'n
Of doing good; but not compell'd by Heav'n.
Gabriel. Made good; that thou doſt to thy Maker owe;
But to thy ſelf, if thou continu'ſt ſo.

Adam.

Adam. Freedom of Will, of all good things is beſt;
But can it be by finite Man poſſeſt?
I know not how Heav'n can communicate
What equals Man to his Creator's State.
Raphael. Heav'n cannot give his boundleſs Pow'r away;
But boundleſs Liberty of Choice he may.
So Orbs, from the firſt Mover, Motion take;
Yet each their proper Revolutions make.
Adam. Grant Heav'n could once have giv'n us liberty;
Are we not bounded, now, by firm Decree,
Since whatſoe'er is pre-ordain'd, muſt be?
Elſe Heav'n, for Man, Events might pre-ordain,
And Man's Free-will might make thoſe Orders vain.
Gabriel. Th' Eternal, when he did the World create,
All other Agents did neceſſitate:
So, what he order'd, they, by Nature, do;
Thus light things mount, and heavy downward go.
Man only boaſts an arbitrary State.
Adam. Yet Cauſes their Effects neceſſitate
In willing Agents: Where is Freedom then?
Or who can break the Chain which limits Men
To act what is unchangeably forecaſt,
Since the firſt Cauſe gives motion to the laſt?
Raphael. Heav'n by fore-knowing what will ſurely be,
Does only, firſt Effects in Cauſes ſee;
And finds, but does not make Neceſſity.
Creation is of Pow'r, and Will th'Effect,
Fore-knowledge only of his Intellect;
His Preſcience makes not, but ſuppoſes things;
Infers Neceſſity to be; not brings.
Thus thou art not conſtrain'd to Good or Ill:
Cauſes which work th'Effect, force not the Will.
Adam. The Force unſeen, and diſtant, I confeſs;
But the long Chain makes not the Bondage leſs.
Ev'n Man himſelf may to himſelf ſeem free,
And think that Choice which is Neceſſity.
Gabriel. And who but Man ſhould judge of Man's free State?
Adam. I find that I can chuſe to love, or hate;
Obey, or diſobey; do good, or ill;
Yet ſuch a Choice is but Conſent, not Will.
I can but chuſe what he has firſt deſign'd,
For he, before that Choice, my Will confin'd.
Gabriel. Such impious Fancies, where they entrance gain,
Made Heav'n, all pure, thy Crimes to pre-ordain.
Adam. Far, far from me be baniſh'd ſuch a Thought:
I argue only to be better taught.
Can there be Freedom, when what now ſeems free,
Was founded on ſome firſt Neceſſity;
For whate'er Cauſe can move the Will t'elect,
Muſt be ſufficient to produce th'Effect:
And what's ſufficient, muſt effectual be:
Then how is Man, thus forc'd by Cauſes, free?
Raph. Sufficient Cauſes only work th'Effect,
When neceſſary Agents they reſpect.
Such is not Man, who tho' the Cauſe ſuffice,
Yet often he his free Aſſent denies.
Adam. What cauſes not, is not ſufficient ſtill.
Gabriel. Sufficient in it ſelf; not in thy Will.
Raph. When we ſee Cauſes join'd t'Effects at laſt,
The Chain but ſhews Neceſſity that's paſt.
That what's done, is; (ridiculous Proof of Fate!)
Tell me which Part it does neceſſitate;
I'll chuſe the other; there I'll link th'Effect,
O Chain, which Fools, to catch themſelves, project!

Adam.

Adam. Tho' no Conſtraint from Heav'n, or Cauſes be,
Hav'n may prevent that Ill he does foreſee:
And, not preventing, tho' he does not cauſe,
He ſeems to will that Men ſhould break his Laws.
Gabriel. Heav'n may permit, but not to Ill conſent:
For hind'ring Ill, he would all Choice prevent.
'Twere to unmake, to take away the Will.
Adam. Better conſtrain'd to Good, than free to Ill.
Raph. But what Reward or Puniſhment could be,
If Man to neither Good nor Ill were free?
Th'Eternal Juſtice could decree no Pain,
To him whoſe Sins it ſelf did firſt ordain;
And Good compell'd, could no Reward exact:
His Pow'r would ſhine in Goodneſs, not thy Act.
Our Task is done, obey, and in that Choice, [Raphael *and* Gabriel *fly up in the*
Thou ſhalt be bleſt, and Angels ſhall rejoice. *Cloud; the other Angels go off.*
Adam. Hard State of Life! Since Heav'n fore-knows my Will,
Why am I not ty'd up from doing Ill?
Why am I truſted with my ſelf at large,
When he's more able to ſuſtain the Charge?
Since Angels fell, whoſe Strength was more than mine,
'Twould ſhow more Grace my Frailty to confine.
Fore-knowing the Succeſs, to leave me free,
Excuſes him, and yet ſupports not me. [*To him* Eve.
Eve. Behold, my Heart's dear Lord, how high the Sun
Is mounted, yet our Labour not begun.
The Ground, unbid, gives more than we can ask;
But Work is Pleaſure when we chuſe our Task.
Nature, not bounteous now, but laviſh grows,
Our Paths with Flow'rs ſhe prodigally ſtrows;
With Pain we lift up our intangled Feet,
While croſs our Walks the ſhooting Branches meet.
Adam. Well has thy Care advis'd; 'tis fit we haſte;
Nature's too kind, and follows us too faſt;
Leaves us no Room her Treaſures to poſſeſs,
But mocks our Induſtry with her Exceſs;
And wildly wanton wears by Night away
The ſign of all our Labours done by Day.
Eve. Since then the Work's ſo great, the Hands ſo few,
This Day let each a ſev'ral Task purſue.
By thee, my Hands to labour will not move,
But round thy Neck employ themſelves in Love.
When thou wouldſt work, one tender Touch, one Smile,
(How can I hold?) will all thy Task beguile.
Adam. So hard we are not to our Labour ty'd,
That Smiles and ſoft Endearments are deny'd.
Smiles, not allow'd to Beaſts, from Reaſon move.
And are the Privilege of humane Love:
And if, ſometimes, each others Eyes we meet,
Thoſe little Vacancies from Toil are ſweet.
But you, by Abſence, would refreſh your Joys,
Becauſe perhaps, my Converſation cloys.
Yet this, would Prudence grant, I could permit.
Eve. What Reaſon makes my ſmall Requeſt unfit?
Adam. The fall'n Archangel, envious of our State,
Purſues our Beings with immortal Hate.
And hopeleſs to prevail by open Force,
Seeks hid Advantage, to betray us worſe:
Which when aſſunder, will not prove ſo hard:
For both together are each others Guard.
Eve. Since he, by Force, is hopeleſs to prevail,
He can by Fraud alone our Minds aſſail:

And to believe his Wiles my Truth can move,
Is to miſdoubt my Reaſon or my Love.
Adam. Call it my Care, and not Miſtruſt of Thee.
Yet thou art weak, and full of Art is he:
Elſe how could he that Hoſt ſeduce to Sin,
Whoſe Fall has left the Heavenly Nation thin?
Eve. I grant him arm'd with Subtilty and Hate;
But why ſhould we ſuſpect our happy State?
Is our Perfection of ſo frail a Make,
As ev'ry Plot can undermine and ſhake?
Think better both of Heav'n, thy ſelf and me;
Who always fears, at Eaſe can never be.
Poor State of Bliſs, where ſo much Care is ſhown,
As not to dare to truſt our ſelves alone!
Adam. Such is our State, as not exempt from Fall;
Yet firm, if Reaſon to our Aid we call:
And that, in both, is ſtronger than in one;
I would not; why wouldſt thou, then, be alone?
Eve. Becauſe thus warn'd, I know my ſelf ſecure,
And long my little Trial to endure;
T'approve my Faith, thy needleſs Fears remove,
Gain thy Eſteem, and ſo deſerve thy Love.
If all this ſhake not thy obdurate Will,
Know that ev'n preſent, I am abſent ſtill:
And then what Pleaſure hop'ſt thou in my ſtay,
When I'm conſtrain'd, and wiſh my ſelf away.
Adam. Conſtraint does Ill with Love and Beauty ſute;
I would perſwade, but not be abſolute.
Better be much remiſs than too ſevere,
If pleas'd in Abſence, thou wilt ſtill be here:
Go, in thy Native Innocence proceed,
And ſummon all thy Reaſon at thy Need.
Eve. My Soul, my Eyes Delight; in this I find
Thou lov'ſt, becauſe to love is to be kind, [*Embracing him.*
Seeking my Trial, I am ſtill on Guard:
Trials leſs ſought, would find us leſs prepar'd.
Our Foe's too proud the weaker to aſſail,
Or doubles his Diſhonour if he fail.
Adam. In Love, what Uſe of Prudence can there be?
More perfect I, and yet more powerful She.
Blame me not, Heav'n, if thou Love's Pow'r haſt try'd,
What could be ſo unjuſt to be deny'd?
One Look of hers my Reſolution breaks:
Reaſon it ſelf turns Folly when ſhe ſpeaks:
And aw'd by her, whom it was made to ſway,
Flatters her Pow'r, and does its own betray.

The middle part of the Garden is repreſented, where four Rivers meet; on the right ſide of the Scene, is plac'd the Tree of Life; on the left, the Tree of Knowledge.

Enter Lucifer.

Lucif. Methinks the Beauties of this Place ſhould mo
Th'immortal Fruits and Flow'rs at my Return
Should hang their wither'd Heads; for ſure my Breath
Is now more poys'nous, and has gather'd Death
Enough to blaſt the whole Creation's Frame:
Swoln with Deſpite, with Sorrow, and with Shame,
Thrice have I beat the Wing, and rid with Night
About the World, behind the Globe of Light,
To ſhun the Watch of Heav'n; ſuch Care I uſe:
(What Pains would Malice, rais'd like mine refuſe?
Not the moſt abject Form of Brutes to take.)
Hid in the ſpiry Volumes of the Snake,
I lurk'd within the Covert of a Brake;

Not yet descry'd. But, see, the Woman here
Alone! Beyond my Hopes! no Guardian near;
Good Omen that: I must retire unseen,
And with my borrow'd Shape, the Work begin. [*Retires.*

Enter Eve.

Eve. Thus far, at least, with leave; nor can it be
A Sin to look on this Cœlestial Tree:
I would not more; to touch, a Crime may prove:
Touching is a remoter Taste in Love.
Death may be there, or Poyson in the Smell,
(If Death in any thing so fair can dwell;)
But Heav'n forbids: I could be satisfy'd,
Were every Tree but this, but this deny'd.

[*A Serpent enters on the Stage, and makes directly to the Tree of Knowledge; on which winding himself, he plucks an Apple; then descends, and carries it away.*

Strange Sight! Did then our great Creator grant
That Privilege, which we their Masters want,
To these inferiour Beings? Or was it Chance?
And was he blest with bolder Ignorance?
I saw his curling Crest the Trunk infold:
The ruddy Fruit distinguish'd o'er with Gold,
And smiling in its native Wealth, was torn
From the rich Bough, and then in Triumph born:
The vent'rous Victor march'd unpunish'd hence,
And seem'd to boast his fortunate Offence.

To her Lucifer *in a humane Shape.*

Lucifer. Hail, Sovereign of this Orb! form'd to possess
The World, and, with one Look, all Nature bless.
Nature is thine; Thou, Empress, dost bestow
On Fruits, to Blossom; and on Flowers to blow.
They happy, yet insensible to boast
Their Bliss: More happy they who know the most.
Then happiest I, to Humane Reason rais'd,
And Voice, with whose first Accents thou art prais'd.

Eve. What art thou? Or from whence? For on this Ground,
Beside my Lord's, ne'er heard I Humane Sound.
Art thou some other *Adam* form'd from Earth,
And com'st to claim on equal Share, by Birth,
In this fair Field? Or sprung of Heavenly Race?

Lucifer. An humble Native of this happy Place.
Thy Vassal born, and late of lowest Kind,
Whom Heaven neglecting made, and scarce design'd,
But threw me in, for Number, to the rest,
Below the mounting Bird, and grazing Beast;
By Chance, not Prudence, now Superiour grown.

Eve. To make thee such, what Miracle was shown?

Lucif. Who would not tell what thou vouchsaf'st to hear?
Saw'st thou not late a speckled Serpent rear
His gilded Spires to climb on yon' fair Tree?
Before this happy Minute I was he.

Eve. Thou speak'st of Wonders: Make thy Story plain.

Lucif. Not wishing then, and thoughtless to obtain
So great a Bliss; but led by Sense of Good,
In-born to all, I sought my needful Food:
Then, on that Heavnly Tree my Sight I cast;
The Colour urg'd my Eye, the Scent my Taste.
Not to detain thee long, I took, did eat:
Scarce had my Palate touch'd th'Immortal Meat,
But on a sudden turn'd to what I am,
God like, and next to thee, I fair became:
Thought, spake, and reason'd; and by Reason found
Thee, Nature's Queen, with all her Graces crown'd.

Eve.

Eve. Happy thy Lot; but far unlike is mine.
Forbid to eat, not daring to repine.
'Twas Heav'ns Command, and ſhould we diſobey,
What rais'd thy Beings, ours muſt take away.
Lucifer. Sure you miſtake the Precept, or the Tree:
Heav'n cannot envious of his Bleſſings be.
Some chance-born Plant he might forbid your Uſe,
As wild, or guilty of a deadly Juice:
Not this, whoſe Colour, Scent Divine, and Taſte,
Proclaim the thoughtful Maker not in haſte.
Eve. By all theſe ſigns too well I know the Fruit,
And dread a Power ſevere and abſolute.
Lucifer. Severe indeed, ev'n to Injuſtice hard,
If Death, for knowing more, be your Reward:
Knowledge of Good, is good; and therefore fit;
And to know Ill, is good, for ſhunning it;
Eve. What, but our Good, could he deſign in this,
Who gave us all, and plac'd in perfect Bliſs?
Lucifer. Excuſe my Zeal, fair Sov'reign in your Cauſe,
Which dares to tax his arbitary Laws:
'Tis all his aim to keep you blindly low,
That ſervile Fear from Ignorance may flow:
We ſcorn to worſhip whom too well we know.
He knows that eating, you ſhall God-like be;
As wiſe, as fit to be ador'd as he.
For his own Int'reſt he this Law has given;
Such Beauty may raiſe Factions in his Heaven.
By awing you, he does Poſſeſſion keep,
And is too wiſe to hazard Partnerſhip.
Eve. Alas, who dares diſpute with him that Right?
The Power which form'd us muſt be infinite.
Lucifer. Who told you how your Form was firſt deſign'd?
The Sun and Earth produce of ev'ry kind;
Graſs, Flowers, and Fruits; nay, living Creatures too:
Their Mould was baſe; 'twas more refin'd in you;
Where Vital Heat in purer Organs wrought,
Produc'd a Nobler Kind, rais'd up to Thought;
And that, perhaps, might his Begining be:
Something was firſt, I queſtion if 'twere He.
But grant him firſt, yet ſtill ſuppoſe him good,
Not envying thoſe he made, immortal Food.
Eve. But Death our Diſobedience muſt purſue.
Lucifer. Behold in me, what ſhall arrive to you.
I taſted, yet I live; nay, more, have got
A ſtate more perfect than my Native Lot.
Nor fear this petty Fault his Wrath ſhould raiſe;
Heaven rather will your dauntleſs Virtue praiſe,
That ſought, through threatned Death, immortal Good:
Gods are immortal only by their Food.
Taſte, and remove.
What difference does 'twixt them and you remain:
As I gain'd Reaſon, you ſhall Godhead gain.
Eve *aſide*] He eats and lives, in Knowledge greater grown:
Was Death invented then for us alone?
Is Intellectual Food to Man deny'd,
Which Brutes have, with ſo much advantage, try'd;
Nor only try'd themſelves, but, frankly, more
To me have offer'd their unenvy'd ſtore.
Lucifer. Be bold, and all your needleſs Doubts remove:
View well this Tree, (the Queen of all the Grove)
How vaſt her Bole, how wide her Arms are ſpread!
How high above the reſt ſhe ſhoots her Head,
Plac'd in the midſt! Would Heaven his Works diſgrace,
By planting Poyſon in the happieſt Place?

Haſte; you loſe time and Godhead by delay. [*Plucking the Fruit.*
Eve *looking about her.*] 'Tis done; I'll venture all, and diſobey;
Perhaps, far hid in Heaven, he does not ſpy;
And none of all his Hymning Guards are nigh.
To my dear Lord the Lovely Fruit I'll bear;
He, to partake my Bliſs, my Crime ſhall ſhare. [*Exit haſtily.*
Lucifer. She flew, and thank'd me not, for haſte; 'was hard
With no return ſuch Counſel to reward.
My Work is done, or much the greater part;
She's now the Tempter to enſnare his Heart.
He, whoſe firm Faith no Reaſon could remove,
Will melt before that ſoft Seducer, Love. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I. *Paradice.*

Eve, *with a Bough in her Hand.*

Eve. Methinks I tread more lightly on the Ground;
My nimble Feet from unhurt Flowers rebound:
I walk in Air, and ſcorn this Earthly Seat;
Heaven is my Palace, this my baſe Retreat.
Take me not, Heav'n, too ſoon, 'twill be unkind
To leave the Partner of my Bed behind.
I love the Wretch: But ſtay, ſhall I afford
Him part? already he's too much my Lord.
'Tis in my Pow'r to be a Sov'reign now,
And, knowing more, to make his Manhood bow.
Empire is ſweet; but how if Heav'n has ſpy'd?
If I ſhould die, and he above provide
Some other *Eve*, and place her in my ſtead,
Shall ſhe poſſeſs his Love, when I am dead?
No; he ſhall eat and die with me, or live:
Our equal Crimes ſhall equal Fortune give.

Enter Adam.

Adam. What Joy, without your Sight, hath Earth in ſtore?
While you were abſent, *Eden* was no more.
Winds murmur'd through the Leaves, your long delay;
And Fountains o'er their Pebbles chid your ſtay.
But with your Preſence cheer'd, they ceaſe to mourn,
And Walks wear freſher Green, at your Return.
Eve. Henceforth you never ſhall have cauſe to chide;
No future Abſence ſhall our Joys divide:
'Twas a ſtrange Death, my Love ne're try'd before,
And therefore ſtrange; but yet the Cauſe was more.
Adam. My trembling Heart forebodes ſome Ill: I fear
To ask that Cauſe which I deſire to hear.
What means that lovely Fruit? What means (alas!)
That Blood, which fluſhes guilty in your Face?
Speak——do not——yet, at laſt I muſt be told.
Eve. Have Courage then; 'tis Manly to be bold.
This Fruit——why ſhould'ſt thou ſhake, no Death is nigh;
'Tis what I taſted firſt, yet do not die.
Adam. Is it?——(I dare not ask it all at firſt;
Doubt is ſome eaſe to thoſe who fear the worſt:)
Say, 'Tis not.
Eve.——'Tis not what thou need'ſt to fear;
What danger does in this fair Fruit appear?
We have been cozen'd, and had ſtill been ſo,
Had I not ventur'd boldly firſt to know.
Yet not I firſt, I almoſt bluſh to ſay,
The Serpent eating taught me firſt the way.
The Serpent taſted, and the God-like Fruit,
Gave the Dumb Voice, gave Reaſon to the Brute.

Adam.

Adam. O faireſt of all Creatures, laſt and beſt,
Of what Heaven made, how art thou diſpoſſeſt
Of all thy Native Glories! fall'n! decay'd!
(Pity ſo rate a Frame ſo frail was made!)
Now cauſe of thine own Ruine! and with thine,
(Ah! who can live without thee!) cauſe of mine:
Eve. Reſerve thy Pity till I want it more:
I know my ſelf much happier than before;
More wiſe, more perfect, all I wiſh to be,
Were I but ſure, alas! of pleaſing thee.
Adam. Y'have ſhown how much you may Content deſign:
Yet, ah! would Heav'n's Diſpleaſure paſs like mine.
Muſt I without you, then, in wild Woods dwell?
Think, and but think of what I lov'd ſo well:
Condemn'd to live with Subjects ever mute;
A ſalvage Prince, unpleas'd, tho' abſolute.
Eve. Pleaſe then your ſelf with me, and freely taſte,
Leſt I, without you, ſhould to Godhead haſte;
Leſt, differing in degree, you claim too late
Unequal Love, when 'tis deny'd by Fate.
Adam. Cheat not your ſelf with Dreams of Deity;
Too well, but yet too late, your Crime I ſee:
Nor think the Fruit your Knowledge does improve;
But you have Beauty ſtill and I have Love.
Not cozen'd, I with choice my Life reſign:
Imprudence was your Fault, but Love is mine. [*Takes the Fruit, and eats it.*
Eve *embracing him.*] O wond'rous pow'r of matchleſs Love expreſt!
Why was this Trial thine of loving beſt?
I envy thee that Lot; and, could it be,
Would venture ſomething more than Death for thee:
Not that I fear that Death th'Event can prove;
W'are both Immortal, while ſo well we love.
Adam. Whate'er ſhall be th'Event, the Lot is caſt:
Where Appetites are giv'n, what Sin to taſte?
Or if a Sin, 'tis but by Precept ſuch:
Th'Offence ſo ſmall, the Puniſhment's too much,
To ſeek ſo ſoon his new made World's decay:
Nor we, nor that, were faſhion'd for a Day.
Eve. Give to the Winds thy fear of Death, or Ill;
And think us made but for each other's Will.
Adam. I will, at leaſt, defer that anxious Thought,
And Death, by Fear, ſhall not be nigher brought:
If He will come, let Us to Joys make haſte;
Then let him ſeize Us when our Pleaſure's paſt.
We'll take up all before; and Death ſhall find
We have drein'd Life, and left a Void behind. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lucifer.

Lucifer. 'Tis done.
Sick Nature, at that inſtant, trembled round;
And Mother-Earth ſigh'd as ſhe felt the Wound.
Of how ſhort durance was this new-made State!
How far more mighty than Heav'ns Love, Hell's Hate!
His Project ruin'd, and his King of Clay:
He form'd an Empire for his Foe to ſway.
Heav'n let him rule, which by his Arms he got;
I'm pleas'd to have obtain'd the ſecond Lot.
This Earth is mine, whoſe Lord I made my Thrall,
Annexing to my Crown his conquer'd Ball.
Loos'd from the Lakes my Legions I will lead,
And, o'er the dark'ned Air black Banners ſpread:
Contagious Damps, from hence, ſhall mount above,
And force him to his inmoſt Heav'n's remove.
He hears already, and I boaſt too ſoon; [*A Clap of Thunder is heard.*
It dread that Engine which ſecur'd his Throne.

I'll

I'll dive below his Wrath, into the Deep, [*Sinks down.*
And waſte that Empire which I cannot keep.

Raphael *and* Gabriel *deſcend.*

Raphael. As much of Grief as Happineſs admits,
In Heav'n, on each Cœleſtial Forehead ſits:
Kindneſs for Man, and Pity for his Fate,
May mix with Bliſs, and yet not violate.
Their Heavenly Harps a lower Strain began,
And in ſoft Muſick mourn'd the Fall of Man.
Gabriel, I ſaw th' Angelic Guards from Earth aſcend,
(Griev'd they muſt now no longer Man attend:)
The Beams about their Temples dimly ſhone,
One would have thought the Crime had been their own.
The Etherial People flock'd for News in haſte,
Whom they, with down-caſt Looks, and ſcarce ſaluting paſt:
While each did, in his penſive Breaſt, prepare
A ſad Account of their ſucceſſleſs Care.
Raphel. Th'Eternal yet, in Majeſty ſevere,
And ſtricteſt Juſtice, did mild Pity bear:
Their Death's deferr'd, and Baniſhment (their Doom)
In Penitence foreſeen, leaves Mercy room.
Gabriel. That Meſſage is thy Charge; mine leads me hence,
Plac'd at the Garden's Gate for its Defence;
Leſt Man returning, the beſt Place pollute,
And 'ſcape from Death, by Life's immortal Fruit, [*Another Clap of Thunder.*
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Adam *and* Eve, *affrighted.*

Adam. In what dark Cavern ſhall I hide my Head?
Where ſeek retreat, now Innocence is fled:
Safe in that Guard, I durſt ev'n Hell defie;
Without it, tremble now, when Heav'n is nigh.
Eve. What ſhall we do, or where direct our flight?
Eaſtward as far as I could caſt my Sight,
From op'ning Heavens, I ſaw deſcending Light:
Its glittering through the Trees I ſtill behold;
The Cedar-tops ſeem all to burn with Gold.
Adam. Some Shape Divine, whoſe Beams I cannot bear!
Would I were hid where Light could not appear,
Deep into ſome thick Covert would I run,
Impenetrable to the Stars, or Sun:
And fenc'd from Day, by Night's Eternal Skreen;
Unknown to Heav'n, and to my ſelf unſeen.
Eve. In vain; what hope to ſhun his piercing Sight,
Who, from dark Chaos, ſtruck the Sparks of Light?
Adam. Theſe ſhould have been your thoughts when parting hence;
You truſted to your guideleſs Innocence.
See now th'Effects of your own wilful Mind:
Guilt walks before us, Death purſues behind.
So fatal 'twas to ſeek Temptations out:
Moſt Confidence has ſtill moſt cauſe to doubt.
Eve. Such might have been thy Hap, alone aſſail'd;
And ſo, together, might we both have fail'd.
Curs'd Vaſſalage of all my future Kind:
Firſt idoliz'd, till Love's hot Fire be o'er,
Then Slaves to thoſe who courted us before.
Adam. I counſel'd you to ſtay; your Pride refus'd:
By your own lawleſs Will you ſtand accus'd.
Eve. Have you that Privilege of ony Wiſe,
And would you yield to her you ſo deſpiſe?
You ſhould have ſhown th' Authority you boaſt,
And, Sov'reign-like my Headlong Will have croſt.
Counſel was not enough to ſway my Heart;
An abſolute Reſtraint had been your part.

Adam.

Adam. Ev'n ſuch Returns do they deſerve to find,
VVhen force is lawfull, who are fondly kind.
Unlike my Love: for when thy Guilt I knew,
I ſhar'd the Curſe which did that Crime purſue.
Hard fate of Love! which Rigour did forbear,
And now 'tis tax'd, becauſe 'twas not ſevere.
Eve. You have, your ſelf, your Kindneſs over-paid;
He ceaſes to oblige, who can upbraid.
Adam. On VVoman's Virtue, who too much rely,
To boundleſs VVill give boundleſs Liberty.
Reſtraint you will not brook; but think it hard
Your Prudence is not truſted as your Guard:
And to your ſelves ſo left, if Ill enſues,
You firſt our weak Indulgence will accuſe.
Curſt be that Hour———
VVhen ſated with my ſingle Happineſs,
I choſe a Partner to controul my Bliſs;
VVho wants that Reaſon which her VVill ſhould ſway,
And knows but juſt enough to diſobey.
Eve. Better with Brutes my humble Lot had gone;
Of Reaſon void, accountable for none:
Th'unhappieſt of Creation is a VVife,
Made loweſt, in the higheſt Rank of Life:
Her Fellow's Slave; to know, and not to chuſe:
Curſt with that Reaſon ſhe muſt never uſe.
Adam. Add, that She's proud, fantaſtick, apt to change;
Uſeleſs at home, and ever prone to range:
VVith Shows delighted, and ſo vain is She,
She'll meet the Devil, rather than not ſee.
Our wiſe Creator, for his Choires Divine,
Peopled his Heav'n with Souls all Maſculine.
Ah! why muſt Man from VVoman take his Birth?
Why was this Sin of Nature made on Earth?
This fair Defect, this helpleſs Aid, call'd Wife;
The bending Crutch of a decrepit Life.
Poſterity no Pairs from you ſhall find,
But ſuch as by miſtake of Love are joyn'd:
The worthieſt Men their Wiſhes ne'er ſhall gain;
But ſee the Slaves they ſcorn their Loves obtain.
Blind Appetite ſhall your Wild Fancies Rule;
Falſe to deſert, and faithful to a Fool. [*Turns in anger from her, and is going off.*
Eve *kneeling.*] Unkind! wilt thou forſake me in diſtreſs,
For that which now is paſt me to redreſs?
I have miſdone; and I endure the ſmart:
Loth to acknowledge, but more loth to part.
The blame be mine; you warn'd, and I refus'd.
What would you more? I have my ſelf accus'd.
Was plighted Faith ſo weakly ſeal'd above,
That, for one Error, I muſt loſe your Love?
Had you ſo err'd, I ſhould have been more kind,
Than to add pain to an afflicted Mind.
Adam. Y'are grown much humbler than you were before:
I pardon you; but ſee my Face no more.
Eve. Vain Pardon, which includes a greater Ill:
Be ſtill diſpleas'd; but let me ſee you ſtill.
Without your much-lov'd Sight, I cannot live:
You more than kill me, if you ſo forgive.
The Beaſts, ſince we are fall'n, their Lords deſpiſe;
And, paſſing, look at me with glaring Eyes;
Muſt I then wander helpleſs and alone?
You'll pity me too late when I am gone.
Adam. Your Penitence does my Compaſſion move;
As you deſerve it, I may give my Love.

Eve.

Eve. On me alone let Heav'n's Diſpleaſure fall;
You merit none, and I deſerve it all.
Adam. You all Heav'n's Wrath! How could you bear a part,
Who bore not mine, but with a bleeding Heart?
I was too ſtubborn, thus to make you ſue:
Forgive me, I am more in fault than you.
Return to me, and to my Love return;
And, both offending, for each other mourn.

Enter Raphael.

Raphael. Of Sin to warn thee, I before was ſent;
For Sin, I now pronounce thy Puniſhment.
Yet that much lighter than thy Crimes require;
Th'All-Good does not his Creatures Death deſire:
Juſtice muſt puniſh the Rebelious Deed:
Yet puniſh ſo, as Pity ſhall exceed.
Adam. I neither can diſpute his Will, nor dare;
Death will diſmiſs me from my future Care,
And lay me ſoftly in my Native Duſt,
To pay the forfeit of ill-manag'd Truſt.
Eve. Why ſeek you Death? Conſider e'er you ſpeak;
The Laws were hard, the Pow'r to keep 'em, weak.
Did we ſolicite Heav'n to mould our Clay,
From Darkneſs, to produce us to the Day?
Did we concur to Life, or chuſe to be?
Was it our Will which form'd, or was it He?
Since 'twas His Choice, not ours, which plac'd us here,
The Laws we did not chuſe, why ſhould we bear?
Adam. Seek not in vain our Maker to accuſe:
Terms were propos'd; Power left us to refuſe.
The Good we have enjoy'd from Heav'ns Free-will,
And ſhall we murmer to endure the Ill?
Should we a Rebel-Son's Excuſe receive,
Becauſe he was begot without his leave?
Heav'n's Right in us is more; firſt, form'd to ſerve.
The Good we merit not, the Ill deſerve.
Raphael. Death is deferr'd, and Penitence has room
To mitigate, if not reverſe the Doom:
But, for your Crime, th'Eternal does ordain
In *Eden* you no longer ſhall remain.
Hence to the lower World you are exil'd:
This Place, with Crimes, ſhall be no more defil'd.
Eve. Muſt we this bliſful Paradiſe forego?
Raphael. Your Lot muſt be where Thorns and Thiſtles grow
Unbid, as Balm and Spices did at firſt;
For Man, the Earth, of which he was, is curſt.
To Adam. By thy own Toil procur'd thou Food ſhalt eat,
And know not Plenty, but from painful Sweat.
She, by a Curſe, of future Wives abhorr'd,
Shall pay Obedience to her lawful Lord:
And HE ſhall Rule, and She in Thraldom live;
Deſiring more of Love than Man can give.
Adam. Heav'n is all Mercy; Labour I would chuſe,
And could ſuſtain this Paradiſe to loſe
The Bliſs; but not the Place; here could I ſay,
Heav'n's winged Meſſenger did paſs the Day;
Under this Pine the glorious Angel ſtaid:
Then ſhow my wond'ring Progeny the Shade.
In Woods and Lawns where-e'er thou didſt appear,
Each Place ſome Monument of thee ſhould bear.
I, with green Turfs, would grateful Alters raiſe,
And Heav'n, with Gums and offer'd Incenſe praiſe.
Raphael. Where-e'er thou art, He is; th'Eternal Mind
Acts through all Places, is to none confin'd;

Fills

Fills Ocean, Earth, and Air, and all above,
And through the Univerſal Maſs does move,
Thou canſt be no where diſtant: Yet this place
Had been thy Kingly Seat; and here thy Race,
From all the Ends of Peopled Earth had come
To rev'rence Thee, and ſee their Native Home.
Immortal then; now Sickneſs, Care, and Age,
And War, and Luxury's more direful Rage,
Thy Crimes have brought, to ſhorten Mortal Breath,
With all the num'rous Family of Death.
Eve. My Spirits faint, while I theſe Ills fore-know,
And find my ſelf the ſaid Occaſion too.
But what is Death?
Raphael. In Viſion thou ſhalt ſee his grieſly Face,
The King of Terrors raging in thy Race:
That whilſt in future Fate thou ſhar'ſt thy Part,
A kind Remorſe, for Sin, may ſeize thy Heart.
[*The Scene ſhifts and diſcovers Death of ſeveral ſorts: A Battel at Land and Naval Fight.*
Adam. O wretched Off-ſpring! O unhappy State
Of all Mankind, by me betray'd to Fate!
Born, through my Crime, to be Offenders firſt;
And, for thoſe Sins they could not ſhun, accurſt.
Eve. Why is Life forc'd? No Man, who, might he chuſe,
Would not accept what he with Pain muſt loſe?
Unknowing, he receives it, and, when known,
He thinks it his, and values it, 'tis gone.
Raphael. Behold of ev'ry Age; ripe Manhood ſee,
Decrepit Years, and helpleſs Infancy:
Thoſe who by lingring Sickneſs loſe their Breath,
And thoſe who by Deſpair ſubborn their Death:
See you, mad Fools, who for ſome trivial Right,
For Love, or for miſtaken Honour, fight:
See thoſe, more mad, who throw their lives away
In needleſs Wars; the Stakes which Monarchs lay,
When for each others Provinces they play.
Then, as if Earth too narrow were for fate,
On open Seas, their Quarrels they debate;
In hollow Wood, they floating Armies bear;
And force impriſon'd Winds to bring 'em near.
Eve. Who would the Miſeries of Man foreknow?
Not knowing, we but ſhare our part of woe:
Now, we the Fate of future Ages bear;
And e'er the Birth, behold our Dead appear.
Adam. The Deaths thou ſhow'ſt are forc'd, and full of Strife;
Caſt headlong from the Precipice of Life.
Is there no ſmooth deſcent, no painleſs way
Of kindly mixing with our Native Clay?
Raphael. There is; but rarely ſhall that Path be trod,
Which, without Horror, leads to Death's abode.
Some few, by temp'rance taught, approaching ſlow,
To diſtant Fate, by eaſie Journeys, go:
Gently they lay 'em down, as Ev'ning Sheep,
On their own woolly Fleeces ſoftly ſleep.
Adam. So noiſeleſs would I live, ſuch Death to find,
Like timely Fruit, not ſhaken by the Wind,
But ripely dropping from the ſapleſs Bough,
And dying, nothing to my ſelf would owe.
Eve. Thus daily changing, with a duller taſte
Of leſſening Joys, I, by degrees, would waſte:
Still quitting Ground, by unperceiv'd decay,
And ſteal my ſelf from Life, and melt away.
Raphael. Death you have ſeen:
How happy they in deathleſs Pleaſures live,

Far more than I can ſhow or you can ſee,
Shall crown the bleſt with Immortality.
[*Here a Heaven deſcends, full of Angels and Bleſſed Spirits, with ſoft Muſick; a Song and Chorus.*
Adam. O Goodneſs infinite! whoſe Heav'nly Will
Can ſo much Good produce, from ſo much Ill!
Happy their ſtate!
Pure, and unchang'd, and needing no defence
From Sins, as did my frailer Innocence.
Their Joy ſincere, and with no ſorrow mixt,
Eternity ſtands permanent, and fixt,
And Wheels no longer on the Poles of Time;
Secure from Fate, and more ſecure from Crime.
Eve. Raviſh'd with Joy, I can but half repent
The Sin which Heav'n makes happy in th'Event.
Raphael. Thus arm'd, meet firmly your approaching Ill:
For, ſee the Guards from yon far Eaſtern Hill
Already move, nor longer ſtay afford;
High in the Air they wave their flaming Sword,
Your Signal to depart: Now down amain
They drive, and glide like Meteors through the Plain.
Adam, Then farewel all; I will indulgent be
To mine own eaſe, and not look back to ſee.
When what we love we ne'er muſt meet again;
To loſe the Thought, is to remove the Pain.
Eve. Farewel, you happy Shades!
Where Angels firſt ſhould practiſe Hymns, and ſtring
Their tuneful Harps, when they to Heav'n wou'd ſing.
Farewel, you Flow'rs, whoſe Buds with early Care
I watch'd, and to the cheerful Sun did rear:
Who now ſhall bind your Stems, or when you fall,
With Fountains Streams your fainting Souls recal?
A long farewel to thee, my Nuptial Bow'r,
Adorn'd with every fair and fragant Flow'r.
And laſt, farewel, farewel my place of Birth;
I go to wander in the lower Earth,
As diſtant as I can; for diſpoſſeſt,
Fartheſt from what I once enjoy'd is beſt.
Raphael. The riſing Winds urge the tempeſtious Air;
And on their Wings deformed Winter bear.
The Beaſts already feel the Change; and hence
They fly, to deeper Coverts for defence;
The feebler Herd before the ſtronger run;
For now the War of Nature is begun:
But, part you hence in Peace, and having mourn'd your Sin,
For outward *Eden* loſt, find *Paradiſe* within. [*Exeunt.*

FINIS.